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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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[For the Californian.]

THE EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT.—(AFTER TENNYSON.)

He spurns the peak; he courts the gale;
He fronts the storm with breast of mail:
His thousand years are ripe and hale.

His iron pinions cannot tire;
His steel-knit talons do aspire
To pluck the Sun's red heart of fire.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(For the Californian.)

STAGE-COACH CONVERSATIONS.

BY "BRET."

SCENE—a stage coach *en route* to a California watering-place. Driver, expressman, passengers, etc. A gloomy silence has prevailed for ten minutes, during which time a palpable dust pours into the windows. Passengers perspire.

Agricultural Passenger, (looking at view, and addressing nobody in particular,) "Them's fine oats."

His next neighbor, (finding the other passengers glancing toward him, and feeling painfully conscious that his position makes him in some way responsible for reprehensible conduct of A. P., but knowing nothing about grain, feebly.) "Yes."

A gloomy silence, broken by Agricultural Passenger, (who has been encouraged to rashness by this attention,) "Too much baird (beard) on that barley, though."

His Next Neighbor, (wishes he had said nothing, but finding the other passengers looking at him for an answer, puts on a critical expression.) "I should say so--rather!"

Elderly Rustic Female, (with round basket containing a suspicious napkin, vivaciously, to His Next Neighbor,) "Ranchin' out this way?"

His Next Neighbor, (who is really a dry goods clerk, but feels that he has somehow lost caste with the other passengers by being identified with Agricultural Man, sharply,) "No, Ma'am!"

[Interval of five minutes. Passengers stare hard out of the windows, and affect to be intensely interested in nothing. Dust silently, pours in and powders them. Perspiration.]

Elderly Female, (who has been revolving His Next Neighbor's answer, and is dimly conscious of having made some mistake, soothingly.) "Dagnerrotypin'?"

[Passenger in linen duster and passenger in straw hat both smile, bat, detecting each other, repudiate the sympathy, and frown out of their respective windows. Stage crosscs a bridge.]

Father of Family, (confidentially to two grown up daughters,) "Did you notice the peculiarly hollow sound of the horses' hoofs on that bridge?"

Agricultural Passenger, (seeing a chance to put in his oar,) "Rotten timbers--cave in some day?"

Father of Family, (sternly oblivious of A. P.,) "It reminded me of a line in the classics."

Daughters, (together,) "Yes?"

Father of Family (begins amid a general silence,) "*Quadupedante putrem*—no--*petrum*--no—bless my soul—(finds he's forgotten it, but makes a wild dash to a conclusion)--"*quatit ungula campum.*"

[Passengers endeavor to look as if they understood it. Gent in corner smiles, and pulls his hat over his eyes. Gent in white choker audibly repeats the quotation correctly. Father of Family resolves never to quote again in mixed company. Agricultural Passenger sets him down as a foreigner.]

Pretty Girl, (to her young man,) "What's that he's saying?"

Young Man, (not wishing to commit himself,) "Something from *Homer*."

Sharp Young Lady, (confidant of Pretty Girl, and a little vexed at somebody's want of attention.) "But Homer was a Greek poet, and I've seen that line in the Latin grammar."

[The other passengers try to look as if they had seen it in the Latin grammar too, and glance superciliously at Father of Family. F. of F. wishes he hadn't said anything. Stage reaches top of hill and comes in view of ocean.]

Bride, (to Bridegroom in back seat, on wedding trip,) "How lovely the ocean looks!"

Bridegroom, (who wishes to show that he can quote also, murmurs in an undertone as if to himself,) "Break—Break—[stage commences to go down hill, and careers frightfully]—Break."

Elderly Rustic Female, (who doesn't recognize Tennyson, but is "timersome,") "You don't think there's any danger of breakin' down, do you?"

Bridegroom:

"On thy dark grey crags, O sea."

[Stage clatters so frightfully that Bridegroom is obliged to raise his voice:]

"And I would that my soul could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Bridegroom, (to himself, finding that the stage has suddenly come to level ground, and that he has delivered the concluding lines in a stentorian voice which has attracted every eye to him.) "D—u it."

Outside passenger, (confidentially, to expressman,) "Drunk!"

Dead silence. Several passengers, (to each other,) "How far is it yet?" [General depression.]

Agricultural passenger, (deliberately to His Next Neighbor, settling himself in a comfortable position,) "In the fall of '49—"

His Next Neighbor, (to expressman, nervously,) "How far did you say?"

Driver, (suddenly,) "Mugginsville! Change horses."

TABLEAUX.

[For the Californian.]

HYBRID ROSES.

[WE observe that "Iris" is not without honor abroad, many of our Eastern exchanges copying his articles with words of encouragement and commendation. We trust that at home he may succeed in awakening a like interest, and thereby add to the loveliness of Californian homes. The following paper was unavoidably deferred last week; it is a continuation of remarks upon a subject introduced in a former contribution:]

WE have previously referred to the absurd distinction which is drawn by cultivators of the Rose between *hybrid* and cross-bred varieties. This accords with the desire manifested by so many to multiply unnecessarily our floricultural names and classes. Let the botanist be as minute as he wishes in his distinctions; the florist, on the other hand, whose object has a more practical character than that of his botanical neighbor, should strive not to involve, but to simplify the subject with which he deals. But how often is this overlooked. Many a tyro, beginning his culture of the rose, has been frightened and mystified by the increasing divisions of the rose catalogues.

The Bourbon Rose is generally considered to be a hybrid variety. It was, in the form in which it was first obtained, the result of *accidental* impregnation. It was discovered in the Isle of Bourbon in 1817, and hence its appellation. The history of its origin is generally given as follows: It is the custom of the inhabitants of this island to form enclosures by means of rose-bushes, which grow there in great luxuriance. Two varieties are generally mingled, the "Chinese" and "Rose of Four Seasons." M. Perichon, a gentleman who resided at Benoist in the island, when planting a hedge of roses, discovered amongst his plants one whose foliage and habit were distinct from the two species which we have named, and which were the only species cultivated at the time in the island. This in due season bloomed, and was the originator of the Bourbon family. Plants were sent in 1822 to M. Jacques, at Neuilly, and to this cultivator are we indebted for the first new varieties of this attractive group. Amongst its gems are the "Queen of Bourbons," flesh-colored; the favorite White; "Souvenir de Malmaison;" the rich crimson, "Paul Joseph," and the peculiarly-tinted "Angelina."

The "Noisette."—It is generally supposed that the original Noisette was a hybrid, whose parents were the Musk Rose and some tea-scented or Chinese variety. It was obtained by a florist in Charleston, S. C., and sent by him to his brother, M. Noisette, in Paris. At the time of its first appearance, in 1817, it attracted much attention. It has since then been much improved, but still the old Blush Noisette remains a favorite. It may not possess, in its blooms, the size and colors of some which are descended from it, but it excels all of them in its hardiness, and consequently in the ease with which it may be cultivated. We can have no finer blooms in the garden than those produced by varieties of this class, such as "Lamarque," white; "Solfaterre," pale sulphur; "Cloth of Gold," yellow; "Isabella Gray," yellow, (raised by a Mr. Gray, an American florist, from seeds of the "Cloth of Gold;") also, "Ophirie," distinct from every other rose in its coppery tints, etc.

The Hybrid Chinese family contains many of our loveliest varieties. The members of this family owe their origin to the Gallicas, Provence, and other hardy roses, impregnated with the Pollen of the Chinese. We consider "Chenedole" to be the gem of this group. No object can be finer than a large plant of this variety, covered with its fiery-scarlet blossoms. So intense is the color that it strikes the eye, even at considerable distance, and produces the dazzling effect of flame. This variety was raised in France, and named in honor of the deputy of a province. "Brennus," "Blairii," and "General Jacquiminot," are also well known and much admired varieties; while, lastly, to the same group belongs "Madame Plantier," certainly the best white pellar rose which we have.

The Hybrid Bourbons closely resemble the Hybrid Chinese, and among them may be found some of our most beautiful roses.

"Coup d'Hebe."—None surpass this lovely variety in shape and color. It is of a beautiful, shaded blush, and the form and arrangement of its petals are all that can be desired. Another superb member of this family is "Paul Ricaut." This, too, is magnificent in its form, size, and in the rich crimson of its hue. "Charles Duval" is also a fine variety.

The "Hybrid Perpetuals."—It is difficult to individualize many of a class, all of whose members are so valuable and so attractive. Of the crimson roses of this class, we have the peerless "Geant de Batailles" and its descendants; "Lord Raglan" and "Cardinal Patrizzi;" the fiery "General Jacquiminot," so exquisite in its dazzling brightness; and "Gloire de Sautenay," more novel but worthy of one of the highest places on the list, besides others of more chastened hues, such as "Jules Margottin," "Louise Odier," "Reine de Fleurs," "Comtesse de Chabrillian," "Anna de Diesbach," and a host of others.

If rose amateurs will only use a little discretion in selecting and cultivating good varieties, they will add greatly to the taste for fine flowers. Never cultivate a poor kind on any account.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

May 13th. St. John the Silent, Comfrey *(Symphitum Officinale.)*
May 14th. St. Pontius, Pæonia, *(Pœnia Corallina.)*
May 15th. St. Dympna, Welsh Poppy, (*Papaver Cambricum.*)
May 16th. St. John Nepomucen, Star of Bethlehem, (*Ornithoglum Umbellatum.*)
May 17th. St. Paschal Babylon, Red Poppy, (*Papaver Argemone.*)
May 18th. St. Eric, Mouse-Ear, (*Hieracum Pilosella.*)
May 19th. St. Denistan, Monk's-hood, (*Aconitum Napellus.*)

IRIS.

NOT HUNG ENOUGH.

WE do not, as a nation, hang so many culprits as in bygone years. We may by and by cease to inflict this awful punishment at all. But so long as the law, and religion, and justice, and public sentiment are considered to warrant the continuance of this ancient mode of retribution, so long ought there to be no mockery, no mistake, no trickery about it. If a man survives after hanging, without a proof of his innocence accompanying his recovery, it would be infinitely better to society (of his wretched self we say nothing) that he had not been hanged at all; seeing that the sense of a just punishment would be swallowed up in a kind of pity for the novelty of his position.

Now such things *have* occurred, sufficiently often to merit attention. Men have recovered their lives—or rather retained life under nearly desperate circumstances—in spite of what seemed to be a due infliction of the punishment of death by suspension. Something of this possibility of escape was owing to the mode in which the punishment was usually inflicted; and to many it may probably be unknown that a change has been made in recent times in the construction and arrangement of the apparatus for carrying out the last great penalty of the law.

For something like six hundred years, at any rate, such escapes have from time to time been recorded. In 1264, there was a woman named Inetta de Balsham condemned to death for collusion with robbers; she was hanged, and remained on the gibbet (if the records of the time are to be trusted) no less than three days: and yet she survived to receive pardon from Henry III. In 1313, Mathew of Enderby was hanged for some crime of which he had been convicted; he was cut down, and revived just before the body was about to be interred. In 1363, Walter Wynkeburn was hanged at Leicester; when cut down, he was carried in a cart to the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre in that city; he gradually regained sensibility while the cart was rumbling along, and escaped with life. Similar cases occurred in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The seventeenth century was exceptionally full of such instances. Dr. Plot mentions the strange lot of a Swiss, on the authority of Dr. Obadiah Walker, Master of University College; this man is said to have been hung no less than thirteen times without losing his life; his windpipe having been converted by disease into a substance almost as hard as a bone.

No instance has been so much discussed and written about as that of Anne Green, which took place during the time of the Commonwealth. Judges and physicians alike referred to it, as affording illustrations for or against legal and medical testimony. This poor girl was executed at Marston in Oxfordshire, on December 14, 1650, for infanticide, a charge which could only be proved against her by much straining of the law; this severity, and a knowledge of the wrong she had suffered in other ways, made her an object of much public sympathy. The hanging was accompanied by certain coarse and shocking pullings and strikings of the body and limbs, which in those days were supposed to insure more effectually the death of the victim, and to lessen the period of suffering. After hanging the usual time, she was cut down, actually trampled on while prostrate, and left with the rope unslackened round her neck. She was put into a coffin, and consigned to the doctors for dissection. To the surprise of all, when the coffin was opened, the bosom was seen gently to heave; upon which, brutal blows and pressure were brought into requisition. The incident was too remarkable, however, to remain concealed; and men of superior position took up the matter. Sir William Petty, Dr. Wallis, and Dr. Clarke, who at that time filled the three offices of Professor of Anatomy, President of Magdalen College, and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, being present at the intended dissection, perceived that the heaving of the bosom was followed by a slight rattling in her throat. "Hereupon," said Dr. Plot, "desisting from their former purpose, they presently used means for her recovery by opening a vein, laying her in a warm bed, and using divers remedies respecting her senselessness, head, throat, and chest; insomuch that within fourteen hours she began to speak, and the next day talked and prayed heartily. During the time of this her recovering, the officers concerned in her execution would needs have had her away again to have it completed on her; but by the mediation of the worthy doctors and some other friends with the then governor of the city, Colonel Kelsey, there was a guard set upon her to hinder all further disturbance till he had sued out her pardon from the powers then in being; thousands of people in the meantime coming to see her, and magnifying the just providence of God in thus asserting her innocence of murder."

It is not stated by Dr. Plot whether the medical men satisfied themselves concerning the cause, anatomical or physiological, of her preservation; but they sought to ascertain whether there were any peculiar mental phenomena connected with her recovery. They found that the half hour of hanging had left no special impression on her memory. "She came to herself as if she had awakened out of a sleep—not recovering the use of her speech by slow degrees, but in a manner altogether [all at once,] beginning to speak wh she left off on the gallows." Among all the printed narratives of this remarkable case, there is none that offers a clear explanation; and we are left to our surmises on the subject. There was a strong religious bias in the public mind at that period, and this feeling led to a belief in the direct interposition of Heaven in Anne Green's favor. The undergraduates of Oxford University viewed the matter in another light; they sought to exercise their wit and poetry on it, and there have been preserved twenty or thirty epigrams written by them, and signed with their names—one of which was "Mr. Christopher Wren." Anne Green, having received a pardon after this strange resuscitation, retired with her friends to Steeple Barton, where she married, had a family, and died in 1659.

Somewhat about the same period, one Gordon, a highwayman, was condemned for execution. He found means, when his sentence was no longer doubtful, to obtain the aid of a young surgeon, who, shortly before the execution, fixed a small tube through an opening cut in the wind-pipe. The artifice failed in its intended effect in this case; the culprit, being a very heavy man, drew down with too great a weight; he breathed for a few minutes when removed after hanging, but did not recover. In 1658, a female servant was hanged for some crime at Oxford; she was kept hanging a longer time than usual, probably on account of the wonderful resuscitation of Anne Green a few years before. She was cut down, and the body allowed to fall to the ground with much violence; yet she lived; but the severity of the law insisted upon her undergoing a second and more fatal hanging. There has, it appears, been a difference of opinion among legal authorities concerning this double infliction of the sentence. Some contend that if a man is hanged, that is enough; if the executioners do their work clumsily, *he* ought not to bear the consequences, but rather should be given "the benefit of the doubt." On the other hand, it is contended that the sentence means execution, and that execution means hanging by the neck until the culprit be dead; so that if the hanging fails once, it must be tried again.

In 1697, one Richard Johnson was hanged at Shrewsbury for murder. For a purpose which he planned while in prison, he obtained a promise that his dead body should be laid in a coffin without being stripped. His purpose was detected a little too soon; for life being observed in him after he had hung half an hour, a man was sent up the ladder to examine into the probable cause of this prolonged vitality. It was found that Johnson had twisted cords around and under his body, connected with two rings or hooks near his neck; a double shirt and a perwig with flowing curls concealed these contrivances. The poor wretch was stripped of his ingenious apparatus, and hanged a second time more effectually. In 1705, a burglar, named John Smith, was hanged at Tyburn; a reprieve came after he had been hanging about fifteen minutes; he was immediately cut down, removed to a neighboring house, bled by a surgeon, and restored to life. The case of Margaret Dickson was one that excited great interest at Edinburgh in 1724. She was hanged for infanticide; the body was cut down, placed in a coffin, and removed in a cart to Musselburgh by her friends, with a view to interment in the parish churchyard. The jolting of the cart, and the admission of air through some injury which the coffin sustained, appear to have combined in resuscitating the woman; for she showed evident signs of life before the cart had proceeded one-third of the distance. She was removed, revived, prayed with by a minister, and received back into the circle of her friends. She lived creditably many years afterwards, had a large family, and sold salt about the streets of Edinburgh—where she was known, on account of her strange escape, as "Half-hanged Maggie."

William Duell was one of those who have revived when almost under the dissecting knife. This man was hanged for murder, on a gibbet put up at Acton, in 1740. After hanging for twenty minutes, the body was cut down, and taken to Surgeon's Hall for dissection. The attendants stripped and washed the body, and the surgeons prepared for their labor. Just as they were about to begin, however, they perceived faint signs of life in him; he groaned feebly, and his breathing became gradually more and more perceptible. They bled him, and in the evening he was able to sit up again. He was conveyed back to prison; but there was too much public excitement to justify the authorities in hanging him again. In two days he recovered his health. Fever and delirium had rendered his memory a blank, and he had lost all recollection of the hanging. It was supposed by the surgeons that a full flow of blood at the time had enabled his system to resist the tightening of the veins, and to have thus restored him to life—not to liberty, however, for he was afterwards transported.

In 1751, Ewen Macdonald was hanged for murder. After the body was cut down, it was taken to Surgeon's Hall, and was placed ready for dissection. The operating surgeon, having to leave the room for a short time, was surprised on his return to see the man sitting up. Possessing more professional zeal than humanity, the surgeon took a mallet, and killed Macdonald outright, in order not to be disappointed of an opportunity for dissection. The atrocious case gave rise to much indignant comment at the time. In 1767, a tailor, named Patrick Redmond, was hanged at Cork for highway robbery. After hanging less than the usual time, the body was cut down, and conveyed hastily to the house of an actor named Glover, who found means by friction and fumigation to revive him. Redmond had the incredible audacity to go to the theatre on the same evening, and, to the horror of the audience, publicly thanked Glover for having saved his life."

The present century has not been without its instances. About thirty years ago, a servant girl was convicted of administering poison to the household of a farmer, in a fit of passion at some petty injury. A legal doubt having led to a postponement of the execution, the steady demeanor of the girl led to her being employed as a servant by the jailor at Durham. One morning, the governor received, much to his regret, and to the regret of many of the citizens, an order for the immediate execution of the girl. She was hanged, but the rope broke; and the wretched girl remained crying at the foot of the gallows, while a man hastened off on horseback to fetch a new rope. This distressing scene was perhaps scarcely a case in point, so far as concerns resuscitation after hanging; but it is one of the instances of *deferred* executions, which are so bad because they give rise to hopes destined to disappointment. In another instance (mentioned, like the foregoing, in *Notes and Queries*,) a boy of only thirteen or fourteen was capitally convicted, but respited indefinitely on account of his youth. He remained in jail at Worcester, was found to be a docile lad, and became a general favorite both with the jailor and the prisoners; everybody believing that his full pardon would soon come. One day, he was playing at ball in the yard, full of life and glee, when suddenly, to the utter dismay of the jailor and the inmates of the prison, an order arrived, after many weeks of delay, for the execution of the poor lad; and the execution accordingly took place. An instance more in point is that of a man who was executed at Tyburn, and whose apparently dead body was purchased by a surgeon for dissection, and brought to his house. A servant, wishing to see the body, stole into the room, and found the man sitting upright on the dissecting-table. The surgeon, a humane man, shipped him off quietly to America, where he amassed a fortune, which in gratitude he bequeathed to his benefactor. Sir Jonah Barrington, in his *Personal Sketches*, mentions the case of one Lanigan, who was hanged for the murder of one Captain O'Flaherty. Lanigan survived, by some means which are not explained; and Sir Jonah saw him at the house of Mr. Lauder in the Temple. He was smuggled over to Abbeville, where he died many years afterwards in the monastery of La Trappe.

Some of these momentous escapes have plainly depended on the imperfections of the *gibbet* as compared with the *drop*. These imperfections led to the abandonment of the one kind of dread apparatus for the other. Several statements have been made in the public journals from time to time, concerning "the last gibbet;" but many of these are destitute of meaning, unless we take into the account the exact particulars of the case. In 1856, the *Examiner* said: "A few days ago (April,) the last gibbet erected in England was demolished by the workmen employed in making the extensive docks for the North-Eastern Railway Company at the Jarrow Slake, on the Tyne." This statement was shortly afterwards disputed; for, later in the same year, a gibbet was still left standing on Ditchling Common in Sussex. It was known among the surrounding villagers as "Jacob's Post," being named after a culprit concerning whom a copy of verses was long current in the neighborhood, recording among other things that

> At Horsham Gallows he was hanged there,
> The thirty-first of August that same year;
> And where he did the crime, they took the pains
> To bring him back, and hang him up in chains.

It has been stated that the last gibbet erected in England was at Saffron Lane, near Leicester, in 1832; it was soon afterwards removed, by order of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. Whatever may be the exact dates, however, when the last gibbet was erected and the last demolished, it is certain that the drop has been almost, if not quite, substituted for it in England. In the old gibbet, the wretched culprit was turned off from a ladder, at a height which, it was supposed, would elevate him sufficiently above the ground or platform; whereas the drop consists of a trap-door, which, being suddenly opened by the withdrawal of bolts underneath, causes the whole weight of the culprit's body to be in an instant at the mercy of the noose. Some of the instances of escape are doubtless attributable to the careless way in which the prisoner was turned off the scaffold, or rather ladder, on which he ascended to the gibbet; some to the insertion of a tube which might prevent the constriction of the throat; some to the opening of an orifice in the windpipe by an expert surgeon; some to a natural hardening of the windpipe, which occasionally happens; and some to a steel collar, connected with an elaborate system of braces and bandages. These varieties offer elucidations of most of the cases of resuscitation that have been recorded.

Did Sir Walter Scott rely on his imagination alone, or was he depending on a real narrative, when he wrote the striking

scene of Bonthron's execution in the *Fair Maid of Perth?* It will be remembered, by the readers of that novel, that Bonthron received a hint from Dwining. the physician, that an attempt would be made to preserve him from any fatal result of the hanging, and that the hangman would be a party to the manœuvre. The execution took place, apparently in the usual way, and the hangman remained near the suspended body about half an hour, after which he contrived by a *ruse* to get rid of the assembled multitude. Early next morning, when the populace returned to enjoy the spectacle of chaining the dead body to a permanent gallows, they were surprised and enraged to see that the body had been removed. At midnight, it afterwards appeared, three men had quietly approached the spot, cut down the body, reanimated the almost stifled wretch, and smuggled him away. One of them was Dwining, the physician, and he explained to the other two in what manner Bonthron had been specially prepared to undergo this execution scatheless. He pointed out that death by hanging results from a compression of the veins, which drives the blood to the brain instead of the heart, and also that the lungs, owing to the ligature of the cord around the thorax, no longer receiving the needful supply of air, another cause of suffocation arises. The problem would be, therefore, how to effect the hanging, so that neither the veins nor the windpipe should be too much compressed. Dwining solved this problem thus, as described by himself: "I get me certain bandages, made of the same substance with your horse girths, having especial care that they are of a kind which will not shrink by being strained, since that would spoil my experiment. One loop of this substance is drawn under each foot, and returns up either side of the leg to a cincture with which it is united; these cinctures are connected by divers straps down the breast and back, in order to divide the weight, and there are sundry other conveniences for easing the patient; but the chief is this. The straps or ligatures are attached to a broad steel collar, curving outwards, and having a hook or two, for the better security of the halter, which the friendly executioner passes around that part of the machine, instead of applying it to the bare throat of the patient. Thus, when thrown off from the ladder, the sufferer will find himself suspended, not by the neck, if it please you, but by the steel circle that supports the loops in which his feet are placed, and on which his weight really rests, diminished a little by similar supports under each arm. Thus, neither veins nor windpipe being compressed, the man will breathe as free, and his blood, saving from fright and novelty of situation, will flow as temperately, as your valiencies', when you stand up in your stirrups to view a field of battle."

Sir Walter's description thus involves one among many of the considerations relative to this peculiar kind of resuscitation.

A TASTE FOR GLASS HOUSES.

THE leaders of French society—the stars, literary and artistic, they who set the fashions, or own millions—have a decided taste for dwelling in glass houses. I have more than once sent you some samples of the intrusive quality of the Paris *chroniqueur*. They were samples, it would seem, however, of an art that was in its infancy. They were mere glimpses at the interior of people's houses. We had just a peep at the great man in his slippers, or the notorious lady in her *robe de chambre;* the veil was just lifted, and then quickly dropped. It occurred naturally to English readers, that even these peeps into the privacy of notable people must be offered to the unwholesome appetite of the public at the cost of great annoyance to the people who were exposed. But the French journalism of the present day proves that such an impression is a false one; people have a taste for glass houses. They expect to have their *salon* and dining-rooms, the dinner they give to their friends, their getting-up and their going to bed, duly set forth in a newspaper. A year or two ago, it was only at intervals that the private life of a known man or woman was served up for public amusement; but now M. de Villemessant appears to have given orders to his staff of writers to set a glass front in the house of every notability in the French capital. A few days since he led one of his writers to the house of Baron James de Rothschild, and having persuaded the Baron to admit his *chroniqueur* into his kitchen, left his scribe with a note-book to follow the Baron's *cordon bleu* and his butler through the departments of the baronial kitchen and wine-cellar. The *chroniqueur*, with his note-book, seems to have amused the kitchen-maids and scullions as he took notes amid the game, the pastry, and the wines; but he did his duty for his master, and came forth with a note even on the Baron's partiality for truffles and pheasants. He was about to pass through the gates into the street, when he was requested to step into the Baron's bureau for a moment; the Baron had reflected, and begged the *chroniqueur*, whom he had thoughtlessly admitted into his kitchen, not to make copy out of his sauces, his larder, and his cellar. The writer says that he bowed profoundly, but made the Baron no answer; and he printed his notes, justifying himself by saying, that, had he asked the Baron on the eve of the issue of the Austrian Loan, not to put it on the market, the Baron would not have submitted to the request of a "*plumitif*." Then why should not the "*plumitif*" make copy out of the Baron's kitchen? The Baron is timid and too modest.

M. Jules Valles serves up M. Paul Féval as a public dish, and provokes no rebuke from this gentleman; his table covered with papers, his children playing on the grass in the garden, his bath-room and his billiard-room, are the writer's property. We are told that he is threatened with an "innumerable paternity;" for he has already six children, the eldest of whom is not more than seven years of age.

From Paul Feval M. Valles turns to Emile de Girardin's last weekly reception; this gives him an excellent opportunity of painting the late editor of *La Presse* at home, surrounded by journalists. An editor in the lap of luxury is a refreshing picture:

"There was a great deal of lively conversation—not broken up into little private discussions, but general. One subject only was discussed, but what that subject was I have no right to mention. I have never seen the editor of the *Presse* surrounded by more sympathy or listened to with more attention. Never, also, did his conversation take a more familiarly eloquent, decided tone. There were present MM. de Fonvielle and Bekmann, of the *Temps;* M. Hector Pessard, of the *Epoque;* MM. Cohen and Escudier, of the *France;* M. Ducuing, of the *Opinon Nationale;* M. Ganesco represented *l'Europe* and the *Nain Jaune;* M. Emile Ollivier was expected, but his Achates only was forthcoming.

"There was but one deputy, M. Eugene Pelletan, who still talked of Proudhon; the puritan maltreated speech as he had already done his pen. Besides the above-named, there were MM. Lebey, Turgan, Yriarte, and many others that I do not know, or that I forget. The whole body of the *Presse* was there; the contributors, eager and animated, surrounding their chief, who was full of fire and *verve*.

"Very few assembled till ten o'clock, so I profited by my earlier arrival to wander about the library, where the lamps above the books lit up the pictures, marbles, and bronzes. Antiquities are not abundant; some of the bronzes are of ancient date, but the greater part appear by their signature to belong to the present day. At the foot of a charming statuette was the following inscription: '*Raporté d'Athenes par le Prince Napoleon*, 1854.' Close at hand is the portrait of the Prince *en robe de chambre*, by Gavarni. There is a characteristic sketch, by Delacroix, of Dante and Virgil, and one by Chaseriau, of a woman entering the bath—a perfect episode of the *Tepidarium*. A painting by Gigioux, if I remember rightly, represents M. de Girardin as a Roman—*décolleté*; he looks like a thin Vitellius. Another canvas portrays him in a black coat; elegant and clever. I saw the name of the Princess Mathilde very clearly written in the corner of a water-color painting hanging in the small room which is between the large *salon* and the library.

"This library differs from most others; it is long and narrow, like a passage, and, as it were, skirts the house; the books are on the shelves, the highest of which is only up to one's breast, so that there is no need to climb steps, or put one's arm out of joint in order to get a particular volume: all are within reach; and in this plan I recognize the simple and practical mind of the master of the house. Another sign is a drawing of a plan for the opening of the Rue de Rivoli, according to the design of M. de Girardin, and bearing date 1832—thirty-four years ago! The proposed plan has not been quite carried out. According to that, the pavement was to be raised, and to be reached by steps and a railing. Amongst the marbles, two superb busts of Madame Emile de Girardin, a statue and a statuette, signed 'Pradier,' are conspicuous.

"The *souvenir* of Rachel is everywhere; a chair has her name engraved on it. In one place is a reduction of the celebrated portrait by Gerome, also vigorously painted by the same hand. In another is a fine drawing of the great actress; farther on a large painting, in the corner of which I read, '*A mon véritable ami, M. Emile de Girardin.*' Then there are the two following letters:

"'PARIS, January, 1858.

"'I embrace you this new year. I little thought, my dear friend, in 1858, to be able still to send you my sincere affection. RACHEL.'

"This was written in January. The next runs thus:

"'PARIS, April 21, 1858.

"'MONSIEUR—According to a letter dictated by Mdlle. Rachel on the day of her death, she leaves you, as a *souvenir*, a gold pen ornamented with forget-me-nots.'

"Poor great *artiste!*

"The foregoing notes were not taken yesterday. I was was unable to do more than glance round at what I had before taken two hours to examine. It was on the occasion of my first visit to M. de Girardin. I had been begged to wait, and I had been forgotten! But I am not at all angry at the forgetfulness; if I am ever anything, it is to M. Girardin I owe it."

It is evident that M. de Girardin is not displeased that his debtor should pay him in this coin.

But I have reserved my best illustration of the comfort it is, hereabouts, to live in glass houses till the last. In this instance no less an authority than M. Albéric Second is the writer. He introduces Alexandre Dumas in his kitchen with great ingenuity. It seems that the culinary knowledge and skill of the author of *Monte Christo* had been called in question. Unhandsome detractors had said that M. Dumas could not serve up a dinner that should be worthy the knife and fork of a *gourmet*. M. Second had been reported as among the great Alexander's detractors; whereupon he writes: "I had often heard that Alexandre Dumas *père* was as good a cook as author; but in spite of the affirmation of persons who brought forward the proposition, a vague scepticism with regard to it floated in my mind. Criticise the romancist, the chronicler, the dramatic author, and Alexandre Dumas will allow you to say what you please, without taking the trouble to answer it; but attempt to criticise the cook, and you will run the risk of being pierced through by his spit. How the author of *Monte Christo* knew that I had not a blind faith in his culinary talents I am at a loss to imagine; but he evidently wished to prove to me how far I was unjust in the matter of his *ragouts* and his sauces. 'I expect you to dine with me on Tuesday next at seven,' ran the note I received from him, 'and I warn you that I shall have a hand in all the dishes. You shall judge from experience.' Needless to say, I accepted; but, instead of arriving at seven, I made my appearance at 107 Boulevard Malesherbes as the clock struck six, and I had my reasons for this. If M. Dumas has told me the truth, said I to myself, I shall take him by surprise in his kitchen; if, on the other hand, I find him in his room, his study, or his *salon*, I shall know what to think of it. I entered one of the sumptuous houses on the Boulevard Malesherbes, mounted a fine staircase, and rang at the door of an *appartement* on the third story. 'M. Alexandre Dumas?' I inquired?' 'Yes, Monsieur,' replied a little groom. 'Can I see him?' again I inquired. 'No, Monsieur, he is busy,' was the answer. 'Ah! he is in his study, no doubt,' observed I. 'No, Monsieur,' replied the groom, 'he is in the kitchen.' Guided by a most savory and appetizing odor, I made my way into the antechamber, crossed a passage, and penetrated into the temple; here I found Dumas, without coat, collar, or cravat, his shirt sleeves tucked up to his elbows, agitating a large spoon in a dazzingly bright stewpan, while giving his orders at the same time to his cook and kitchen-maid, who executed them with the greatest promptitude and intelligence. 'So it is you!' cried Dumas, on seeing me. 'I suppose you know you are an hour too soon? You are not come to excuse yourself for to-night, I hope.' When one is in the wrong, the best thing is to acknowledge it. I therefore frankly told him, without any beating about the bush, my motive for being beforehand in our rendezvous. Dumas, who is good-nature itself, pardoned me on condition of my going and awaiting his appearance in the *salon*, where the other guests presently dropped in one by one. Our host quickly joined us, and at seven o'clock the groom threw open the door and announced, 'Monsieur is served.' O, dear great man! whatever has been said—whatever you may have said yourself touching your culinary science—you cannot have said enough; and I call the guests of Tuesday to witness. What a success! what a triumph!—a *diner bourgeois*, such as princes do not taste every day! We set out with a cabbage soup, at which Dumas had labored for two days; then followed fried smelts. To these succeeded a jugged hare, followed by a *ragout* of mutton *a la Hongroise*. Then came roast pheasants, *écrevisses a la Bordelaise*, and a salad of *maches*, celery and beet-root. I pass over in silence the vegetables, *intrements* and *rocher de glace* prepared by hireling hands. It may be interesting to observe that the hares and pheasants had been killed a few days before by our host himself, at a hunting party at M. Joubert's. It was difficult, as will be at once seen, to select simpler dishes, but impossible to eat anything better. I watched Alexandre Dumas when the solemn moment of mixing the salad arrived, as I am myself not without pretensions to a certain strength in this department, so essential to every well-organized repast. In presence of the *chefs d'œuvre*, which I saw seasoned before me, and which I tasted with a sensuality full of emotion and respect, it only remained to me to acknowledge my inferiority. I now confess it publicly. If, according to my advice, Alexandre Dumas would open a restaurant near the Champs de Mars during the Exposition of 1867—a restaurant, be it understood, in which he would be the cook—I will undertake to say that he would realize a million of francs in six months! Our host does not smoke, and in addition detests the odor of tobacco; so that there were no cigars. In spite of this privation—a greater one than he thinks—it was necessary to turn us out at one o'clock in the morning. Dumas gossiped on, and we were all but too happy to listen."

Dumas' reputation as a cook is now established, and people do not wonder about it here as they would in London. A few days since a friend of mine, a physician, *suddenly* invited two relatives, one of them a physician also, home to dinner. The lady of the house was horrified; not a scrap of dinner was prepared. "Never mind," said the doctor, "we'll cook the dinner;" and he and his non-professional friend repaired to the kitchen, sent for a pheasant, and in due time produced an exquisite dinner, including a *risotto* that was pronounced superb.

[For the Californian.]

EMBROIDERY.

IN the rich rosy light of the window,
She sits, so bewitchingly fair,
Her face glancing out from the shadow
Of the queer, old-fashioned arm chair.

Glancing out, with her face like a lily,
From the cushion of crimson and gold,
With that glistening robe of white satin
Floating over her, fold upon fold;

With her foot in the daintiest slipper—
Ah, the gipsy! she knows how it charms!—
And the soft, slender, tapering fingers,
And the snowy-white, gem-circled arms;

With the pearls looping back the dark tresses—
Those warm, wavy curls of brown hair!
And the cheek, with its faint tinge of opal,
And the shoulders, so dazzlingly fair:

There she sits at her ease, in her beauty,
With the face and the air of a queen!
Not a rose-bud she daintily fashions,
Half-sheathed in the delicate green

Of its leaves, nor those great golden lilies—
No blossom or bud one can name—
So fair as the face bending over
The glowing embroidery frame.

As she lifted her dark, hazel eyes then,
Did that quick glance of hers understand
How wofully little the wiser
I grew from the book in my hand,

That the rose of her cheek kept unfolding
Its delicate crimson, the while,
And the wise little mouth dimpled over
With such an arch, coquettish smile?

Oh, her needles are Cupid's own arrows,
And this garland a spell which she weaves
Round my soul, while she ruthlessly stitches
My quivering heart in those leaves!

* * *

[For the Californian.]

MY FRIEND, THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A TALE OF WAR, FRIENDSHIP, AND AGONY.

AFTER THE FRENCH.—BY "PHILIP."

CHAPTER I.

"I AGAIN bid you farewell," he said, looking skyward.

"Why?" I asked.

"The fates master me and lead me away."

"Cannot the fates be appeased? For your companionship's sake I will offer bribes," I said.

"You cannot avail by your noble endeavors. I feel," said he, "the strength of powers I cannot see or comprehend. I see a hand you cannot see, that beckons me away."

"This," I replied, "is a new and a fresh disappointment to me. You come. I welcome you. You stay but a moment, and extend your hand for a farewell grasp."

"My present is like my past; my future, I believe, will be like my present. 'Twas ever thus!"

"Alas! alas!" I cried, "from childhood's hour. Again do you pursue your way upon the sea?"

"Again the blue rolling wave is to be my path. I leave you, about whom my affections so fondly cling. My step-sister, who dwells far away, I left years ago, and she awaits my return. I never write to her. But you, who now grasp my hand, I will never forget nor cease writing letters to. Peace be with you. Remember the ides of March. I believe I will then return," he continued, "bringing with me sheaves. Take these my last verses; read them when I am far away. *Adios.*"

So passed out of my sight Clarence, the friend of my youth, changed from him of former years, with whom I had quietly pursued the road to knowledge. Then he was demurely content, and did not question the facts of geography nor seek to verify them by personal experience. He read the history of Herodotus, but never asked to go to the seats of ancient empires or republics to assure himself of the possibility of the historic ages. He has lain upon his back on the mead in summer evenings and found the places of the stars and quoted the learning of the Professor of Physics, from the morning's lecture, but an inland home had made him fond of the stability of the earth, whose daily revolutions did not turn his stomach, and never longed to ascertain by sight the position or beauty of the Southern Cross, because his geographical knowledge and the advertisements in the *Evening Journal* assured him he would be obliged to venture upon the sea to pursue his taste for the astronomies.

CHAPTER II.

THE years that have passed since we were together, have brought Clarence out of the reach of his adolescence, and the Fates, using him like a teetotum, have twirled him so that he has been bruised and developed on all sides of his nature. Recently they twirled him into my arms again. I looked at him in amazement, as he appeared and disappeared on the arena of my life.

A good many months ago—perhaps all the months would be better called a few years—he came into the routine of my experience, suddenly, unheralded, and as unexpectedly as the gentleman who lives in the moon.

"This is my Ricardo, whom I love."

"This is my Clarence, whom I love."

"Whence do you come," after an interval of salutation, I enquired.

"Ah! The world has not been kind to me. The fiends are abroad. The enemies of my country have arisen. I have seen the strife, have mingled with it, have fought upon the seas, have wearied of the restless turmoil of war, and have come to these skies, not to rest, no, not to rest, but destined to wander, wander, until the reign of peace shall come."

"Stay, stay with me," I answered. "Rest here. You will not hear the sound of the battle—the enemy is not here. The telegraphic despatches in the evening papers will be a balm to your unquiet nerves. Rest with me, perturbed spirit."

"I do not think my spirit is turbid, but I must away. I shall go mad if I go not."

"I do not understand you," I answered. "You are not the Clarence of early days. If you are indeed he, take this Elixir of Life, mixed in the same proportions which I know you loved once."

The old calmness came back to his face, and there was not left there a memory of his recent unrest. For two short hours I gained again the fellowship of Clarence, my early friend, and we returned to the old, old days and the old familiar faces.

A night's repose obliterated the calmness that sat so well upon him, the evidence of which I found under my door the next day:

"DEAREST RICARDO—These are lines of farewell. This night I sleep again upon the seas. I will return anon.

CLARENCE."

Whither had flown this restless soul? At daybreak the sloop-of war *Sinagaw* slipped her cables and steamed out towards the Golden Gate. The fever was still in the blood of Clarence, and he was not at rest until he was again in motion on the waves. There was more than a ripple upon the water, but not a rough sea. The little steam vessel ploughed her way vigorously through the water, meeting each wave that seemed to throw up a protest against her advance, with a sibilant swush-sh-sh-h, swush-sh-sh, swush sh-sh sh sh. My logic could not convince his activity to repose, but the dancing water and the recurring swush-sh sh lulled him to calmness.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW months passed away, and I met on the highway my friend seeking my sanctum. "I have just arrived from the North. I have been playing with the white bear and the walrus. They have been my constant companions. I have climbed the iceberg, and dared the rigors of the Pole. The Arctic or Antarctic seas have no horror for me. I have caressed the lair Esquimaux, and drank the oleaginous toddy of the northern bibler. Does war carniverous still gnaw at my country's heart?"

"It doth," I responded, briefly; "the Norman and the Southron still contend."

With his left hand pressed against his brow—that bore the insignia of an inheritance from patriotic blood—he stayed his steps, raised his eyes towards the sky, and whispered: "My step sister I cannot see—the home of my childhood is as if it wasn't—and I must wander still."

I said: "At least, you will rest one night upon the land. You will potate with me of the Elixir—Rumpunch—as of yore. I demand it of you by the memories which are yours."

Even while I was talking, he glided from me.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FRIEND was vibratory as a pendulum, but returning unto me with the irregularity of a cloudy day. He appeared to be attached in some mysterious and official manner with the Central Government, yet why, in time of trouble, he should consider his duty accomplished in seeking its fulfillment at those posts furthest from tumult, I never quite understood. The seasons or the months did not control his coming or departure. I encountered him in the windy days of June, and he exclaimed that since he left me the other day—perhaps four months before—he had experienced an interview with the typhoons of the Western Seas, but that they were gentle zephyrs, compared with a San Francisco summer day.

The quieter days of autumn brought him soon afterwards into my presence.

"Just eleven days ago, I dined with my excellent friend, the Governor of Chihuahua. I liked not his frijoles, but would not object to a life-lease of his immense opulence. Like all true, intelligent Mexicans, he believes the consummation of liberty and justice is to be found in Mexico as a Republic. Between us, Ricardo, that district of country will be the prey of incursions and ravages until it shall come under the protection of the ægis of our own great nation."

A rather lofty flight for Clarence. He was a patriot, but had achieved no great repute as a statesman. He knew the senoritas of Lima, for I have heard his conversation, "as musical as is Apollo's lute," melodious with their praises, and have seen his pockets wealthy with the images of those who had been honored by his admiration. He had deigned to be smiled upon by the exuberant beauties of that southern clime for several weeks. He forgot for the nonce the existence of his dear country, and knew not if it had a heart on which the fiends of war might gnaw. But his knowledge of the gentlemanly warriors of the country that adjoins his own was very limited—bounded not by his experience, but by his diligence in perusing the newspapers of the districts he occasionally visited.

CHAPTER V.

CLARENCE was tossed between the continents like a shuttlecock. He rested on neither of them, but lived in the nowhere whose boundaries are the continents. I call him the Cosmopolitan, because he knew by experience as much of one part of the globe as of another.

"Good morrow to thee, thou spiritless worm," he exclaimed to me one day when I thought the sunshine of fortune had given a new glow to my face. "How dost thou live on the land in contact with the monotonous character of a single race of people. You know not the earth. I glide from land to land and regard not the difference of the families of men. I have sported but yesterday with the kangaroo of New Holland; I have laughed at the hyena of Asiatic Turkey, and the hyena has laughed at me. The sweet-breathed children of the Celestial Empire I have met in their native pagodas, and have barely missed shaking hands with the King of the Cannibal Islands."

"As in my youth, I love you still; but tax not my credulity, lest in a moment of unfriendly suspicion I ask you to step behind me, calling you Satan."

He did not distrust me.

"If the enemies of my country but ceased to gnaw at her throbbing heart, I would rest."

"They have ceased," I replied.

"What! Has peace come again, and my country not come to pieces, but—saved?"

"Saved!" I answered.

"The Angel of Truth speaks to me, Ricardo?"

"I now represent that mythical person."

"One other question. Has the Executive of the country been true to humanity? Has he shown mercy? Has that mercy been tempered with justice? In the exercise of divine clemency, has he not proclaimed pardon to the lost, the erring, the benighted and ignorant enemies of our country?"

"He has fulfilled more than the demands of justice. Persons so sunk in the depths of ignorance as not to have attained high rank or not to be worth the paltry sum of twenty thousand dollars in greenbacks, have been pardoned."

"Can they roam at their own sweet will?"

"Anywhere, anywhere under the sun."

"My heart rejoices at this evidence of returned reason, justice and humanity. I advocate clemency. I embrace you in my inestimable joy."

You have seen the flaming sun decline from his meridian glow; you have heard the roaring ocean subside to a whispering murmur, as if to lull his kingdom to sleep. So came the glow of unnatural excitement from the face of my Clarence. So gently attuned his wild accents to the sweeter tones of his nature. Then, first since I met him on these distant shores, did he seem to wear the becoming habiliments of gentle peace. I found a more sympathetic humanity; the old lustre came back again to the recovered jewel.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was quite remarkable to me to witness such sublime love of country. This noble fellow had thrown up home, companions, a step-sister of whom he spake so affectionately, and whom I had reason to believe he dearly loved—everything that seemed to render life happy—and had fled to these uttermost parts of the earth, to the life on the sea, in order to escape the constant rumors of war and the oft-told tales of battle and misery. His soul was sick. And then, after his restless wanderings, I could scarcely comprehend the sublime magnanimity that would forgive his country's enemies, and forget the wrongs they had done. I said to myself: "My soul, take on these larger virtues. See how worthily they adorn the person of thy friend."

He had so subdued himself, that he could almost jest when speaking of some incidents which were narrated of the wily rebels. Upon his library table in the lodgings he had taken, I saw one day a little brass button. He tossed it in his hands, even lovingly as a toy that pleased him, and then rolled it towards me with a look that inquired if I had seen a rebel ornament. And on it I read the C. S. A., that made it a curiosity to be kept for one's children. To my unawakened sagacity there was no significance in this single possession. But he had other relics of the war that had so rent his heart. In his open portfolio I perceived something that appeared like

rather coarsely engraved paper. "Some of the money," he said, carelessly, "which pays for raiment and cigars in Dixie."

But why should he carry it so carefully laid away—the scrip which all the rational world knew was worthless? He was loath to part with any to me, who would take a specimen as a curiosity. As we passed out of his apartment that day, after a lengthy indulgence in cigars and a learned discussion about nothing of any importance whatever, the door of his wardrobe swung open, and I caught a glimpse at a suit of gray hanging against the wall, with brass buttons, one of which was missing. To my friendly eyes, there was at that moment nothing of special meaning in a suit of gray. Black or blue would have been as meaningless, and, to my own taste, much more sensible garment for the season.

Beneath his open window I passed homeward from an entertainment elsewhere one moonlight evening, and I heard his well-modulated voice bearing out on to the evening air the words of an unfamiliar song—now raised, as if in the excited strain of a battle-song—now subdued to the sweeter tones of the peace that follows after victory. I caught only these words:

So rest we when the battle's done,
So rest the South when victory's won;
The Northern vandals one by one
Shall bite the dust they tread.

This was my friend's voice. I was not mistaken. After vainly listening to catch other words of the song, I passed on.

The fearful truth burst upon me like the morning sunlight. He had deceived me. He had played with my friendship. I had been an enemy to my country, by being a friend and companion of this cosmopolitan. Strange, my eyes had been closed. Why had I forgotten the land of his birth—the home of his boyhood, in the southern clime—in the proximity of the rice swamps, where he had breathed the miasma of rebellion from his childhood? I had seen in him only the friend of my cloister life. But, might I not be mistaken? Let the shadows of night pass away and the morning come, and I will meet him and challenge his patriotism.

The dreadful reflection that I had been deceived oppressed me. My blood was heated. I reached my chamber. My head seemed as if it would be bursted. Yes, yes. He had played me. But why such profuse professions of patriotism, if he— The thought was tearing my heart. I ceased to think. I sought repose in my French double-bed, and slept a troubled, dreamy sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Early the next morning I discovered upon my table letters from the East. One of them was from another dear friend, who detailed to me, among other incidents of the death, fame, misfortunes, and glory of old companions, what in fewer words I narrate here. "Had I heard of our old and loving friend, Clarence, who, living in the lands of vilest rebeldom, had imbibed from the first the poisonous principles now attempting to be carried out? He had been made a Lieutenant in the Rebel service; had fought; been wounded; taken prisoner by the loyal troops; had been fed by the Sanitary Commission, that great minister of soups, jellies, and new blankets, had recovered and finally had escaped, and was now, it was thought, in Canada or somewhere else." I could not read farther. My heart ached again. "I will go and seek him," I said to myself—but did not.

Fate trips us in our eagerest moments.

I received at that moment a note in the autograph of Clarence:

"Dearest Ricardo—I have just received a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of my step sister. I flee to her by the overland route this morning. Write me. I would I could talk once more to you of the glorious achievements of war. I have wept for my country, but now rejoice. When you sing again the songs of loyalty, O! think of me.

Clarence."

This was a moment for reflection. He had gone and I should not have to seek him. But to remember that I had been deceived!—as I before remarked.

My thoughts flew backward to that hour in his room. That button. I saw the truth. It had become loosened and had fallen from the left breast of his coat of gray. That coat of gray and those trousers of the same color were his, of course, but they were more: they were the uniform of Clarence, the Rebel Lieutenant.

That coarse paper in his portfolio. It was the little change he had about him when he was taken prisoner.

My thoughts flew further backward.

Why did he wander on the sea? He feared the vigilance of his country's government would pursue, capture, and execute an escaped prisoner and a traitor.

Why did he commend and dwell upon the humanity and justice meted out by the Executive of his country when peace came? Alas! He had not risen to higher rank than that of Lieutenant, and was not worth the paltry sum of twenty thousand dollars, greenbacks.

He was free—a pardoned though unworthy rebel. I placed my hand upon my brow. I looked upward.

I said, "My soul! his virtues were not large. Assume something large to thyself. Pardon him in the name of this country, for he knoweth not everything that he doth."

My soul was at peace.

Struggling with my tears, I forgave the Cosmopolitan.

LIFE IN HAVANA.

The custom-house was an apartment as big as a barn—all the rooms in Havana are enormous. The floor was intolerably dirty; but the roof was a magnificent open timber one, the timber being solid beams of delightfully fragrant cedar. So you had the Augean Stables underneath, and Solomon's Palace in all his glory above—not an uncommon contrast in Cuba. The custom-house officers gave us very little trouble. I addressed the first gentleman with a cockade I met as señor—I should perhaps have called him caballero—begged a cigar light from him, and slipped a dollar into his hand. He opened one of my trunks, let a little tobacco-smoke into the orifice to fumigate it, and then dismissed me with a very low bow. Then I was handed to a little grated wicket, where another official, who was smoking so desperately that he sat, as it were, in the midst of a fleecy cloud, like one of Sir James Thornhill's allegories in the painted hall at Greenwich, asked me my name and country, and delivered to me a printed license to reside in Cuba for the space of three calendar months, which was very kind on his part, seeing that I only intended to remain in the island until the West India mail packet came in from St. Thomas. This license cost a good deal of money, four or five dollars, I think; and I noticed that when the official had filled up the form, he was a very long time handing it from a small pepper-castor, and looked very hard at me. I know, from long experience, what being intently regarded by an official of the Latin race means, and so "executed" myself without delay. We parted the best of friends, and I was peseta the poorer.

I was now free to proceed to an hotel; but this was much more easily said than done. In the first place, there were no public conveyances about, save the volantes, which are vehicles far too ethereal to carry heavy luggage; in the next, to find any tolerably comfortable hotel in Havana is a labor which, had it been imposed on Hercules, might have caused that strong man to be a little less conceited about his triumph over the Erymanthian boar and the eleven other difficulties. The wealthy and splendid city of Havana is worse off for hotels than any other in the civilized world. The Antilles, perhaps, cannot be held as belonging entirety to civilization; but, as the "Queen" of the Antilles, I think Havana might maintain at least one decent inn. There is an hotel in the Plaza Isabella Segunda, close to the Tacon Theatre, kept by one Legrand, a Frenchman; but I had heard dismal reports of its cleanliness, and it was situated, besides, beyond the walls, whereas I wanted to be near the Plaza de Armas and the sea. There is a very excellent boarding-house, clean, comfortable, and well appointed, kept by Mrs. Almi, an American lady; but her accommodation is limited, and her establishment is nearly always as "complete" as a Parisian omnibus on a wet day. I have been told, also, that there is a slight drawback to the comfort you enjoy at Mrs. Almi's, in the fact of the house being the chosen resort of consumptive invalids from the United States, who have fled from the asperity of the northern winter to the warmer sky of Cuba. But they are often in the penultimate stage of the disease when they land; they don't get better; and it is apt to spoil your dinner—so I was told—when inquiring for your next neighbor of the day before, who talked so charmingly of the last opera, and so hopefully of the coming bull-fight, you are informed that he has been dead for some hours, and will be buried this sundown in the Potters' field. You grow accustomed to this at last; for it may be said, without exaggeration, life in these regions of vomito and fever resembles life on board a man-o'-war in war-time. You are very merry with Jack and Tom overnight; and on the morrow Jack is "knocked over," and Tom "loses the number of his mess," and you say, "Poor Jack!" "Poor Tom!" Their clothes are sold by auction before the mast, and you forget all about the event.

With the exception of Legrand's and Mrs. Almi's, the inns of Havana are all very like what I should imagine the fondas and posadas of old Spain, away from Madrid, to be. I had heard such dreadful stories about them, that, blinking the pulmonary drawback, I determined to try Mrs. Almi's. By this time, with the assistance of several winning and grinning negroes, who danced with delight at the gift of a very small silver coin—I never saw any copper money at Havana—my luggage had been piled on a machine closely resembling one of those miniature drays in England, on which a very small barrel of beer is drawn by a very big horse, conducted by a very big man. The beast of draught was in this case a bullock, with an enormous yoke, not over his shoulders, but right across his head. The poor animal certainly earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; and, to judge from his lean flanks and protruding bones, I should infer that the jerked beef he might furnish, subsequent to his demise, would be dear at threepence a pound. The conductor, who sat the horse side-saddle fashion, was a prodigious old negro whose wool had turned white, and whose wicked old head—he was *such* a nasty-looking old man—was surmounted by a ragged straw hat. He was singing, of course, occasionally varying that recreation by skinning and gobbling the pulp of some oranges, of which he had a pocketful, and, on the whole, took things very easily. I presume he was a slave. I was bound to walk behind this sable drayman, for, although I might have taken a volante, was it not my duty to follow my luggage? And, but for an uncomfortable fancy that if I stepped on the dray and sat beside my trunk I should look like a traitor being drawn to execution at Tyburn on a sledge, I would have patronized that mode of locomotion.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

That warm air must be impure, and that, consequently, it is hurtful to sleep in a comparatively warm room. A warm room is as easily ventilated as a cool one. The warm air of a close vehicle is less injurious, be it ever so foul from over-crowding, than to ride and sit still and feel uncomfortably cold for an hour. The worst that can happen from a crowded conveyance is a fainting spell; while sitting, even less than an hour, in a still, chilly atmosphere, has induced attacks of pneumonia, that is, inflammation of the lungs, which often proves fatal in three or four days. It is always positively injurious to sleep in a close room where water freezes, because such a degree of cold causes the negatively poisonous carbonic acid gas of a sleeping-room to settle near the floor, where it is breathed and re-breathed by the sleeper, and is capable of producing typhoid fever in a few hours. Hence, there is no advantage, and always danger, especially to weakly persons, in an atmosphere colder than the freezing point. That it is necessary to the proper and efficient ventilation of a room, even in warm weather, that a window or door should be left open. This is always hazardous to the sick and convalescent. Quite as safe a plan of ventilation, and as efficient, is to keep a lamp or small fire burning in the fireplace. This creates a draft, and carries bad airs and gasses up the chimney.

That out-door exercises before breakfast are healthful. It is never so. And, from the very nature of things, it is hurtful, especially to persons of poor health, although the very vigorous may practice it with impunity. In winter, the body is easily chilled through and through, unless the stomach has been fortified with a good warm breakfast; and in warm weather, miasmatic and malarious gases and emanations speedily act upon the empty and weak stomach in a way to vitiate the circulation and induce fever and ague, diarrhœa and dysentery; entire families, who have arranged to eat breakfast before leaving the house, and to take supper before sundown, have had a complete exemption from fever and ague, while the community around them were suffering from it, from having neglected these precautions.

That whatever lessens a cough is "good" for it, and, if persevered in, will cure it. On the contrary, all coughs are soonest cured by promoting and increasing them; because nature endeavors by the cough to help to bring up the phlegm and yellow matter which is in the lungs, and the lungs cannot heal while that matter is there. And, as it cannot be got rid of without coughing, the more coughing there is the sooner it is got rid of—the sooner are the lungs cleaned out for the fuller and freer reception of pure air, which is their natural food. The only remedies which can do any good in coughs are such as loosen the phlegm, and thus less cough is required to bring it up. Those remedies are warmth, out-door exercise, and anything which slightly nauseates.

Unlocking the Rocks.—The great cost of silver and gold arises not so much from their scarcity in the earth, as the difficulty of extracting them from their stony combinations. Dr. J. C. Ayer, the well known chemist of Massachusetts, has cut this gordian knot. After having merited and received the gratitude of half mankind, by his remedies that cure their diseases, he is now winning the other half, by opening for them an easy road to the exhaustless treasures of the hills. He has discovered and published a chemical process, which renders, at little cost, the hardest rocks and ores friable like chalk, so that the precious metals are loosed from their confinement, and easily gathered. Mines too poor to pay may be worked at a profit now, and the yield of rich mines is largely increased, while the cost of extracting the metals from the ore is diminished. Either is a great achievement, to enrich mankind, or cure their diseases. But we are informed our celebrated countryman adheres to the latter, as his speciality and chief ambition.—*Buffalo Sentinel.*

Middletons' National Oil Portraits consist of portraits o Washington, Martha Washington, Lincoln, Clay, Jackson, Webster, Douglas, Grant, and Sherman, imprinted on canvas by the newly invented process of Mr. E. C. Middleton, of Cincinnati, in such a manner as to be faithful counterparts of oil paintings. As works of art, they are peculiarly appropriate, as well as patriotic, for parlor ornaments; and, as portraits, their accuracy and fidelity are attested by Edward Everett, Senator Richardson, Speaker Colfax, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Daniel Webster, Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, Mrs. General Grant, Mrs. General Sherman, and scores of others. These portraits are on exhibition at the salesroom of John Middleton & Son of this city. Mr. D. Warren Smith has been appointed special agent for the soliciting of subscriptions

Not to be Destroyed.—Davidson's Circassian Bloom is the most inimitable perfume of the day, and is the most delicate and harmless dressing for the complexion and skin. The air and winds do not dry and roughen the skin, when Davidson's Circassian Bloom is used as a dressing. Sold by all druggists.

UNCLE INGOT.

"IF ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word." So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succor about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said "legitimate"—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had "finished off" as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—"allying herself with commerce," some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more upon that account; for he was one of those radicals who are not "snobs" at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and "blew" like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive, that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth; and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies,) and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin-money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing-machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobbly tree in the lime walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not Poverty, at least very urgent Want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that *Bacon's* emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks in a clear and clerkly letter, but there was never any enclosure.

When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pine-apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making up" with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach, that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation had grown to be true; he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old-bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and "see the old year out and the new year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in those school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account: secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess: but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak to them of his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable: when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to *you*, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish *I* was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger playfully, as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor," continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "O no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it, "although I *have* taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

She laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes. "*Do* you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now, in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss *you* will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor, in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds. What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of *your* disgraceful conduct to the guard, at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that *I* kissed you, and not you *me*. What 'roars of laughter' there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the old year out, and the new year in," his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and gin punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I daresay, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and lady-like looking a girl as ever you saw."

"Was she anything like *this?*" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest. "Ha! ha! Tom; so *you*, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, 'Yes' or 'No?'"

"If she will give me back my money, 'Yes.'"

"Very well," returned the host; "mind, you asked for her yourself;" and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady demurely. "Here is your five-pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma *if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word*, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come."

"There go the church-bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

THE highest inhabited place on the globe is the post-house of Ancomarco, in Peru, nearly 16,000 feet above the sea.

THE FIELD OF FAIR OAKS.

[George Alfred Townsend, in *The Campaigns of a Non-Combatant*, gives the following vivid description of the field of Fair Oaks after the battle. The incidents mainly relate to that portion occupied by Meagher's Irish Brigade:]

A YOUNG staff officer took me over the field. We visited first the cottage and barns across the road, and found the house occupied by some thirty wounded Federals They lay in their blankets upon the floors—pale, helpless, hollow-eyed, making low moans at every breath. Two or three were feverishly sleeping, and, as the flies revelled upon their gashes, they stirred uneasily and moved their hands to and fro. By the flatness of the covering at the extremities, I could see that several had only stumps of legs. They had lost the sweet enjoyment of walking afield, and were but fragments of men, to limp forever through a painful life. Such wrecks of power I never beheld. Broad, brawny, buoyant, a few hours ago, the loss of blood, and the nervous shock, attendant upon amputation, had well nigh drained them to the last drop. Their faces were as white as the tidy ceiling; they were whining like babies; and only their rolling eyes distinguished them from mutilated corpses. Some seemed quite broken in spirit, and one, who could speak, observing my pitiful glances toward his severed thigh, drew up his mouth and chin, and wept as if with the loss of comeliness all his ambitions were frustrated. A few attendants were brushing off the insects with boughs of cedar, laving the sores, or administering cooling draughts. The second story of the dwelling was likewise occupied by wounded, but in a corner clustered the terrified farmer and his family, vainly attempting to turn their eyes from the horrible spectacle. The farmer's wife had a baby at her breast, and its little blue eyes were straying over the room, half wonderingly, half delightedly. I thought, with a shudder, of babyhood thus surrounded, and how, in the long future, its first recollections of existence should be of booming guns and dying soldiers! The cow-shed contained seven corpses, scarcely yet cold, lying upon their backs, in a row, and fast losing all resemblance to man. The farthest removed, seemed to be a diminutive boy, and I thought if he had a mother, that she might some time like to speak with me. When I took their names, I thought what terrible agencies I was fulfilling. Beyond my record, falsely spelled, perhaps, they would have no history. And people call such deaths glorious!

Upon a pile of lumber and some heaps of fence rails, close by, sat some dozens of wounded men, mainly Federals, with bandaged arms and faces, and torn clothing. There was one, shot in the foot, who howled at every effort to remove his boot; the blood leaked from a rent in the side, and at last, the leather was cut, piecemeal from the flesh. These ate voraciously, though in pain and fear; for a little soup and meat were being doled out to them.

The most horrible of all these scenes—which I have described perhaps too circumstantially—was presented in the stable or barn, on the premises, where a bare, dingy floor—the planks of which tilted and shook, as one made his way over them—was strewn with suffering people. Just at the entrance sat a boy, totally blind, both eyes having been torn out by a minnie-ball, and the entire bridge of the nose shot away. He crouched against the gable, in darkness and agony, tremulously fingering his knees. Near at hand, sat another, who had been shot through the middle of the forehead, but singular to relate, he still lived, though lunatic, and evidently beyond hope. Death had drawn blue and yellow circles beneath his eyes, and he muttered incomprehensibly, wagging his head. Two men, perfectly naked, lay in the middle of the place, wounded in bowels and loins; and at a niche in the weather-boarding, where some pale light peeped in, four mutilated wretches were gaming with cards. I was now led a little way down the railroad, to see the Confederates. The rain began to fall at this time, and the poor fellows shut their eyes to avoid the pelting of the drops. There was no shelter for them within a mile, and the mud absolutely reached half way up their bodies. Nearly one third had suffered amputation above the knee. There were about thirty at this spot, and I was told that they were being taken to Meadow Station on hand cars. As soon as the locomotive could pass the Chickahominy, they would be removed to White House, and comfortably quartered in the Sanitary and hospital boats. Some of them were fine, athletic, and youthful, and I was directed to one who had been married only three days before.

"Doctor," said one, feebly, "I feel very cold: do you think that this is death? It seems to be creeping to my heart. I have no feeling in my feet, and my thighs are numb."

A Federal soldier came along with a bucket of soup, and proceeded to fill the canteens and plates. He appeared to be a relative of Mark Tapley, and possessed much of that estimable person's jollity—

"Come, pardner," he said, "drink yer sup! now, old boy, this'll warm ye; sock it down and you'll see yer sweetheart soon. You dead, Allybammy? Go way, now. You'll live a hundred years, you will. That's wot you'll do. Won't he, lad? What? Not any? Get out! You'll be slap on your legs next week and hev another shot at me the week a'ter that. You know you will! Oh, you Rebil! You, with the butternut trousers! Say! Wake up and take some o' this. Hello! lad, pardner. Wake up!"

He stirred him gently with his foot; he bent down to touch his face. A grimness came over his merriment. The man was stiff and dumb.

Col. Baker, commanding the 88th New York, was a tall, martial Irishman, who opened his heart and bottle at the same welcome, and took me into the woods, where some of the slain still remained. He had slept not longer than an hour, continuously, for seventy hours, and during the past night had been called up by eight alarms. His men lay in the dark thickets, without fires or blankets, as they had crossed the Chickahominy in light marching order.

'Many a lad," said he, "will escape the bullet for a lingering consumption."

We had proceeded but a very little way, when we came to a trodden place beneath the pines, where a scalp lay in the leaves, and the imprint of a body was plainly visible. The bayonet scabbard lay at one side, the canteen at the other. We saw no corpses, however, as fatigue parties had been burying the slain, and the whole wood was dotted with heaps of clay, where the dead slept below in the oozy trenches. Quantities of cartridge were scattered here and there, dropped by the retreating Confederates. Some of the cartridge-pouches that I examined were completely filled, showing that their possessors had not fired a single round; others had but one cartridge missing. There were fragments of clothing, hair, blankets, murderous bowie and dirk knives, spurs, flasks, caps, and plumes, dropped all the way through the thicket, and the trees on every hand were riddled with balls. I came upon a squirrel, unwittingly shot during the fight. Not those alone who make the war must feel the war! At one of the mounds the burying party had just completed their work, and the men were throwing the last clods upon the remains. They had dug pits of not more than two feet depth, and dragged the bodies heedlessly to the edges, whence they were toppled down and scantily covered. Much of the interring had been done by night, and the flare of lanterns upon the discolored faces and dead eyes must have been hideously effective. The grave-diggers, however, were practical personages, and had probably little care for dramatic effects. They leaned upon their spades, when the rites were finished, and a large, dry person, who appeared to be privileged upon all occasions, said, grinningly:

"Colonel, your honor, them boys 'ill niver stand forninst the Irish brigade again. If they'd ha' known it was us, sur, begorrah! they'd ha' brought coffins wid 'em."

"No, niver!" "They got their ticket for soup!" "We kivered them, fait', will inough!" shouted the other gravediggers.

"Do ye belave, Colonel," said the dry person again, "that thim ribals 'll lave us a chance to catch them. Be me sowl! I'm jist wishin' to war-rum me hands wid rifle practice."

The others echoed loudly that they were anxious to be ordered up, and some said that "Little Mac 'll give 'em his big whack now." The presence of death seemed to have added no fear of death to these people. Having tasted blood, they now thirsted for it, and I asked myself, forebodingly, if a return to civil life would find them less ferocious.

An exchange gives the following gossip concerning Victor Hugo: "He rises, winter and summer, with the sun. He lights his fire and makes his coffee; then he writes, reads, or composes until eleven, and during that time no one troubles him in his meditations. At eleven, whatever the temperature may be, he goes out on the terrace of the house, which is on the same level as his room, and makes long ablutions with cold water. Then comes the breakfast hour, devoted to family chat and the reading of newspapers and letters. This meal generally lasts for an hour and a half. Then the poet takes long walks across the island. He works while walking, and often stops before the points he specially admires. He is not much given to eating. His table is simply set, and he is always satisfied with the dishes set before him. Although he has a good appetite, he is moderate, and no one can say that he has seen him commit the least excess. Victor Hugo goes to bed early, generally before ten o'clock. Pens, ink, and paper are placed on a table nigh him. Often in his broken sleep he jots down the thoughts that cross his mind. Sometimes he writes in the dark and makes hieroglyphics that in the morning he alone can decipher."

Mr. Collier's latest illustration of old English literature is a reprint of the famous pamphlet on "The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratney, a famous Thief of England, executed at Bedford, the 26th of March last past, 1605." It is a very curious piece, and is important for its reference to Shakspeare coming to London as a poor lad, and afterwards owning a lordship in the country.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

THE THIEVES OF BENGAL.

IN the cool of the evening, your budgerow being safely moored by means of ropes fastened to stout stakes driven into the bank, and you being seated on the roof of the boat dreamily gazing on the expanse of river before you, broken as it is, here and there, by the long, low sand-banks which the waters have thrown up in their impetuous flow—you happen, in a listless sort of a way, to observe an earthen pitcher floating bottom upwards, and slowly approaching your boat. You forget, a moment after, that you have seen it; floating ghurrahs (as these pitchers are called) in a river into which hundreds are thrown in company with the bodies of their dead owners, are a by no means uncommon sight. Soon after, however, as the darkness begins to come on, you make the disagreeable discovery that your boat is filling with water. It sinks and makes a cosey bed for itself in the soft mud, before you can do anything to save it. You wade to shore, and make the best of your way to the nearest thannah (police station) for assistance. The thannah is miles away inland; and by the time you get back, you find that the people of a neighboring village have helped themselves to your property, and escaped. It does not occur to you to connect the sinking of the budgerow with the harmless gurrah that came floating down the stream in its purposeless course, and bumped accidentally against the side of your boat; and yet the two things stand very much in the relation of cause and effect. That ghurrah is not an empty one, nor was it accident that brought it in contact with the boat. In it was a human head, to which was attached a living body; and this body, which you did not see because it was under water, directed the course of the ghurrah. The villain, who thus got to the side of your boat unsuspected, bored a hole or two into it before the ghurrah floated off again. He was in league with a band of dacoits who watched and waited for the denouement from a distance, and then came down like vultures upon their prey.

I am not aware that the dacoits of the Soonderbuns have practiced the ghurrah stratagem, but they have done things quite as clever. I have known them, for example, to take away not only the blanket under which one had been sleeping, but the very sheet on which he had been lying asleep, and that without waking him. A gentleman was once travelling through the Soonderbuns in "a native boat," that is to say, a boat surmounted by a mat-constructed cabin. It was December, and as the cold north wind came oozing in through the matting, he drew his blanket over him on getting into bed. He awoke earlier than usual the next morning, feeling very cold, and wondering at the large amount of morning light that pervaded his cabin. To his dismay, he found not only that he was blanketless, but that a hole two feet square had been cut in the matting. While pondering these things, he made the further discovery that the sheet on which he had laid was no longer on the bed. The inference was clear that he had had a nocturnal visitor. He had heard stories of the sheet-lifting before; but not till now, that he had himself been successfully practiced upon, did he believe that the feat could be accomplished. The scoundrel who covets the sheet under you, approaches your bedside armed with a feather, with which he gently tickles your ear. Accustomed as you are to the buzz of mosquitoes, which, by the way, have a notable penchant for singing in one's ears, you only fidget a little in your sleep, and, turning on your side, press the ear that had been operated on, on the pillow. Immediately one half of the sheet thus released is rolled up lengthwise close under your back. The feather is again cautiously applied to the exposed ear; you turn once more, and the other half of the sheet is released. One more tickle adroitly administered disengages the sheet altogether, and the rascal no doubt inwardly chuckles as he leaves you to your slumber.

But it is only the men who do business on their own account, and who go out alone, that care to observe caution in their proceedings. Every villager in these watery districts owns a canoe or dinghy for going to market in, so that he needs no further stock in-trade when he takes to the thieving line. His dinghy, generally about seven feet long, is propelled by a single pole, feathered at both ends. Standing upright in his boat, and grasping the pole in the middle with both hands, he manages, by an easy action of the wrists, to dip the ends alternately into the water on either side, and so to shoot along with wonderful rapidity. Being alone, he is timid, and will try to escape the moment he is likely to be discovered. But professional dacoits go about in large parties, and, till recently, were very bold. Their canoes are from thirty to forty feet long, and are propelled with marvellous swiftness, by a double line of paddles, which are preferred to regular oars because they do not rest on the side of the boat, and may be worked noiselessly. The paddle is worked with both hands. Held out over the side, and dipped perpendicularly into the water, with the blade at right angles to the boat, it pushes back the water very effectively, and a canoe rowed by twenty-five or thirty men, each with a paddle, secures it a speed which makes capture hopeless.

It is rumored that *Honor May*, the musical novel, recently published by Ticknor & Fields, was written by Miss Bartol, daughter of Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, the well-known Unitarian clergyman of Boston.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1866.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $6. Unbound, per volume, $2 50.

OLMSTEAD'S REPORT

IN REGARD TO A PLAN OF PUBLIC PLEASURE GROUNDS.

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD'S report on the subject of a public park, submitted some weeks since to the Board of Supervisors, does not seem to stir the slightest interest with the community at large. The *Bulletin* published the document in full, and thus introduced the plan and its details to the public; yet it seems as if no interest is felt in the matter. If the plan in question is impracticable, then let us ask for others; it is our duty to take preliminary steps *now*, for, in a few years more, the task will not only be more difficult, but an hundred times more expensive. The report itself discusses the whole question in the fullest manner, and is conclusive in its logic of the necessity of a park, and the importance of a selection of the ground without unnecessary delay. We assume it is conceded that, not only is a park indispensable in a sanitary point of view, but that it is a measure most important in its relation to the stability and prosperity of our city. We know no other plan that so closely touches the future of San Francisco--the Pacific railroad alone excepted. Why, then, there should be so much general and individual apathy on the subject is beyond our comprehension.

At present land is cheap, and a tax for the purchase of enough for a large and extensive park—its area to be determined by the future requirements of the city—would be accepted, we think, with pleasure. The laying out, the embellishment, etc., could be provided for by a small annual appropriation--thus making the expense a cheerful burden. For present use—as a place for pic-nics, parades, drives, and of general resort—a large expenditure would not be required, the purchase excepted. We believe that the plan of finding a park in the municipal domain is absurd and chimerical. If people anticipate that enough land will be saved for parks from the property outside of Alcalde grants, claimed as the fee of this corporation, then they will be wofully disappointed. We will be surprised if the city ever gains sufficient of the Pueblo grant to construct a ring for the Cosmopolitan Circus. Certain papers may attempt to demonstrate such a plan feasible; but, if any thinking and experienced head can be found to agree with such papers, and can show where the land is to be seen, and how, when seen, a title to it in the city can be had short of purchase, then we will gladly confess ourselves mistaken. Most of the lands included in Olmstead's plan lie within the Van Ness ordinance, under which the city's claim, if she ever had any, has long since been extinguished by a solemn act of quit-claim, approved and ratified by Legislative and Congressional action, and judicial decision. Therefore, the proposition to take outside lands for park purposes is made in ignorance of the legal status of such lands, and is as frivolous as it is impossible of attainment. Spoliation by this corporation is out of the question—we can have parks by purchase or gift, but in no other way.

We are disposed to think the Olmstead plan imperfect and made up without sufficient study and knowledge of the topography of our county. It is true Mr. Olmstead did personally visit and inspect those portions embraced in his report, but he didn't do it with special reference to the probability of a park being determined on in his generation, and that its project and execution would be confined to him. His plan, as submitted to the Board of Supervisors, is drawn from memory, and from maps and photographs sent him since he left. Looking to the essentials he names: that there should be shelter from the west wind; that no ground shall be selected which is already of great value; that it should extend in the direction in which the city is likely to advance; and that "it will be much more economical to adopt a plan which comprehends everything that is likely to be wanted at the outset;" looking, then, to these things, we think his plan falls short of the conditions he names. The broad avenue in his plan sweeps over a valuable part of the city, and includes lots which can not be purchased at rates varying from $3 000 to $10.000 per acre. Any commission of appraisement must look to the market value of the lands in question; must compute the damages owners "may sustain by being deprived thereof;" it cannot arbitrarily dispossess and compel the acceptance of an half or a quarter of what the property may be worth; it must make "such compensation therefor as may be deemed reasonable;" and the rule of value must be from evidence—not the arbitrary judgment or prejudice of such a commission. Under this view of the case, the purchase of the realty selected by Mr. Olmstead will reach an amount that will frighten tax payers. Besides, those portions he prefers are not the most picturesque and sheltered: on the contrary, they are physically inappropriate, and not susceptible of easy adaptation as features of a park that is constructed on the plan of beauty, convenience, and pleasure. Looking to the fact that our city is "worthy to be, and destined to be, one of the largest, if not the largest city in the world," and that, in the selection of a park, railroad facilities render distance a matter of no consideration, it seems to us that making Lake Merced the initial point and then running to the bay, so as to include portions of the San Miguel, Bernal, and La Visitacion Ranches, all the conditions of Mr. Olmstead would be met. There we have a country with a rich soil, diversified by hill and valley; sheltered from the sea winds more than any other portions of the county are; a beautiful lake prepared to hand, both *termini* of the park at the water, in the one case a splendid sea-beach ride and view; holding little sheltered valleys; and the bed of a creek—or *arroyo*—running "from southwest to northeast" entirely protected from the wind, and the character of the soil of which can be seen from the gardens which green its slopes. The San José railroad bridge spans one such ravine which, with its bluff granite sides and depth of bottom, far exceeds in picturesque and natural beauty, anything in Central Park. Besides, these lands can be purchased at a price less than one tenth of those selected by Olmstead.

These remarks are intended to excite discussion and suggestions, as well as to keep before the public the importance of some early action in the matter of a park.

INIGOINGS.

STEAMER "SACRAMENTO," Panama Harbor,
April 30, 1866—4 o'clock A. M.

HERE we are in Panama harbor—four o'clock in the morning, and catamarans and such things lying all around us.

The *Sacramento*, you see, is a heavy vessel, and the surrounding ones are lighters!

Ha! ha! how is that for a joke?—not a breath of air stirring, and the thermometer standing at 210 degrees in the shade.

Oh, such a sleepy-looking crowd. At one, or thereabouts, the gong rang, and all hands were called to breakfast. Not hungry, but never disposed to shirk a duty, I turned out and took a seat at table. In the abstraction and sleepiness consequent upon this most unusual business hour, I stuck my fork in my ear, and nearly chopped my neighbor's fingers off in attempting to carve a contiguous steak—but such is life. Many a better man, probably, has suffered at the stake.

If that's a bad joke, put it down to the weather and the hour—the latter an unusually early one for a bird so little desirous to catch worms, that since the invention of Trichina he has wholly abstained from Pork.

Verily, in the matter of this premature and ill-considered breakfasting, the enemy is Hours—Early Hours. Why could they not have suffered one to sleep a little while longer? For it is reported now that we cannot get ashore before this afternoon. The opening couplet of *Locksley Hall* came into my mind when that infernal gong rang:

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon your bugle horn.

Who had not rather be wakened by a bugle horn, a horn of whiskey, Kate Horn, the horn of a wild bull, or in fact any other horn in creation, than by the crash of a gong? The sound is agreeable enough when one is hungry, and is called to dinner thereby; but to be awakened—Lord!—fire off a small howitzer in my ear; explode a package of nitro-glycerine in my trouser's pocket, or do anything else calculated to jar upon one's nerves, in preference.

For when the first rattle and crash comes, the impression is that the train of thought which one pursues even in dreams has run off the track, and that there is a wreck of worlds and disaster of ideas.

On every side of me people are grumbling: "Why did they call us so early?"

Bah! It is the very vice of nature to be discontented. I do believe that some people—persons would be more correct, perhaps—would grumble were they going to be hanged.

Various employments are indulged in by these involuntary *flaneurs* pour passer le temps. The most sensible method that I know of, is the one adopted by a fellow out on the guard, immediately opposite to where I am writing. He has his arms around a girl's waist, and seems to be telling her that old, old story, which Adam told to Eve in the Garden of Eden--and which all women since are fools enough to believe.

But I—behold me: Alone, unguarded--for I am sitting, not on the guard but in the main saloon, where it is hot enough to roast a turkey, let alone a Turk—and having

No one to love and none to caress,

what can I do?

Do? First love of my heart, *ignis fatuus*--though never did you fat your proprietors much—of my soul, Delilah of my affections, and Dead Sea apple of my hopes: what better can I do than sit down and write you a letter, chronicling what has happened during the voyage; holding converse with you from this corner of the continent, precisely as I was wont to when seated in that literally literary—inasmuch as always littered—sanctum, which I always entered with distaste and left with regret.

What *impressions de voyage* has one to relate when travelling over a route so often journeyed that the cleaving keels of vessels have left an actually traceable path in the waters?

Impressions, indeed! They may all be summed up in one word: Hot! Oh, ye voyagers hitherward! bring no weighty clothes with you. Discard all old notions about flannel suits, and come clad in gauze—light as a grasshopper's wing and airy as a young girl's first dreams of love. And, above all, bring no extra baggage with you. For the inexorable Fuller stands at the head of the scales, and the immutable Dick Bevil, pencil in hand, sits at the foot; and, between the two, the Lord help you. That they are honest, my lord, I will not deny; but that they know how to chalk things down, who shall dispute? Had I a ranch, a grass ranch, how I would like to employ the two gentlemen above named—the one to weigh my hay, the other to charge and collect for it.

My baggage weighed heavy—half a ton. I was at a loss to account for the weight, till I recollected I had a live-act play, translated and adapted from the German of Lessing by myself and my calm-eyed, smooth-tempered friend, Dr. Hermann Muller.

And the heat of that baggage-room. "Think of your latter end," was the parting injunction of a pious friend--and I did think of it, as I went bumping down stairs, landing in a lower deck dormitory, to the heat of which the left wing of Tophet is cool in comparison. Toiling, sweating, and occasionally swearing, by way of assuaging the general friction, were a crowd of promiscuous passengers and porters--it was a struggle to be first, and the first was generally last. Never before did I comprehend what it was to

Suffer and be strong,

for, indeed, I suffered; and that those in the neighborhood were strong, a breeze, not from Araby the Blest, abundantly testified.

But why dwell on the subject, when I left the object as soon as possible? And there sat Bevel and Fuller, chalking down the weight--in baggage-rooms, people perforce learn to labor and to wait—cool as cucumbers, and never missing an ounce.

They were talking of fast freight among themselves, in mysterious whispers. I know a few young ladies in the ship who might, I think, have been ticketed through at their respective avoirdupois weights as "fast freight," with perfect propriety.

But, what about our voyage? On Friday morning, between eleven and twelve, Frank Winchester, a cabin passenger, aged about twenty-five years, died. At sunset, his body was committed "to the deep"--an euphemism for the sharks—with all the impressiveness which an ill-read burial service could give.

At the critical moment the engines were stopped—splash! went the corpse from the hurricane deck above, over the taffrail, and all was over. Singularly enough, hardly had the body sank from sight, when a strange, solitary bird suddenly appeared, hovering over the spot, and following the ship until its pinions were shadowed by the rapidly falling night. The sailors swore it was the spirit of the man whose body had been given to the whelming waters.

Saturday morning, another man died—a steerage passenger, named Kellim. Such an emaciated being I never before saw. Strolling forward the other day, I saw him sitting up in his cot, while his fellows around were eating. And I thought of the old Egyptian custom of introducing a skeleton at the feast, gaunt and grim, to remind the guests of the grave deserts to follow, when the regular courses of life were done.

It is due that I say that everything possible was done by officers and passengers to contribute to the comfort of these poor fellows, whose names are transferred from our passenger list to the longer list of those bound for a port whence no return tickets are issued.

Both these men died of consumption. It is curious to me why men in the last stages of an incurable disease, should embark upon a long sea-voyage, which at the best can but hasten demise. The same amount of money, it would seem to the practical mind, might be much better spent in procuring comforts on shore--where a headstone might at least be had.

They laugh at me for objecting to a sea burial, and expressing a preference for a last resting-place under the yews of the village churchyard, the green grasses growing over me, and

the flowers, which a few loving hands might plant, blossoming out from my dust. Be it so. I hold to the preference still. Let those who like go drifting about the trackless ocean, in wild unrest, until the Archangel shall his trumpet sound—their last moments unsoothed by the kind ministrations of affection. As for me, let me die, when die I must, something after the manner of "Camille," in the fifth act—to the sound of slow music, my head pillowed on a loving breast. And I think I'd haunt the ship whose captain refused to pack me in ice or preserve me in whiskey till a port was reached.

Sunday we had service. As on the previous occasion, it was read by a D. D., "spelled" by an M. D.—and if honors were easy, the latter at least had the advantage of the odd trick. For my good friend the doctor, this time, improved on his former reading. He then only asked that we were to be forgiven for the sins we had done, and the sins we had not done—now he supplicated that we be forgiven for the sins we intended to do. Can you imagine a more sweeping prayer?

Perhaps you'd like to have me write more? And perhaps you think I couldn't write more if I wanted to? Oh, foreman! and oh, faithful, but talkative "Bob!" can not each and all of you testify that I, weighed in the balance, was never yet found wanting? Have I not written against both time and space—to the utter annihilation of both? And have I ever fallen a line short, however much I may have overrun? Tell me, ye winged winds and things!

Just at present, having reached the twelfth slip, with a dull pencil and no knife to sharpen it with; with two ladies on either side, urging me to make haste and "finish," to go shopping with them—

> How happy I could be with ether,
> Were t'other æsthetic away—

with the clanging of a pump in one ear, and the deafening squall of a baby in the other, I close this communication, written under difficulties, trusting to the good offices of the proof-reader to avert any "typographical error" or grammatical lapse by which the *Dramatic Chronicle* can crucify me.

INIGO.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE character of "Lear," the greatest of Shakspeare's creations, has been the test part and the study of the most gifted actors for generations; and we doubt if any have mastered it to their satisfaction. It stands, as it were, an imperishable gauntlet thrown out by the greatest creative mind of the stage, challenging all future intellects to its adequate conception and impersonation. That Mr. Forrest, in the character, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, filled the Opera House with an audience that tested its capacity, is not surprising; and that he should partially fail in satisfying the too sanguine expectations of those who saw him in "Richelieu" and "Virginius," is scarcely less so. We do not propose at this interval of time to go into an extended criticism of Mr. Forrest's impersonation of the character. It is sufficient to say that it possessed all the merits of his impersonation of "Richelieu"—great power and vigor of action in the rhetorical and impassioned parts—but was marked by the usual inefficiency in depicting the mental strife, the phrenzied pathos and majesty, the great grief and agony, of the grand old king, which no delineator has ever truly represented. That this is so, does not detract from the fame of Mr. Forrest, for his impersonation of the character is as masterly a piece of acting as the stage of the present day can present.

The gentle "Elia," one of the most competent of English critics, says: "The 'Lear' of Shakspeare cannot be acted;" and adds that the stage machinery with which the storm is mimicked "is not more inadequate to represent the real power of the elements, than any actor can be to represent the greatness of 'Lear.'"

The "supports" were excellent. Mr. McCullough's "Edgar" was the best performance he has yet given us. His rendering of "Mad Tom" was exceedingly good. Miss Lillie's "Cordelia" was very effective. Mr. Thorne, as "Edmund;" Mr. Leman, as "Kent;" Mr. Coad, as "Oswald;" and Mrs. Sophie Edwin and Mrs. Jackson, as the two unnatural daughters, gave able characterizations of their parts.

"The "Othello" of Mr. Forrest, on Wednesday evening, was received by an audience of no less magnitude than that which attended his performance of "Lear." The springs of action in "Othello"—love, jealousy, and revenge—are more fathomable qualities than the weird fancies of the diseased mind of "Lear," and are more capable of embodiment. The honest, confident Moor, infuriated with jealousy, torn with doubts, struggling in his noble nature against his convictions—loving, yet filled with the fire of vengeful passions—found a most truthful representative in Mr. Forrest. The character becomes most passionately demonstrative as the plot develops, and admits of a wide latitude for the display of passionate power. It is one of the characters peculiarly fitted to the genius of Mr. Forrest, and was portrayed with that masterly effect for which he is famed.

The "Iago" of Mr. McCullough was not so happy a personation as his "Edgar." It is not every actor that can look and act the "villain Iago." Miss Lillie, as "Desdemona," lacked somewhat in the tragic requirements of the part. Mrs. Jackson's "Emilia" was excellent, and won most merited recognition from the audience. Thorne's rendering of "Michael Cassio" placed another point to his credit. Frank's "Roderigo" was also very good. The play was repeated last evening, and was witnessed by a full theatre with no less interest than on its first production.

The "Damon" of Mr. Forrest, on Thursday night, drew an actually overflowing audience, and the sale of tickets had to be stopped in consequence. Mr. Forrest was fully master of the character, and invested many of the scenes with great impressiveness. He was ably supported by the "Pythias" of Mr. McCullough and the "Hermion" of Mrs. Sophie Edwin. This afternoon and evening, *The Dead Heart* is announced as the attraction. Wouldn't a live one draw better?

The programme of the coming week's performances is: on Monday, *Virginius;* Tuesday, *Richelieu*; Wednesday, *Damon and Pythias;* Thursday, *Lear;* and on Friday, *Macbeth.* Seats can be secured five days in advance.

"MARK TWAIN" ON HIS TRAVELS.

MOUNTED on my noble steed Hawaii (pronounced Hahwy-ye—stress on second syllable,) a beast that cost thirteen dollars and is able to go his mile in three—with a bit of margin to it—I departed last Saturday week for—for any place that might turn up.

SATURDAY IN HONOLULU.

Passing through the market place, we saw that feature of Honolulu under its most favorable auspices—that is, in the full glory of Saturday afternoon, which is a festive day with the natives. The native girls by twos and threes and parties of a dozen, and sometimes in whole platoons and companies, went cantering up and down the neighboring streets astride of fleet but homely horses, and with their gaudy riding habits streaming like banners behind them. Such a troop of free and easy riders, in their natural home, which is the saddle, makes a gay and graceful and exhilarating spectacle. The riding habit I speak of is simply a long, broad scarf, like a tavern table-cloth brilliantly colored, wrapped around the loins once, then apparently passed up between the limbs and each end thrown backward over the same, and floating and flapping behind on both sides beyond the horse's tail like a couple of fancy flags; and then, with a girl that throws her chest forward and sits up like a Major General and goes sweeping by like the wind: "Gay?" says Brown, with a fine irony; "oh, you can't mean it!"

The girls put on all the finery they can scare up on Saturday afternoon: fine black silk robes; flowing red ones that nearly put your eyes out; others as white as snow; still others that discount the rainbow; and they wear their hair in nets, and trim their jaunty hats with fresh flowers, and encircle their dusky throats with home-made necklaces of the brilliant vermillion-tinted blossom of the *ohia;* and they fill the markets and the adjacent streets with their bright presence, and smell like thunder with their villainous cocoanut oil.

Occasionally you see a heathen from the sunny isles away down in the South Seas, with his face and neck tatooed till he looks like the customary unfortunate from Reese River who has been blown up in a mine. Some are tattooed a dead blue color down to the upper lip—masked, as it were—leaving the natural light yellow skin of Micronesia unstained from thence down; some with broad marks drawn down from hair to neck, on both sides of the face, and a strip of the original yellow skin, two inches wide, down the center—a gridiron with a spoke broken out; and some with the entire face discolored with the popular mortification tint, relieved only by one or two thin, wavy threads of natural yellow running across the face from ear to ear, and eyes twinkling out of this darkness, from under shadowing hat-brims, like stars in the dark of the moon.

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THE GOVERNMENT PRISON.

Cantering across the bridge and down the firm, level, and gleaming white coral turnpike that leads toward the south, or the east, or the west, or the north (the points of the compass being all the same to me, inasmuch as, for good reasons, I have not had an opportunity thus far of discovering whereabouts the sun rises in this country—I know where it sets, but I don't know how it gets there nor which direction it comes from,) we presently arrived at a massive coral edifice which I took for a fortress at first, but found out directly that it was the Government Prison. A soldier at the great gate admitted us without further authority than my countenance, and I suppose he thought he was paying me a handsome compliment when he did so; and so did I until I reflected that the place was a penitentiary. However, as far as appearances went, it might have been the king's palace, so neat, and clean, and white, and so full of the fragrance of flowers was the establishment, and I was satisfied.

We passed through a commodious office, whose walls were ornamented with linked strands of polished handcuffs and fetters, through a hall, and among the cells above and below. The cells for the men were eight or ten feet high, and roomy enough to accommodate the two prisoners and their hammocks usually put in each, and have space left for several more. The floors were scrubbed clean, and were guiltless of spot or stain of any kind, and the painfully white walls were unmarred by a single mark or blemish. Through ample gratings, one could see the blue sky and get his hair blown off by the cool breeze. They call this a prison—the pleasantest quarters in Honolulu.

There are four wards, and one hundred and thirty-two prisoners can be housed in rare and roomy comfort within them.

There were a number of native women in the female department. Poor devils, they hung their heads under the prying eyes of our party, as if they were really ashamed of being there.

In the condemned cell, and squatting on the floor, all swathed in blankets, as if it were cold weather, was a brown-faced, gray-bearded, old scalliwag, who, in a frolicsome mood, had massacred three women and a batch of children—his own property, I believe—and reflects upon that exploit with genuine satisfaction to this hour, and will go to the gallows as tranquilly indifferent as a white man would go to dinner.

OUT AT THE BACK DOOR.

The prison-yard—that sad inclosure which, in the prisons of my native America, is a cheerless barren, and yieldeth no vegetation save the gallows-tree, with its sorrowful human fruit—is a very garden! The beds, bordered by rows of inverted bottles (the usual style here) were filled with all manner of dainty flowers and shrubs; Chinese mulberry and orange trees stood here and there, well stocked with fruit; a beautiful little pine tree—rare, and imported from the far South Seas—occupied the centre, with sprays of gracefully arching green spears springing outward like parasol tops, at marked and regular intervals, up its slender stem, and diminishing in diameter with mathematical strictness of graduation, till the sprouting plume at the top stood over a perfect pyramid. Vines clambered everywhere and hid from view and clothed with beauty everything that might otherwise have been suggestive of chains and captivity. There was nothing here to remind one of the prison save a brace of dovecotes, containing several pretty birds brought hither from "strange, strange lands beyond the sea." These, sometimes, may pine for liberty and their old free life among the clouds or in the shade of the orange groves, or abroad on the breezy ocean—but if they do, it is likely they take it out in pining, as a general thing.

CAPTAIN TAIT, SCRIPTURAL STUDENT.

Against one wall of the prison house stands an airy little building which does duty as a hospital. A harmless old lunatic, named Captain Tait, has his quarters here. He has a wife and children in the town, but he prefers the prison hospital, and has demanded and enjoyed its hospitality (slip of the pen—no joke intended) for years. He visits his family at long intervals—being free to go and come as he pleases—but he always drifts back to the prison again after a few days. His is a religious mania, and he professes to read sixty chapters of the Bible every day, and write them down in a book. He was about down to chapter thirty five when I was introduced to him, I should judge, as it was nearly two in the afternoon.

I said, "What are you reading about, Captain?"

"The precious of the precious—the book of books—the Sacred Scriptures, sir."

"Do you read a good deal in it?"

"Sixty chapters a day (with a perceptible show of vanity, but a weary look in the eye withal)—sixty chapters a day, and write them all down in a plain, legible hand."

"It is a good deal. At that rate, you must ultimately get through, and run short of material."

"Ah, but the Lord looks out for his own. I am in His hands—He does with me as He wills. I often read some of the same chapters over again, for the Lord tells me what to read, and it is not for me to choose. Providence always shows me the place."

"No hanging fire?—I mean, can you always depend on—on this information coming to time every day, so to speak?"

"Always—always, sir. I take the sacred volume in my hand, in this manner, every morning, in a devout and prayerful spirit, and immediately, and without any volition on my part, my fingers insert themselves between the leaves—so directed from above (with a sanctified glance aloft)—and I know that the Lord desires me to open at that place and begin. I never have to select the chapter myself—the Lord always does it for me."

I heard Brown mutter, "The old man appears to have a good thing, any way—and his *poi* don't cost him anything, either; Providence looks out for his regular sixty, the prison looks out for his hash, and his family looks out for itself. I've never seen any sounder maniac than him, and I've been around considerable."—"*Mark Twain*," *in the Sacramento Union.*

WITH the present number, the CALIFORNIAN commences its fifth volume and third year.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes. If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'l part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

GREAT ATTRACTION!



ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS

BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE

Spring of 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashions.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

GO TO HIS STORE FOR A HAT,

No. 220 *Montgomery street,*

and get something that is new. mar22-3m

HEUSTON,

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The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

Manufactured by Little & Co.; sold by

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Chemists and Druggists,

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The London Quarterly Review (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
The Westminster Review (Radical.)
The North British Review (Free Church.)
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

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Capital Stock, $33,660.

102 SHARES $330 EACH.

This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 499, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LITY, Secretary,

Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,

my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

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Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

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Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

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The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

MAY 30th, - - - - - SACRAMENTO,

Captain J. M. Cavarly.

(Connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

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Confectioners,

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GIVES LESSONS IN ASSAYING—ALSO IN MINERalogy and Chemistry, as far as required to become a Practical Assayer.

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SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
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Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
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Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
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GROCERS.

N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
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P. J. Flynn, corner Howard and Eighth streets.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
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Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

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Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
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Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

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PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

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Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

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Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjnry & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
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SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Ghio's 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
Hunter & Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
San Barst, Carolin & McArlle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

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SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE



SILK HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - MARCH 3

BY

McGANN & CO.,

FASHIONABLE HATTERS,

No. 654 Washington street,

Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

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Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

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BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

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From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

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Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *AJAX, PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Honolulu, Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

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New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

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We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

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Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

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Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets.

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WESTPHALIA HAMS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, SARDINES, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, etc.; the finest Brands of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, and Seltzer Water, Wholesale and Retail.

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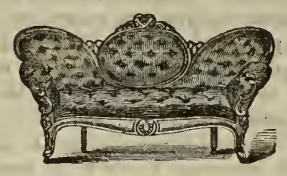
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Where he will be pleased to see all old friends, and plenty of new ones. Every variety of Dental Operations performed in the best manner, and at prices that shall suit all persons. ☞ ENTRANCE ON CALIFORNIA SREET.

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LARGEST STOCK!

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Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. fe3-3m

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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California street, (one door from Sansome street.)

my5 3m THOMAS MOONEY, President.

LES BOURRAS PAILLE SON.

AT Marseilles, on the 4th of September, 1865, there died by the hand of the executioner a man, whose crime of murder with very *un*extenuating circumstanees, had excited a strong feeling of indignation against him. Immense crowds, of whom the majority were women, assembled to see him pay the last penalty of the law. The weakness of the prisoner was so great that he had to be carried in the arms of the executioner to the cart which conveyed him to the place where the guillotine was erected; and arriving at the Place Sebastopol, he was assisted by two men to ascend the steps that led to the platform. To add to the horrors of the seene, the mother of his vietim was among the crowd; and when she saw him on the platform of the guillotine, uttered the most piereing cries, calling for vengeance upon the murderer of her child. To a foreigner, happening to witness the execution, there was another circumstanee which, if not so horrible as the cries of the mother for blood, must have been equally strange and interesting. When the knife had done its work, and the executioner and his assistants had disappeared, four men, grave, silent, unknown, their faces covered with an impenetrable veil, made their appearance, and took possession of the dead body. The crowd manifested no surprise on seeing them; it was evident that though none knew their names, every one knew their office, and on every hand might be heard in a low tone, "*Voila les Bourras Paille Son.*" Any one who saw them for the first time on the platform in the Place Sebastopol, in the early light of that September morning, and who knew nothing of their office and work, will probably never forget the impression produeed on his mind. They were covered from their shoulders to their feet with a long robe of coarse cloth, such as is used for packing; around their waists was a thick rope, which served as a belt or girdle; the whole of their head and face was covered with an immense cowl or hood, in which two small holes were made to enable them to see their way. Such were the *Bourras Paille Son;* and the question might well rise to the stranger's lips, What are they, and what do they do?

The system of public penitence which the Church of Rome instituted at an early period of her history, was the occasion of many strange developments, and in one of these this order took its rise.

Abbe Fleury, in his *Histoire de l'Eglise*, says that in the year 1259 there grew up a new kind of doctrine, or, as he calls it elsewhere, penitence; that, beginning at Perouse, it spread to Rome, and thence through the whole of Italy. The nobles and the common people, old and young, even to children of five years of age, were so in awe of the wrath of God, in consequence of the great crimes that were committed throughout the country, that they went in penitence through the streets of the city naked from their waists upwards. They marched two and two in procession, each having in his hand a whip made of leather, with which they struck themselves till their bodies were covered with blood, at the same time uttering the most doleful lamentations, imploring the mercy of God, and the help of the Virgin. They did this even in the night, through a very cold winter. Thousands, and, in some places, ten thousand at once, thus walked in procession, attended by priests carrying the cross and its banners, visiting the churches, and prostrating themselves before the altar. The same scenes were acted in small towns and villages, so that the mountains and the plains resounded with the cries of the penitents. From Italy this penitence spread to Germany and Poland, the devotees adopting the practice of covering their heads and faces, so as not to be known. This new kind of devotion, however, soon became obnoxious to the rulers both of the church and the state; to the former because there was an evident tendency to form a sect—indeed, a sect was in some measure formed, the members of which attributed to themselves priestly functions; to the latter from a fear lest such crowds of people might be made use of for political purposes. All such practices were therefore forbidden under the severest penalties, and Fleury says, in his own *naive* way, "This sect was thus soon dispersed and abandoned, as it was formed without authority and without reason."

From the ruins of this sect there sprung up a number of brotherhoods, each of which gave itself to some special work. One undertook the care of the sick, another the burying of the dead, another the performanee of certain special devotions in the public cemeteries. Each society was known and named from the color of the robe worn by its members; and so there were black penitents, white penitents, gray penitents; in fact, almost every color known to the dyer. "Each," to quote a writer in the *Petit Journal*, "aimed at the accomplishment of an act of charity, the observance of an act of penitence, the doing regularly a religious work." Some of these are still found in the south of France, and among them *Les Bourras Paille Son.* The work to which they devote themselves is the burial of the poor; but among them there is a select band, who have vowed not only to bury the poor, but also to perform this last act of charity for those who have perished by the hand of the executioner. These are distinguished from their brethren by wearing a tan-colored robe; this peculiar color may have been chosen for the same reason that the guillotine is painted red—that is, that spots of blood may the less easily be seen. On the eve of an execution, what is called a chapel is held, at which all the members of the fraternity assist who have taken upon themselves the vow of interring the condemned. Lots are drawn in order to ascertain which of their number are to do duty on the following day. The four thus selected, clad in their hoods and robes, make their way through the crowd to the foot of the scaffold. The executioner and his assistants, when they have done their work, retire from the platform, leaving the body of the vietim still attached to the plank, and his head in the receptacle into which it falls. Standing at the foot of the ladder, the priest of the community then addressed the four brethren thus: "There is no longer a criminal here, but the mortal remains of a man whom God created in his own image, and we are come to bury him." The brethren respond, "Amen." They then ascend the ladder, detach the body from the plank, and, having made a thick bed of straw and bran in the middle of a large coarse cloth, place the dead body upon it. They then take the head and join it to the trunk, and sew up the winding-sheet with strong thread. This being done, the body is placed on a bier, and, attended by the priest who has given absolution to the criminal, they carry it to the cemetery.

Their name, *Bourras Paille Son*, is derived partly from the material of which their robe is made, and partly from the straw and bran they use so largely in the performance of their self-imposed duty. *Bure*, the French word for coarse packing-cloth, is pronounced in the *patois* of the South *bourra; paille* is French for straw, and *son* for bran. Every grade and profession of society is represented in this strange brotherhood, and, like poverty, the vow to enter it brings a man into singular associations. General Camas, peer of France, and for some time general-in-chief of the eighth division, was one of the *Bourras Paille Son.* His colleague in the stall of the chapel belonging to the order was Father Jerome, a crossing-sweeper, and one day the latter was heard to say to the general, "There is nothing equal in the world; no man is just like his brother; one blade of grass differs from its fellows: but true equality, real brotherhood is found at the foot of the cross in our little chapel, Les Bourras Paille Son." Men enter the order from different motives; one because he has been crossed in love; another because he has lost those dear to him by bereavement; with another, conscience has been busy, and under the influence of remorse or contrition, he vows to enter the brotherhood *Les Bourras Paille Son.* But the vow once made is, as a rule, observed. The writer of the article in the *Petit Journal*, from whom I have before quoted, relates the following anecdote in illustration of this: M. Lombardon, who had filled the office of President of the Tribunal of Commerce, took the vow. Some time after, he met a friend, who remarked that he was extremely agitated, and asked what was the matter. "The lot has fallen on me, and I have to attend the execution to-morrow." His friend suggested that he might easily find a substitute. "No," said he; "I have made a vow, and I must accomplish it to the end." In a few days he again met his friend, and in answer to his inquiries, said, "O my friend, nothing gives a man strength like the performance of duty."

THE STORY OF A MACHINE.

DO those who go about their daily avocations or pursuits, ever for a moment think of the brain-work that has been necessary to enable them to more effectually do what they do?

Are we not every day passing through a world where the minutest object we see should remind us of the great mechanical skill of the age? Every hour of the day we are indebted to a pin for aid, and yet how few of us know anything about a pin! How little do we think of the great minds that have been brought to bear upon the making of that simple bit of pointed brass—of the brains that have plodded over the machine—of the skillful men who have worked beside it, year after year, bringing forth daily new thoughts, all of which should tend to its perfection.

All this went through our head as we stood and viewed the almost human working of a machine—a sewing machine. We remember the day, not so many years ago, when the idea of a machine to sew would have been scouted; but at last came a whisper, and then a rumor, and, finally, an announcement that something of the kind was upon the *tapis*, and at last the machine of Howe was announced. This was barely 20 years ago, and from that time till now we do not intend to follow the improvements, but simply to speak of the march of the sewing machine as one of those wonderful things that are occurring about us every day, which we do not stop to wonder at until our attention is absolutely arrested.

We select the Florence Sewing Machine for our illustration, for the simple reason that we cannot help endorsing it as the greatest of all machines calculated to do that style of labor. What it claims for itself is, that it makes four different stitches—the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric—and that each machine has the reversible feed motion, enabling the operator, by turning a screw, to run the work either to the left or right. The next point is the self-adjusting tension, that tension being always in proportion to the size of the bobbin. These are the main points of excellence claimed for the machine, and the points wherein it differs from all other sewing machines; and having stated these, we will give a short history of the machine itself, and the place of its manufaeture.

The original idea of the Florence Sewing Machine came from Leander W. Langdon, an inventive genius, who was always about machine shops, and always making something after his own ideas. Finally, after a variety of singular mechanical successes, he took it into his head to make a sewing machine, and did so. This was in Rochester, and the same machine is now in the possession of the present Florence Company. After various efforts to bring his machine into notice, he came to Florence, Massachusetts, a village within a short distance of Northampton, Hampshire county, so near as almost to be considered a suburb, and brought it before Mr. S. L. Hill, then a manufacturer of sewing machines, and Mr. D. G. Littlefield. They saw its merit, and the final result was the formation of a company, with a capital of $200,000, to manufacture. The fame of the machine spread rapidly, and it became necessary to increase its production. This increase will be understood when it is known that in 1861 only 50 machines were sold; in 1862, 1,100; in 1863, 3,500; and in 1864, 6,000; while now, with a sale of 1,500 per month, the company are putting $200,000 more capital, and the facilities will be so increased that the production will be doubled.

The buildings of the company cover three acres of ground, and the work employs 350 men. In the increase of manufacture, it will not be necessary to increase the number of men in the same ratio as the manufactured machines come out, the present machinery being capable of doing twice the work, with a small addition of force; and yet the company are just about to embark the sum of $200,000 more for the purpose of extending their manufacture, from the fact that they are not able now to supply the demand.

The process of manufacture is simply this: Upon the first, or ground-floor of this immense factory, is the foundry. There all the castings are made, and the finishing, and on the same floor the japanning is done. This is a most important branch of the manufacture, and, though apparently the rough part only, by comparison, is capable of the highest degree of attention.

From the finishing and japanning rooms of the first floor we go to those of the second, where all the small parts of the machine are made. There is a nicety of workmanship necessary here, that must be seen to be understood. Every part of this beautiful machine must be accurate as those of a watch; and to see that this end is reached, and no machine goes from the factory without this accuraey and finish, is the especial labor of the company. Every one of these many parts, upon being finished, goes to the Assembly-room upon the third floor, where it is put together and set running by power. It runs for one or two days, until the fact of its workmanship is made satisfactory and all is smooth, after which it is removed to the Adjusting-room, on the same floor. In this room it is tried in every way upon both cotton and silk, from No. 12 to No. 200, and if found to work with accuracy and decision, is removed to the Inspecting-room. Here it undergoes another thorough examination in all its parts, and if finally pronounced fit and a perfect machine, it is lowered to the first floor and there receives its table.

These tables are made of different material—walnut, mahogany or rosewood, according to the taste of those who will become the owners, and are not made in the main building, but form a separate manufaeture in another place.

We have here endeavored to give a clear and unvarnished account of what we must term a wonderful machine. That it has been appreciated quietly by the public is manifest from the steady increase in its sales. It has not been forced on the public, but has worked its own way. It is not a cheap machine in the common acceptation of the word, but it is still a cheap machine in fact. The cheapest of the Florence Machines costs $63, while the same grade of other first-class machines costs $55; but at the same time, the Florence Machine charges nothing for all the extras, while the others do. This is the secret of its cheapness, to say nothing of its capability to do work of every kind. We are not disposed in this summary to over-commend anything placed before the public for its suffrage, but when we know an article to be good, we think we are only doing our duty as public journalists to say so emphatically.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

CHOICE PROPERTY AT AUCTION.—John Middleton & Son will sell, on Monday next, that beautiful block of property, which has been subdivided into building lots, belonging to the estate of the late Dr. H. M. Gray, and lying between Mission, Howard, Eleventh and Lafayette streets. This property is beautifully sheltered by live oak shade trees, and lies adjacent to some of the most beautiful homesteads in the city. The streets bounding it are all graded, and the lots will be graded free of expense to the purchaser. The Howard street cars pass the property, and the Market street cars pass within a block of it. The sale will be peremptory, to settle up the affairs of the estate. For terms see advertisement.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Langnor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Struins, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.
E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other. c7m

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent arguments to employ in dealing with the affairs of any Insurance Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mutual,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the results manifested upon it are well worthy of consideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of	$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is	1,083,565 34
The total income of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of	1,003,199 24
The full disbursements for 1860, were	1,540,130 63
Number of policies issued Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over double the amount, viz.	31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems held in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented by the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can be more complete for any financial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurance has been heard of on the American Continent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutual' of New York, stand out pre-eminent. Many successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) during the last four years, to the amount of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to be paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were both killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to be paid about $1,200 for accrued dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid.* The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bonrne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bonrne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Beige's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24 1m

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proofsheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

THE



AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MAchine within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York, 1865.

my10-3m

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

The peculiar construction of this superior machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself.

W. D. FARRAND

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24 6m Main street, Petaluma.



THIS LADY ENJOYS THE PURE AND *Delicious Tea Bought* AT THE STORE OF MESSRS. HASKELL & CO.

THIS LADY BUYS TEA FROM THE *"Corner Grocery"* AND THE CHINESE PEDLARS.

HASKELL'S TEA STORE

FRONTS ON 514 *MARKET-ST., AND* 15 *SUTTER-ST.,*

Two doors below the Market House.

ap14 3m

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. ap14-1y

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. Petaluma.
mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

J. PEIRCE,

FURNITURE AND

Bedding Warerooms.



NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street
de16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we leader him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
W. S Davis,	J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
A. C. Knox,	J. W. Miller,
Bradbury Sanborn,	E. C. McComb,
George Wells,	D. C. Ross,
Joseph Wells,	ap7

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
dc30 3m San Francisco.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

mar17-3m

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

509 CLAY STREET, (near Sansome,)

SAN FRANCISCO,

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

ja1-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,



IMPORTERS OF

Drugs, Chemicals, Herbs,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PAINTS, VARNISHES,

ACIDS, DYE STUFFS,

OILS, PERFUMERIES,

TOILET ARTICLES,

BRUSHES.

We are just receiving, direct from Spain, a complete assortment of

CORKS! CORKS! CORKS

which we offer at lower prices than usual

DUSTING, PAINT, VARNISH, SHOE, SCRUB, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES:

We have a splendid stock, which we offer at extremely low prices.

HERBS.

We have received, direct from the Shakers, all kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

TILDEN'S SOLID AND FLUID EXTRACTS, PILLS, AND CONCENTRATED PREPARATIONS.

We have on hand, and shall keep a full assortment of the above celebrated preparations, which we offer to the trade at such prices as will defy competition.

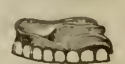
FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

A great variety, not to be equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.



PLAIN AND GUM TEETH.



We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

GOLD FOIL.

We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers

VULCANIZERS,

DENTAL CHAIRS AND LATHES,

FILES,

VULCANITE AND GUTTA PERCHA,

FORCEPS,

BURRS, DRILLS AND EXCAVATORS,

MIRRORS, ETC.

We have, besides the above, every article used by the Dentist, and are daily in receipt of all the new inventions in use.

Dentists will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDonald & Co.,

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

AND

J STREET - - SACRAMENTO.

ap28 3m

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Souoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
Proprietor.

fe6-3m

THE PACIFIC

INSURANCE COMPANY,

HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. fe5-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

WHO WANTS

Profitable Employment

OR

PAYING INVESTMENTS?

PARTIES desirous of getting into OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS CONCERNS, either as Partners or Sole Proprietors in Mercantile, Manufacturing, Trading, or any kind of business in city or country, can do so by applying at my office.

Men desiring profitable situations in business houses, with MONEY TO LOAN on satisfactory security, can secure such appointments.

Partnerships negotiated, where large or small capital is required.

Business Interests sold quickly for cash.

Real Estate bought and sold.

Help furnished for all kinds of employment.

Situations obtained for parties desiring employment.

S. P. WHITMAN,

Property, General Agency, and Business House, 313 Montgomery street, San Francisco. mar17-3m

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS!

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ja27-3m San Francisco.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
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MAY 26, 1866.

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Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - - $1 00
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SUPPORTED BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,
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NEXT WEEK:

EDWIN FORREST

WILL PLAY

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RICHELIEU, - - - - - - - TUESDAY
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 9, 1866.

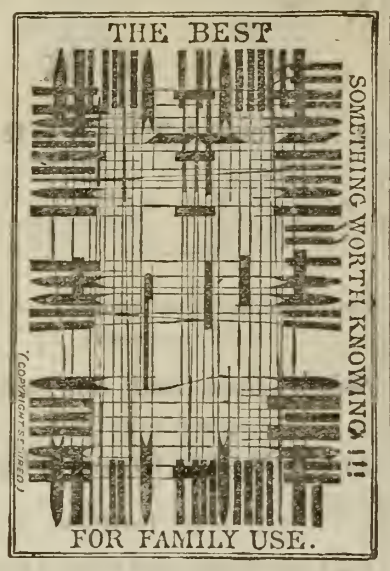
NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, held on the 5th inst., it was resolved to increase the Capital Stock of the corporation to $5,000,000, gold, to take effect on

THE FIRST DAY OF JULY NEXT,

and the President and Cashier were authorized to receive subscriptions for $2,000,000 of said capital stock. Parties desirous of subscribing will make application at the Bank, either personally or by letter, when further details will be given.

D. O. MILLS, President.
my20 1m W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.



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MINNA, AND
LAFAYETTE STS.,

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The Howard Street Cars pass the Lots every few minutes, and the Market Street Cars pass within one block of it

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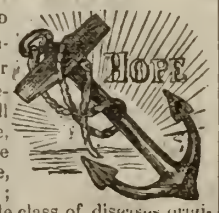
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This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Ague medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.

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NIGHT SWEATS, AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.
JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

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VOLUME V., No 2. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 2, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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- The Flower Girl of the Palace Garden.
- My Luck in a Tunnel.
- Dark Hours.
- Misery-Mongers.
- Letter from Rome.
- Jacob's Well.
- What the Paris Grand Opera Costs.
- Perfumes Among the Ancients.

AMUSEMENTS:
- Theatrical Events, and Announcements.

NEW BOOKS:
- Review of Recent Publications.

POETRY:
- The Lost Tails of Miletus—By Sir E. L. B-lw-r.—By "Bret."
- "Dion"—(Lyman R. Goodman.)—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

[For the Californian.]

THE LOST TAILS OF MILETUS.

BY SIR E. L. B-LW-R.

[ARGUMENT.—Bopeep, a young shepherdess of the plains beside the city of Miletus, loses her flocks through incautiousness. She foolishly bewails her loss, refuses to be comforted by the gods, and is punished by Zeus, who returns her flocks to her tailless.]

HIGH on the Thracian Hills, half hid in the billows of clover,
Thyme and the asphodel bloom, and lulled by Pactolian stream-lets,
She of Miletus lay; and beside her an aged satyr
Scratched his ear with his hoof and playfully mumbled his chestnuts.

Vainly the Mænid and the Bassarid gambolled about her,
The wild-eyed Bacchante sung, and Pan, the renowned, the accomplished,
Executed his difficult solo. In vain were their gambols and dances—
High o'er the sacred groves still echoed the shepherdess' wailing.

"Ai, for the fleecy ones, the meek-nosed, the passionless faces!
Ai, for the tallow-scented, the sprightly ones, the high-stepping!
Ai, for the eyes whose glance is that which the rustic, sagacious,
Ascribes to him that loves, yet dare not disclose his passion!"

Her then Zeus answered, "O! daughter of song and of sorrow!
Thoughtless guider of sheep! arise from thy deep lamentation,
Since thou canst not trust Fate, nor behave as becomes a Greek maiden,
Look and behold thy flocks!" and lo, they returned to her tailless.

BRET.

(For the Californian.)

FLORAL PLEASURES.

IN leaving spring and entering upon summer, the transition is so gradual, that we scarcely know whether to class the month of May as the last of the spring months or the first of those of summer. Much depends on the weather; but perhaps it is the combination of spring with summer that makes this month so universal a favorite with all. Make a note of what is most desirable in your own or your neighbor's garden; what the peculiarities are of each favorite class of plants—their time and length of flowering. There is no way of learning the peculiarities of plants so successful as by experimenting and noting the results of success or failure.

Old garden diaries have an interest of their own only known to those who have kept them. The comparison of one year with another as to time of appearing; the varieties of color; what flowers bloom in each month, and how they are grown—whether from seeds, or cuttings, or bulbs. A celebrated writer, in speaking of the enjoyment of a garden, says: "I have often wondered why people so seldom avail themselves of this luxury. They will live year after year in the country, and never go out except for a walk or a drive. Some men never go to a new place, but almost the first thought is, where they may sit in the open air, and ere two days have elapsed, the out-of-doors drawing-room is as familiar as the in-doors."

There is much to be learned, no doubt, in communion with nature, even in "the trim garden's narrow round." Many types of higher things are suggested by almost all the occupations there, as well as by our plants and flowers themselves; some of these, being scriptural, will recur to every one, but it is by no means an unprofitable task to find new analogies and types for ourselves. It must be a very dull and prosaic mind that does not almost involuntarily do so:

> "For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
> Symbolical—one mighty alphabet
> For infant minds, and we in the low world,
> Placed with our backs to bright reality,
> That we may learn with young, unwounded ken
> The substance from its shadow."

Few people, it is true, can make such use of these symbols as the poets have done, to instruct others, but the power of discovering and enjoying these teachings from God's book of nature adds greatly to the pleasure of our work, and occupies the mind while the hands are employed "dressing and keeping" the garden.

It is a good thing to have plenty of flowers—common flowers, every-day favorites:

> "Creatures not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;"

flowers that may be pulled, flowers suitable for nosegays, flowers that seem to grow better for having their blossoms gathered. This gathering of flowers for one's self or friends is such a pleasure, that I often wonder at its being so frequently deputed to the gardener. How often a branch of flowers carries with it an association of ideas that the possessor longs to retain, even after the flowers have withered. Those who are true lovers of the garden, with what pleasure and delight do they look upon the gift of a few flowers, and with what care and attention are they preserved! It is not long since I saw a most interesting incident—the growth of a plant from a small branch. When in flower, it was given to a person who had rendered a service; the time, place and circumstances were so peculiar, that it was preserved; a cutting or slip was made of it, and grew to be a splendid plant, covered with its beautiful flowers. Now it is a constant reminder of that scene, and no money would induce the owner to part with it.

The pleasure of growing plants from cuttings is very great, and with a little practice almost any of our garden plants can be very successfully grown, filling our windows and porches and gardens with their beautiful forms. How frequently do we hear the remark, "Oh, that is so beautiful, I wish I could preserve it!" So you can: propagate it. Make a cutting of it and grow it, and you will soon have a plant rivalling the parent from which it was taken. The pleasure of seeing it grow under your care, and the knowledge that you can increase it and be able to supply your friends, will be one of the purest joys you can experience.

FLORAL CALENDAR—CONTINUED.

May 20th. St. Bernardine of Sienna, Horse-chestnut, (*Æschylus.*)
May 21st. St. Felix, Ragged Robbin, (*Lychnis flos-cuculi.*)
May 22d. St. Yvo, Yellow Star of Bethlehem, (*Arnithoglum pratensis.*)
May 23d. St. Julia, Lilac, (*Syringa vulgaris.*)
May 24th. St. Vincent, Monkey Poppy, (*Papaver Orientale.*)
May 25th. St. Urban, Common Avens, (*Geum Urbanum.*)
May 26th. St. Augustine, Yellow Azalia, (*Azalia Pontica.*)
May 27th. St. Bede, Buttercups, (*Ranunculus Acris.*)
May 28th. St. Germain, Lurid Fleur de lis, (*Iris Lurida.*)
May 29th. St. Cyril, Blue Bottle, (*Centaurea Montana.*)
May 30th. St. Ferdinand, Spearwort, (*Ranunculus flammula.*)
May 31st. St. Petronnilla, Turk's cup Lily, (*Lilium flavium.*)
June 1st. St. Justin, Yellow Rose, (*Rosa Lutea.*)
June 2d. St. Erasmus, Pimpernel, (*Anagallis Arvensis.*)

IRIS.

A RECENT writer says of Cuvier: "It was to his mother, a woman of considerable spirit and enlightenment, that he was indebted for the means of cultivating his mind. To her he repeated his lessons: she taught him to draw, and read with him works of history and literature. In fact, it was by her the key to learning was put into his hands. She imparted to him no small portion of that sagacity and penetration which he cultivated to such an advantage in after life. A copy of *Buffon*, a book he met with by accident in his father's house, gave his mind a turn to natural history. He began by copying the figures for amusement."

JACOB'S WELL.

THE following interesting description of this famous locality we find in *Good Words*, from the pen of Rev. Norman McLeod, D. D.:

"There has never been a doubt entertained by the most skeptical or critical traveller regarding the authenticity of this well. Beyond all question, it is the one at which our Savior rested as he journeyed along the route which travellers generally follow from Jerusalem to Galilee. Every feature of the landscape starts into life as we read the narrative of his memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria; the plain of cornfields which were then as now whitening to the harvest; the mountain rising above, on which the Samaritan temple was built; the neighboring town of Shechem: the Samaritans worshipping, as they still do, toward 'this mountain,' and there only; all are evidences of its truth, apart from the common and unbroken tradition.

"This well is not what we understand by that name. It is not a spring of water bubbling up from the earth, nor is it reached by an excavation. It is a shaft cut in the living rock, about nine feet in diameter, and now upwards of seventy feet deep. As an immense quantity of rubbish has fallen into it, the original depth must have been much greater, probably twice what it is now. It was, therefore, intended by its first engineer as a reservoir rather than as a means of reaching a spring. Then, again, if any wall, as some suppose, once surrounded its mouth, on which the traveller could rest, it is now gone. The mouth is funnel-shaped, and its sides are formed by the rubbish of old buildings, a church having once been erected over it. But we can descend this funnel and enter a cave, as it were, a few feet below the surface, which is the remains of a small dome that once covered the mouth. Descending a few feet, we perceive in the floor an aperture partly covered by a flat stone, and leaving sufficient space through which we can look into the darkness. We sent a plumb-line down into the water—with which the well certainly seemed to be abundantly supplied at the time of our visit.

"Many have been puzzled to account for Jacob's having dug such a well here, when the whole valley of Shechem, only a quarter of an hour's walk off, is more musical with streams than any other in Palestine. But some one dug the well—and who more likely than Jacob, not only to have on his own property what was, in his time, more valuable than a private coal mine would be with us; but also for the moral purpose of keeping his family and dependents as separate as possible from the depraved Shechemites.

"This well is, indeed, a holy spot. One is glad that the contending ecclesiastical parties in the land have built their churches on places which have but little historical value, and that a merciful Providence has preserved untouched, and open to the eye of heaven, such spots as that on the Mount of Olives, 'over against the Temple,' and, above all, Jacob's well. It is now said, however, that the Greek Church have purchased it, as the site of a church, for 70,000 piastres. Universal Christendom, to which it belongs, should protest against such 'pious profanation.'"

WHAT were Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" to the following, which is vouched to have taken place in Main street, in the prosaic city of Taunton, Mass. The parties were an ancient from the outskirts, in a soldier's overcoat and battered hat, with maudlin eyes and a tobacco-stained chin, who was seated in a wagon beside a coffin fresh from the undertaker's. To him approached another venerable bummer with a fur collar and a pair of unsteady legs. The conversation may be briefly condensed thus: "What have you got there?" "A coffin." "Is it new?" "Yes; just bought it and gin fifteen dollars." "Aint you going to *wet* it?" At this point our informant left, and the question whether the owner of the coffin submitted gracefully to the usual tax upon newly-purchased articles, remains in doubt.

WHY does an angry man resemble a lady in full dress? Because he is very much ruffled.

THE WEHRWOLF.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

THOSE who have travelled through the south of France may have seen, scattered here and there, some traces of a lost race, separate and distinct from the mass of the inhabitants of the country. Forming a respectable community with regard to numbers, in the Middle Ages, they have gradually died out under the injustice and oppression with which they were treated by their more powerful neighbors. Forced to remain to themselves, and cut off from all the social advantages of other people, frequent intermarriages were not slow in producing a dwarfed and really inferior race. From contempt, the feelings of the people among whom they existed soon changed to a fierce and vindictive hate. They left no opportunity unimproved by which they could oppress and wrong these miserable Cagots, as the race of whom I write was called. The Church, with greater sympathy and love for these unfortunates, was their friend and protector. Yet it was as much as the priests could do, powerful as they were, to effect their admission into the churches, from which the pure blood sought to exclude them; and this privilege was gained solely on condition that they should enter the church only by a side door, built so low as to force them to bow their heads in humility in approaching their superiors.

In the eyes of the people the poor Cagots were infidels, heathens, poisoners, worshippers of Satan; and it was a favorite superstition with them that these poor wretches lived chiefly on human blood, and that they were wehrwolves—that is, possessed of power to assume at pleasure the form of a wolf, and to pursue the destructive habits of that terrible monster. In vain the priests combated this notion, and exerted their power on behalf of the unfortunates; the people of the country were too thoroughly imbued with the idea to abandon it.

Sunk in ignorance and degradation as the Cagots were, there were those among them, few and far between, it is true, who would do honor to any race, to any blood, even the purest. There were instances of rare beauty, virtue and goodness among them, which almost atoned for the darkness and shame of the race.

In the latter part of the year 1445 there was in the south of France a village (now destroyed) of these unhappy people, containing a population of at least two hundred. The village had no name, and was known throughout the surrounding country as the Cagot hamlet. Its dwellings were nearly all mere huts, small and meanly constructed, and the inhabitants lived in the most abject poverty. They barely eked out a miserable support by cutting wood from the neighboring forest, and supplying the thriving town of Lannes, which stood near by, with that commodity. Between the two places there was the slightest possible intercourse. The townspeople only permitted the Cagots to enter Lannes at stated periods to bring wood and procure such articles as they needed, and then rarely failed to drive them away with curses, and sometimes with blows.

Yet the hamlet had one friend, that was the good priest, Father Basil, who had devoted his life to the service of the poor creatures. He had built a chapel in the hamlet, and there ministered daily to their spiritual wants. He pitied them, and his heart warmed to them as he saw the injustice which was heaped upon them.

One day Father Basil having wandered abstractedly beyond the limits of the hamlet, toward Lannes, was startled from his revery by a loud shout. Looking up, he saw a young girl flying in terror before a crowd of the townspeople, who were pursuing her with hoots and curses. The girl saw him, and, rushing toward him, fell at his feet and clung to his robe.

"Save me, father!" she cried, imploringly.

The priest waved the crowd back sternly, and demanded what they wanted of the girl.

"She is a devil, a wehrwolf," said one of the crowd, a stout, burly artisan. "We want her life before she fatteus on more of our blood."

"For shame, Jean Coquin," exclaimed the priest, sternly. "Have you no more manliness than to persecute a poor girl thus?"

"She is not a poor girl, father," said the man, sullenly. "She is a witch, a wehrwolf, and we mean to put a stop to her mischief. Do we not, my friends?" he added, appealing to the crowd, who answered him with a storm of curses aimed at the poor girl.

The priest gazed at them scornfully for a moment, and then drawing the girl closer to him, said calmly: "This is no wehrwolf. She is one of God's children, and has sought the protection of his holy church, and thus do I throw it around her. Let him who dare touch her at his peril."

As he spoke, he threw over her neck the crucifix and rosary which he wore at his girdle. The crowd hesitated, and then drew back, and taking the girl's hand he led her safely to the hamlet.

"What have you done, Adele?" asked Father Basil, as they went along.

"Nothing, father. They found me on the edge of the forest nearest town, and said I was a wehrwolf, and threatened to kill me."

"What were you doing in the forest, my child?" asked the curé.

The girl blushed and hung her head.

"Ah! You were there to meet a lover. Is it so?"

Still she was silent; but the blushing face answered him, and he continued:

"Is he of your own race, Adele?"

"No, my father, he belongs there;" and she pointed to the town.

"My child," said the old man, kindly, "I fear this is not right. You had better beware of the gallants of the town. You are not the equal of any of them, and I cannot think they will deal honorably with you. Let them alone, my daughter, or you will have cause to repent it."

"But François is brave and honorable, father," she exclaimed indignantly. "He loves me, though I am a poor, down-trodden Cagot. And why should he not love me? Have I not beauty? Am I not as worthy of him as any of the girls in the town that look so coldly at me when they pass me? Why should he not love me?"

She spoke rapidly and with passion, and her face seemed to the good old man more beautiful than anything he had ever seen. He knew nothing of the art of managing affairs of the heart, having been in the Church since his boyhood; but he saw that it was useless to attempt to check this.

Adele was the daughter of an old widow. Her father had been killed years before in a brawl with the townspeople; and being a man of strong, ungovernable passions, and feeling keenly the degradation of his race, it is likely that his death was not unprovoked. The cottage in which the mother and daughter resided, was a little removed from the hamlet, and stood nearer to the forest than any of the others. It was small and poor, but Adele made it neater and more attractive than any in the hamlet. She had trained vines over the doors, and around it had planted some flowers of rare beauty. Still it had the stern, sullen look that all the Cagot residences bore. Nothing, it seemed, could remove the mark of the curse. Old Louise, Adele's mother, had been bedridden for more than a year, and now awaited her daughter's coming with impatience. She knew that Adele had gone to the forest, and, knowing the hatred which was felt for the Cagots, feared that some harm had befallen her. As the young girl entered at last, she asked her sharply what had detained her so long; and Adele told her of her adventure with the townspeople.

"Curse them!" shrieked the old dame. "They murdered your father, child, and now they would take you from me. Oh, that I *were* a wolf! I would tear them, I warrant me. Girl, girl, if ever you love one of them, as I did once when I was young, you will repent it bitterly. You'd better die first."

Adele shuddered. Twice in an hour she had received this warning, and she could not shake off the feeling which it threw over her. Still she could not give up her love for François, even though he was a townsman. He was a young man, a few years older than herself, and had first met her in the forest, and had loved her. She had returned his passion from the first; and all of their meetings had been held in the woods. He did not wish his people to know of his attachment to her, for he well knew the opposition it would evoke, and he had not the courage to avow openly his love for a Cagot girl, even though she was as pure and beautiful as Adele. It would draw down upon him all the prejudice which was exhibited toward the despised race, and this he did not care to brave. Still he loved Adele sincerely and honestly; and he meant, when he had earned a sufficiency of money, to take her to some other part of the country and marry her.

On the morning in which my story opens he had met her in the forest, and upon hearing some one approach had plunged into the wood to avoid being seen with her, and Adele had been discovered by a party of townsmen, and had been pursued by them. Had she fallen into their clutches when Father Basil rescued her, there is not a doubt that she would have fared badly. François had not seen the adventure, and was ignorant of it until Adele told him of it at their next meeting. Then he could only sigh, and press her closer to him.

Thus matters went on until the winter set in. It was very long and severe, and brought with it a still more terrible visitant. The Cagot hamlet and the town of Lannes were both built near a large forest, which has now given place to a smiling vineyard. This forest had once been famous for the terrible wolves which haunted it in the winter season. Of late years they had disappeared; but now, as the winter set fairly in, they came again. Of course, popular prejudice at once declared that these monsters were not real wolves, but wehr-wolves, or, in other words, the Cagots, who inhabited the neighboring hamlet, and this was the occasion of renewed persecutions.

Adele and François continued to meet in the forest, and, if they knew that the wolves were there, paid no attention to them.

Late one afternoon, Adele started out to cut some wood for her hut. The long cold season had exhausted the scanty stock which she had laid in at the beginning of winter, and she was forced to cut the wood from the forest from day to day. Taking her hatchet, although it was late, and the distance long, bent her steps to that part of the wood where she usually met her lover, hoping she might see him there. Arriving at the spot, she saw nothing of him, and, as the darkness was coming on, fell at once to chopping her wood.

She soon obtained a sufficient quantity, and was about to start on her return home, when she saw her lover coming toward the forest. When he joined her, he said it was so late that he would walk with her a portion of the way toward her home.

As they approached the hamlet they were joined by Father Basil, who was also going thither from the town; and François now left them.

The next afternoon she repaired to the trysting-spot again; and this time, just before dark, François met her again. He told her he was ready to go with her to some distant part of the country and be married, as soon as the spring should set in, and that she must make her preparations to go with him. This she readily promised to do; but, while she was speaking, footfalls were heard, and François turned away and plunged into the gloom of the woods, to escape recognition. Adele fell at once to chopping wood; but she was so nervous and agitated that she cut her hand badly with her hatchet, and while she was trying to bind it up, a man came up with her, and, stopping, said in a harsh tone:

"What are you doing here at this hour, girl?"

She glanced at him in alarm, for she recognized his voice. It was Jean Coquin, who had been the chief of her persecutors on the day when she was rescued by Father Basil.

"What are you doing here, I say?" he continued, fiercely. "By St. Peter, I think you are lying in wait for some honest fellow who may chance to pass this way after nightfall. But, I'll put a stop to that."

With these words he sprang after her, and, wrenching her hatchet from her hand, aimed a terrible blow at her. She eluded it, and fled into the woods, closely pursued by him. It was dark and gloomy in among the trees, and she paused a few yards from where she had started, and her blood froze with horror, as she beheld two bright eyes shining before her in the darkness. Jean Coquin saw them, too, and paused, for a moment, in dismay; and Adele, taking advantage of this, slipped by him, unobserved, and regaining the path, fled homeward.

Well might Jean Coquin pause, and utter an exclamation of dismay. Straight before him stood a large she-wolf, with her bright eyes glaring fiercely at him, and her huge gray form standing out boldly amid the gloom. Jean Coquin was not a coward; and in this case he saw that his only safety lay in making a good, bold fight for his life. So he grasped the hatchet firmly, and breathed a hasty prayer. As he did so, the animal uttered a savage growl, and sprang at his throat.

A sharp, short struggle followed, in which Jean was sorely put to it to defend himself. At last, however, he gave the wolf a deep cut in the fore paw; and, with a yell of baffled rage, the animal turned and fled from him, leaving him a little scratched and bruised, but in nowise badly hurt.

Now, as he had come so suddenly upon the wolf while in pursuit of the young Cagot girl, and as he was a firm believer in the wehrwolf superstition, Jean Coquin did not for an instant doubt that the wolf he had fought was no other than Adele, in her lupine form. Indeed, when we consider the prevalence of the superstition in that dark period, we cannot wonder at this. He had received positive proof that she was a wehrwolf, and had seen her, with his own eyes, change from a woman into a she-wolf. This was all he wanted; and, filled with the idea which the desire for vengeance called up, he hastened to the town to put it into execution.

Lannes was full of wild excitement when his story was told. He was thought very highly of in the town, and no one dreamed of disputing his word. His statement made the townspeople, who had collected to hear it, furious.

"Down with the Cagots!" was shouted by several voices.

"Ay! that's it," said Jean; "down, not only with this Cagot, but with the whole race."

"Let us burn their hamlet, and cut the throats of the whole set!" shouted another.

"Not so, my friends," cried a third. "Let us go to this she-wolf's den and take vengeance upon her, and burn the den over her head. We have nothing as yet to punish the rest for; but we can rid ourselves of this one. But," he added, turning to Jean, "did you not say that you wounded the wolf in the fore paw?"

"Ay, that I did!" replied Jean, "in the right fore-paw."

"Then," said the other, "if this girl is guilty of the charge you bring against her, she will bear the mark of the wound on the left arm or hand. Come, my friends. To the she-wolf's den—away!"

With loud shouts, the crowd rushed madly toward the Cagot hamlet. Each moment their wrath grew fiercer and

fiercer still, until it passed beyond all control. As they neared the hamlet, their cries and shouts roused the poor wretches from their slumbers, and caused them to tremble with dread, for their hour had come. But, with unusual steadiness of purpose, the mob swept through the wretched streets, and passed on toward the lonely cottage near the forest.

Adele, upon reaching her home, had bound her wounded arm, and was now sleeping quietly, dreaming of her lover, and little thinking of the terrible danger which threatened her. She had not waited to see the issue of the fight in the forest between Jean and the wolf, and was ignorant of all that had transpired.

She was roused from her slumbers by loud cries and the tramping of many feet around the house. Then there came a fierce rapping at the door, and a sharp demand to be admitted. Instinctively the poor girl knew that some new persecution awaited her, and she shrank cowering into a corner, behind some old rubbish. In an instant the door was burst in, and the crowd poured into the house. The old dame, divining their purpose, received them with a storm of curses, and shook her withered fists at them in impotent rage.

"Silence, old wolf!" cried Jean Coquin, brutally. "Tell us, where is your cub?"

Just then his keen eye chanced to spy Adele, who was crouching in the corner, and she was soon dragged forth into the midst of the throng. Jean seized her bandaged hand, and holding it up forcibly, cried exultantly, "Behold the proof! I wounded the wolf in the left forepaw. Here is the cut."

And with these words he tore the bandage from the hand, and exposed a newly-made cut.

There was a murmur of wonder from the crowd, and then Jean shouted, "Take her out, and tie her hand and foot. Then light the old hut, and let us burn her before she does more harm to us!"

"But what shall we do with the old one?" asked one of the crowd.

"Burn her, too!" was the inhuman reply. "Let her stay where she is. She cannot escape us."

The crowd now left the cottage; and Jean, holding Adele with a grasp of iron, led her out with him. Upon reaching the open air, he produced a stout cord, and, in spite of her prayers and struggles, was about to bind her, when he was hurled with force to the ground, and François, passing his arm round the young girl's waist, drew her to him.

"She is mine!" he exclaimed. "She is my promised wife. She is no wehrwolf. She shall not be harmed while I have life to protect her."

"The lad is mad. Seize him, friends, and save him from his folly."

The speaker was François' father. The young man had just arrived, and had come with the intention of defending Adele with his life. But he was powerless to contend against such a crowd, whose excitement and frenzy were becoming greater every moment. Before he could reply to his father, Adele was torn from his grasp, and he was seized and held by four strong men. All his efforts to release himself were vain, and he was forced to witness the tragedy which followed, powerless to help her whom he loved so dearly.

Adele was bound securely. The cruel wretches into whose hands she had fallen had no pity. Her beauty and youthfulness only maddened them the more; and to all her weeping, pleading, and praying, they turned deaf ears. Led on by Jean Coquin, they were hurrying with her to the flames, when Father Basil rushed up almost out of breath, and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Hold!"

The men paused, and the priest demanded, sternly, to know what they meant. Alas! their meaning was too plain. The cottage was already in flames, and the shrieks of the bedridden old dame were heart-rending. She had been in the burning building, and was being consumed with it.

"She is a wehrwolf, father!" cried a score of voices. "We have proved it on her, and we mean to burn her in her den."

"She is a human creature," cried Father Basil; "and in the name of our most holy church I command you to release her."

There was a murmur of disapproval from the crowd.

"She must die, father! You have no right to interfere. She is not a woman, but a wild beast, and has no soul to save."

The men moved toward the flames with their victim; but Father Basil sprang between them and the fearful elements, and, lifting the crucifix with both hands high over his head, shrieked in a tone which made his hearers' blood run cold:

"In the name of the holy Church, I pronounce all who countenance or aid this murder accursed—and here I shut the gates of Heaven against them!"

The fearful interdict was cut short, for the priest was felled to the earth by a heavy blow from the hand of Jean Coquin. The crowd had sunk on their knees as Father Basil began the sentence of excommunication which was to shut them out from the Church here and from Heaven hereafter. The wretches released their victim; but Jean, lifting her in his brawny arms, bore her quickly to the cottage, and with prodigious strength hurled her far into the burning mass. There was a wild shriek as the flames closed around her, and then all was still.

When Father Basil recovered, he went in haste to Paris, and soon the officers of the law came down to Lannes to visit upon the offenders the vengeance of the State. Jean Coquin was broken upon the wheel, and several who had been prominent in the affair were hung. The town was placed under a direful sentence of excommunication by the bishop of the diocese, and the sacraments and relics contained in the church were carried away in solemn procession.

François did not long survive the terrible tragedy through which he had passed. His father, who really loved him, did all in his power to bring him back to his old happy condition; but to the last the young man manifested toward him the greatest aversion.

MISERY-MONGERS.

MISERY-MONGERS (the word is not to be found in Johnson, yet it suits) are those who do not really suffer affliction, but make a trade of it—and often a very thriving business, too. They are scattered among every class, but especially they belong to the "genus irritable"—the second or third-rate order of people who live by their brains. Not the first order—for the highest form of intellect is rarely miserable. True genius of the completest kind is not only a mental but a moral quality. Itself creates the atmosphere it lives in: a higher and rarer air than that of common earth.

"Calm pleasures there abide;—majestic pains."

To a really great man, the petty vanities, shallow angers, and morbid crotchets of smaller natures are unknown. Above all, genius gives to its possessor a larger, clearer vision; eyes that look outwards, not inwards. That enormous Ego—the source of so many puny woes to lesser minds—rarely grows rampant in a man who is great enough to know his own littleness. Consequently, he is saved at once from a hundred vexations which dog the heels of a mental Chang—a seven-foot giant of genius—who is always measuring himself with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and requiring, or fancying he requires, larger clothes, longer beds, and bigger hats than they. When Tom, Dick, and Harry, annoyed at these exactions, find that the small son of Anak is not so very much taller than themselves, cut him up in reviews or snub him in society, great is the vexation of spirit he endures. But your real giant, who never thinks of Tom, Dick, and Harry at all, takes the matter quite calmly: whatever be his own altitude, he sees before him an ideal far higher than himself, and ten times higher than anything they see, and this keeps him at once very humble in his own opinion, and very indifferent to theirs. The present essayist, though decidedly *not* a man of genius, has known a good many such, and has always found them neither strutting like peacocks nor marching on stilts, but moving about as tame as the elephant in the Zoological Gardens, and as apparently unconscious of their own magnitude. It is your second-rate, your merely clever man, who, ape-like, is always rattling at the bars of his cage; mopping and mowing to attract attention, and eagerly holding out his paw for the nuts and apples of public appreciation, which, if he does not get—why he sits and howls!

Such people have rarely suffered any dire calamity or heart-deep blow. To have sat down with sorrow—real sorrow—more often gives a steadiness and balance to the whole character, and leaves behind a permanent consistent cheerfulness, more touching, and O how infinitely more blessed, than the mirth of those who have never known grief! Also, after deep anguish comes a readiness to seize upon, make the best of, and enjoy to the uttermost, every passing pleasure: for the man who has once known famine will never waste even a crumb again. Rather will he look with compassionate wonder at the many who scatter recklessly their daily bread of comfort and peace; who turn disgusted from a simple breakfast, because they are looking forward to a possible sumptuous dinner; or throw away contemptuously their wholesome crust, because they see, with envious eyes, their opposite neighbor feeding on plum-cake.

No, the miserable people whom one meets are not the really unhappy ones, or rather those who have actual misfortune to bear, there being a wide distinction between misfortune and unhappiness. How often do we see moving in society, carrying everywhere a pleasant face, and troubling no one with their secret care, those whom we know are burdened with an inevitable, incommunicable grief: an insane wife, a dissipated husband, tyrannical parents, or ungrateful children? Yet they say nothing about it, this skeleton in the cupboard, which their neighbors all know of or guess at, but upon which they themselves quietly turn the key, and go on their way; uncomplaining, and thankful to be spared complaining. What good will it do to them to moan? It is not they, the unfortunate men, nor yet the men of genius, who contrive to make miserable their own lives and those of everybody connected with them. The true misery-mongers are a very different race; you may find the key to their mystery in Milton's famous axiom—

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering."

There, for once, the Devil spoke truth. Miserable people are invariably weak people.

"O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong."

Of course not, because his firm will must, in time, shake off any suffering; and because no amount of externally inflicted evil is to be compared to the evil which a man inflicts upon himself; by feebleness of purpose, by cowardly non resistance to oppression, and by a general uncertainty of aims or acts. He who sees the right, and cannot follow it; who loves all things noble, yet dare not fight against things ignoble in himself or others; who is haunted by a high ideal of what he wishes to be, yet is forever falling short of it, and that his friends are judging him, not unjustly, by what he is rather than by what he vainly aims at being—this man is, necessarily, one of the unhappiest creatures living. One of the most harmful, too, since you can be on your guard against the downright villain, but the æsthetic evil-doer, the theoretically good and practically bad man, who has lofty aspirations without performances, virtuous impulses and no persistence—against such an one you have no weapons to use. He disarms your resentment by exciting your pity; is forever crying "Quarter, quarter!" and, though you feel that he deserves none, that his weakness has injured yourself and others as much as any wickedness, still, out of pure compassion, you sheathe your righteous sword and let him escape unpunished. Up he rises, fresh as ever, and pursues his course, always sinning and always repenting, yet claiming to be judged, not by the sin, but the penitence; continually and obstinately miserable, yet blind to the fact that half his misery is caused by himself alone.

And this brings us to the other root of misery-mongering—selfishness. None but a thoroughly selfish person can be always unhappy. Life is so equally balanced that there is always as much to rejoice as to weep over, if we are only able—and willing—to rejoice in and for and through others.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day"—

if we will but let it be so—if we will allow our sky to clear and our wounds to heal—believing in the wonderfully reparative powers of Nature when she is given free play. But these poor souls will not give her free play; they prefer to indulge in their griefs, refusing obstinately all remedies, till they bring on a chronic dyspepsia of the soul, which is often combined with a corresponding disease of the body.

It may seem a dreadful doctrine to poetical people; but two-thirds of a man's woes usually begin in his stomach. Irregular feeding, walking, and sleeping, with much too regular smoking, are the cause of half the melancholy poetry and cynical prose with which we are inundated. Also of many a miserable home, hiding its miseries under the decent decorum which society has the good taste and good feeling to abstain from prying too closely into; and of not a few open scandals, bankruptcies and divorce cases. If a modern edition of the Miseries of Human Life were to be written, the author might well trace them to that unsanitary condition, first of body and then of mind, into which civilization, or the luxurious extreme of it, has brought us, and upon which some of us rather pride ourselves, as if it were a grand thing to be "morbid;" quite forgetting the origin of the word, and that such a condition, whether mental or physical, or both combined, is, in truth, not life, but the beginning of death, to every human being.

And suppose it is so. Granted that I am a man with "nerves" or "liver," or any other permanent ailment, am I to make my ill-used and consequently ill-conducted interior a nuisance to all my family and friends? Did no man's head ever ache but mine? Is no one else blessed (or cursed) with a too sensitive organism, obliged to struggle with and control it, and at least contrive that it shall trouble others as little as possible? Why should my wife, sister, or daughter be expected to bestow unlimited sympathy upon every small suffering of mine, while she hides many an ache or pain which I never even know of, or, knowing, should scarcely heed, except so far as it affected my own personal comfort, or because it is a certain annoyance to me that anybody should require sympathy but myself? Have my friends no anxieties of their own, that I should be forever laying upon them the burden of mine—always exacting and requiting nothing? People like a fair balance—a cheery give and take in the usefulnesses as well as the pleasantnesses of life. Is it wonderful, then, that, after a time, they a little shrink from me, are shy of asking me to dinner?—at least, often. For they feel I may be a cloud upon the social board; my moods are so various, they never know how to take me. They are very sorry for me, very kind to me, but, in plain English, they would rather have my room than my company. I am too full of myself ever to be any pleasure or benefit to others.

For it is a curious fact, that the most self-contained natures are always the least self-engrossed; and those to whom everybody applies for help, most seldom ask or require it. The centre sun of every family, round which the others instinctively revolve, is sure to be a planet bright and fixed, carrying its light within itself. But a man whose soul is all

darkness, or who is at best a poor wandering star, eager to kindle his puny candle at somebody else's beams, can be a light and a blessing to nobody.

And he may be—probably without intending it—quite the opposite. Who does not, in visiting a household, soon discover the one who contributes nothing to the happiness of the rest, who is a sort of eleemosynary pensioner on everybody's forbearance, living, as beggars do, by the continual exhibition of his sores, and often getting sympathy—as beggars get half pence—just to get rid of him? Who does not recognize the person whose morning step upon the stair, so far from having "music in't," sends a premonitory shiver, and even a dead silence, round the cheerful, chattering breakfast-table?—whose departure to business, or elsewhere, causes a sudden rise in the domestic barometer?—nay, whose very quitting a room gives a sense of relief as of a cloud lifted off? Yet he may have many good qualities, but they are all obscured and rendered useless by the incessant recurrence to and absorption in self, which is the root of all his endless woes. And, alas! while believing himself—as he wishes to be—the most important person in his circle, our miserable friend fills really the lowest place therein—that of the one whom nobody trusts, nobody leans upon; whom everybody has to help, but who is never expected to help anybody. How could he? for in him is lacking the very foundation of all helpfulness—the strong, brave, cheerful spirit which, under all circumstances, will throw itself out of itself sufficiently to understand and be of use to its neighbor.

Truly, as regards usefulness, one might as well attempt to labor in an unlighted coal-mine as to do one's work in the world in an atmosphere of perpetual gloom. Certain it is, Nature herself scorns the idea. Some of her operations are carried on in tender temporary shadow—but only temporary. Nothing with her is permanently dark, except the corruption of the grave. Wherever, in any man's temperament, is incurable sadness, morbid melancholy, be sure there is something also corrupt; something which shrinks from the light because it needs to be hid; something diseased, in body or mind, which, so far from being petted and indulged, and glossed over with poetical fancies, needs to be rooted out—with a hand gentle, indeed, but strong and firm as that of the good surgeon, who deals deliberately present pain for future good.

A healthy temperament, though not insensible to sorrow, never revels in it or is subdued by it; it accepts it, endures it, and then looks round for the best mode of curing it. We cannot too strongly impress on the rising generation—who, like the young bears, have all their troubles before them—that suffering is not a normal, but an abnormal state; and that to believe otherwise is to believe that the world is a mere chaos of torment made for the amusement of the omnipotent—not God, but Devil—who rules it. Pain must exist—for some inscrutable end—inseparable from the present economy of the world; but we ought, out of common sense and common justice, and especially religion, to regard it, not as the law of our lives, but as an accident usually resulting from our breaking that law. We cannot wholly prevent suffering, but we can guard against it, in degree; and we never need wholly succumb to it till we succumb to the universal defeat, preparatory to the immortal victory.

When one thinks of death—of how brief, at best, is our little day, and how quickly comes the end that levels all things, what folly seems the habit of misery?—for it grows into a mere habit, quite independent of causes. Why keep up this perpetual moan, and always about ourselves, because we are not rich enough, or handsome enough, or loved enough—because other people have better luck than we? Possibly they have, and possibly not; for we all know our own private cares, but few of us know our neighbor's. And so we go on, always finding some pet grievance to nurse, and coxing it from a trifling vexation into an incurable grief or an unpardonable wrong. Little matter what it is; to a man of this temperament any peg will do whereon to hang the gloomy pall, self-woven, of perpetual sorrow. Or else he spins it, spider-like, out of his own bowels, and when its filmy meshes grow into great bars between him and the sky, he thinks with his petty web he has blurred the whole creation.

Poor wretch! if he could only pull it down and sweep it away; if he could accept his lot, even though a hard one, an afflicted stomach, sensitive nerves, a naturally bad temper, or an unnaturally empty purse. Still, my friend, grin and bear it! Be sure you do not suffer alone; many another is much worse off than you. Why not try to give him a helping hand, and strengthen yourself by the giving of it? For we do not wish to make a mock of you, you miserable misery-monger, since you are much to be pitied; and there is a sad reality at the bottom of your most contemptible shams. We would rather rouse you to forget yourself, and then, be sure, you will gradually forget your sufferings. And supposing these should remain in greater or less degree, as the necessary accompaniment of your individual lot or peculiar idiosyncracy, still, according to the common-sense argument of the sage author of *Original Poems*, remonstrating with an unwashed child,

> "If the water is cold, and the comb hurts your head,
> What good good will it do you to cry?"

Alack! we are exceedingly like naughty children; we do not enjoy being made clean.—*By the Author of "John Halifax."*

[For the Californian.]

"DION."

(LYMAN R. GOODMAN.)

YOU sang too early in the Spring
Of our uncheerful year of song;
You felt the bitter chill of wrong,
And on a sudden ceased to sing.

And on a sudden sang no more
In skilful measure to our needs·
But there is One who ever heeds
Your numbers on the farther shore.

I picture you as one who lies
Among the palms, with harp and crown.
A silver, quivering thread, let down
From crystal walls of Paradise,

Is the sweet echo of a voice
That thrills me. In your vineyard's throng
I taste your purple grapes of song,
And in their honey-blood rejoice.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

DARK HOURS.

I'M what we calls a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line o' rail. I passed best part o' my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in France and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunnelling forrards and backards—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole o' their brains is in their backs and arms, where they're precious strong, and nowheres else; but I'd got so used to it, that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy supering the men digging, and sometimes bricklaying a bit, so that I thought werry little about danger when I'd seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end o' the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work begun again, and I'd got my right hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty foot deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't tunnelled more than p'r'aps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we calls it; and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're jest like a set o' babies, and for everything else but their regular work, they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrer, they'll do it like smoke; but as to taking care o' themselves—but there, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolloping fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit, there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging, and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the arternoon's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your mell and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' feet higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brickwork, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, as I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremendous blow on the chest, and was driven backwards and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, I suppose I was stunned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter woke up; but everything was dark as pitch and silent as death, and, feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be anything the matter with me. It was as though something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But there I was in a sort of dreamy comfortable state, and lay there perfectly still, till a groaning noise roused me, when thought come back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that I was buried alive.

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces and bits of board all in splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down at last, panting as though I had been running, and there was the red drops a-rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breath much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts, and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something towards making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when I *felt* a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross piece, so that I was half stunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work, I had no time to think about anything else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty; but at first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered, if I had not thrust myself against the earth and kept it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking, I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; workhouse shells; and inside every one of 'em I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further, till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions o' people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it, so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time, to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what could become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be, I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd

Fellows, and then abont the allowanee ther'd be for my people out o' the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all things eoming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself," I half-roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I conldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and, after a good deal of groping about, I found the board againu, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had ouly saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark amongst all the blackness. At last, I began to think it was all over, for a heavy stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was likc—to me, there, in that darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and, as I tried to drive it off, it went back. but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times, I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud thud-thudding" noise, and it awoke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recolleet once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all came back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? Could I help them? Would they give up in despair, and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud," till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, wheu I could just faintly hear the sound of voices and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two, and it was well I did, for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout; saw a flash of light; and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I set wedged in, I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if uot, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak or cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurraying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say: "He's coming to;" and then one spoke and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream, and felt two arms rouud me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say—"Thank God!" but eould only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so, whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last.

"Twenty-five hours!"

WHAT THE PARIS GRAND OPERA COSTS.

"SPIRIDION," in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, says: "Some time sinee the orchestra of the Grand Opera complained of their wretched pay. The manager told them he could do nothing as the Grand Opera was a clear loss to the Emperor of twenty or forty thousand dollars a year, and he, the manager, could not think of asking the Emperor to increase this loss, which, as it was, bore heavily on the privy purse. The orchestra told the manager if he did not increase their salary they would play inaudibly. He paid no attention to their threat and they carried it into execution. The irritation of the public assumed such a menacing height the matter was laid before the Emperor, and he authorized the Minister of his Household to say to the orchestra that if they would return to their duty he would attend to their complaints and see what redress could be afforded. They took the hint, and recently the Minister acquainted them his Majesty had been pleased to increase their salary fifty dollars apiece. Their disappointment was great. They had reckoned on the imperial bounty to raise them to an easy independence of fortune. The dole did not sensibly lessen their pains. In the moment of annoyance they wrote a letter to Marshal Vaillant (the Minister of the Imperial Household) which he deemed impertinent and ungrateful; and which consequently made him extremely angry. He went directly to the Emperor (the Marshal lives in the Tuileries) and read him the letter. It raised the Emperor's wrath as high as it had done the Marshal's, and upon the latter making the suggestion to transform the Opera into an ordinary imperial theatre (it is now a portion of the Emperor's household) his Majesty not only gave his consent, but ordered the decree to be prepared forthwith and to be published in the *Evening Moniteur*. This is a penny paper whieh heretofore has been but an echo of the official organ. The decree was at once prepared and sent to the *Evening Moniteur*. It was said the manager of the Grand Opera knew nothing of it until he saw it in this newspaper. This is a mistake. Marshal Vaillant sent for him and informed him of the Emperor's decision. It is said to have taken him extremely by surprise, and he asked if it was directed against him personally.

"There had been a few evenings before a dreadful uproar at the Grand Opera. Villaret was announced to appear in *La Juive*. He was suddenly taken ill and a provineial tenor who had repeatedly solicited the manager for a hearing was asked to fill the vaeant place. Mathieu (this was the candidate's name) declined, he said he could not sing without a rehearsal, without even going over the opera with the leader of the orchestra. The mauager said: "Fortune offers you her flood tide—take it, you may be borne to fame and wealth; such opportunities rarely occur." Mathieu over-persuaded by these suggestions, agreed to sing. He spent all day running about town iu search of costumes, and when eveuing came he was exhausted by fatigue. The audience who expected to hear Villaret were furious to find an unknown candidate. No offer was made to return money. The moment the poor substitute appeared a great tumult arose which even the fall of the curtain and the return of money failed to appease. The police found their presence necessary, and even they who are aeeustomed to allay our popular storms as easily as Neptune tames winds and waves of ocean, failed to restore order although they had the gas turned off. Villaret's sudden illness, and Mathieu's unexpected appearauce were not the sole causes of the storm.

"The subscribers to the Grand Opera have for some time been extremely angry with the manager for his obstinacy in playing *L'Africaine* night after night, and for giving them—if by chance Meyerbeer's posthumous work reposed—other operas and never a ballet. Subscribers think the Grand Opera a temple of the ballet, aud operas cannot be played other than as exceptional business—anchovy paste intended to increase the relish of dances by girls whose dresses end before they may well be said to have begun. Furthermore, the manager knows he passes in the Imperial Household for a sour, obstinate, majestic fellow, because—but here the ground ends and very slippery ice commences. Excuse me if I decline putting my foot on it. If you will remember the dissolute morals of this country, the faseination of women on the stage, and the restlessness of vanity of actress and dancing-girls and their 'protectors,' you may pierce my silence and discover the words which lie unuttered on my tongue's end. The manager (who had not seen the orchestra's letter) suspected the decree was aimed at him. Marshal Vaillant assured him it was not. He theu asked, if he should appear as a eandidate, what would be his chauces of success. Marshal Vaillant declined answering this question, further than to say his chances would bc as good, if not better, than those of anybody else. The manager, not satisfied with this reply, at once solieited audienee of the Emperor. I am ignorant of the result of the audience. A great many candidates are in the field. I am told the antechamber of the Minister of the Emperor's Household is literally filled with them. A dozen names are before the public, several score of people are intriguing in the dark. Dr. Veron's name has been mentioned, but he has replied: 'I undertake the Opera! Were I forty years younger, and without a sou, I might think of sueh a thing; I should be delighted to fulfil the first condition and very sorry to find myself in the latter condition—as I am in neither, I decline appearing as a candidate.' It is said he and Mons. Delabonte offered to deposit the one hundred thousand dollars surety-money for Nestor Roqueplan, whom rumor places on the list of candidates.

"A writer who has for many years been behind the scenes draws this picture of the life of the manager of the Grand Opera. It is curious: Complaint is made that the manager of the Grand Opera denies himself to everybody. I can understand very well how a man who, besides his private relations of husband, father, kinsman, has on his hands music, dancing, the old operas, the opera in rehearsal, the ambassador who patronizes a thin dancing-girl, the prince who protects a fat songstress, the minister who wants to see him on busiuess, the hostile newspapers, and all other things, has not always time to receive a prizeman of the School of Fine Arts who wishes to propose a cantata for some anniversary; a chemist who has discovered a new mode of lighting theatres and asks leave to make an experiment in the opera house; an inventor whose seheme is to establish machinery under the pit to veutilate the house; a spectator of the last performance, who comes to get his lost umbrella; a veiled lady who refuses to give her name, but must absolutely see the manager and nobody else; the mother of a little dancing-girl who comes to complain that the ballet-master does not treat her daughter with sufficient respeet; a German who has the manuscript of au unpublished opera by Mozart; a plumber who has a superb tenor's voice and asks to be sent to the Conservatory at the Opera's expeuse; a college chum of the manager, who wishes to bid him good day; thirty loungers who have absolutely nothing to say, but who like to smoke the manager's cigars in the manager's private room, see the women come and go, and get, if opportunity offers, a parquet stall for the evening performance. To be a manager of the Opera, onc must be as modest as a prompter, disdaining no detail, able to superintend the magazine of costume and seenery, knowing how to measure a yard of silk. a background seene aud a sliding scene, or with resignation enough to see several hundred thousand francs go to profit-and-loss on these items alone. When he comes out of the third story under ground he must put on a white cravat, become a fine gentleman who is patient, well-bred, and has at his fingers' ends phrases whieh seem to promise things he cannot perform. After he has received ambassadors and princes (including princes who write music) and influential subscribers, he must go the rounds in the green-room, where legs and throats are practising, reply to all demands and complaints; hear patiently the anger of a dancing-girl who threatens to send 'her general' after him; calm a songstress who vows she will not sing unless she is 'called out' after the second act, and conciliate all the superintendents of music, ehorus, dancing, machinery, etc. Before he is through all this he receives a despateh brought by a dragoon; it is from the Minister of the Imperial Household. The fine and courteous gentleman must now become a diplomatist; he must negotiate, struggle, retreat and bend without losing an inch of ground. He is ordered to let Mlle. So-and-so make her appearance, or to bring out an opera from a crowned head. It would be impolitic to refuse; he must agree, and afterwards elude the order and secretly raise up obstacle after obstacle which will prove fatal. As far as art is concerned, the manager of the Grand Opera cannot move one step forward. Au opera is brought him by an unknown composer. He must distrust him and say: 'Go elsewhere aud show of what stuff you are made.' If it is by a popular composer, he makes the opera company study it, and he plays it without knowing what he is doing. He cannot do here as if he was the manager of a dramatic theatre—read a piece, have it studied, say this is well, that is bad, this is too long, that is too short. A box comes from Berlin; it contains the score of *L'Africaine*. The mauager says to his singing-master and leader of the orchestra: 'Set to work.' He has nothing else to do with it. As for his singers and songstresses, his position is the same. A songstress comes from Vienna, Naples or Milan with a made or exaggerated reputation. What can the manager do but try her? She fails. Thereupon everybody exclaims: 'This manager is an unlueky dog!' If he reluses to let her appear, people and newspapers say: 'The manager is the puppet of a miserable clique; will you believe he has refused to allow the celebrated Gargorilla to appear at the Grand Opera?'"

THE FLOWER GIRL OF THE PALACE GARDEN.

NANETTE LOLLIER was born in Paris, in the parish of Saint Leu. Her father had the care of one of the public squares; her mother sold fresh fish in the market. Nanette was the youngest of sixteen children, with all of whom, as well as with her parents, she was a favorite, on account of her pretty face, her gentle ways, and artless, winning speech.

Her grandmother, the widow of a bailiff, who had lodgings in the same house with the Lolliers, taught her to read and write, and trained her heart and voice, especially the latter, which was very musical, charming all who heard it. When she was only twelve years old, she sung a "Stabat" and a "Te Deum," in one of the churches during Holy Week, to the great delight and edification of the worshippers.

She had at this time received so many praises, attentions, and presents, that her little head was almost turned. Her mother wished her to betake herself to the fish market with her. Nanette declared that she had rather sell bouquets and roses. Her mother answered this natural expression with a cuff and a kick, but the fish monger soon repented her rudeness. Nanette disappeared one morning from the paternal roof, and from that day no trace of her could be found by her parents, although they sometimes heard that she was well.

This absence lasted for three years. They afterward tried in every possible way to learn the history of these years from the young girl; she maintained a profound silence in the matter. She had promised, on her hope of paradise, that she would never tell what had then taken place; and neither caresses nor threats, nor cunning, could draw from her her secret.

She had reached her sixteenth year when an errand-boy informed her parents that she was at the Convent of the Carmelites, and would be restored to them if they would go for her in person, or send some priest.

The mother was beside herself with joy at this news. She left her fish-trough, put on her best clothes, and went to tell the curate. He accompanied her to the convent, with her eldest son, a bold, manly fellow, sergeant in the French Guard.

Arrived at the Convent, Madam the Superior appeared and gave them a gracious reception. She told them that the young girl had been brought there one evening by a strange woman, and left with a sum of twenty thousand livres to pay her dowry when she should become a nun.

All this seemed dubious to the curate and mother. Nanette appeared. She wept and sobbed, and nearly fainted. But she was silent to all their inquiries, further than to tell them of her aversion to a nunnery, and her desire to be a flower-girl. The Lady Superior, seeing that the girl and her dowry were lost to her, made her adieus to the family and took her leave. The curate went to visit a friend in the neighborhood, and the mother, the pretty Nanette, and her fighting brother returned home in a hackney-coach.

The Lolliers at first refused to let Nanette become a flower-girl, but she desired it so much that at last they yielded. Her success was marvellous. Every one was charmed by her, and bought her flowers.

She made her entrance into the garden of the royal palace. A strange flower-girl. She was dressed in silks, gauzes, laces, and jewels. Her basket was a gilded sea-shell, lined with blue satin and held by a blue sash that encircled her waist. Her pretty shoes, fastened by a buckle and favor-knot, covered the foot of a nymph.

Nanette was talked of at Versailles. Thirty lords of the court rivalled each other in attempts to win her favor. She received their hearts and took their presents. She was ready, gay, full of zest and chatted with spirit, yet maintained so much reserve that she gained in reputation as fast as in fortune.

Every morning when she appeared in the Palace Garden, a circle at once gathered around her. Servants in livery and a waiting-woman attended her at a distance, ready to refill her little basket, which was rapidly emptied. She received more than a small coin in exchange for the flowers that were so gracefully offered by her pretty hand.

The Princesses of Lorraine, Rohen, and Bouillon, ladies of high rank, accepted the pinks, roses and violets which the flower-girl presented them as gifts. In return they gave her jewels, laces and wrought silver. In two years Nanette had a fortune in lands and houses which brought her forty thousand livres in rent, and she had bestowed largely upon her parents and sisters.

Among her lovers was a young man of twenty-two. He was always in the garden before she arrived, and seemed to be waiting for her. When she appeared with her basket, he took a bouquet, paid her twelve sous, said a few words, and disappeared. No one saw him again until the next day. It would seem that he failed to appear at the usual hour; an attack of fever had confined him to his bed. Nanette was dull and gloomy. The young man reappeared, and with him the gaiety of Nanette.

Nanette would have given a large part of her fortune to have known who the young man was. She was ignorant even of his name. It is true that she might have asked the thousand persons who came to buy flowers of her during the day, but no sooner had she begun her question than she felt a mortal embarrassment, stammered, blushed, and ended in silence. Her heart was too much interested. She was sure that he whom she loved was of noble birth; he wore a sword. But he was poor, for his sword had never a ribbon-knot, and his neckerchief was without lace.

One day she saw the brilliant Marquis of Louvois speaking to him, and then he joined the Count of Chatre, who was sitting near, and said in a low tone:

"That simpleton, Courtenay, provokes me. The King has been asking why he does not go to Versailles. I have just repeated his Majesty's compliments to him and—ah, well! he is busy with a song. How *can* he bury himself in Paris in this way?"

"He has good reasons for it. Besides, where could he get the money we spend? His father has ruined him."

"True enough, he is poor. What a pity! such a fine young fellow!"

"And one of such birth—a relative of the royal house."

"Why don't the young man marry?"

"It would be impossible for him. With his name he could not marry an inferior. He would have to marry a princess."

Nanette did not lose a single word. She left the palace garden and forgot to go, as usual, to the Tuileries and Boulevard. She could think of nothing but the noble and unfortunate young man. At night she could not sleep, and the next morning had left her bed long before any one else in the house. She was sitting alone, so rapt in her dreams of the Prince of Courtenay that she did not hear the steps of a young man who approached her, stooped and kissed her arm. She was startled and gave a scream, but on looking up a pleasant smile succeeded her surprise. The rash youth was her favorite brother, Marcel, only a year older than herself. He was employed at the office of a leading publishing house, where he frequently saw the men of letters of that day.

"Why, Marcel," said the young girl, "how you frightened me; I did not expect such gallantry from my brother."

"What brother would not be proud of such a sister, Nanette, who is the talk of Paris? Wherever one goes, it is 'Nanette, the flower-girl,' 'the pretty Nanette.' Yesterday, I went to the house of M. Diderot, to carry some copy that he wanted for correction. Some noble lords were there, among whom was the Prince of Courtenay. They did not know that I was your brother, and were under no restraint about speaking of you in my hearing. One of them denied your virtue. I was so angry that I was about to take up your defence, when the excellent young Prince of Courtenay nobly replied:

"'Oh, my lord, how can you repeat the odious calumnies invented by worthless libertines? Nanette is as pure as she is beautiful, and I want no other proof than the history of the lovers she is said to have, of whom no one *knows* anything. If Nanette *had* a lover, it would not be a day before all Paris would know the name of the fortunate man.'

"The warm and earnest tone with which these words were spoken excited a smile from those who heard it. M. Diderot sustained the Prince."

The simple-hearted Marcel concluded by saying:

"Now, would it not be proper, in gratitude for the good opinion he has of you, that you should send the Prince a bouquet of the rarest flowers? I will carry it to him, if you like, for I am going to him with a splendid copy of our folio edition of *Telemachus*."

"You are going to him! You know where he lives?" exclaimed Nanette.

"Certainly; in the Hotel Carnavalet."

When Marcel had gone, Nanette lost no time in writing the following epistle:

"My dear young friend, I am your relative. I am pained that you are not in your proper place. Is it fit that you should live in obscurity in Paris, when persons of meaner birth are the delight of Versailles? You are poor; I am rich. My age cuts me off from the exciting pleasure that yours demands. Permit me, in consideration of our relations of blood and friendship, to offer you what is for me a superfluity, for you a necessity. On the first day of every month you will receive from me four thousand livres. I now send you twenty-four thousand, which will perhaps be sufficient to establish you according to your rank."

A few expressions of kindness closed the letter, which was left unsigned, and a few hours after it was received by the Prince of Courtenay. The modest young man at first refused to accept a fortune so received; but several of his older friends, whom he consulted, blamed him for an excess of delicacy. He yielded to their advice and applied it to his own use. He was now rich. He lived in splendor; his equipage was one of the finest in Paris, and every one was talking of his good fortune. He was the rage; yet every day, at the same hour as before, he came to the palace garden to buy a bouquet of Nanette, for which he now paid six livres.

A year rolled away. One day, the Count of Chatre being in the garden, seated near Nanette, the Marquis of Louvois joined him.

"My dear sir," he addressed the Count, "Courtenay is mad. They have offered him Mademoiselle de Craon with eight hundred thousand livres a year, and he refuses. What ails him?"

"Love."

"Love! For whom?"

"I know not."

"Who can it be? I'll wager it's some girl of the opera. Some worthless woman of pleasure."

"Louvois," answered the Count, "such a supposition is unjust to Courtenay. You know he has always hated vice, and I am certain that the woman he loves is not only charming but virtuous."

Louvois answered with a laugh; and Nanette arose to return home. She went to her chamber and locked the door. The next day the Prince of Courtenay received a letter which ran thus:

"My dear young friend, why do you refuse to marry Mademoiselle de Craon? She would bring you both birth and fortune. In two days, you will receive from me the capital of the sum you now enjoy—and with it some jewels for your future bride.

"Should you consent to the proposed marriage, wear a pink in your button-hole for eight days; should you refuse it, wear a rose."

The next day Nanette gave orders to her man of business to sell a million livres worth of houses and lands; there would still remain to her thirty thousand livres of income.

When she had received the money from this sale, she sent it to Courtenay, and with it, in a magnificent casket, a set of diamonds of such rare water that the jewellers valued them at a hundred thousand crowns. Never was Nanette so happy as when she had thus diminished her fortune.

Nothing could have detained her from the Palace Garden that day. She was pale, trembling, half-dead with hope and fear. The Prince de Courtenay had, as usual, arrived before her; but in his button-hole there was neither pink nor rose. He approached Nanette and she handed him a bouquet. It was like the Prince's button hole, without pink or rose.

He looked at it and a smile passed over his face. He seemed studying a moment, then in a firm voice, he said:

"My pretty child, will you make me a present of a rose?"

Nanette fell fainting. . . On recovering, she found herself in her own chamber surrounded by her family. Alas! her eyes did not meet those she most wished to see. Her mother and sisters in their excitement told her that she had fainted in the palace garden; that a great lord, the Prince of Courtenay, had lifted her in his arms and without waiting for a carriage, without wishing any one to help him, had carried her to her hotel. Nanette's pulses throbbed with pleasure. She asked what had become of the kind nobleman. They told her that he had waited to hear the opinion of the physicians concerning her, and had then departed as he came. At this moment Marcel entered to say that the servant of Prince de Courtenay had come to obtain tidings of the beautiful flower girl. . . The Prince had not come. And yet Nanette smiled—

For she was happy—knowing as she did that the Prince did not wish to marry. The next day, Nanette's favorite waiting-woman came to announce to her that the Prince de Courtenay was in her drawing-room and asked the favor of an interview. A sign of consent was the only answer of Nanette. Making an effort to rise, she fell back powerless, covering her face with her hands. The Prince fell on his knees before her and tenderly kissed her hands.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I have divined everything. I have come not to return your gifts, but to beseech you to render them still dearer by granting me one far more precious."

"You wish—" began Nanette.

"Your hand," interrupted the Prince.

In offering his name to the young girl, he had tried to surpass her in generosity. Nanette prayed him to wait till the next day for her reply. He consented, full of hope. For the third time he received a letter from Nanette. It was the last time she ever wrote him, and contained these words:

"Love has made you blind. A marriage with me would dishonor you. You love me too well to renounce me. I therefore, for your sake, renounce you. When you shall have received this letter, the flower girl Nanette will have forever quitted the world. I leave to my parents that part of my fortune which I have gained by selling flowers. The million you have received was your own. Your nearest relative thought to make amends by it for a crime which I have sworn to keep an eternal secret. Adieu. Think often of her who in the cloister where she hides herself will daily pray for you."

The story of Nanette ends here. No one knew more of her except that the archbishop of Paris himself conducted her to the convent to which she retired. The Prince of Courtenay never married. He recalled the rumors he had heard touching his father, but none of them explained his mysterious ruin, or his later remorse.—*Boston Eve. Gazette.*

In one of the Western States there was a certain church whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "*That* man! Well, if *that* man is to be admitted, he ought to *soak overnight!*"

MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

I AM an old miner. Not one of the now-a-day Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old Forty-nine California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the newfangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners engaged, in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few expletives of rather forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper, which had been under the stone causing my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter-form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. It was written with a pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform him that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree, twenty-five paces due north of this, a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of

"ANDREW INDUS."

I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine document, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners, to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log, and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," and I immediately undertook to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances, a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place, but where was the ravine?

A tap on my shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly berated me for having neglected the preparation of their supper. As an excuse, I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of my finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last, Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there *has* been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination, we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined that we would commence digging the next morning.

Morning came, and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down, for, as he said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine, by following it up, than by digging down in any one place. The result was, that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day, Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at least "make grub," while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but, as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search, that I had become utterly regardless of almost everything else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping; mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging, my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust; and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated dust.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and, from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read, a dozen times, statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forgot the figures. How much I would have given then to be able to recall them! The next thought was, how can I proceed to extricate myself? This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant! I racked my brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect. Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment, the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to admit the air, and perhaps make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl out through it? Even if I only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my assistance. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it, by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite close and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish from want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then, placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water! At first it was swallowed up by the earth, but I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough for me to place my head in it and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back, I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found that it was the one we had been in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my comrades, I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned," said Jack, as he shook me by the hand, "I'm glad you're safe, old fellow—the more so, as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the summer to get you to go into a tunneling operation, and you have only laughed at us?"

"Yes," said I, wondering what would come next.

"Well, when you found that letter, Bill and I made up our minds that we would go into the job with you; not in the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and, my boy, we have never made less than three hundred dollars any day since we commenced."

"Then you think the bag a humbug, do you?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and I intend to go on looking for it."

"Now, what's the use of being foolish," quoth Bill Jennings. "We've got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild-goose chase as the hunt for that bag."

"Be that as it may," said I, "I intend to follow it up."

Bill and Jack conferred together a while, and then the former said:

"Well, Ned, we might as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunneling."

"And the 'blazed' tree," said I, "how about that? The 'blaze' is certainly two years old."

Jack hesitated. "Why, you see," said he, "we found that tree, and wrote the letter to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this?" asked I, showing him the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag, we found about three thousand dollars. Jack never would own up, but always insisted that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that the letter and it had no connection with each other. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We never could ascertain anything about Mr. Indus, so we divided the money among us.

LOCAL ANÆSTHESIA.—An important addition to the means of diminishing pain has been made by an English physician, who has introduced a new method of producing local insensibility to the knife. Chloroform robs the most terrible surgical proceedures of the worst horrors which formerly surrounded them, and has even rendered possible some operations which could hardly have been attempted without it; but it has its own peril—the peril of death. Surgeons justly encourage their patients, by reciting to them the statistics of fatal accidents under chloroform, which, incomplete though they be, demonstrate the extreme rarity of such misfortunes. It has, however, been observed by all authors who have collected these cases, that a remarkably large proportion of the recorded deaths have occurred where only minor operations have been contemplated. Hence a rapid and efficient means of producing local anæsthesia, and one free from any of the constitutional risks attending the administration of chloroform, is a boon of great price. Dr. B. W. Richardson effects this result by dividing on the skin a finely divided spray of pure ether, using an ingenious modification of the spray tubes, lately much in vogue as toys for diffusing perfumes. A rapid blanching of the skin, and insensibility to pain, follow in from about thirty seconds to two minutes. Upwards of a hundred operations have within the last few weeks been painlessly conducted under this method. It is only likely to be generally useful for superficial operations; but these are so often undergone at the cost of great terror and anguish, through dread of the risks of chloroform, that the value of this invention must be very great.

"MARK TWAIN," in one of his letters to the *Union*, mentions a singular character he met with while visiting the Government Prison at Honolulu:

We were next introduced to General George Washington, or, at least, to an aged, limping negro man, who called himself by that honored name. He was supposed to be seventy years old, and he looked it. He was as crazy as a loon, and sometimes, they say, he grows very violent. He was a Samson in a small way; his arms were corded with muscle, and his legs felt as hard as if they were made of wood. He was in a peaceable mood at present, and strongly manacled. They have a hard time with him occasionally, and some time or other he will get in a lively way and eat up the garrison of that prison, no doubt. The native soldiers who guard the place are afraid of him, and he knows it.

His history is a sealed book—or at least all that part of it which transpired previously to the entry of his name as a pensioner upon the Hawaiian Government fifteen years ago. He was found carrying on at a high rate at one of the other islands, and it is supposed he was put ashore there from a vessel called the *Olive Branch*. He has evidently been an old sailor, and it is thought he was one of a party of negroes who fitted out a ship and sailed from a New England port some twenty years ago. He is fond of talking, in his dreamy, incoherent way, about the Blue Ridge in Virginia, and seems familiar with Richmond and Lynchburg. I do not think he is the old original General W.

AT the time of the threatened invasion of Scotland by the French, the laird of Logan was taunted at a meeting at Ayr with a want of loyal spirit at Cumnock, as no volunteers had been raised there. Cumnock is on a high station ten or twelve miles from the coast. "What sort of people are you, up at Cumnock?" said an Ayr gentleman, "you have not a single volunteer." "Never you heed," said Logan quickly, "if the French land at Ayr, there will soon be *plenty of volunteers up at Cumnock!*"

A YOUNG LADY went into a book-store, recently, for the purpose of purchasing a piece of music entitled, "When I sleep, I dream of thee," but by one of those ludicrous mistakes which will sometimes happen in the best families, she astonished the young man by inquiring if he had the music entitled, "When I dream, I sleep with thee!" The mistake brought a modest blush to the cheek of the fair enquirer—ditto the young gentleman.

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COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS

AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY OF VALPARAISO.

THE navy of the United States has, since its organization, deservedly sustained a high reputation for discipline, gallantry, and a chivalrous readiness to redress wrongs, no matter by whom and upon whom they were sought to be imposed. If any fault could be found, it was with their too ready promptitude in mediation and interference. It has always been asserted they were too quick with their interposition and that they forget consequences under those impulses which are the distinctive indications of a high-strung courage. They have felt, too, that they could always, when their purpose evinced courage and loyalty to high principle, albeit not within the scope of orders and prudence, rely upon the support of a noble, enthusiastic, and generons people who would stand between them and governmental disapproval.

When in the Bay of Smyrna an Austrian brig-of-war held in custody a man who claimed to be an American citizen, and as such entitled to demand the protection of the flag, Ingraham gave notice that if Koszta was not released in eight hours, he would take him by force. He could not determine whether a mere declaration of an intention to become a citizen was of itself sufficient, in a legal point of view to authorize him to interfere; he simply heard the appeal from one who had taken the initial steps to citizenship, and he pursued a course which proved him to be intrepid and patriotic. Neither did the American people pause to inquire as to the legal *status* of the case. All that was left where it properly belonged—to diplomacy and the government; they, by meetings and through the press, declared that Ingraham showed, what they love, *pluck;* and it was Ingraham and his pluck that settled the whole matter. And when, too, Congress by resolution presented him with a medal for his gallantry, it not only enunciated a national principle, but it declared for all those who served the country, especially in a military capacity, a rule and authority for their government in such and analagous cases.

When, too, at the mouth of the Peiho, in the attack of the English gunboats on the Chinese forts, Commodore Tatnall moved to their aid, the whole country applauded his act and echoed his noble sentiment—"Blood is thicker than water." Every officer of the navy can rehearse you an hundred examples of this sort which are the *lex non scripta* of the service, and which, being traditional, pass from mouth to mouth, stirring the blood as Homeric epics did in the primal days of history, filling each breast with that ardor and desire of emulation, without which chivalry and heroism would not be. Officers of the United States navy do not, as a rule, require any incitement; they ask only for *opportunity;* the result, then, is with themselves.

The recent bombardment of Valparaiso furnished one of those instances which naval men pray for, and which do not occur once in a century—an occasion when an armed interference would have been attempted by most officers, whether that interference could have been justified by law or not Law! What are the principles of law in which the commanders of our ships are educated, and how far shall they control professional conduct in the presence and under the provocation of a barbarous exercise of power, and in view of the commission of the cowardly and wanton destruction of a defenceless city? In such an exigency, which appeals so strongly to all who have the power to restrain and prevent outrages, does an officer pause, and from the precedents of law excuse himself from an endeavor to go behind the emergency, seeking a rule to justify inaction, and looking to discover whether he can find a legal defence for interference? Ready and enthusiastic pluck will never stop while shells hiss destruction to the weak and unarmed, to determine the question of neutrality. Such is not the quality which makes heroes. They spring up under a higher inspiration than can be found in books or International Law—the inspiration of manhood, of an abhorrence of tyranny and cruelty. They reach out, strike, rescue and defend, and then leave to the respective governments the settlement of the *law* of the case.

It has been well and truly said by high English authority, that an officer was not fit to bear Her Majesty's commission, who was not ready at all times to act for the honor and good of his country and humanity, although his acts might be illegal, and he ran the risk of being hanged for what he had done. How many are there in the Navy who would gladly have given commission, and neck even, for the opportunity presented to John Rodgers, in April last, in the harbor of Valparaiso? How, too, an officer of his character for courage and acceptance of responsibility could have kept his fleet idle, under such a temptation, is more than we can comprehend. It is a pity, and he will confess it one of these days, that he allowed his *head* to attend in council when he offered to join the English Admiral in interfering with the Spanish bombardment. He says he had instructions "to observe a strict neutrality;" and yet he offers to "pitch in" if he can get an ally. Will he ever have such an opportunity again? The war waged against Chili is universally reprobated, is declared to be without excuse or justification, and Spain is without encouragement from any power on earth. Aye, worse than this, she is denounced as a conceited braggart, who finds antagonisms only where there is poverty of resource and population, and an entire absence of equality: a nation that knows whom to kick. Her discomfiture would be hailed with joy everywhere, and the means used to that end would be accepted with approbation by all civilized people. Wherever the news of the bombardment has reached, it is characterized as disgraceful to the age, and an exhibition of savage and puerile resentment peculiarly Spanish. Besides all this, the relation of the United States as guardian of the South American republics, and the abhorrence felt by its people for the unjust war carried on by Spain, would have made an interference by John Rodgers the most acceptable offering he could have made his countrymen. We do not ask whether the *law* is on the side of John Rodgers—whether he had the *right* to interfere, or not. This is a question outside our view of the case; we only wonder he could have *debated* with himself as to his duty in that emergency. He could have discussed all the questions when he had disposed of the Spanish squadron. He had but one of two courses to pursue—positive neutrality without reference to any other power, or interference with or without the English or French squadrons. What he offered to do with the aid of the other fleets, he should have done—failing their cooperation—by himself. If his instructions and the advice of our Minister could be violated by an offer to interfere if the French and English did, then they should have had no influence with him so far as his separate action was concerned. What was wrong in itself could not be cured by dragging allies in with him. Conscious of his ability to have opposed and beaten the whole Spanish force, after he had received the refusal of the English Admiral, he should have declared to the Spanish commander that he would interfere with all his strength to prevent the bombardment of a city where no damage would be done, comparatively speaking, except to the property of neutrals. If he had done this, no warlike shell would have exploded in the streets of that city, and free, chivalrous and independent people everywhere would not now be mortified at the spectacle of the cruel and unprovoked destruction of a city in the presence of the superior squadrons of the three great thinking and powerful nations of this Christian age.

For our part, we are sorry our squadron reached Valparaiso when it did, or that Rodgers did not boldly execute alone what he offered to do in conjunction with others. Had he done so, he might have been dismissed the navy, although we doubt it; but with the people, the world, and in history, he would have been recognized as a man who dared to consult justice rather than law; who shielded the weak and unarmed from the assaults of a strong and unscrupulous enemy, and who was merciful when the Law was cruel. In such cases, an officer of courage and sensibility will look beyond mere personal risks and considerations; he will, like a true knight, obey the impulse which tells us to succor the feeble and oppressed; he will do this, and leave his character and life to be vindicated by a civilization which abhors such an outrage as the Spaniard committed in the bay of Valparaiso.

LANGLEY'S COMMERCIAL DIRECTORY OF THE PACIFIC COAST—A compendium of business firms, statistical and notable matters of the towns and cities of California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho—we learn is receiving substantial support from the business community of the interior. The want of such a work of reference has long been felt, and we are pleased to state that the enterprise of Mr. Langley is meeting with adequate success.

AN English paper speaking of the Reform Bill, says: "The only epitaph suitable to be inscribed over its remains is one furnished by the verdict of a jury on an Irish coroner's inquest—'The child was found dead in a cabinet, having been born alive and never breathed, and it died immediately afterwards for want of proper care and assistance at the time of its birth.'"

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX'S *Drafts on My Memory* has a new *bon mot* attributed to Sydney Smith. In writing to a friend, he said: "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins—would they were once removed."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A. ROMAN & CO., Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, seem determined that our citizens shall have no reason to complain of any remissness on their part in supplying the demand for literary food. Among the works recently placed upon our table are the following:

Baked Meats of the Funeral: A Collection of Essays, Poems, Speeches, Histories, and Banquets. By Private Miles O'Reilly. New York: Carleton.

Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly") is one of those roystering, jolly souls which, somehow or other, war throws to the surface, for the purpose, we must suppose, of lessening its horrors by fun and frolic.

Campaigning is not, as a rule, the most agreeable and delightful way of employing one's self. And so soldiers are left to their own devices and resources for amusements. A life of this sort brings out every man, it develops individual qualities, and sharpens a talent for wit and fun. As one of the editors of the New York *Leader*, Halpine never displayed the extent and delicacy of humor he has done since he put on the button as an officer of the Sixty-ninth regiment.

The volume in question is a very entertaining *melange* of satire and narration. The lyric "My Strong Wakeness for Widdies," is as clever as any of Charles O'Malley's songs, and full of that expression and sentiment which form the charm of Irish lays. To all those who love keen satirical thrusts and amusing narrative and songs, we recommend *Baked Meats of the Funeral.*

Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. New York: M. Doolady.

Ada Clare is clever, although her peculiar power is perhaps best displayed in such newspaper articles as she has been accustomed to write, and by which she is known. We doubt her ability to carry a story through a volume of 336 pages, and also whether she has invention enough to construct a plot that requires so much writing to devevelop and sustain it. However, this book is interesting to one who is curious to discover how so eccentric a person as the authoress is can portray that passion and emotion which, it is fair to infer, have been the controlling influences of her life and conduct. The cursory and rapid examination we have given this book satisfies us that, as a literary performance, it is a failure.

Campaigns of a Non-Combatant, and his Romaunt Abroad during the War. By George Alfred Townsend. New York: Blelock & Co.

If any proof was wanted as to the claim of the American people to be a reading and scribbling nation, it would be abundantly found in the number of books which have been published since and during the late war—books of campaigning, war incidents, narrative and history. This volume is a record of the impressions of a civilian and war-correspondent, of the Army of the Potomac and its operations, the country and the people as he saw them, together with personal adventures; all of which unite in making it very readable and entertaining. He tells the story of the whole campaign which ended in the capture of Richmond, and tells it agreeably and well. We recommend this volume to those of our readers who, at this season of the year, at home or wandering through the country, can find a spare hour or two after dinner for reading.

Culture of the Grape. By W. C. Strong. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

When one remembers how important an element of wealth the culture of the grape is to be to California, he will thank those publishers and authors who contribute any new facts and information that are likely to aid us in our efforts to equal the old countries in the manufacture of wines and brandies. This book is written from the experience of the author, and as a practical treatise, as an instructor in the modes of planting, pruning, and training, will be found to be of great utility to all grape growers. Its description of the varieties, of itself, is worth the price of the book.

It is only by an intelligent, scientific, and practical knowledge of this subject that we can hope to place the grape among the most eminent sources of State and individual wealth. The closest reader and acutest observer among grape culturists, will be the most successful. This volume deserves to be in the hands of all those who own vineyards.

Memoir of James Louis Petigru. A Biographical sketch, by William J. Grayson. New York: Harper & Bros.

This book is printed from the MS. of Grayson, late of Charleston, S. C. It was written, as the preface informs us, during the "privations and anxieties" of the siege of that city, on scraps of old paper; and the author only completed it a few hours before his death. Independently of its agreeable style, this volume has a touching interest to all loyal men as the biography of one of the very few men of South Carolina who opposed secession, and foresaw the ruin and desolation it would produce.

Short as is this biography, it abounds in many details illustrative of the life and character of Petigru, and which fairly represent one who was no less eminent as a lawyer, than honor-

able and elevated as a man. In intellectual capacity, assiduity, and professional success, Mr. Petigru was one of the most notable men at the bar. This book will well repay perusal.

Snow-Bound—A Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a beautiful contribution to American poetical literature. To say that it will take the same place in the literature of our country that the *Deserted Village* of Goldsmith occupies in that of England, is briefly asserting the position it will hold in the minds of all cultivated people. It is a clearly, delicately drawn picture of what is within the experience of every New England citizen. Here is pictured the "ominous prophecy" of the "thickening sky" that ushers in the snow-storm. One can feel in the air

> "A chill no coat, however stout,
> Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
> A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
> That checked, mid vein, the circling race
> Of life-blood in the sharpened face."

The poet pictures the preparations about the home, and then the

> "Whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
> As zigzag wavering to and fro,
> Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow;"

and the morning scene that follows the storm:

> "No cloud above, no earth below—
> A universe of sky and snow!
> The old familiar sights of ours
> Look marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
> Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
> Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
> A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
> A fenceless drift what once was road;
> The bridle-post an old man sat
> With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
> The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
> And even the long sweep, high aloof,
> In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
> Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

The family gathering within doors,

> "While the red logs before us beat
> The post-line back with tropic heat;"

he tells with the fondness that clings about the memories of childhood, and of

> "The dear home faces whereupon
> That fitful firelight paled and shone—
> Henceforward, listen as we will,
> The voices of that hearth are still.
> * * * * * * * * *
> Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
> (Since He who knows our need is just,)
> That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
> Alas for him who never sees
> The stars shine through the cypress trees!
> Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
> Nor looks to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marbles play!
> Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
> The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own!"

We can scarcely withstand the temptation to limit our quotations to our proper space. The poet shows herein more distinctly than in any of his former works, his close alliance to nature. The poem touches the affections of the refined and the uncultured, and is clearly worthy the maturity of the poet's genius.

Ralph and other Poems. By Henry L. Abbey. Roundout: Horatio Fowks. New York: N. Tibbals, 37 Park Row.

The title of this volume would seem to imply that "Ralph" is a poem, which is very evidently a mistake. It is a very ordinary story of half a dozen pages, divided into lines of ten or twelve syllables, each line commencing with a capital letter. It begins (the italics are ours) thus:

> "How *fast*, how *calm*, how cold the snow comes down,
> Each flake *falls* like a lifeless, wee white hand
> *Laid* on a mother's breast. Ah, me! Ah, me!"

It's all about an unreasonable old lady, aged seventy, whose son, a lad of about forty, went to the war. The lad's father, "who was not always kind, ah, no! ah, no!" "hung about the tavern all the day, and steeped his soul in liquor 'till he died." She complains of being pretty cold, yet goes on in her rythmical way, without once getting tired of hearing herself talk, evidently under the impression that she is poetizing, and even ventures on politics to a certain extent: "What was the use of war? I asked Ralph that; why not adjust the law, make compromise and spare the precious blood?" etc.

The author labors under the impression that he is writing poetry when he makes this innocent, imaginative, and improbable old person say, divided into lines beginning with capitals: "I tried to get a pension but in vain. I tried to have the acres worked on shares; but men were scarce, and all the harvest through the hay remained uncut, the land untilled. The man who promised Ralph to do my work, went off to the war himself," etc.

We have looked at several of the pieces in this volume but have failed to find anything to which the word "poem" could be applied. There is some miscellaneous talk about "Seteb," "Hagi," "Adrian Avidon and the fair Estelle," "Eleanore," "Yelama," "Milicent," "Ghismond," but no poetry. Mr. Abbey has apparently read Tennyson and the "Village Voices" of Robert Buchanan, but only to prove how poorly one can imitate very good poetry.

The volume is issued by two publishers, but neither of the names strike us as familiar. The paper is cheap, the type cheaper, and the contents may be described by the superlative degree of the same adjective. On the whole, if we could persuade Mr. Abbey never to try to write any more "poems," we should consider that we had done him a favor, and would ask no expression of gratitude for it, although we might run the risk of thereby depriving the printer of a very small job.

Unto this Last. Four essays on the First Principles of Political Economy, by John Ruskin. John Wiley & Son, New York.

These papers were originally published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and they were at once assailed as false in principle and of impossible use and application. Let this be as it may, Mr. Ruskin is a man of so much ability and learning, and so vivid and eloquent in expression, although too frequently redundant in phrase, that whatever he writes will be, as it deserves to be, read. Those of us who have read his *Modern Painters* cannot hesitate to follow, whether he leads us to nursery rhymes or metaphysics—which latter, by-the-by, he professes to despise. Our author seems to desire to show, first, what wealth is, and that its acquisition is "possible only under certain moral conditions of society." We fear that Ruskin has forgotten his realism and gone head over heels into idealism. It appears as if he sees the reverse of what actually exists, for, according to prevalent ideas, the greater the roguery the greater the success. It is useless to say, read this book, because all readers will do so independent of newspaper notices.

Letters of Life. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This "is the autobiography of a woman no less reputable for her literary ability than for the graces and charms" of her true womanhood. The printing press does a good office when it gives to the world a record of so pure a life as Mrs. Sigourney's has been. No family, in which there are children to be educated, can furnish them nobler lessons of calm, religious motives and conduct, than the book in question. To those, then, who are interested in educational pursuits—whether they be parents or teachers—particularly to those who have the care and control of girls, do we recommend it.

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The following we can only mention by title at present:

The South Since the War. By Sidney Andrews. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Citoyenne Jaqueline. By Sarah Tytler. London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

Honor May Boston: Tickuor & Fields.

St. Martin's Summer. By Anne H. M. Brewster. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Thomas a Becket—A Tragedy, and Other Poems. By G. H. Hollister. Boston: W. V. Spencer.

The Idle Word. Short Religious Essays. By Edward Meyrick Goulbern, D.D. New York: Appleton & Co.

Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Boston: Loring.

Roebuck. A Novel. New York: Doolady.

The Gold Brick. By Mrs. Anne S. Stevens. Philadelphia: Peterson & Co.

Man of the World. By Wm. North. Philadelphia: Peterson & Co.

False Pride; or, Two Ways to Matrimony. Philadelphia: Peterson & Co.

Hall's Guide to the Great West. New York: Appleton & Co.

Costly Bridal Presents.—A set of emerald jewelry, valued at $75,000 in gold, has been made in New York, which is intended as a present to a Spanish bride. The *Home Journal* thus describes it:

"The set of jewels under mention, in the opinion of Paris jewellers, is the most perfect collection of emeralds in the world. They are formed into a necklace and a pair of ear-rings. The necklace is composed of fourteen perfect emeralds, each weighing five carats, and each surrounded with thirty-two diamonds, all festooned and set in silver in similar fashion to the court jewels. The necklace is adjusted in two parts in such a manner that they may be detached and each form a bracelet. The ear-rings, also made brilliant in diamonds, set in polished silver, are of the pendent style, two and a half inches in length, and consist of three emeralds each. The stone at the top of the ear-rings weighs two and a half carats; that in the centre, one carat; while the lower stone—a pearl-shaped drop—weighs seven and a half carats. Our readers will have some idea of the scarcity of such a set of gems, when we say that they are the result of twenty-five years' search in the celebrated mines of New Granada, being the choice of the products of these mines during that period.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE Forrest season at the Opera House is proving the most successful one, both in a histrionic and monetary point of view, that has ever been known in this city. All the seats in the dress circle, and most of those in the parquette, have been engaged for days in advance of each performance during the past week; although Mr. Forrest has only appeared in the parts which he played during the two previous weeks, with the exception of last evening, when he produced *Macbeth* for the first time. The masterly manner in which Mr. Forrest personates the characters of "Virginius," "Richelieu," "Damon," and "Lear"—the plays respectively performed during the first four nights of the present week—has been freely admitted by both the press and the public, and has won from both a more exalted opinion than that which he enjoyed before witnessing his tragic delineations. Thousands who have not seen Mr. Forrest for the last fifteen years, who held his reputation as a great actor in a somewhat equivocal balance, admitting that his triumphs were marred by those excesses of style that were the faults of his acting in his earlier years. But seeing is believing, as the old adage has it, and there is no other profession in which the qualities of its votaries are so quickly gauged as that of the actor. The great improvement in the style and manner of his readings, the impress of mental culture in subduing the strongly-marked physical extravagances of his earlier characterizations, have gained for him a reputation which should outweigh, as far as the results of his Pacific coast trip are concerned, all other considerations. It is freely conceded that Mr. Forrest's representations of these grand characters exhibit a great intellectual improvement; that they are mellowed and ripened by age and study; and that he ranks to-day as the best living personator of the great tragic characters of the drama.

The early hour that our paper goes to press will not permit us to speak of last night's performance of "Macbeth."

This afternoon and evening: *The Three Guardsmen*, Mr. McCullough appearing as "D' Artignon."

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday: *The Broker of Bogata.* Thursday: *Macbeth.* Friday: *Othello.*

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Mrs. Sedley Brown is to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit to-night at the Metropolitan. Let it be a bumper, for the lady is deserving of it. Mrs. Brown, as manageress, has not had a successful season; but, on the contrary, has lost heavily—not from inefficiency of management, but because of the great attraction at the rival theatre. It was ill-advised to attempt to stem the Forrest current with only the counter-attraction of a stock company. The bill presents a new transformation extravaganza, under the taking title of *Hocus Pocus;* or, *The Magic Egg.* May it prove a golden one to the lady for whose benefit it is to be produced.

—

Mr. George Felix Benkert's first concert will be given at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening next. Mr. Benkert has the reputation of being a superior pianiss, and an excellent musician. He has secured the able assistance of Signorina Brambilla, Madame Lizzie Northrup, and others; Mr. Herold will act as a director. There has been a dearth of concerts lately, and the attractions presented for this one should fill the Academy on Thursday evening.

—

Dr. Benton, believing that our citizens may possibly enjoy a sensation somewhat differing from that produced by street killing and suicide, announces an exhibition at Platt's Hall this evening of the ludicrous effects of laughing gas.

Different Constitutions.—Some years ago a lot of city tourists were wandering over Scotland. One rainy night a poor fellow got wet, tired, and benighted, sat down by the roadside, and there died of fatigue and exposure. The hardship was very great to a town-bred man. The story was told in the papers, and came to the ears of a Highland keeper. "Weel, weel," he said, "I canna understand that. I was oot watchin' the river mysel' yon nicht, and it was kind o' weet, but fine and warm. I was tired, and I lay doon, and, though I should have keepit awake, I just sleepit. Weel, when I wakened about six o'clock, the water had come two inches up my side where I lay in the shough. I was kind o' cold and stiff-like, but I took a rin and warmed myself, and then I came over the hull to my own house and got my breakfast. I canna understand how the man died; he must have been ill some other way surely.—*Rough Nights' Quarters, by One of the People who have Roughed it.*

A very funny man in Greenfield, Massachusetts, signally failed once in the description of a book he put up in selling a library at auction. He hadn't read very much in books, Robbins hadn't, but scanned the titles, trusted to luck, and went ahead: "Here you have Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Now, how much am I offered for it? How much do I hear for the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan? It's a first-rate book, gentlemen, with six superior illustrations; how much do I hear? All about the Pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, an' what they done after they landed! Here's a picter of one of 'em going about Plymouth peddlin', with a pack on his back."

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 87, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railrond and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 1 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 51 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel.

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
Proprietor.

fe6-3m

THE PACIFIC

INSURANCE COMPANY,

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TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. fe5-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

WHO WANTS

Profitable Employment

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PARTIES desirous of getting into OLD-ESTABLISHED BUSINESS CONCERNS, either as Partners or Sole Proprietors in Mercantile, Manufacturing, Trading, or any kind of business in city or country, can do so by applying at my office.

Men desiring profitable situations in business houses, with MONEY TO LOAN on satisfactory security, can secure such appointments.

Partnerships negotiated, where large or small capital is required.

Business Interests sold quickly for cash.

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A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

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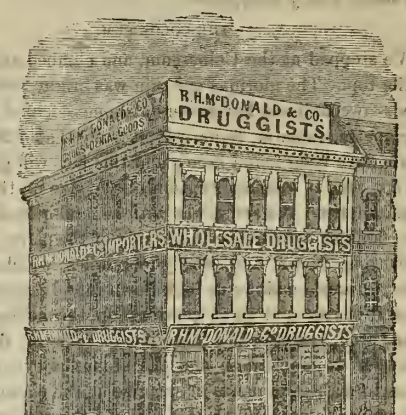
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LETTER FROM ROME.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Springfield Republican* writing from Rome, says :

We have been out for my dearest drive ; past the Forum and Colosseum, and along the old Appian way to the new, with the ancient tombs in sight, the Claudian aqueduct and the silent, sunny Campagna.

THE COLOSSEUM.

We stopped at the Colosseum, and climbed up all the stairs to the top. The glorious old ruin was bright with blossoming weeds—weeds here, but flowers at home—fennel and vervain, mignonette, fumaria, ferns. It it said that 420 species of plants have been found here ; and this fact will give one who has not seen it some conception of the size of this enormous amphitheatre. An artist was with us, and helped me with his more familiar eyes to see the beauty of the place, pointing out enchanting views, and weedy loop-holes which themselves were pictures—making us look down into dungeons and cages for wild beasts, and up at carvings on the ceiling of an entrance arch, rosettes like those inside some of the triumphal arches of Rome ; these and the stones above, so delicately cut as to make one pause in surprise at the elaborateness and uniformity of work which this little fragment hints at as having been spread over the whole building ; it is like the one fish-bone of Agassiz. Oh, but to see the great feathery leaves, and golden torches of wall flower, waving atop of the tall arches ; and the daisies, moss, and violets, nestling in every rent which time or man's cupidity had made ; nature laying her sweet hand of pity on the wound, and more than healing it ; and quite up against the sky, mignonette spreading and blossoming on the stones ; nothing higher except heaven, and the lark that was singing, circling over us.

We looked down into the dizzy depth and width of the amphitheatre, where on public days 87,000 Romans had sat feasting their eyes upon the death struggles of Christian martyrs, and their ears upon the death howls of thousands of wild beasts, 5000 slain in the opening week alone. Now only a butterfly or two flutters across the arena, and violets blossom at the foot of the tall cross which rises where the martyrs' blood was shed. At the top, we can still find a few of the curious tent-props, like brackets in the wall ; but modern ingenuity has failed to devise any means of stretching across the acres of canvas which would be required to cover the seats ; its own weight bears it down to the ground. It is curious, where the outer coating of stone is broken away, to see the architectural fragments that have been filled into the wall, showing that even ancient Rome was rich in the antiquities of a more ancient Rome ; for this old pile was built by the captive Jews, it is believed, in the time of Titus, nearly as far back as the Christian era.

Seated up here in the air, on the base of a broken column almost 2,000 years old, we looked down upon the glory of Rome as it is, and thought of the glory which had departed, of the palaces and baths miles wide, glittering with gilding and populous with statues, statues whose beauty makes the finest work of modern art seem as naught. Close by were the beautiful ruins of the Forum, with those few exquisite fluted columns which have become the whole world's model for symmetry ; and there were the Temple of Peace, and of Venus and Rome, with their majestic arches, three within a stone's throw of each other ; and there were the triumphal arches of white marble, built for emperors whose exploits have become mere legend. Time, which has strained and hacked the bas-reliefs upon these arches, and swept away their statues, has left them still richer and grander than any others on the round earth of to-day.

On a hill beyond the Forum rose the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars : from our perch we could realize as never before their huge dimensions, and between these and an eminence at the left was as lovely a landscape as ever artist put upon canvass ; the artist beside us demurred that its sky line was too straight. We saw the quaint old pyramid of Caius Cestus and the Protestant cemetery with its cypress trees, an arch and two of the Claudian aqueducts, and the sea-like Campagna, which last means always sunshine, quiet and color. We could not resist the enticement of these green fields, and clambered down the steep stairs, of which a Dutch friend remarked gravely, "I tink vat ve Roman peoples made higher legs van ve, because those steps in the Colosseum vey are so vewy high."

TO THE NEW APPIAN WAY.

We drove through the arch of Titus, glancing, as we passed, at the inner bas-relief, with its candlestick, modelled from that very Jewish one upon which His eyes had rested, who was Himself a Lamp to light the world. Along the Via Sacra, where Horace loved to walk, and out of the city at last through the gates of San Sebastiano, and the picturesque old arch of Drusus, verdant with vines and weeds, the oldest of all the triumphal arches in Rome. Leaving our carriage for a walk, we strolled along the old Appian way, picking the daisies which blossomed among its tombs and broken temples, and our whole souls steeped in its serenest sunshine. Rows of picturesquely dressed peasants, in their pointed hats, were at work in the fields, and now and then a lark would rise trilling into the air, his voice a very echo of Shelley's song, "Art thou bird or spirit ? Bird thou never wert." It is the most ethereal sound, as if a note of music had dropped down from heaven, and taking bodily shape, hung trilling in the air, too lost to find its way back, too ethereal to descend.

Taking a cross road to the new Appian way, we had the Alban hills in sight, all violet beneath, and sun-lit snow above, and, distant as they were, the bright light showed us all the little towns and convents strewn along their heights and hollows, Albano, Frascati, and the rest, like handfuls of white shells. Linking the hills to the city, and stretching all across the sunshine of the Campagna, was the long broken line of arches which remain of the Claudian aqueduct, tall arches hung with ivy, gilt with sunshine, or soft with shadow, and each having some glimpse of the hills, or else the pure bright blue light of this Roman sky which is very Heaven. We drove home, feasting all the way upon the rare old weedy arches, crumbling into a loveliness which they never could have shown in their prime. As we neared the city, the noble front of St. John Lateran greeted us, with its pillars and statues, a worthy entrance to the bishopric of one who accounts himself the world's high priest. The church within is in poorer taste, but this does not matter to us, as we hurry past to the Colosseum again, admiring its rows of beautiful columns, and sighing over the rents and bruises which have been made in digging out its iron fastenings ; for the stones were laid together closely, without mortar, and rivetted with iron or bronze. "Look in, look in, every arch is a picture !" exclaimed the artist ; "and look at the sunshine—it is not sunshine, it is gilding, it's go-o-ld," with that lingering on the vowels which Italians use.

We passed the strange old temple of Antoninus and Faustina, a bridge midway across its columns, to admit one into the Catholic church with which the heathen temple has become incorporated. We passed the column and forum of Trajan, and the column of Marcus Antoninus, to which I always bow in passing, for he is my hero in history, and then to the Hotel de Rome, our winter-home, and the most home-like, cleanly, agreeable, the best hotel which we have found in Europe. But see what an afternoon !

PERFUMES AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE Romans, in the art of perfumery, as in almost every other art but that of war, were the copyists of the Greeks. It was long, indeed, before the effeminating and luxurious fashions of the latter made progress among them, and, when they did, it was more in the decline of their power than in their rising greatness. Nevertheless, among the upper classes and the refined, their use was largely resorted to. In their baths and dining chambers the richest and most costly perfumes were abundant. Three kinds were principally used—solid unguents, liquid unguents, and powdered perfumes. One of those most in favor with the Romans was saffron ; they had not only their apartments and banqueting halls strewed with this plant, but they also composed with it unguents and essences, which were highly prized. Some of the latter were often made to flow in small streams at their entertainments, or to descend in odorous dews over the public, from the valarium forming the roof of the amphitheatre. In addition to their liquid essences and unguents, they also made use of an immense variety of cosmetics for improving and preserving the complexion. These, according to Pliny, who describes their preparation, were certain kinds of pastes and poultices, that were kept on the face all night and part of the day ; some, indeed, only removed them for the purpose of going out, alluded to by Juvenal, in one of his satires, where he says : "A Roman husband seldom sees his wife's face at home, but when she sallies forth." Another device, besides poulticing, was tried by Poppæa, the wife of Nero, "who used to bathe in asses' milk every day, and, when she was exiled from Rome, obtained permission to take with her fifty asses, to enable her to continue her favorite ablutions.

The Druids knew, and highly prized the many aromatic plants indigenous to the soil. Druidesses crowned their brows with verbena, and composed, with fragrant herbs, mysterious balms which cured the heroes' wounds and enhanced the charms of the fair. The Roman conquest introduced the graceful costumes and elaborate cosmetics of Italy, and the provinces soon rivalled the metropolis in elegance and refinement. Barbarism, however, again supervened, and perfumes did not come into general use in England until the reign of Elizabeth. In the fifteenth year of her reign, the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things, and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves. She took such pleasure in these gloves that she was pictured with them on her hands, and for many years afterward it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume. On another occasion, when visiting the University of Cambridge, she was presented with a pair of perfumed gloves, and was so delighted with them that she put them on at once. She, also, usually carried with her a pomander, which was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes, and with the gift of "faire gyrdle of pomander," which was a series of pomanders strung together and worn around the neck. These pomanders were supposed to be preservators from infection.—*Philadelphia Transcript.*

BLUNDERS.—A writer in the *Round Table* says : "A distinguished English scholar has said that he knew but three of his countrymen who spoke their native language with uniform grammatical accuracy. I fear that a careful examination would prove these statements almost literally true. Goldsmith says : 'The Greeks, fearing to be surrounded on all sides, wheeled about and halted, *with the river on their backs.*' Not to mention the tautology, what a drenching they must have received ! The elder Disraeli informs us that 'the beaux of that day used the abominable art of painting their faces, *as well as their women.*' Swift writes in his *Gulliver's Travels :* 'It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to Traldragdubh, or Trildrogdrih, for it is pronounced both ways, as near as I can remember, *by a party of ten horse.*' Truly, a strong memory—ten horse power ! Or does he mean that the words were so hard that it required a party of ten horse to pronounce them ? Even Hallam, in his *History of Literature,* makes the following ridiculous statement : 'No one has as yet exhibited the structure of the *human kidneys,* Vesalius having only examined them *in dogs.*' "

"AN eminent and witty prelate was asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his grace ; "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in his gig. He drives it first."

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK.—Wars, national resources, political contests, religious conventions, amusements, the Central Park, its swans, gondolas, etc., have been discussed—this letter is of the "Mysteries of New York." In the car, steamboat, saloon, parlor, at dinner, in the street, everywhere do I hear some story with relation to, or an inquiry as to the meaning of those mythical words, posted, printed, and advertised wherever I go :

S. T.—1860.—X.

accompanied with a crescent and a shepherd's hook. A secession sympathizer said it was : "Satan Triumphed in 1860 in granting the Xpectation of Abolitionists ;" while a Republican said it was : "Stump Tail Democrats of 1860, gone to Texas ;" another, "To the State-Taxes of 1860 add ten (X) dollars ;" another, that they were the watch-words of some secret society, like "Sons of Tecumchia are 1860 Strong," or "Seward Tricksters of 1860 Used Up," etc., etc Well, your correspondent was ill—had been ill for a long time—in fact, his late suppers had given him a horrid dyspepsia. He read the advertisements, and of course bought a bottle of Plantation Bitters ; the Bitters cured him, and on the bottle appeared those same cabalistic letters : S. T.—1860.—X. I travelled straight for 21 Park Row, introduced myself to the celebrated Dr. Drake, and was shown the elephant—tusks, S. T. and all—and a great institution it is. A six story building in Dey street, from cellar to garret, is occupied as a laboratory for producing this single medicine. Some forty persons are employed ; several vats, holding six thousand gallons each, are filled with roots, herbs, and material, and then soaked in water, and the expression preserved in pure St. Croix Rum. I here saw the bags, boxes, and bales of Calisaya Bark, Wintergreen, and other material—and the original St. Croix Rum puncheons bearing the Custom-house brand. It seemed that medicine could here be turned out to supply a world of invalids—yet these gentlemen are unable to fill their orders for Plantation Bitters alone. I was shown many certificates of extraordinary cures effected by these Bitters. The statistics of the medicine business as presented to the last Congress in the report of Mr. D. S. Barnes are enormous and startling, amounting to some six million dollars annually. The proprietors of these Bitters will pay Uncle Sam near fifty thousand dollars for stamps this year ! * * * * J. H.

UNLOCKING THE ROCKS.—The great cost of silver and gold arises not so much from their scarcity in the earth, as the difficulty of extracting them from their stony combinations. Dr. J. C. Ayer, the well known chemist of Massachusetts, has cut this gordian knot. After having merited and received the gratitude of half mankind, by his remedies that cure their diseases, he is now winning the other half, by opening for them an easy road to the exhaustless treasures of the hills. He has discovered and published a chemical process, which renders, at little cost, the hardest rocks and ores friable like chalk, so that the precious metals are loosed from their confinement, and easily gathered. Mines too poor to pay may be worked at a profit now, and the yield of rich mines is largely increased, while the cost of extracting the metals from the ore is diminished. Either is a great achievement, to enrich mankind, or cure their diseases. But we are informed our celebrated countryman adheres to the latter, as his speciality and chief ambition.—*Buffalo Sentinel.* *

MIDDLETONS' NATIONAL OIL PORTRAITS consist of portraits o Washington, Martha Washington, Lincoln, Clay, Jackson, Webster, Douglas, Grant, and Sherman, imprinted on canvas by the newly invented process of Mr. E. C. Middleton, of Cincinnati, in such a manner as to be faithful counterparts of oil paintings. As works of art, they are peculiarly appropriate, as well as patriotic, for parlor ornaments ; and, as portraits, their accuracy and fidelity are attested by Edward Everett, Senator Richardson, Speaker Colfax, Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Daniel Webster, Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, Mrs. General Grant, Mrs. General Sherman, and scores of others. These portraits are on exhibition at the salesroom of John Middleton & Son of this city. Mr. D. Warren Smith has been appointed special agent for the soliciting of subscriptions. *

"THE Human Face Divine" should be the point by which beauty reaps its reward, and it should be dressed with that first of all toilet dressings—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists. *

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to alluy inflammatiou, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaiuing a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera siugers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedeutury habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spaviu, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Straius, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other c7m

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent argumeuts to employ in dealiug with the affairs of any Insurauce Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mutual,' made up to the first of February instaut, is published in this paper, and the results manifested upon it are well worthy of consideration. Iu the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of	$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is	1,083,565 34
The total iucome of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of	1,003,199 24
The full disbursemeuts for 1860, were	1,540,130 63
Number of policies issued Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over double the amount, viz.	31,394,407 00

All approving commeut seems bald in the presence of the truly eloqnent figures presented by the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can be more complete for any finnncial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurance has been heard of on the American Continent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutual' of New York, stand out preeminent. Many successful moderu companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to us incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) dnring the last four years, to the amount of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to be paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster und W. L. Haven, who were both killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to be paid about $1,200 for accrned dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid.* The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life und Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

DR. BOURNE: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Beldnke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's, 646 Sacramento street.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
de9 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. *J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.*
Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Forty second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Col. Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
je2 4m NEW YORK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to
SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES,
and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.
Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*

GUSTAVE A. SCOTT,
(Organist of Cavalry Church,)
TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Residence, "Miel Institute," 55 and 56 South Park.

Class Lessons every day, from 3 till 8 P. M. Terms, $6 per month.
Private Lessons at the Institute or Pupils' Residence, at the usual prices. ja30

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 261 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24 1m

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL.—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. my5 3m

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK  HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - MARCH 3

BY

McGANN & CO.,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

THE NORTH BRITISH AND
MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

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WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *AJAX, PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Honolulu, Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar26 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25 tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

AYER'S
AGUE CURE,



FOR THE SPEEDY AND Certain Cure of Intermittent Fever, or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Ague medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
my26 2m and all Dealers.

DRY GOODS.

BARGAINS

IN

BLACK SILKS! And still a FEW DRESSES LEFT OF THAT BEAUTIFUL AND MUCH-ADMIRED DRESS GOODS,

"*SUNBURST!*"

S. MOSGROVE,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
my23 tf

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,



530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 18,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. mar15 3m

COME AND SEE ME!



DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED TO THE
CORNER KEARNY AND CALIFORNIA STS.
Where he will be pleased to see all old friends, and plenty of new ones. Every variety of Dental Operations performed in the best manner, and at prices that shall suit all persons. ☞ ENTRANCE ON CALIFORNIA SREET. ap28-3m

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - - Petaluma.
mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 and 528 Washington-st.
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 and 202 Montgomery street,
Corner of Bush, - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison.)

Printers and Electrotypers,
413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome.)
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.

Stamps of all kinds made to order.

Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. fe3 3m

SMOKE !

THE PATENT

RUSSIAN



CIGARETTES,

MANUFACTURED BY

GIBB & STAHL,
120 *KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.*
☞ For sale at all Cigar Stores. ap28 3m

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED,
mar10 3m SAMUEL WHITE.

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my5 3m THOMAS MOONEY, President.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes. If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

GREAT ATTRACTION!

THE FASHIONS ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE *Spring of* 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashions.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

GO TO HIS STORE FOR A HAT,

No. 220 *Montgomery street,*

and get something that is new. mar22-3m

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

Manufactured by Little & Co.; sold by

CHAS. E. HINCKLEY & CO.,

Chemists and Druggists,

Southeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets,

ap21-1m San Francisco.

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

TERMS FOR 1866.

For any one of the Reviews, per annum	$4
For any two of the Reviews, per annum	7
For any three of the Reviews, per annum	10
For all four of the Reviews, per annum	12
For Blackwood's Magazine, per annum	4
For Blackwood and one Review, per annum	7
Blackwood and any two of the Reviews, per an.	10
Blackwood and three of the Reviews, per annum.	13
Blackwood and the four Reviews, per annum	15

CLUBS.

A discount of *twenty per cent.* will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus, four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to *one address* for $12 80. Four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood, for $18, and so on.

POSTAGE.

When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the Union will be but *Twenty-four Cents* a year for Blackwood, and but *Eight Cents* a year for each of the Reviews.

REDUCED PRICES FOR PREVIOUS YEARS.

Subscribers may obtain the Reprints immediately preceding 1866, as follows, viz:

Blackwood from September, 1861, to December, 1865, inclusive, at the rate of $2 50 a year.

The North British from January, 1865, to December, 1865, inclusive; the Edinburgh and the Westminster from April, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, and the London Quarterly for the year 1865, at the rate of $1 50 a year for each or any Review.

A few copies yet remain of all the Four Reviews for 1863 at $1 a pot, or $1 50 for any one.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
38 Walker street, New York.

VINCENT'S COLD PREVENTIVE.

A Sure Cure

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS DYSPEPSIA, CONSUMPTION, NIGHT SWEATS, AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle,

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24-3m

OCCIDENTAL HOMESTEAD Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,

Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,

my19 3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

ja1 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,

Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

GEO. P. KIMBALL & CO.,

Carriage Manufacturers,



CORNER MARKET AND FOURTH STREETS,

San Francisco.

GEORGE P. KIMBALL.....W. H. KNIGHT.

We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B. Kimball's Patent Goose Neck Trucks on hand.

mar3 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, JUNE 2, 1866.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

Mr. John McCullough,

SUPPORTED BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY, will appear in the play entitled

The Three Guardsmen.

NEXT WEEK:

EDWIN FORREST

WILL PLAY

THE BROKER OF BOGATA,
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY
MACBETH, - - - - - - - THURSDAY
OTHELLO, - - - - - - - - FRIDAY

Reserved Seats.....$1 50
Dress Circle and Parquet..... 1 00
Upper Circle..... 50

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD

For Excitement and Fun!

DR. H. A. BENTON
will assist them, by an exhibition of

Laughing Gas, Pscychology,

MESMERISM, ETC.,
AT PLATT'S HALL, for a few evenings, commencing
SATURDAY EVENING.....JUNE 2,
Admittance, 50 cents; Children, 25 cents.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

LOW PRICES
IN
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
AT
WARD'S SHIRT STORES,
323 MONTGOMERY STREET,
AND CORNER OF MARKET AND THIRD STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

P. S.—Printed directions for self-measurement for Shirts and Price Lists of Goods sent free by mail.
ap21 3m

SPRING MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE BOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
my19 1m SAN FRANCISCO

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

GEO. FELIX BENKERT'S

FIRST

GRAND CONCERT,

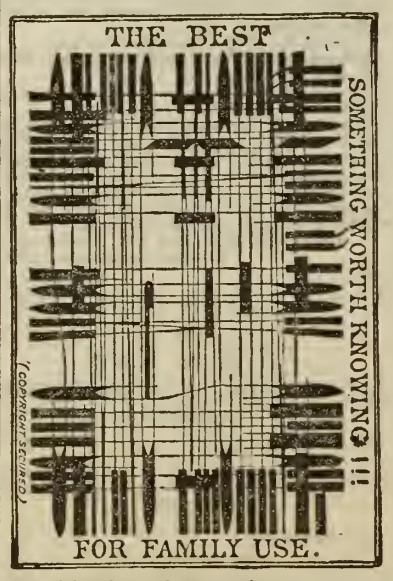
ON

Thursday Evening, June 7th,

On which occasion he will be assisted by
SIGNORINA ELVIRA BRAMBILLA,
MADAM LIZZIE NORTHRUP,
MR. F. BUCH, (Violin,)
MR. A. DESVACHEZ, (Violoncello,)
AND
MR. RUDOLPH HEROLD.....Director.

Concert to commence at precisely 8 o'clock.

Tickets of Admission.....One Dollar.
Reserved seats, fifty cents extra.
Can be secured three days before the Concert, at the Box Office of the Academy.



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

NEW BOOKS, JUST RECEIVED
AT
A. Roman & Co.'s.

Ænone—A Tale of Slave Life in Rome.
The Queen Mother and Rosamond. By Swinburne.
May and December. By Mrs. Hubbard.
The Gold Brick. By Mrs. Ann H. Stephens.
Leighton Court. By Charles Kingsley.
Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare.
The Toilers of the Sea. By Victor Hugo.
The Adventures of Reuben Davidger.
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THE FIRST DAY OF JULY NEXT,

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[For the Californian.]

FORBIDDEN.

THERE flows a river by my very door,
Oft times I wander by this silvery stream;
Delightful blossoms flutter on its shore,
And when they bloom—I dream.

It feeds the frail bud trembling on its brink,
I am a-hunger—and its waves are bread;
The chaffering birds dip thanklessly, and drink,
I thirst, while they are fed.

I never cull the simplest leaf nor flower,
Though day by day they call with odorous speech;
Though flaming petals woo me every hour,
Tempting my wishful reach.

My brain is aching with the wildest pain,
A blissful balm goes rippling by my side;
But the cool waters murmur all in vain,
All vainly calls the tide.

Upon its banks the softest mosses grow,
My feet are sore, and weary is my breast;
Rest at my very feet! and yet to know
I never may find rest.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5, 1866. EMILIE LAWSON.

MRS. BROWN LOSES A DOG.

I DID say as I never would have a dog for to darken my doors, but when Mrs. Brown brought it in I must say I never see such a beauty, as is called Sikey, though its wrote on the collar "Physic," as plain as can be, but I suppose that's what it is in French, where it come from.

I never see a lovelier coat than the creetur had got, as soft as silk, with a eye as seemed for to beam on you, as the sayin' is. I never did see such a dog in a house; no trouble no ways, exept a nasty 'abit of gnawin' things, as I very soon cured it on.

I'm sure that dog know'd what I was a thinkin' about, with a temper like a lamb, or else our cat never would have took to it as she did, though a mother herself through me 'avin' saved two beautiful kittens, one a tabby and the other a black, as is both promised, for parties as knows me is glad to have a cat out of my house.

I'm sure the way as that dog took to them kittens if he'd been their own uncle he couldn't have been kinder, though at times more free than welcome, as the sayin' is, through a takin' them out of the basket whenever the mother had turned her back, as was a good mother I must say.

Brown was always at me about not overfeedin' that dog, and I'm sure I never did, not as he were a greedy dog, nor ever touched the cat's dinner, as I considers honorable, and might make many a Christian blush, as I've knowed take mean advantages at my own table in helpin' theirselves to the best, a-thinkin' me to be unawares.

The trouble as I took with washin' and combin' that dog nobody wouldn't believe; he knowed Friday by his instinct, and would hide in the copper-hole, for I must say as I did take a pride in his coat, as shone like silver, and not a tangle in it, and wouldn't have trusted him to our Liza, as is too hasty in her ways.

Well, I must say as I was anxious about the animal, for Brown was a-talkin' constant about that dog bein' lost, "For," says he, "there money in him." I says, "Well, then, if he should be lost through my fault I'll find him."

I don't think it was three weeks after as I'd said it when one day I wanted to go as far as the Wandsworth-road, and took the dog with me, through a-thinkin' as the poor thing were a pinin' for exercise.

I'm sure I can't a-bear lookin' after a dog, for turnin' round constant don't suit me, but I'd had it out once or twice quite safe, and so hadn't no fears, and certainly he followed beautiful, till all of a minute I looked round and he was gone. I stared again, for I thought he must have flowed away, and then I says to myself, "He's been and run into a shop or somewheres." So I stops and calls "Sikey, Sikey," till parties asked me what I'd lost, and one young chap with his impudence told me I'd better whistle for him. I'm sure I was up and down that road two good hours, but not a vestment of him could I see, and as it was a-gettiu' dusk I give him up. I could have cried when I got home, and Brown was put out, for we really felt quite lonesome without the poor thing.

I says, "I'll have bills and offer five shillins reward." He says, "Don't be a fool, you'll never get him back for five pounds."

I says, "If I know'd he was that valuable, he never should have moved but with a collar and string."

Well, there, he was gone more than ten days when I was a-mentionin' of my loss to Mr. Rawlinson, as keeps the "Risin' Sun," as says to me, "Why ever don't you apply to the bishop for him."

I says, "What's the bishop got to do with lost dogs?" "Oh," he says, "everythin.' Why, bless you, he's got Acts of Parliaments for 'em, and there ain't a dog-stealer in London as don't quake at his name."

I says, "Wherever is he to be found, bless him?" Says he, "In Bond street, that's where he's bishop of.

I says, "Oh, indeed; but," I says, "won't it be a liberty in me for to go and speak to a bishop about my dog, as is unbeknown to his lordship?" He says, "Not at all."

"I says, "What's the number?" Says he, "Ask any one when you gets there, everybody knows him and every one looks up to him." I says, "I'm there the first thing to-morrow."

I didn't say nothin' to Brown, through wantin' for to surprise him in bringin' the dog back with me, but off I went by the West-end 'bus, as put me down in Piccadilly, and soon found my way to Bond street, as I walks up till I meets a policeman, as I asked for to direct me to the bishop's. "Bishop of what?" says he.

"Why, of Bond street, of course," says I. "Oh," he says, "there it is, and him a-standin' in the doorway."

A noble figger with a apron on like the driven snow, as I've heerd say bishops always wears. Of all the kind parties as ever I see he was the kindest. He felt for me like a father over that dog.

"Ah," he says, "my dear, I've had losses myself, heavy losses; but," he says, "I'll try and help you. Walk in," says he.

I did walk in, as is noble premises, and the guns all about the place, as, of course, is a terror to them dog-stealers. Well, he showed me his dogs as is picters, and told me how he'd lost a hangel through a fancy old maid a-takin' it into her head as it was a rabbit, and had it destroyed.

She must have been a fool I should say, and wanted lockin' up herself, as nobody wouldn't be safe with; but with all his kindness he wasn't able to throw no lights over my dog. So I says, "I turns you many thanks for you kindness; for," I says, "kind you are and a feelin' heart," for I could see as tears was a comin' into his eyes when he spoke of his loss; and, bless you, the place full of the very first lords in the land, as he showed me hisself a duke as he nuss'd a babby, and pr'aps 've christened, not as he carries on the bishop now through havin' retired, but he's a noble-'arted man as ever I see.

I was a-goin' home with a 'eavy 'art, and a-walkin' slow down Parliament street for the 'bus to overtake me, when what should I see in a man's arms but the very dog itself.

Well, just as I come up he puts it down for to light his pipe. I gives a chirrup like for to make sure as it were the dog. The animal looked up and know'd me. I pouuces on him and ketches hold of his neck.

"Let my dog alone," says the fellow, a-scowlin' at me. "Shan't," says I, "it ain't your dog."

"It is," says he. "You're a falsehood," says I, "for it's mine."

Well, I'd got the dog that tight as he couldn't jerk it out of my hand, and there was plenty of people a-passin' as stopped.

"What's the row?" says a fellar. "Why, this old female's tryin' to grab my dog," says the other.

"And she's a-goin' to grab it, too," says I. "Are you?" says he.

"Yes," says I, "and here's the police," and up one come in the very nick. I says, "Policeman, this is my dog as I lost last Thursday week in the Wandsworth Road, as this fellar has got." The man says, "Who are you a-calling a fellar? I tell you this dog is the property of a gentleman in St. John's Wood as lost it on Friday, and I've got it back for him.

I says, "Policeman, it's all lies," I says, "I'll swear to the dog." I says, "My name is Brown, I'll give you my address."

So he wrote it down, and asks the man the gentlemau's address in St. John's Wood, as he said he'd forgot, but know'd the house. Says the policeman, "Walker."

If you'd seen them two fellars step it at that you'd 'ave smiled, as was reg'lar roughs, and that dog got that dirty as I don't think any one would have know'd him with a bit of rope round his throat, as had been evidently tied up. I was that pleased as to 'ave a cab, and so got home just before Brown, and to see that dog jump over him when he come in, it was for all the world like a Christian, and I do believe as the cat was as glad to see him back as any of us.

About a day or two after up comes a brougham to the door, and out gets a young lady, leastways she was dressed handsome, but when she opened her mouth she spilt it all through her talkin' that loud, with her face painted and floured up, as I could see though she did keep her wail down, as I considers rude in speakin' to any one. So she bouuces up to the door and says, "I want to see Mrs. Brown." I says, "By all means," through beiu' at the parlor door. I says, "Walk in."

She says, "I've called about that dog" "What dog?" says I.

"The one you claimed on Monday in Parliament street," she says; "it's mine." I says, "Beggin' your pardon, it ain't."

She says, "A friend of mine gave it me on Saturday; he paid five pounds for it, and it was stolen before three o'clock the same day. The poor man you met with it was bringing it home to me when you took it from him." I says, "A poor man he may be, but he's a thief, for he's robbed you as well as me. Why," I says "how could he know about the dog bein' yourn in the time?"

"Oh," she says, "my friend sent a red-coat man down from the club into Westminster Saturday night to ferret it out, and he came and told me he was on the track Sunday mornin'." "Well," I says, "tracks on a Sunday may be all very well for them as likes 'em, but that man is a thief, tracks or no tracks."

"Come," she says, "Mrs. Brown, you're a dear jolly old soul, you'll let me have the dog." "Not if I kuows it," says I.

"What will you take for him?" "Nothin'," says I.

"Then," she says, "I'll summons you and make you give it up. You call people thieves, look at home," she says. "Now," I says, "my good girl, you keep a civil tongue in your head, and take yourself off, or I'll have a policeman in, for I do believe you're one of the gang."

She bounced out of the place a-wowin' wengeance, as I says, "Let her have, but she don't get that dog for all her impudence, as is no doubt one of a gang of swindlers, as goes dashin' about dressed up for to take parties in, but I ain't such a fool as I looks, as the sayin' is, and if they gets hold on Sikey agin they may keep it."—*London Fun.*

THE LAST BANQUET OF THE GIRONDISTS.

IT has been truly said that the romances of history surpass those of fiction. An instance of this, among a hundred others during the first French revolution, is afforded in the banquet of the Girondists on the night before their execution. It has always, in my estimation, (says a writer in the *Citizen*,) stood forth as a pleasant and exceedingly interesting, though mournful, incident amidst the wild surges of that terrible time.

The Girondists, having for a time been the most powerful, as they ever were the most intellectual, party in the convention, had been gradually subverted by their implacable foes, the Jacobins, headed by Robespierre, and at length, on May 31, 1793, the latter, having invoked the aid of the *canaille* and *sans culottes*, made a demand for their arrest. It was successful, and though forewarned of the impending danger, many made their escape into the country, yet forty-one, and among them the ablest, were seized and consigned to imprisonment, in a portion of the old Carmelite convent near the center of Paris. Its walls still retain the memorials of their illustrious inmates, fresh as on the day when they went forth to their doom. Inscribed with knives and pencils, or traced in letters formed with their own blood, may still be read by the curious eye their last sentiments, generally expressed in words of ancient and favorite authors, as combining the utterance of their own patriotic ideas with their veneration for antiquity. There still live in vivid letters the constancy of Vergniaud, the boldness of Gensonne, the energy of Duchatel, the gentleness of Fauchet, the vivacity of Fonfrede and Ducos, the martial fire of Sillery and Velaze, the heroism of all. Five months elapsed before their persecutors ventured on their trial. Some time was needful to accustom the people to their absence from the public deliberations and pave the way to their ultimate disposal. That weary captivity witnessed a return to the souls of the prisoners of all the true manhood and nobility that gilded the early days of their public life, before contact with baser minds had eclipsed their brightness and stained their glory. Theirs were souls which adversity, more than prosperity, ennobles, as gold tarnishes in a stagnant atmosphere, but grows brighter by attrition. Patriotism and love of liberty, which were their religion, lent them consolation, and from the darkness of the present they turned, alas! not to the prospect of a better future—that they had never taught themselves to do—but to the virtuous theories of the past; the hopes of a Utopia wherewith they once believed this sorrow-laden world, or, at least, their own beloved France, would be blessed. It was age revelling in the visions of youth; it was the mourner recalling the pleasant dreams from which he has altogether too soon awaked to sorrow.

At length, on October 23d, they were summoned before the revolutionary tribunal. At the bar of that court death-warrants were sealed before trial. The farce of justice continued until the 30th, and few of the accused anticipated an acquittal or deigned a defence. On the final announcement of their fate, Velaze drove a poignard into his heart and expired before his judges. Vergniaud threw away a dose of poison which had been furnished by his friends, and resolved to die with his companions. Sillery exclaimed, "This is the most glorious day of my life!" Fonfrede, embracing his bosom-friend Ducos, cried: "Cheer, my friend! we shall die together!" Then, assembling around the corpse of Valeze, they shouted: "We die innocent! *Vive la Republique!*"

It was past 11 o'clock at night when the condemned were conducted to their prison, which they entered singing the stirring "Marsellaise." At midnight they sat down to a splendid banquet provided by the munificence of a friend in the city, to recruit their strength, and over the choicest of viands for the physical, exchange the last sentiments of the intellectual man. Vergniaud presided with the same calm dignity he had ever shown when filling the chair of the Assembly. During the repast, which none would have supposed to be the prelude of death, the conversation was noisy and animated on the part of the young men; cheerful but more grave among their elder colleagues; but gradually assuming a more serious tone on the part of all as the morning advanced. There began to steal over them the solemn shadow of that unknown land which they were rapidly approaching. A question of Ducos—"What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" elicited replies expressive of their various grades of religious belief, from glowing ideas of a happy immortality to the dark depths of blank annihilation. The mysterious problem of the future destiny of the soul became at length the sole topic of conversation, and all naturally turned to their leader, Vergniaud, for his last opinions upon this important theme. Then and there, standing with one foot on the threshold of eternity, that magnificent man poured forth till dawn an eloquence that more intensely affected his listeners than ever did his profoundest efforts from the tribune. The *tout ensemble* of time, subject, occasion and orator, conspired to give his utterances the force of inspiration. They brought tears to the eyes of many, and infused in all an indescribable tranquility for the awful consummation of the morrow. It was not the ineffable peace that pervades the soul of the dying Christian, based on the sweet assurance of pardoned sin and the certainty of a better life; but its calm similitude, born of philosophy, and leavened, if not vivified, by the doctrine of immortality. In that, as well as in a God of eternal rectitude, Vergniaud was a full believer; but his religion was patriotism. In his final words he sought to reconcile the different opinions of his enraptured hearers. "Let us," said he, "believe what we will; but let us die, certain of our life and the price of our death. Let us sacrifice what we possess, the one his doubt, the other his faith, all of us our blood, for liberty. When man offers himself as a victim to heaven, what more can he give?" So broke the morning of their last day on earth.

At 10 o'clock, October 31st, came the summons for execution. The final preparations were made and the last memorials to friends duly remembered. Gensonne picked up a lock of his raven hair from the scissors of the executioner and sent it by a friend to his wife, saying: "Tell her it is all I can give her of my remains, and that my last thoughts in death were hers." Vergniaud scratched the date of the day upon the inside case of his watch and sent it to a young girl to whom he was said to be espoused. All left their last souvenirs to their dearest friends, and then, forming in column, followed the executioners to the tumbrils that were to convey them to the guillotine. On mounting them they burst again into the "Marseillaise," and continued it on their arrival at the scaffold. There, after mutual embraces, they ascended, one by one, the fatal steps, and suffered the fall of the knife with unblenching firmness. Gradually weaker, as their numbers diminished, grew the hymn, until at length it became a solo by the last survivor, Vergniaud. Truly has it been said of him: "He did not die, but passed away in enthusiasm, and his life, commenced by immortal orations, ended by a hymn to the eternity of the Revolution."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AFTER reading up the *Institutes of Justinian*, all the volumes of GIBBON'S *Rome*, refreshing ourselves with an abridgment by KEIGHTLEY, and a *Catechism of History for the Use of Schools*, we, DR. GOODCHILD and myself, went to see *Theodora* at the Surrey. DR. GOODCHILD took his eldest boy, aged ten, to see the performance, because he looked upon the entertainment as highly instructive. On our road he catechized the unfortunate child, who, having utterly failed to distinguish between the several Cæsars, was on the point of weeping bitterly when we arrived at the theatre. We were courteously received by the officials, one of whom, for a consideration, provided us with bills of the play, which bills, we, contrary to DR. GOODCHILD'S principles, accepted, and then took our seats in the stalls.

We were obliged to begin with the Second Act, because the first was just finishing as we entered. This was of minor importance, seeing that there was an interval of nineteen years, which the audience had to suppose was elapsing while the band played two polkas and a waltz.

Little MASTER GOODCHILD was very sorry to have missed the First Act, in which, he had understood from his Papa, there was a Circus. As his ideas of a Circus were derived entirely from a travelling one which he had seen in the country, he expressed himself much disappointed at not having seen the Clown and "Billy Button's Ride to Brentford," or something of that sort. This regret evoked from the Doctor a short lecture on the ancient Circus, and its degenerate imitation in these modern times. The curtain rose on Act II. as DR. GOODCHILD was explaining the office of a Retiarius, and the use of the prongs to the poor boy, who, I dare swear, heartily wished that his parent had remained at home.

ACT II.

Encampment of the Roman Army beneath the Walls of Carthage.

Enter Roman Guards, Yellow-haired Mercenaries, and Gentlemen of the color of the Country, *i. e.* Black Guards. Chorus of Soldiers drinking out of Cups of the period, closely resembling circular soap dishes.

Elderly Gentleman (to his Son)—The Romans used to drink out of those sort of cups.

Inquiring Boy of Ten (to his Papa's Friend)—What have they got in those cups?

Papa's Friend—Eh? oh, nothing.

Inquiring Boy (perseveringly)—But what *did* the Romans drink?

Papa's Friend (wishing the boy hadn't been brought out)—Wine.

Inquiring Boy—But what wine?

Papa's Friend (tries to recollect his Classics, and is about to suggest "nectar," but remembers something about "nectar fit for the Gods," and says cunningly—Ask your Papa.

Boy (to Papa)—Papa! What wine?

Papa—Eh? (takes the opportunity for instruction)—Well, (solemnly) the—(is going to say "Romans," but feeling uncertain as to whether his remarks do not apply to the Greeks as well, substitutes "the Ancients;")—the Ancients knew several sorts of wine, (loudly for the information of the front row of the pit just behind him,) the Falernian, the Chian, the Leshian, the——

Front Row of Pit—Ssssh! 'Old yer row, will yer?

Elderly Gentleman (looks round indignantly, and adds defiantly)—And the Mamertine.

Front Row of Pit (joined for the sake of a row by the gallery above)—Turu 'im out!

Miriam (a Female Villain on the stage)—You (to Philip, Son of Creon)—will go to Constautinople.

Creon (with Hebraic pronunciation—Yesh, to Conshtantinople.

Jovial Person in Gallery (who knows a popular comic song about the place, sings)—"C. o. n., with a Con."

Gallery—Order! Turn 'im out! (Row.)

Creon (telling his private history)—Yesh, she 'ad robbed me of all but you. Take thish: and show it 'er. (Gives a casket.) Life is but a Noahsis (he means "an oasis") in the desert. [Troops arrive, his son departs for Coustantinople.]

ENTR'ACTE.

Elderly Gentleman—Splendid Scenery. (He has been recalling all he knows about wine, and now says to his Son) There were seval sorts of wine. Some was obtained before the grapes had been fully trodden; that was called the *mustum lixium*. Then there was the *mustum tortivum*. You know what I told you about the Cæsars?

Son—Yes. (Band plays and distracts Papa's attention. To Papa's friend in a whisper.) I say, shall we see the clown and the red-hot poker?

Papa's friend (explains)—No this isn't a Pantomime. It's a drama.

Inquiring Son—What's a drama?

Papa's Friend—Well—um—a—a—drama is a sort of a—or in fact a play—(is satisfied)—yes, a play—(is dissatisfied with his definition)—a play in which there's an interest—a—(gets out of the difficulty)—But you're not old enough to understand that yet.

[Son wishes he was "in stick-ups," and the Third Act commences.]

ACT III.

[Beautiful Scene, representing Byzantine Court of Elephants in Constantinople.]

Elderly Gentleman (reading from bill)—"Justinian delighted to enrich and ennoble the object of his affections."—*Gibbon.* (To his Son.) Who was Gibbon?

Son (readily)—One of the Roman Emperors.

Elderly Gentleman (utterly taken aback)—A Rom—no, he was (loudly) Gibbon was—

Front Row of Pit—Ssssh! Order!

Enter, Leo, "an effeminate Officer."

Leo—Here comes the Empress. [Dances in order to express effeminacy.]

Enter, Miss Avonia Jones as Theodora, accompanied by a shabby-looking person supposed to be Justinian.

Elderly Gentleman (to his Son)—That is the Empress.

His Son (knowingly)—And that is the Emperor?

[Pointing at Shabby Person.]

Elderly Gentleman (pleased)—Yes; don't point. What did I tell you all the Roman Emperors were called? (Boy looks puzzled.) Now think.

His Son (decidedly)—Gibbon.

[Elderly Gentleman raises his voice to explain, and is suppressed by Pit.]

Miram (the Female Villain says something to Philip which sounds like) Come and have some jam.

Philip (frowning)—Whose?

Miram (savagely)—The Empress Theodora. (*Exeunt* both.)

Theodora—I cannot strike. (If she does, Philip is to be beheaded in what appears to be the back drawing-room.) I cannot, but—

[Is about to deliver a splendid speech to finish the act with, when the band strikes up accidentally, and the Prompter rings down the Curtain.]

Theodora (to band frantically, but vainly)—Stop! stop!

[Curtain descends unexpectedly. End of Act.]

ACT IV.

[Elderly Gentleman asleep. His Friend not returned from refreshing himself. Boy much interested.]

ACT V.

[An Eminence in the Neighborhood of Constantinople.]

Enter Happy Peasants to welcome the morning beams. They welcome the beams by looking at one another in a confused manner.

Miriam—Here is gold for you, if you will betray a fugitive.

[Happy Peasants look at a young Happy Peasant who ought to speak but doesn't.]

Young Peasant (after being nudged, says feebly)—We despise your treasures and refuse your gold.

[*Exit* with Peasants, probably to welcome more beams in another place.]

Miriam—They can *not* be tempted. (Turns and sees an old Peasant who has come out to welcome the beams with a false

nose on.) Ha! [Old Peasant makes faces and intimates that he will betray the fugitive for a consideration. She hands him a purse.]

Miriam—So, after all, man (alluding to Peasant with false nose) is everywhere avaricious. Lead on.

[Peasant hides the purse in his flannel waistcoat, points cunningly to his false nose, and beckons Miriam to follow him: perhaps to see where the false noses are made, or to welcome beams. *Exeunt* both.]

LAST SCENE.—*The Caverns.*

Elderly Gentleman (waking up)—We must go now.

His Son (reluctantly preparing)—There's only this scene, Papa. [Theodora finds her son.]

Theodora—The proofs!

Miriam (the Female Villain)—Here! I stole them!

Theodora—Ha! (Falls on Philip, who is lying on the ground.) You cannot arrest him now. (To a Soldier who up to that moment had no idea of doing anything of the sort, he retires to talk to the Peasant with the false nose, who is at the back of the stage making faces.) I have killed you (to Philip)—I (gasps) have (gasps) killed (writhes) you, (struggles with her necklace) my (conquers the necklace and throws it off) Son!

[Falls down again on Philip, and crushes him utterly.]

Creon (seeing an opportunity for doing something with his part before the Curtain comes down, strikes an attitude and says, without any apparent reason)—No.

[Curtain descends. Much applause. Re-appearance of Theodora and the rest of the Company before the Curtain, and Dr. Goodchild took his boy home, with a view to a chapter of Gibbon early the next morning.]

ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

IT has always been known that the immediate cause of the passing of the royal marriage act of England was the openly manifested displeasure of George III. at the union of his brother, Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, with Lady Anne Horton—a displeasure which remained unchanged until the duke's death. This feeling in the king has usually been attributed to the German pride of birth by which his family had always been distinguished. If, however, the documents produced in the pending Madame Pynes case be genuine, it will be proved that George III. was not offended at his brother because he had married an inferior, but because he had committed deliberately a most serious offence against morality and law—the offence of bigamy. Papers are set forth which demonstrate that when the Duke of Cumberland married Lady Anne Horton, his wife, Olive Wilmot, to whom he had been privately but legally married four years previously, was still alive. As a legitimate descendant of this last mentioned marriage, the petitioner in the pending cause claims the style and honors of a princess of the blood royal. The fact of this marriage is supported by two remarkable certificates, signed by Dr. Wilmot (the lady's father) as the officiating clergyman, and by the king himself, by Lord Chatham, Lord Warwick and Lord Archer as witnesses. The plea put forward by the crown on all former occasions, and which will probably be again resorted to at the approaching trial, is that these certificates, as well as the various other documents bearing on the case, are forgeries, and on this point we anticipate the decision will turn. The duke's second marriage having been made public, the king, partly influenced by a wish to hush the matter up, and partly by another more personal reason, prevailed on Dr. Wilmot, it is asserted, to keep his daughter's marriage secret. In the meantime a child, Olive, was born to the hapless, deserted wife, and the birth certificate signed by Lord Chatham and Mr. Dunning, solicitor general at the time, also forms a portion of the evidence in the case. The infant was duly baptized in private by Dr. Wilmot, as the duke's daughter, in the presence of Lord Warwick; but at the king's request, means were taken to pass her off as the daughter of one of her uncles. For this purpose she was re-baptized as Olive Wilmot merely. Of all these transactions, certificates, purporting to be signed by the king, Lord Chatham and others of high position, are in existence. They may be proved to be forgeries, but, if so, they display a skill and audacity utterly unparalleled in our criminal records. Though the king desired, for peculiar reasons, to keep the child Olive's legitimacy a secret, he was not disposed to act unkindly toward her. Besides numerous private acknowledgements of her true position, and grants of money for her use, he proceeded, when she was less than a year old, to confer upon her the title of Duchess of Lancaster. The patent, which is also to be produced, was deposited with Lord Warwick, who delivered it, in the presence of the late Duke of Kent, to the owner, then Mrs. Serres.

It is needless to follow here the additional documentary evidence which is put forward by the petitioner, including an alleged will of George III., bequeathing to the infant Olive a sum of £15,000, and a long series of letters and papers from the late Duke of Kent acknowledging his cousin's claim. We may very briefly indicate the steps that were taken legally and otherwise by Mrs. Serres, and afterward by her daughter, Mrs. Ryves, the present petitioner, to obtain their rights. Proceedings were first taken in the prerogative court to obtain probate of the king's will, but the application was refused upon the technical ground that the court was not competent to deal with a royal testament. Foiled in her resort to law, Mrs. Serres resolved to submit her claim to Parliament. She found a champion, unluckily for herself, in Sir Gerard Noel, a chivalrous but somewhat crack brained member, who, after introducing the lady's cause with much frothy fervor, succumbed meekly enough to a little argument and a great deal of banter from Mr. Peel. Both during Mrs Serres' life and after her death, many attempts were made to move the royal family by petitions, but, naturally enough, these were for the most part fruitless. In the year 1845, after much difficulty arising from a lack of funds, a chancery suit against the Duke of Wellington, George III.'s surviving executor, was undertaken, but failed on the ground that the will had not been proved. As we have seen, this necessary step had been found impossible, and for a long time the matter remained at a dead lock. The legitimacy declaration act passed in 1858 offered an opportunity of opening up the question anew, and after a considerable delay, sought by the crown, the trial has been definitely fixed for next May.

Besides the deeply interesting details which we have briefly noticed, another and a yet more extraordinary question will, it is gravely affirmed, be brought into discussion in connection with the case. It is only vaguely indicated in the statement published on behalf of the petitioner, and its improbable character is, we feel bound to say, calculated to throw grave suspicion upon the whole claim. We shall therefore only say that this collateral question raised by Mrs. Ryves touches the legitimacy of all George III.'s children. Her statement is briefly this: that George III.'s marriage with Queen Charlotte was an act of bigamy, his former and lawful wife, Hannah Lightfoot, being still alive. Upon this astounding assertion we need not comment; but, from all the circumstances of the case, we anticipate that the trial will prove an interesting and curious addition to our collections of *causes celibres.—London Star.*

THE RIVAL ANTIQUARIES.

WHEN Bloomsbury was a fashionable locality in London, on a particular day, and in one of the best dwellings in that street of good houses called Great Ormond street, there was considerable commotion, and the old housekeeper, who evidently for some long time past had been the only ostensible head of the establishment, was in her glory. Dusting-brush and broom were hard at work, rooms that had not seen daylight for some years were thrown open, shutters taken down, furniture and curtains uncovered, all denoting the expected return of the master of the house, who, it may be here stated, was a bachelor.

It has been remarked somewhere, that you have but to enter the room where a man spends the greater part of his life, either in labor, study, or idleness, and you penetrate at once very far into his tastes and character. Such might be said with perfect truth in this instance, for there, not only in the library, but in every room and passage, was proclaimed loudly, by the thousand and one mysterious ornaments, glass cases, bones of animals, old armor, quaint furniture, rusty relics, etc., that our friend was an antiquary. More than all, however, did the display of innumerable coins in various receptacles betoken unmistakably that his favorite hobby was numismatology, or the study of coins. He had been journeying abroad in the far East for some two or three years, partly to collect for himself any interesting relics, and partly as the travelling correspondent of a society which had for its main object the elucidation of all mysteries relating to the current coin of every realm, ancient or modern. During his wanderings, of course he had become acquainted with many learned and scientific men of all nations whose pursuits lay in the same direction as his own. In some instances acquaintance had ripened into positive friendship, and particularly had it done so in one case, at Berlin, on his homeward journey.

When on his arrival in that city, he presented letters of introduction to the Baron von Grumbach, president of several learned societies there, he found it was not the first time they had met. It appeared they had formerly been students together at Heidelberg, and up to the time of their both leaving the university they had evinced many tastes in common; but our antiquary, then a young man of nineteen or twenty, returning home, their intercourse was gradually broken off, though they corresponded at intervals upon such topics as studious young men would find interest in. This habit, however, was relinquished by degrees, as time went on, and each became more and more engaged in his own affairs. The young German, whose parents were wealthy, had followed his ardent desire for travel and love of scientific research. Mr. Winkworth, on the other hand, had not again quitted England (for foreign travelling in those days was not so easy as it has since become.) The friends had thus lost sight of each other for nearly twenty years. Of course this recognition led to a renewal, with redoubled intensity, of all the feelings they had originally entertained the one for the other, and the surprise and pleasure were the greater, as the name Grumbach was not known to Mr. Winkworth as that of his old university friend, it having only recently been assumed by the German on his accession to a title and estates.

They were greatly delighted to meet again, and Grumbach insisted upon Winkworth becoming his guest during his stay in Berlin. He would take no denial, and the visit was prolonged from a few days to a few weeks, for the increased knowledge of each other, which ensued upon the gradual opening of storehouses of learning, confirmed their old understanding, and ripened it into a friendship of the liveliest character. The study of coins entered largely into their discussions, and Winkworth displayed with great pride and gratification many rare and choice specimens gathered from the East and elsewhere. But he intimated that, from a certain correspondence which had taken place between himself and one learned in the science at Paris, he hoped on his arrival there to terminate a negotiation which he had in hand for the purchase of a specimen the rarest and most perfect in the world. It is not necessary for me to give in detail an account of what the coin was, or whence it came; I need but add, for the purposes of my story, that it was supposed to be the only one of its kind extant, and that it had been long sought after. Of late years its existence even had been doubted. It had frequently been supposed to have been discovered; but on close examination by the most skilful eyes, the pretended *rara avis* had always turned out to be possessed by the genuine coin itself. Grumbach admitted that if such an one could be obtained it would be simply invaluable, at the same time slightly discrediting its existence.

Words ran good-humoredly high upon the subject; England all confident in the coming triumph of its own society, and Germany sceptical to the highest degree.

"If my man does not deceive me," Winkworth went on to say, "within a month from this date (for his visit was drawing to a close) I shall have the treasure safely deposited on British soil, for it only awaits my arrival in Paris, I believe, to be made over to me."

The Baron von Grumbach could hardly disguise a slightly ironical chuckle at his friend's enthusiasm at the prospect of so great a success, which being observed by Mr. Winkworth, the matter was allowed to drop.

It had evoked a certain amount of undue self-gratulation on the one hand, and apparently a slight amount of jealousy on the other; jealousy that Germany should allow so valuable a relic to be captured almost under its eyes, and carried off for the glorification of another nation; for even firmly as the friends were bound together, this little matter seemed to afford the possibility of a slight unpleasantness between them. The subject was only once more touched upon during the remainder of Winkworth's sojourn in Berlin, when it was arranged that if this success did attend the labors of our antiquary, Grumbach should become his guest on the occasion of the treasure being first displayed before the eyes of the learned in London. The reader, unless acquainted with the enthusiasm of men of science, or those well versed in this especial study, may hardly understand how so much interest could be excited upon apparently so trivial a matter as the date and impression of a particular coin; yet so it is, and a vast amount of energy, wealth and time, are continually being expended in obtaining the rarest specimens of antiquity of every description by the laborers for the different societies formed for the advancement of each separate branch of knowledge.

In the course of a few weeks after the incidents just referred to had occurred, Mr. Winkworth found himself safely lodged in his museum of rarities in Great Ormond street. He had been home about a fortnight when huge and mysterious packages began to be delivered by carts and wagons at his door, choking up the already crowded passages and rooms. For days and days these cases, which contained the most cumbrous booty gathered in his recent raids in different climes, were allowed to remain unpacked, filling up every available inch of space in the gangways of the house. Now that he had got safely home, it was surely strange that he should take so little apparent interest in them. He sat, however, for hours writing in his study, with a complacent, self-satisfied smile upon his good-natured face, and a little fortune was expended in the prepayment of the then expensive postage of letters to all parts of England and the Continent.

The truth was, that in an out-of-the-way quarter of Paris he had succeeded in purchasing from a Jew dealer in curiosities—who, perhaps strangely enough, was hardly aware of its real value—the much-coveted and unquestionably genuine and unique coin before referred to. This had absorbed for the time all interest in the results of his recent travel. There is little doubt that the last month had proved, as he hoped it would, the most satisfactory portion of the time he had spent abroad; therefore his pleasure was boundless, and he had been scribbling to everybody he knew, or ever heard of, as likely to be interested in a subject, announcing his success, and inviting them on a certain occasion, not far distant, to an exhibition of this wonderful treasure, the discovery of which would render him famous throughout the world, and add an un-

paralleled lustre to the association of which he was head and chief. For his own part he had no doubt of it; he well knew all the signs, characters, and hieroglyphics appertaining to the question; he knew in every minute particular what had been the shortcomings of the specimens hitherto advanced as genuine, but this was complete in all the requirements.

Whilst he was pondering over a list of names, and endeavoring to think if there were any others to whom he could send an announcement of the great event then occupying all his thoughts, a servant brought into the room a parcel, saying that the cabinet-maker had sent home the case recently ordered. It was a small square mahogany box; when the lid was raised an inner glass case was displayed, within which again was seen a sort of velvet cushion with a circular indentation on the uppermost side; a case similar indeed to that in which jewellers display their valuables. On examination, Mr. Winkworth appeared dissatisfied with it, as it was by no means well finished; and turning it about in his hands, he complained loudly of the bad workmanship; the inner glass case did not fit its wooden covering, the velvet was loosely glued on, and it was altogether a slovenly bit of handiwork. He declared that he would be certainly obliged to get another made, but for the present this must suffice.

When the servant had left the room, he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small packet, which he began carefully to unfold, and eventually, after several coverings of paper had been taken off, exposed to his delighted gaze his priceless gem. Priceless gem, indeed! To the eye of the uninitiated it did not look worth a farthing; it was not much larger, and certainly was not above half the thickness. On closely viewing it you could discover it was gold; but it was so old, worn, and battered, that it might just as well have passed for brass. There it was, however, and after gazing at it fondly for a few minutes, he deposited it, with a proud gesture, in the circular niche on the cushion made for its reception. It did not fit very well, and as he moved the box it slipped into his hand; but replacing it, he shut the case, and put it safely away in his cabinet, which he locked.

At length the eventful day looked forward to by Mr. Winkworth with so much exultation arrived. His friend the Baron von Grumbach had come to pay his promised visit, and was staying in the house; he entreated Winkworth to grant him a private view of the gem, but this privilege was denied with a sort of jocose sternness.

"All in good time," said Mr. Winkworth; "this is a piece of real business, and we must not trifle with it. When my audience is assembled I shall read a paper on the coins of this date, referring particularly to all that is known in connection with this one, giving an account of my first discovery of it, my negotiations for its purchase, and conclude with an ample description of the proofs which I have, and which it bears of its authenticity. It shall then be handed round to the visitors in succession, and they will have the opportunity of commenting to their utmost upon it."

With a smile that was not altogether pleasant, Von Grumbach ceased to urge his request, and in a few days' time from this conversation he formed one of a numerous assembly of some fifty or sixty gentlemen who had gathered to overflowing in the large drawing-room in Ormond street.

Mr. Winkworth had received but few refusals to his invitations; his name stood so high that no one feared a disappointment, and the liveliest interest was created. There were present one or two bishops, several noblemen, learned professors, home and foreign, presidents of academies, directors of literary and scientific institutions—indeed, just such a gathering as could only meet together for the exploration or elucidation of some deeply interesting point of science. They chatted together until the hour arrived for the commencement of business. There were neither seats nor standing room even for every one of the guests within the doors, which were consequently left open.

On a small table stood the case containing the coin, and a roll of manuscript, which the host presently began to read, amidst the most profound attention. A murmur of approbation followed its conclusion. The case was then unlocked, and Mr. Winkworth was about to hand the precious jewel round in its resting-place for inspection, when he suddenly said, "No, gentlemen, it fits so badly in its case, that I will ask you severally to take it in your hands, and pass it from one to the other." Then picking up the coin, he gave it, with a large magnifying glass, to the person immediately on his left. For upwards of two hours there ensued an earnest examination of the treasure; every one had something to say about it, to which all the rest listened. There were but few doubts raised as to its genuineness, and whenever any did rise, and were for a moment pertinaciously maintained, they were soon overthrown by Mr. Winkworth, who advanced to the disputant, and by the most irrefutable proofs demonstrated that the specimen was unique.

The Baron von Grumbach was nearly one of the last into whose hands it fell. A shade of something like disappointment came over his face as he examined it; he made no remark, and while giving it to his neighbor a keen observer might have seen something very like a sneer curling the corners of his mouth. Apparently not a doubt was left on anybody's mind, and jostling words of congratulation began to be showered forth on Mr. Winkworth from all sides. At last a certain reverend gentleman came to the front, and in a short but neatly-worded speech, returned the thanks of the assemblage for the gratifying afternoon they had spent, and reiterated the congratulations which had been generally offered. The host replied, the party was breaking up, and Mr. Winkworth was about to invite his guests to descend to the dining-room for some refreshments, when, on going to lock up the case, around which knots of visitors were standing in conversation, lo! his treasure was not there! He turned to the group nearest to him, anxiously asking them for it, deeming it was still under examination. No, they had not got it. Every one began to ask everybody else if he had it, and the inquiry spread like wild-fire across the room.

It was nowhere to be found! the greatest consternation ensued! What could have become of it? Some of the more immediate friends of the house had already gone into the dining-room. Inquiries were at once made there, but still the same reply—they had not seen it since it was in their hands first. Search was made in all directions, on the ground, on the chairs, along the edges of the carpet by the wainscot, by the rug, fender, and in every possible corner, crack, or cranny in the room, where, in case of its falling, it might have rolled; all were subjected to the strictest investigation. Every one assisted in this; particularly diligent appeared the Baron von Grumbach; still no success attended their unwearied efforts. What was to be done? It was the most awkward thing that could have occurred; the majority of the visitors were personal friends of Mr. Winkworth, but yet one thing only suggested itself to his mind.

It must have been stolen! yet who could have been guilty of so infamous a thing? All present were men of the strictest probity, and of the highest standing and character, engaged most earnestly in one single object, the advancement of learning, and it was impossible almost to conceive that any one in that assembly could be capable of such meanness and dishonesty. Still, where was the coin? No servant had entered the drawing-room, nor indeed were there any above stairs, for the refreshments were laid unostentatiously in the dining-room, ready for every one to help himself; therefore the culprit, after all, must be, if anywhere, amongst the guests. Over and over again the search was renewed, but with no better result. Mr. Winkworth was perplexed beyond measure. How could he, the host, personally accuse any one in those rooms of committing a deliberate theft? Yet do what he could, the conviction would force itself upon his mind that this was the only way to account for the mysterious disappearance of the coin.

Presently he made his way through the bewildered crowd to his friend the bishop, who had just been spokesman for the assembly, and took him aside, and, after they had whispered a few words together, the bishop called every one around him. With the utmost courtesy and good taste, and after expatiating a little on the extraordinary circumstances, he said: "There is but one thing for it, gentlemen—we must all be searched, for our host's satisfaction as well as for our own; and I feel perfectly certain that there is no one here who will object to this. These words were followed by a loud burst of applause, and cries of "Yes, yes, by all means," resounded on every side.

This unparalleled proceeding was then carried out in the following manner. The guests were all to pass through the drawing-room to Mr. Winkworth's bed-chamber, which was on the same landing, thence to descend by another staircase to the ground floor. No guard was kept at the top of the stairs to prevent any one going up or down without being searched, for it was felt to be a point of honor for every one to go through the bedroom. Mr. Winkworth and his manservant acted as searchers; all evinced the most earnest anxiety to display the contents of their pockets, and in some instances insisted on taking off their shoes and Hessian boots.

Had Mr. Winkworth possessed any sense of the ludicrous—which he certainly did not—he would have been diverted from the serious object at stake by the many farcical absurdities educed during this extraordinary scene. It occupied a considerable time, but like everything else, came to an end. There remained but two more gentlemen to be examined, and still no trace of the missing treasure had been discovered. These two entered the bedroom together, and were most zealous in showing how utterly impossible it was for them to have anything secreted about their persons. In fact, every one being innocent, was, as may be naturally supposed, only too glad of the opportunity of proving it. The coin was not found, however, and hopeless dejection settled down over the party. What more could be done? Again were Mr. Winkworth's perplexities redoubled on his servant whispering, "You have not searched the Baron von Grumbach." The sudden recollection of this penetrated like a sting to the heart of the antiquary. Of course not! he had never come into the bedroom; where was he? He was called for, and did not answer. *He*, now, was also missing; from which circumstance suspicion slowly though naturally began to attach itself to him. He had evidently avoided the test. Could anything be more unpleasant to his friend than this? Why, he was actually living in the house, and not only would it be necessary to search him, but his effects; especially as it had in the meantime been ascertained that his bedroom door was fastened. It was also known that he had not left the house, therefore it was concluded that he had locked himself in.

A polite message was sent up to him, requesting his attendance below, in order that he might explain his conduct and submit to an examination. He sent word back that if he came down he positively must decline allowing either himself or anything belonging to him to be searched. Hitherto although these proceedings had been conducted in the most serious and earnest manner, there had been inseparable from them a certain air of comicality, but now that they had reached this point they now no longer bore that aspect. It did look terribly suspicious that the Baron should withdraw himself in such a way, and under such peculiar conditions. A consultation was held, and after much deliberation it was decided that a deputation should go to his room door, and formally beg, in the name of justice to himself and to all, that he would submit to what they required.

In the event of his refusing, as they had now only too much reason to suppose he would, they must very reluctantly threaten him with the authority of the police. This plan was proceeded with, and it all fell out as they expected, he refusing even to open his door. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to send for a constable, who eventually arrived. After commanding the Baron to let him in in the king's name, and he also meeting with a flat refusal, the door was broken open, and the party stood face to face with Von Grumbach. He was in a wild state of excitement, and with a small pocket pistol in each hand, threatened, in his broken English, to shoot the first man who laid hand on him.

At this moment a shout arose from the drawing-room: "It is found! it is found!" Quite impossible would it be now to describe the mingled consternation, astonishment, and confusion that ensued. Who had found it? Where was it? were the questions asked on all sides; and when the hubbub into which these usually grave men had been betrayed had subsided, it was explained.

One of the guests, while the awkward scene just described was being acted upstairs, had taken hold of the case belonging to the coin, and which, curiously enough, no one had thought of examining after the first moment of its inmate being missed. Whilst idly turning it about, he had removed the glass portion of it, and in doing so slightly disturbed the velvet cushion before mentioned. At the same moment he heard a gentle click, as of something falling to the bottom of the box. This attracted his attention, and turning it upside down, the cushion fell out, and the coin with it, upon the table. It had evidently slipped between the badly fitting edge of the velvet and the woodwork of the case.

Amidst all the pleasure that now followed on the restoration of the missing wonder, there was mingled a great feeling of awkward annoyance. What could be said to M. le Baron? How could Mr. Winkworth and his friends atone sufficiently to him for the outrage he had undergone? However, all that *could* be said *was* said, and Grumbach received the apologies graciously enough. Yet a natural curiosity manifested itself upon the simple question of *why*, as he had not secreted the coin—in fact, had no more to do with it than anybody else—he should have made so vehement and active a protest against being searched. He at first made no reply to the interrogation, but merely drew from the breast of his coat a small packet, which he begged Mr. Winkworth to open. This was done, and there lay exposed to the wondering eyes around a *fac simile* of the much-vaunted and isolated specimen! Not a mark, not a hair's breadth of difference, could be detected between them. Rigidly they were compared over and over again, and, at last, changing hands so often, it was impossible to tell one from the other.

"There is my answer, gentlemen. Had I submitted to your search, most inevitably I should have been convicted of gross and abominable theft, and at once have forfeited my position, and with it all I hold dear." Then turning to M. Winkworth, he added: "Had you not, my friend, persisted in refusing to show me your prize the other day, I had intended to tell you how, a few days after you had left me, I got scent of the existence of a second specimen in St. Petersburg, which I forthwith secured in person for my society in Berlin, and I was on the point of surprising you all by its production, when the disappearance of yours led to what has just occurred. I had suspected that there was more than one coin of the date extant, but I am sure there are not more than two; here they are!" * * * * * * *

"Fiction founded on fact" is an old expression, used in many cases of story-telling, and I can find none better with which to conclude what I have related. The fiction only has been that part of the story which applied to names, dates, and localities; the main gist of the matter is fact, but, as may have been seen in its narration, could not for many reasons have been given in all its actual reality. Still the circumstances appeared as curious, and the coincidences, perhaps, as odd as any that have ever led to those mistakes and equivoques which sometimes clothe the events of every-day life in the garb of romance.

[For the Californian.]

ASPIRATION.

SOAR HIGH, proud spirit! but e'en in the swell
Of pride and fame,
The weary *heart* will long but for the spell
In the "magic of a name."

Climb high, aspiring feet! but when you bleed—
Even though none may know—
You fain would tread some spot where none might heed,
In the valley far below.

What though the flattering throng repeat your name
With song and wine,
You'd gladly give it all—the pride and fame—
If *one true heart* were thine. INGLE.

REMINISCENCES OF BEAU BRUMMEL.

AS few of those who were either contemporaries of the Beau, or who knew him intimately, are now alive, while his name and peculiarities are still fresh in the mind of the public, a favorable reception may be expected for any well-authenticated anecdotes respecting him, coming from one who lived for several years on terms of intimacy with him, and who has hitherto not given them publicity.

My anecdotes assume no character of importance; they are merely characteristic of a very peculiar man, who was rather droll than witty, but always amusing, prompt and happy in reply, and unsparing in severity when attacked. The Beau had a small, gray, scrutinizing eye, which instantly surveyed and summed up all the peculiarities of features, dress, and manners of those who approached him, so that the weak point was instantly hit, of any who accidentally or incautiously transgressed, or who had the temerity to attack him. A trifling instance will illustrate this personal peculiarity. On one occasion, he was in conversation with one or two persons on the Place de Calais, when a gentleman, on joining the group, unintentionally struck the Beau's favorite little white terrier with his foot. It so happened that the new comer had very large feet and awkwardly made boots. Brummel, immediately stooping down, and scarcely noticing the offender, but looking most contemptuously at his boots, patted the little dog on the back, ejaculating at the same time: "Poor little thing; you have not been used to be trod upon by such boots as these." After having discharged this bolt, he turned round on his heel and walked off, continuing his caressing language to the little animal who was with him so great a favorite that no greater affront could be offered the Beau than that which involved any slight, either accidental or otherwise, towards her. She was a handsome little terrier, milky white, but rather fat from being over-fed, so that even at the slow pace at which the Beau walked round the ramparts of Calais, for exercise, before his daily repast at seven, the poor little thing could with difficulty keep up with him.

But, notwithstanding all the Beau's care of his little favorite, poor Vic finally encountered the fate of all pets of this class. Brummel, calling on a friend, earnestly solicited his company at dinner, at the Hotel Bourbon, stating as his reason that poor Vic was so alarmingly ill that he could not remain in the house, but that he had left her in the care of Francois (his valet) and Doctor Jonville, so that everything that could be done for her would be done. After taking his usual walk, he repaired to the Bourbon, and dined with his friend; the repast was scarcely over, when Francois entered with a very melancholy and funereal sort of visage, and pronounced, in a slow and solemn tone: "Monsieur, c'est font fini;" upon which Brummel rose from his chair, and repaired to the window, and wept for several minutes like a child.

This is the man who has been represented as being totally devoid of feeling, merely because on many occasions, on the great stage of life, when fortune smiled upon him, he acted his part conformably to the character which he had assumed, rather than agreeably to the one which nature had given him. He could neither have said nor have done the numerous "good things" which are attributed to him, if he had been influenced by his feelings; his object was to produce effect; he had a particular character to support, and in this respect he eminently succeeded, for he attained a position in life, and kept it for a number of years, which is rarely reached by persons of his rank; it is certain that, in the zenith of his prosperity, noblemen of distinction not only sought his acquaintance, but were actually gratified by walking arm-and-arm with him up and down St. James's street. It is also well known that he was intimate with the Prince Regent, dined frequently with him both at Carlton House in London, and at the Pavilion at Brighton. The cause of the rupture with the Prince is generally supposed to have been his having taken the liberty to request his Royal Highness, after dinner at Carlton House, to ring the bell for wine, when the Prince, first complying with his request, ordered his carriage, and never spoke to him afterwards. On this point, I questioned the Beau, and he assured me the statement was totally devoid of foundation in truth. "From your knowledge of me," said he, "can you possibly suppose that I, who knew the Regent's susceptibility as well as, if not better, than any man breathing, could have been guilty of so gross a want of tact? No; it is not true. I knew the Regent too well to have been guilty of so gross a folly."

I could never ascertain from him what was the real cause the separation; there are, however, several reasons current; one which I heard from pretty good authority is, that the Beau wrote some verses about the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, in which he styled the Prince Big Ben, and the lady Benbina; these lines were, moreover, somewhat sarcastic, and being shown to the Prince by some enemy of Brummel's, produced that feeling on the part of the Prince which led to the rupture.

There were many circumstances which arose during the several years in which a friendly intercourse existed between the Beau and myself, which led me to infer he was not so deficient in good feeling as is generally supposed to have been the case. I cite one instance among many, leaving the estimate of its worth to the decision of the impartial. Some few years after his arrival in Calais, Brummel contracted a *liaison* with a young French girl, who shortly became the victim of a pulmonary complaint, which ultimately destroyed her. She was long ill. During the whole period of her illness, the Beau not only supplied her with all the necessaries of life, but used constantly to send the half of his dinner to her. If he had kept a regular *cuisine* in his establishment, and been in affluent circumstances, there would have been nothing worthy of remark in this act; but as the Beau's means were very limited at the time, and his daily dinner was sent to him from Dessein's at five francs per diem, just sufficient for one appetite, the abandonment of the half of it may, I suggest, be fairly considered one of those sacrifices, although trifling in appearance, which entitles the person who makes it to some credit for a good and kindly feeling. During the first few years of Beau's residence at Calais, he was comparatively well off, a noble duke having allowed him two hundred pounds a year as long as he lived; on one occasion he received one thousand pounds through the house of Messrs. Moreon, from some unknown friend: and on another he gained a prize in the French lottery to the amount of about, as far as I can recollect, three thousand francs, which at the time was very acceptable, and caused him considerable satisfaction. He told me, on the occasion of his good fortune, he had just finished his toilet preparatory to taking his daily walk, when Francois entered the room, announcing: "*Monsieur a gagne une terne*;" which communication was agreeably confirmed by the almost immediate presence of one of the functionaries from the lottery office with a wheel-barrow containing several sacks of five-franc pieces. This, I believe, was the only success of this description the Beau ever had, although he was in the habit of risking weekly a five-franc piece in some one of the lotteries then in existence.

Previous to Brummel's leaving Calais for Caen, to take possession of his consulship, his circumstances were by no means flourishing; he had long lost the annuity of two hundred pounds, in consequence of the death of the noble donor of it, and I believe he had brought very little with him on leaving England in 1816. He told me he once won in one year the large sum of forty thousand pounds by play at Wattier's and at Newmarket; all of which disappeared as rapidly as it had been acquired; in fact, at the stakes he was in the habit of playing, an income of forty thousand pounds was required rather than that simple sum. To a sixpence with a hole in it, which he picked up one morning in 1813 in the street, on leaving Wattier's, he attributed the commencement and continuance of his good fortune; and to the subsequent loss of this little coin, all his subsequent misfortunes. This coin he kept in his waistcoat pocket, and as long as he retained possession of it, fortune smiled; but on the very day that his precious talisman was found wanting, his bad luck set in, and with such continuous and unremitting rigor, that he soon found himself totally without funds. He told me he advertised in several papers with a view of recovering his talisman, and offered five pounds reward, but without success. Mr. Raikes, in his *Diary*, states the Beau merely picked up a plain sixpence, and bored a hole in it himself; but I always understood from the Beau that the coin he found *had* a hole in it already made; and, in virtue of this circumstance, he considered it lucky. From this slight anecdote, it may be inferred that the Beau was superstitious, and from what I saw of him I should say that he was very much so.

He mentioned to me that the play at Wattier's in those days was so high that he once witnessed the Hon. W—— go double or quits for thirty-two thousand pounds; which he lost. No pack of cards was ever played with twice, and when a hand was over the cards were thrown on the floor; consequently, when play ceased in the morning, the players, to use the Beau's own expression, were nearly knee-deep in cards. Wattier's was in Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton street. The club took its name from Wattier, who was a *chef decuisine* of the first order. Although the Beau played at whist, and played a good rubber, he did not generally play high at that game (although he is supposed to have once won a large stake at White's at one sitting,) his gambling having been mostly at Wattier's—at the game of macao—and at Newmarket. At Calais, he occasionally played at whist in private houses, at moderate stakes, and seemed to enjoy the game. During the first few years of his residence in Calais, he associated with scarcely any of either the English or French families; but during several years prior to his departure to his consulate at Caen, he associated with one or two English residents, and joined in conversation generally with the groups of loungers on the Place, before repairing to the ramparts for his daily walk.

MME. GEORGE SAND.

THE Paris correspondent of the *American Literary Gazette* says: "We have all been on tiptoe to hear Mme. George Sand deliver a lecture. She has at the last moment declined appearing in public. This is her letter of excuse:

"'SIR—You tore from me a promise which I am unable to fulfill. You, and the eminent writers who seconded you, were persuasive, kind, indulgent, irresistible; but I presumed too much on my strength in the face of a duty to be performed. There are, too, duties owed to the public. It should not be enticed with an attraction which one feels one is incapable of giving it. You would feel regret at having assembled it to exhibit a timid and awkward person who could not open her lips. My children and my friends *jumped up* at the advertisement of a lecture by me. They oppose it in every way in their power. They know that under no circumstances have I been able to surmount my embarrassment, my absolute distrust of myself. Ask me to do anything, provided I shall not appear in person. I pray you and the members of the committee who honored me with their visit, to believe that I cannot console myself for my want of power and my retreat except by recollection of the kindnesses you showed me, and the gratitude with which they have filled me.

"'GEORGE SAND.'

"Those persons who know Mme. Sand best say that she does not exaggerate her embarrassment in public. They relate the following anecdote of her. Five or six years since she was at Toulon, and expressed a desire to visit a man-of-war. A dozen officers offered their ships at her service. She accepted one offer. The day appointed she went on board, and found the ship decked as if for a festival or an official inspection. Officers and men were all at their posts. She was received by the captain surrounded by his officers, and the attention of a dozen gentlemen did not embarrass her. She is no stranger to drawing-rooms, but when she came to leave the ship the men and officers were all drawn up in two lines, between which she proceeded to her boat. The first lieutenant stood at the end of one of these lines, and the youngest cabin boy at the end of the other. They presented arms. She was embarrassed by all these eyes fixed on her. She did not know whether she was expected to make a speech to them or not. Her heart was in her throat; her lips were convulsively closed; she trembled in every limb. Salutations were addressed to her, and it became necessary for her to make some reply. She tried to speak, but all she could utter were some unintelligible sounds, and when she reached the end of the lines, so confused that she did not know whether she was standing on her heels or her head, she make a profound courtesy to the cabin boy, and patted the first lieutenant on the cheek, saying in her kind, affable, familiar way: 'Good day, my little fellow!'

"While I am speaking of Mme. Sand, let me tell you that last Sunday morning the following note in her writing was despatched to all the friends of the family: 'M. and Mme. Maurice Dudevant-Sand have the honor to inform you of the birth of their daughter Aurore.' This makes Mme. Sand a grandmother. The baby has been baptized in the humble village church near Mme. Sand's chateau, whose spire overlooks the Vallee Noir, which she has made celebrated. Although there is no saint by the name of Aurore in the calendar (you know that on the continent the Roman Catholic Church, as a general rule, refuses to baptize children by any name except those in the calendar,) the name has been so long in Mme. Sand's family, she insisted upon the child's bearing it. You know Mme. Sand's maiden name was Mlle. Aurore Dupin, and she is a grand-niece of the celebrated Marshal de Saxe. Her legal name is Baroness Dudevant, which she received on her marriage. Her husband still lives, but they have been separated for a great many years. Mme. Sand will live at Nohant six months, and at Palaiseau six months of the year. The winter she spends far from Paris; the summer near the capital."

A NEW theatre is about to be erected at Paris, in which the works of Greek and Latin authors will alone be performed—such as those of Euripides, Sophocles, Œschylus, Terence and others. Something like 3,000,000f. have already been subscribed in shares, and the architect has completed his plan for the building.

THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF ART has been achieved among toilet dressings for the complexion and skin, by that fragrant excellence—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all druggists. *

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils o the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sages tell—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till he come. So at the post
Where he hath set me in his providence,
I choose, for one, to meet him face to face—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An Act to amend an Act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the nine Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
His awe struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there e stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear. [*Atlantic Monthly.*

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson. My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now, at least rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden enclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really forever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand mournful music to which your present homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They had heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good-looking, and was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to everything he said or did. I liked all, except his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright, warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course, we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta, now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent? And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I—"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor, dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights, and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little, heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt," I said.

"Not true? why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he *would* always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She tossed me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking—"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the seaside. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again, as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish, withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor, dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris' house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous and defiant, under her infliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris' executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this whole earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No, indeed. What would she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied; 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so, too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor, half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and, if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else, too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall, dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not! But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged: but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know *I* cannot pity her very much."

I supposed not, but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too? I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked me to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do this but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said at last, "and you—"

"Well, what about me? Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and looked at me as he smiled. Both the look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor, shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee, and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity. I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you; true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me. Never—never again—should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my pride and my love would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress roused me. I looked up, and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously. Yes, there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then you do really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and glanced in through the window first, and I saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me, but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

INNOCENCE FOR TWO.—A modest gentleman from the rural districts, recently on a visit to the city, was on the point of informing a lady friend of the fact that her dress was tucked up, thereby displaying a portion of her hose, when a gentleman told him that "hitched up" dresses were the latest importation from the land of frogs. The young man was loth to believe that such was the case, and, blushing for the taste of the present day, concluded that he could stand it if the ladies could.

WE generally possess the good or ill qualities which we attribute to mankind.

NOTICE.

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GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

ALTHOUGH the late war has made death familiar to the American people, and brought sorrow to almost every household, nevertheless the decease of Gen. Scott, who has been for more than a half century conspicuously associated with public events, will be received with general grief. The eulogy of this eminent man is best written by reviewing his life and services.

Winfield Scott was born in Petersburg, Va., June 13th, 1786. When he had attained his fifth year, he lost his father; and his education and care devolved upon his mother, who was a person of excellent sense and strength of character. He was placed at school at Richmond, and subsequently at William and Mary College; and at the age of twenty he was admitted to the bar. He removed to South Carolina, but, as the laws of that State excluded him from practice until after a year's residence, he returned to his native town, where he joined a volunteer company of cavalry called out by proclamation after the outrage on the frigate *Chesapeake*. When the questions of English spoliations on our commerce and the right of impressment agitated the public mind of that day, Scott supported the war policy of the Administration, and, by contributions to the newspapers, he endeavored to show that the recommendation of war made by Mr. Madison was the only remedy left the nation, consistent with its honor and dignity. On the increase of the army in 1808, he was appointed Captain of Artillery and ordered to New Orleans, where he soon got into difficulty with Wilkinson for declaring his suspicions of complicity between that General and Burr. He was convicted by a court martial on the specification of speaking disrespectfully of his superior officer and suspended from duty for one year. During this period, the hospitality and the richly endowed library of a friend enabled him to pursue a course of study in the science of war which had its fruit in the contest which ensued. The declaration of war against England found Scott a Lieut.-Colonel of the Second Artillery. His first service was at Queenston Heights, where he assumed command when Van Rensselaer was wounded. The enemy's position on the heights was captured by Scott, who led the charge, but, as our troops on the other side of the river refused to cross, and the British were reinforced, he was compelled to surrender. On his exchange in January, 1813, he was ordered to Canada as chief of General Dearborn's staff. He led the attack on Fort George, and although severely wounded by a fragment from an exploding magazine, he was the first to enter the fort and haul down the English flag. Colonel Porter entering the fort for the same purpose, and finding Scott there said, "Confound your long legs, Scott, you've got in before me."

The year 1813 ended in disaster and gloom. The army under Wilkinson, partially defeated, added to its ignominy by an abrupt retreat. New levies of troops were made and sent to a camp of instruction at Buffalo, under Scott, who had been promoted to a Brigadier—being then 28 years of age. He placed his officers under the same rigor of discipline as the rank and file, and as he was considered the best tactician in the army, as well as a most proficient drill officer, his success at the camps in question was all that could be desired. The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane followed soon after. At the first named contest, Scott crossed a creek under a heavy fire of the enemy, from a battery of nine pieces, and advancing to within eighty paces of the British lines, he called out to McMill's column, saying, "The enemy say we are good at a long shot, but can't stand cold iron. I call on the Eleventh to give the lie to the slander—charge!" And charge they did, when the enemy broke and fled. Gen. Brown said in his official report that "Scott is entitled to the highest praise his country could bestow—for to him more than to any other am I indebted for the victory." At Lundy's Lane he was even more distinguished than at Chippewa. Amid the heaviest fire his vivacity and reckless courage added greatly in assuring and cheering the troops. He had two horses killed under him and was severely wounded twice—that in the shoulder was unusually severe. Thirty-five years afterwards we have heard him complain of the pain that wound still gave him.

On the reduction of the army to a peace footing, he applied himself both in Europe and at home to the highest branches of his profession. War embraces a wide range of knowledge, and its mastery requires not only prolonged and unwearied application, but a peculiar mental fitness which Scott had to an eminent degree. His qualifications were exhibited in his *General Regulations or Military Institutes*, which was the first work of the kind published in the country. His *System of Tactics*, which was printed under an Act of Congress, was another valuable contribution he made to military science and art.

The Blackhawk war brought him into the field again. The cholera having broken out among his troops on the Lake, he was obliged, on his arrival at Chicago, to send the greatest part of them to the hospitals, where he was seen moving among the sick from day to day, attending to their wants and giving to his subordinates an example of Christian courage more heroic and beautiful than that brought out on the battlefield. The Secretary of War said to him that his conduct, during these duties, required higher moral courage than the operations of an active campaign.

That same year is memorable for the breaking out of a distemper which has caused more pain and destruction than the cholera has done: Nullification, or Secession. When South Carolina sought to set aside an Act of Congress, and called into existence an army of 20,000 men to *coerce* the Government into its repeal, Scott was sent to Charleston, and it was wisely left to his discretion what means to employ to recall that State to reason and its duty. He quietly introduced supplies and men into the forts, strengthened the defences, and, as if by accident, vessels of war arrived in the harbor. Delicately and quietly did he perform his labor, and while he was eminently conciliatory, he did not abate in energy. Not only did he do his whole duty to the entire satisfaction of the Government, but he made himself popular with the very men who were even then rehearsing the terrible tragedy we have seen enacted so recently.

His talent for pacification had full exercise during the "Patriot War" of 1837. Canada was then the scene of an insurrection, and many of our countrymen, openly disregarding their duties as neutrals, went so far as to organize a provisional government, entered our arsenals and stole the arms there, and in every way prepared to aid the insurgents. In this exigency Scott was invested with plenary powers and was sent to the frontier. The memories of the battles fought by him in that vicinity, gave him an influence which would not have been accorded any other man in the country; and the President rightly calculated that this influence, added to his unquestioned ability, would have the effect of quieting these disorders. Although it was midwinter he pursued his mission of peace and reconciliation, addressing bands of sympathizers—reminding them that it was their duty to leave all questions in dispute to be settled by the Government in such a way as comported with national honor. He was entirely successful, and no doubt his personal influence saved the country a long and bloody war.

The same good sense and signal ability was manifested in the pacification of the Cherokees. Channing in speaking of that mission said that, "In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous nations, I doubt if a brighter page can be found than that which records Scott's agency in the removal of the Cherokees. He has succeeded not so much by policy as by the nobleness and generosity of his character; by moral influences; by the earnest conviction with which he has enforced on all with whom he had to do the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity, and religion. It would not be easy to find among us a man who has won a purer fame."

Scarcely had he accomplished that work before he was called again to the Maine frontier, to settle the troubles arising out of a question of disputed territory. England and Maine had advanced their military posts, and 8,000 troops were being pushed forward by that State to expel the English trespassers. Congress, so menacing was the appearance of things, authorized the President to call out 50,000 troops, and the country had well nigh abandoned all hope of peace. Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick, and Scott had held, in their respective armies, staff positions, and by means of flags of truce they had been frequently brought into contact. On one occasion Scott had saved his life, and on another he had found a miniature of Sir John's wife, taken when she was a bride, in some captured baggage, which he purchased and sent Sir John. All these things gave Scott an influence with Sir John, who was persuaded by Scott to make the first step towards a peaceful adjustment of the difficulty. Scott then personally appealed to the Legislature of Maine to withdraw her troops, which was done, and then the controversy was left to be settled by the English and American Governments. Sir John Harvey said that his reliance on Gen. Scott led him to give a willing assent to the proposition which ended so happily. It was the same confidence in his moderation and ability that induced the Administration to send him to this Coast to settle the San Juan difficulty.

The war with Mexico, notwithstanding the stupendous struggle of the past four years, is yet fresh in the minds of the people. That contest was the nursery of those who have been conspicuous on both sides in our civil war. When it was determined to make Vera Cruz the base of operations against the capital, Scott was placed in command. Vera Cruz was invested, and, with the castle of San Juan, surrendered. By the middle of September of that year, the city of Mexico had been captured, and its army of defence scattered in predatory bands, without hope of aggregation. Looking to that campaign in all its aspects, none more remarkable can be found in history.

Scott introduced into his system of warfare a humanity and philanthropy unprecedented in all military annals. Private property was never so safe in that country as during its occupation by our army. Homes were protected from all intrusion from our troops, and the Christian symbols on the altars of the churches were untouched. Even the rude figures of the Madonna at the waysides, hung with the pious offerings of the people, were undesecrated; and private property was never taken for army purposes, except on payment of its full value.

Much as his attention was occupied by the innumerable affairs of his high position, Scott found time to visit the sick of his army, and from actual inspection see they were properly cared for. He organized the civil administration of the Capital, and adapted a system of revenue by means of which the army would be self-supporting; and yet he left the ordinary municipal revenues to be collected by the Mexican rulers, and to be applied by them to the support of the civil administration he had permitted after the conquest. His chief object was to conciliate the enemy and to leave them sufficient vitality by which a government could be constructed. He introduced into the war code principles in accordance with a high moral standard; he raised the conquered to the level of citizens, and made them share the duties and authority of government. Under his firm and equal sway, law resumed its control, and his own troops were compelled to give it obedience as exactingly and rigidly as was the poorest *lépero*. The hand of the *bravo* was stayed, and the dread *morgue* was left without its once daily evidence of the passion and license of lawlessness. The peasants gathered in peace the harvests from the fertile valleys, and, unvexed by odious restrictions, exposed them for sale in the public marts. No wonder, then, that, under his just rule, many of Mexico's citizens should have endeavored to persuade Scott to remain in power—their governor or king.

In February, 1848, the treaty of peace was signed, and with its accomplishment—the object of so much solicitude to our people—Scott's official career in Mexico closed. He surrendered his command to Butler, and, in obedience to orders, presented himself before a Court of Inquiry to answer (it was nothing else) General Pillow's claim to have been the strategist and hero of that campaign. So odious was the prosecution in the eyes of the people, that the Administration virtually abandoned it.

In October, 1860, Scott, in a letter to the Secretary of War, warned the Government of its danger, but without effect. The storm broke, and, enfeebled in health, Scott was unfitted for active duties. He was the adviser of the Government until November, 1861, when, feeling that his days of usefulness had forever gone, he asked to be retired in favor of newer, younger and more vigorous men. But if he had done, during that crisis, nothing at all—nothing beyond new declarations of loyalty to the great and beneficent Government under which he had lived, and which through fifty years he had served so well—it was enough; it had effects of incalculable benefit to the cause of the people—to free government everywhere.

His last few years were spent in preparing his memoirs for the press, and in seeking relief from his bodily pain. And at last, at his beautiful home at West Point, where he had passed so many years of his life; attended by the good wishes of a grateful people—"his last feeble and lingering glance on the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, still full high advanced, not a stripe erased or polluted, and not a single star obscured"—the good old man, the true soldier and Christian, died.

California Prison Commission.—The Second Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of this Association was held on Tuesday evening. The Agent, Mr. Woodworth, presented the following figures as a part of his report: Number of prisoners visited, for counsel, etc., 412; whole number of interviews with prisoners, 854; number assisted, in various ways, 106; number supplied with board, for longer or shorter terms, 15; number supplied with money, in small sums, generally for necessary expenses when leaving the city, 14; with clothing, 4; number released from imprisonment through the efforts, in various ways, of the Agent, 32; commutation of sentence, in consequence of circumstances brought to light by his investigation, in 3 cases; number of visits to the office of the Commission by discharged prisoners, 100; visits by the Agent to the State Prison, 5; to the County Jail, 44; to the City Prison, 81; addresses to prisoners, at San Quentin, 4; letters and articles for publication written, 39; money collected, $228 50; and nearly a thousand business calls made. There seems to be no lack of zeal on the part of the gentlemen who have engaged in this good work, but their ability to carry it through effectively, depends chiefly upon the liberality of the public in supplying the necessary funds. At present the society is in debt about $175.

[For the Californian.]

RAILWAY READING.

SHORT stories that combine a certain amount of sentiment with a catastrophe suffieiently thrilling, have been invariably found acceptable to the travelling reader. A plot not so intricate as to interfere with the observation of scenery; a sentiment not so exalted as to be incompatible with flirtation or the chewing of spruce gum or lozenges, have been usually considered specially fit for this style of romance. Magaziues, weekly papers, and "Dime Novels" have provided this literary refection for the weary traveller. For the mind as well as the body requires refreshment, and if it comes in that crude and indigestible shape usually so fatal to the traveller's stomach, it is excusable as one of the exigencies of travel.

Of late years the character of these stories has alarmingly changed. The faseinating hero and stately heroine whose fortunes we breathlessly followed in the railway carriage or steamboat cabin, have passed away. Let us recall the almost invariable conditions under which they made their appearanee. The scenery was usually foreign—the *dramatis personæ* noble. Can we forget the ingenious youth, who in humble circumstances, yet bearing about him an "indescribable air" of being somebody, snubbed one of "England's proudest peers," triumphantly married the daughter of an Earl, and, after asserting the dignity of simple manhood—O, fatal *lapsus*—proved in the last chapter to be "the rightful heir and the noblest blood in the kingdom." Perhaps there is no better evidence of the innate snobbery of our sympathies than this very common *denouement*. Forged wills—which by a careful observatiou of romances seem to comprise seven-eighths of all the wills made—liberal quotations from the Freneh, and language which if not always grammatical, was invariably beautiful, lent a fascinating interest to the romance. On this moving picture of high life and its attendant sympathies, the conductor's request to see the reader's ticket—a request which always implies a certain degree of suspicion—broke all too harshly.

When the short-story writer laid his plot nearer home we could not help feeling that his genius was cramped. Yet how masterly the manner in which the American Indian—almost as imperfectly understood as the English nobleman—was handled in those pages. What flowers of rhetoric surrounded the picturesque savage. How perfeetly satisfied we were to believe that he invariably addressed us iu the abstraet, as "the Pale Face," that he seldom spoke three consecutive sentences without an allusion to the "Great Spirit," that his daughter was a model of womanly grace and beauty. Again, the American Revolution was a fruitful source of inspiration to the story-writer of twenty years ago. What liberties were taken with the events of that historic epoch! Were we ever mysteriously introduced to a "tall, commanding figure," and "face of great dignity and benevolence" without instantly recognizing General Washiugton? The private matters in which "the Father of his Country" personally interfered, the love affairs which he conducted to a successful termination, would alone seem to justify his reputation. How often did the genial face of Israel Putnam beam upon us from those pages; how quickly did we recognize Francis Marion, who has passed in some mysterious way into history as perpetually exciting the astonishment of British offieers on the subject of his diet and domestic economy? Nor were the domestic virtues neglected by the short-story writers. Mildly interesting stories of three or four chapters in length, the plot laid iu a New England village—a dark hint of reality conveyed by the initials of some of the principal characters such as "Judge L,," "Squirc B.," and "Deacon O.," were very popular at that period. The heroine usually died early; wastiug away under the combined effeet of fancy fairs, singing schools, donation parties, social teas, and other local excitements. Upon this gloomy peroration did the short-story writer lavish the wealth of his rhetoric. Not content with an affeeting deseription of her death-bed, he evidently took a gloomy satisfaction in the details of her funeral, nor did he dismiss us without the information that "in the lovely little village of D." "a simple slab in the country churchyard" was all that preserved "the memory of Mary B." Per haps it is unnecessary to say that this was in the "spring tide"—a season peculiarly fatal to romantic loveliness.

The different reforms and philanthropic enterprises of our country were also favorable to the genius of the short-story writer. Without alluding to the efforts of that great Master of American Moral Fiction—Mr. T. S. Arthur—a romantic Poor Richard engrafted upon a prose Tupper—what reader has forgotten the young mechanic who drank a single glass of wine at an evening party, and thereby involved himself and family in general ruin; the young couple who laid aside three cents a day and ultimately attained wealth and respectability, the husband dying an Assemblyman; the young woman who lost the affection of her lover—an eligible young man, for the writer never lost sight of the practical in the romantic—through a single pettish word; the young wife who dressed too much; the slatternly wife who didn't dress enough— But why continue? Are not these things still written in the book of Godey—the magazine of Peterson?

The change which has come over the romantic dreams of the short-story writer has been slow but insidious. The heroine whose stateliness we loved, has become arch, vivacious, and witty to a painful degree. Instead of thrilling us with that melancholy glance which was supposed to express in some orthodox manner "the yearnings of a poetic soul" she now transfixes us with a sarcasm. Instead of those conversations magnificent in hyperbole and lofty in sentiment, we have now badinage that becomes almost hysterical in its inteusity. Her head no longer sinks on her lover's manly breast, as she "whispers sweet consent"—"a sudden expression almost of pain"—"a cold rigidity of the small lips"—"a mocking, but silvery laugh" is all that the bashful lover may look for. Not but that she has sentiment, but it is of a singularly perplexing and exasperating quality—she has a way of looking at you "with strange dumb eyes"—her glance is "trance like," and "far off"—she is sybilline," "fateful." She is no longer beautiful, but "singular looking." It may be easily imagined that a heroine of this order would not be satisfied with that one devoted lover which in former times was her predestined partner. She loves two. She is two or three times engaged. She is justified by a philosophy borrowed from our lively Gallic friends. She has all the benefit of those "extenuating circumstances" which French poetical justiee admits equal'y as its literature and law. The modern short story gives us details, where formerly we had mere glittering generalities. The dress of our heroine is described with feminine precision; the writer no longer trusts to white musliu and "simple rosebuds" for the hair. In the matter of accomplishments the same care is displayed. Our heroine no longer allows her fingers to run carelessly over the piano while she listens to her lover's conversation; she deliberately sits down to Chopiu or Schubert. We are forced to listen to an enthusiastic criticism of "Beethoven, choral symphony op. 125," or a "*duo* in E flat." We are crushed with her knowledge of botany; the "simple rosebud" her lover presents is technically considered; it is no longer pulled to pieces in bashful meditation—she "removes its petals." In the more pretentious short-story, she generally has a profession—painter, musician, sculptor, governess, doctor. The hero—at best, the male of her species—is absorbed in her superior attractions. He is no longer young; middle-aged heroes are naturally much more fascinating to the female short story writers of a certain age. He is fascinatingly rough and outspoken in manner; he is satirical and philosophical; he is learned and ponderous. His voice is deep-toned; his grasp is hearty; he is kind even in his rudeness. In fact, the feminine idea of man would seem to be generally based on a study of Newfoundland dogs and mastiffs. Perhaps he is a soldier—an Union officer—but this supposition opens such an exhausting and illimitable view of hospitals with sick nurses, battlefields, politics, and wounded soldiers returning with high honors—and the countless romances of the civil war whieh have taken the place of the old Revolutionary episodes, that we must needs pause.

Of such stuff are the heroes and heroines of the modern short-stories made. We meet them in the pages of the magazine or weekly that we glance over in the railway car or steamboat; we are more or less interested iu their fate or fortuue, but they are apt to pass out of our minds with the vanishing objects that we hurry past. For the short-story is not a matter of deliberate reading—nor does it exact the attitude of attention and complete abstraction. What is written here of course does not refer to the lighter efforts of the few great romancers of our day, nor the really clever sketches—not stories—of Euglish periodieals, whieh develop humor and satire, rather than plot or incident. And yet an age which puts iuto our hands the latest chapters of the great serial writers, as we walk or ride; which gives us cheap pocket editious of our noblest poets; which collates for our hurried recreation in review or eclectic all that is good of refined and epicurean literature; whieh enables us to delight in the pathos or humor of simple duty as sketched by master hands, instead of the forced aud unnatural romance of the sentimental hack, surely offers us some compensatiou for the gradual decay of short-story telling. It is certainly something to be thankful for that our wives and daughters travelling by land or sea are more likely to refresh themselves with books whose pages breathe an atmosphere as pure, as fresh, aud as wholesome as that which blows through the open window, than in the days when literature spread its refreshment table for the weary traveller with indigestible moral pie, sensational hot coffee, sentimental tea, and emotional soda water.

BRET.

DELICATE RULES OF ETIQUETTE.—It is almost impossible for us Anglo-Saxon folk thoroughly to understand the delicate rules of etiquette which govern the relation of sexes in the East. For instance, it is quite shocking for a married woman to speak of her "husband." She must talk of him as the "master," "my lord," or "father of my son." Ou the other hand, a man never mentions his wife to another man; but there is no impropriety in his discussiug the most sacred and secret subjects of conjugal life with a woman. Said one of the masters: "Of course, I do not speak of my harem to English gentlemen; but to a good lady can speak of it."

AMUSEMENTS.

THE *Broker of Bogota*, a play written for Mr. Forrest by Dr. Bird, of Philadelphia, was performed on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings; drawing an audience but slightly diminished on its third representation. The play is an interesting one, but has no marked merit of character or construction to win it a place in the ranks of the first class pieces. The character of "Baptista Febro" does not afford Mr. Forrest a sufficient scope to draw much on his better professional qualities, and, though some scenes become interesting and impressive in his hands, the character can never be marked as a great one. Mrs. Sophie Edwin preseuted "Juauna" to us in a most favorable light, and was awarded the compliment of a call before the curtain on its first representation. Miss Lillie, Messrs. McCullough, Thorne, and Pierpont Thayer, made the most of their characters. The piece was excellently placed on the stage, and was well performed throughout in all its parts.

Mr. Forrest repeated his "Macbeth" on Thursday evening. It was by no means equal to his representation of other Shakspearian charaeters.

The bill for the *matinée* to-day consists of that sterling old comedy, *The Wonder;* or, *A Woman Keeps a Secret.* This evening, those reliable assistants, to whom is attributable the mechanical sueeess of the many plays produced at the Opera House during the season—Mrs. Staekhousc and Nichols—put up their names for a benefit, and present an attractive bill, consisting of the fine play, *Dreams of Delusion;* the lively farce of *His Last Legs*, with the cork-like Harry Courtaine once more on the surface, in the part of "O'Callaghan." Mr. McCullough will also recite "Shamus O'Brien" for the oceasion.

Next week, Mr. Forrest will personate "Brutus" on Monday and Wednesday evenings; "Macbeth" on Tuesday; "Richelieu" on Thursday; and "Richard III.," for the first time in California, on Friday.

Dr. Jordan's Anotomical Museum continues to receive its share of public patronage. This collection, embracing nearly one thousand different varieties of anotomical preparations and eharts, offers the means of obtaining much useful and praetical knowledge that cannot be obtained from any other source.

MUSICAL.

THE ITALIAN OPERA ASSOCIATION.

WHAT success shall attend the formation of an opera asso-eiation in this eity is problematical. To create, instruct, and encourage a taste for the fine arts the "Art Union" was formed nearly two years ago, but the estimate of its success was incorrect, and its life was completed several months ago. The patrons of music are uudoubtedly more numerons in this city than those of painting and sculpture, and, although the establishment of a permanent opera here seems at the first glance as great an undertaking in proportion to its patrons as the "Art Union," we should be glad to find ourselves in error, and should be the first to rejoice at its complete success.

An organization of this kind has been formed under the name of the "San Francisco Italian Opera Association," which has been eompleted by the election of the following officers: President, R. C. Rogers; Vice President, D. Knight; Treasurer, M. Gray; Secretary, D. Wilder; with an efficient corps of honorary vice presidents and directors. It is to be sustained by a small monthly contribution, and all persons are eligible to membership except professional musicians.

To this association Signor Bianchi has announced that arrangements have already been made for the commencement of a musical season in July, when the followiug operas will probably be preseuted:

Verdi—Il Trovatore, La Traviata, Ernani, Rigoletto, Attila, Macbeth, I Masnadieri, I due Foscari, I Lombardi, Un Ballo en Masehera. *Donizetti*—La Favorita, Il Poliuto, Lucia di Lammermoor, Belisario, Linda di Chamounix, Lucrezia Borgia. *Ricci*—Chi dura vince, Crispino e la Comare. *Mozart*—Don Giovanni. *Bellini*—Norma, La Sonnambula. *Meyerbeer*—L'Africaine. *Halevy*—La Juive. *Gounod*—Faust. *Pacini*—Saffo. *Petrella*—Ione.

The artists who will appear, besides those who reside in this city, are Signor Marra, baritone, and Signor Milleri, basso profundo, now on their way hither. Negotiations on foot may also effect the appearance of the celebrated soprano, Signorina Noel-Guidi. The above will be sustained by a chorus of eighteen voices and an orchestra of sixteeu instruments under the leadership of Mr. Herold.

MR. BENKERT'S CONCERT.

Mr. Benkert was formally received by a very large audience on Thursday evening. An excellent pianist, he does not however, surpass some of our California artists whose names have long been familiar to the musical public. His best performance—the "Reverie au bord de la Mer"—was executed with good taste and style, but in Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," he was not as successful. The "Marche Chinoisi" —his own composition—was flatteringly received; it was extremely characteristic—a feature of all the selected pieces. Mr. Northrop sustained his reputation for good style, although cold; Brambilla exhibited her usual artistic finish. Mr. Herold, at the piano, was a very welcome and satisfuctory feature of this concert.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for deuoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument sball be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, acceptiug, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes. If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum sball not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideratioudoes not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered ton nage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

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THE FASHIONS ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE *Spring of* 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

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Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

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BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

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Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JUNE 9th, - - - - GOLDEN AGE

Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

(Connecting with the *COSTA RICA*, Captain Bradbury.)

JUNE 18, - - - - - CONSTITUTION

Captain F. R. Baby.

(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Gray.)

JUNE 30th, - - - - GOLDEN CITY,

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An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

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A CARD.

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my26 2m 404 Montgomery street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO, May 9, 1866.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, held on the 5th inst., it was resolved to increase the Capital Stock of the corporation to $5,000,000, gold, to take effect on

THE FIRST DAY OF JULY NEXT,

and the President and Cashier were authorized to receive subscriptions for $2,000,000 of said capital stock. Parties desirous of subscribing will make application at the Bank, either personally or by letter, when further details will be given.

D. O. MILLS, President.

my20 1m W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;

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Capital Stock, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 499, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,

Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,

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Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
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THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

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San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24

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CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
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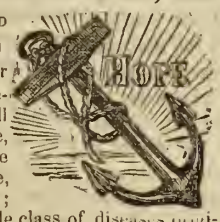
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

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FOR THE SPEEDY AND Certain Cure of Intermittent Fever or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Ague medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.

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MUCH-ADMIRED DRESS GOODS,

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California street, (one door from Sansome street.)

my5-3m THOMAS MOONEY, President.

THE CONUNDRUM IN THE COUNTRY.

A FEW years ago, I bought a pleasant place of some twenty acres, on the Hudson river, about thirty miles above the city. I have since regretted that I did not purchase a lot and build a house in the heart of the Adirondacks; for my ideas of the rest, seclusion, and country comfort to be enjoyed in my rural home have received so many rude shocks that they at one time nearly crumbled to pieces. The first summer I spent there, was as agreeable as my anticipations had painted it. Alone, most of the time, I passed my days under the trees, and upon my verdant pastures. With my pipe in my mouth and with a bundle of recently received conundrums, or perhaps a few old favorites, I enjoyed to the utmost my absolute rest and freedom from the annoyances which must beset a quiet man in a great city. I loved the twitter and chirp of the birds, and to me they afforded a delight not known to those who have always been dwellers in the country. Unversed as I was in practical ornithology, I accepted their songs as musical enigmas, and spent hours in endeavoring to guess whether the warbler was a robin, a wren or a catbird. Although familiar with the medical properties of most plants, the flowers that I saw around were to me unsolved puzzles. I had long since made out the rose and the dandelion, but most of the others grew up without their answers attached, so far as I was concerned.

My delightful quiet was disturbed, I believe, but upon one occasion.

It was a beautiful morning in July, a gentle wind tempered the warmth of the air, and spread the perfumes from the garden over the green fields where I was wont to take my *ante prandial* rambles. Everything was quiet and at rest, except the wayward butterflies and the thoughtless grass-hoppers. Even the birds were winking and nodding on the gently swaying branches, and as I walked down the path I had worn from the house to my favorite tree I could but think that the shining hours were not capable of improvement, even by the busy bees of the pious Dr. Watts. I had not reached my umbrageous haunt when I perceived beneath the tree, the unusual spectacle of a young lady. I soon recognized her as the daughter of my neighbor Tandom, and as I knew her to be as intelligent and witty as she was lovely, and as lovely as the birds and flowers, I was quite pleased with the idea of a social chat. But on nearing her, I saw she was in trouble of some kind. Her face flushed and turned pale by turns, and she seemed endeavoring to do something, or go somewhere, and to be unable to succeed. I accosted her as cheerfully as my anxiety would allow, and soon discovered that she had become apparently hopelessly entangled in the mazes of a conundrum that I had carelessly left beneath the tree the day before. I endeavored to release her from her thralldom, soothing and encouraging her the while, but for the life of me I could not remember the solution.

"Wait here a few minutes," I cried, "and I will run up to the house and get the answer."

She made a reply which I did not hear, as I hurried away, unwilling to keep her in her dilemma a moment longer than was necessary. The day was warm, and the breeze seemed to have died away, and as I am rather stout, I was bathed in perspiration by the time I reached the house. I snatched up the package of conundrums which I had been considering the day before, and hastened back, endeavoring on the way, to select the key by which I could deliver my unfortunate young friend. But when I had approached the tree I saw that she was not there, having doubtless guessed the conundrum and gladly escaped. Pretty little thing! Had I been a younger man, I would have spread many a trap for her. She was caught a few months ago by a young lawyer, and is now engaged in the solution of the enigma, "which are the pleasantest, the buds of youth, or the flowers of love?"

Ah me!

Now that I am on the subject of annoyances, I remember that there was one other occasion, (trifling to be sure) during this first summer at "Spring Cottage" when my quiet was somewhat disturbed.

I was sitting under a large apple tree in my orchard, and had just guessed at the number of seeds in a handsome pippin, which I was cutting open to see if my answer was correct, when I heard approaching footsteps, and turning, saw, coming towards me, a young fellow with whose father, (a farmer of the neighborhood) I had had considerable dealings.

"Good morning, Doctor," said he.

"Good morning, Samuel, what can I do for you today?"

"Well sir," said he, rather bashfully, "I don't want to trouble you any more than I can help, but I thought that perhaps you could tell me of something that would do for sores."

"I should be a poor doctor if I could not tell you that, Samuel. There are many things that would do—*simple cerate*, for instance, but where is your sore?"

"Ah!" he cried — "cerate, cerate — simple cerate! I don't think that will do, sir—you couldn't work that right, any way you could fix it."

"That's for me to decide, Samuel," said I, firmly, "just tell me first where you have a sore?"

"Oh, sir," he said, "I don't mean that—I want something that will do instead of 'soars.'"

"Well, a whole skin is the best thing I know of."

"You've got it all wrong, sir. This is what I want—I have nearly manufactured a conundrum."

"Oh! a conundrum," I cried.

"Yes, sir; it is this, 'when is an eagle like a carpenter?'"

Ans.—"When it soars o'er plains." "Now, you see, sir, that is good enough as a *spoken* riddle, but it won't do to write, for 'soars' isn't 'saws,' you see. I have been trying for the last week to get the thing into better shape, but somehow I couldn't do it, and so came to you, knowing your skill in such things."

"Well, Samuel," said I, "if you come to my office in the city sometime next fall, I shall be glad to give you all the help I can, but I can do nothing for you here during the summer. I came here to rest, and have entirely given up professional duties of the enigmatical kind—so you must not be offended if I decline to doctor up your conundrum."

I then engaged him in conversation on rural matters and we soon parted company. But I was troubled to think that even here, in my retreat, I could not have the opportunity of thinking and doing as I pleased, without appearing churlish to my friends.

Little did I expect what I should have to undergo during the next summer. Then it was that my real troubles began. Those who had been in the habit of visiting my office in the city found out my retreat, and came in such numbers, every fine day, during the first part of the season, that my studies and pleasures were entirely broken up.

In vain I tried every expedient I could devise. Dogs and morose servants could not deter them, and they got in in spite of gates with latches of rare contrivance. I tried the plan of locking the gate at the road, but as the servants had to go and see who asked admission every time they heard a knock (for I had friends I would not have excluded on any consideration) and as they were often unable to resist the arguments—generally pecuniary, I presume—of the many eager applicants, this plan soon proved to be no better than the rest.

I had then a patent gate placed at the entrance to my grounds, the secret of which I confided to a select circle of friends, pledging them to silence on the subject. As a high wall separated my place from the public road, and the gate (which by the pressure of an unobservable spring sank into the ground, and rose again in precisely thirty seconds,) showed no signs of latch or lock, I enjoyed immunity from annoyance for about ten days. Unfortunately about this time, the rector of the parish, Reverend Doctor Malvolio, having paid me a visit, was leaving the place. He touched the spring, the gate sank and he passed through, but just then he remembered something, I suppose that he wished to say to me, and stepped back again, pausing for an instant in the gateway. At the expiration of its half-minute, up came the gate, and, taking the Reverend Doctor astraddle of it, hoisted him high into the air. I saw the accident from the house, and hurried down to apologize and release him, but he has not been to see me since.

Shortly after this, a similar accident having occurred to Mrs. Belvidere Montarsin, the wife of the lawyer of the village, and the leader of society in the vicinity, her husband sent me such a note the next day that I found I should have to abolish the gate or suffer a lawsuit. So I had the thing removed, and, after days and nights of thought and perplexity, hit upon a brilliant idea, which I immediately put into execution, and which, for the short time that I remained after its completion, answered my purpose to a charm, and will, I hope, continue to do so during the coming summer.

I had a gate made, with an alphabetical combination lock, which, being locked by a certain arrangement of letters, could only be opened by the same. The key was attached by a chain to the gate, and full directions for its use were posted up.

On the arch above the gate I placed an enigma, and the initials of the words in the answer to this formed the combination which would open the lock.

As before, my friends received the answer, and I very justly considered that should any one guess the riddle, they ought to be made welcome for their ingenuity. The conundrum, I concluded, must not be of the modern style as that would generally necessitate too many words in the answer. It must be simple, yet difficult—I selected the following:

"Why is this gate, when you open it, like the sixth chapter of Genesis?"

Now, I supposed that those who would be likely to solve this enigma would be staid and well read persons, whose conversation would be profitable and interesting, while the mass of would-be visitors, who came to be amused or to sell their productions, and have no idea of what the sixth chapter of Genesis referred to, and not having a Bible on their persons, would be completely at fault; and before they would be likely to pay me a second, I should have changed my conundrum, which I intended to do, as often as it should seem requisite.

As I said before, the plan succeeded admirably, and I often used to conceal myself behind the wall about the time that the boat from the city had stopped at the village landing, and listen to the desperate efforts of the little crowd that was pretty certain to soon reach the gate.

I am sorry that I have not time to give some of the strange answers that these people concocted. None of them, however, hit upon the correct solution, which was very simple, being—"Because it describes an arc."

And the letters B, I, D, A, A, opened the gate.

N. Y. Saturday Press. ANDREW SCROGGIN.

THE CAPTAIN'S YARN.—Conversing with the captain of a vessel, the other day, he related the following anecdote: "I had a first-rate first officer who sailed with me for several years. He was an excellent seaman and a perfect gentleman. I remember I took him once to the Italian Opera in London, and he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the performance, though he had no ear for music, didn't understand the language, and was was too bashful to look at the *figurantes*. A particular and very amiable trait of his character was his domestic affection. Sailors roving about the world are very seldom constant—in fact, they too often act up to the libertine proposition of Marmontel—*Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aime ce qu'on a.* But this man was a perfect model of conjugal fidelity. He was always thinking and speaking of his wife (he had no children.) Always buying presents for her in every port he visited. Well, one day—we were lying off the River Gambia, in Africa—my mate, after dinner, leaned back in his chair, and fell asleep. I went on deck to smoke a cigar. When I came back I found poor M—— lying on the cabin floor a corpse! A sudden stroke of apoplexy had carried him off. I was inexpressibly shocked. He had a sailor's grave—and every heart on board the brig was heavy at his loss. On the home voyage I was thinking all the while of the agony of M.'s poor wife when she learned of his death, and how I should breathe the news to her. She always flew down to the pier as soon as she heard our brig was coming up the bay, and I believe she could read every signal flag that was thrown out from the station. Well, we had no sooner made fast to the wharf when down came a handsome hack, and out springs the mate's wife rigged out from top to toe like a first-rate frigate on a gala-day—with a fathom or two of ribbon towing astern of her. Poor girl! thought I, how soon my tale will blanch the roses of your cheek. 'My husband?' she inquired, as she sprang lightly on deck, showing a pair of tiny feet, cased in the daintiest satin boots that ever a French shoemaker turned out. 'I am sorry to say, madam,' said I, 'that he has been very sick.' The color came and went in her cheek. 'Tell me all,' she cried, grasping my arm. 'Well, then, madam,' said I, 'if I must say it, he is dead.' '*Glad of it, by jingo!*' was her answer. She was ashore and off again in the tying of a reel-point—and next week she married a merchant's clerk. The captain plunged his hands deep into the pockets of his pilot-coat. 'I'm a bachelor'—said he. 'The worse for you,' was our answer. 'Exceptions only prove rules.'"

[COMMUNICATED.]

THE MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK.—Wars, national resources, political contests, religious conventions, amusements, the Central Park, its swans, gondolas, etc., have been discussed—this letter is of the "Mysteries of New York." In the car, steamboat, saloon, parlor, at dinner, in the street, everywhere do I hear some story with relation to, or an inquiry as to the meaning of those mythical words, posted, printed, and advertised wherever I go:

S. T.—1860.—X.

accompanied with a crescent and a shepherd's hook. A secession sympathizer said it was: "Satan Triumphed in 1860 in granting the Expectation of Abolitionists;" while a Republican said it was: "Stump Tail Democrats of 1860, gone to Texas;" another, "To the State-Taxes of 1860 add ten (X) dollars;" another, that they were the watch-words of some secret society, like "Sons of Tecumebia are 1860 Strong," or "Seward Tricksters of 1860 Used Up," etc., etc Well, your correspondent was ill—had been ill for a long time—in fact, his late suppers had given him a horrid dyspepsia. He read the advertisements, and of course bought a bottle of Plantation Bitters; the Bitters cured him, and on the bottle appeared those same cabalistic letters: S. T.—1860—X. I travelled straight for 21 Park Row, introduced myself to the celebrated Dr. Drake, and was shown the elephant—tusks, S. T. and all—and a great institution it is. A six story building in Dey street, from cellar to garret, is occupied as a laboratory for producing this single medicine. Some forty persons are employed; several vats, holding six thousand gallons each, are filled with roots, herbs, and material, and then soaked in water, and the expression preserved in pure St. Croix Rum. I here saw the bags, boxes, and bales of Calisaya Bark, Wintergreen, and other material—and the original St. Croix Rum puncheons bearing the Custom-house brand. It seemed that medicine could here be turned out to supply a world of invalids—yet these gentlemen are unable to fill their orders for Plantation Bitters alone. I was shown many certificates of extraordinary cures effected by these Bitters. The statistics of the medicine business as presented to the last Congress in the report of Mr. D. S. Barnes are enormous and startling, amounting to some six million dollars annually. The proprietors of these Bitters will pay Uncle Sam near fifty thousand dollars for stamps this year! * * * * J. H.

DISCOVERED.—The cheapest place for hotel and housekeepers to buy linens, damasks, sheetings, blankets, etc., and for ladies to buy silks and dress goods, is at Meagher, Tauffe & Co.'s, No. 9 Montgomery street.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavins, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent arguments to employ in dealing with the affairs of any Insurance Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mutual,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the results manifested upon it are well worthy of consideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of.....$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is...1,083,565 34
The total income of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of.....1,003,199 24
The full disbursements for 1860, were..1,540,130 62
Number of policies issued Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over double the amount, viz.....31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems bald in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented by the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can be more complete for any financial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurance has been heard of on the American Continent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutual' of New York, stand out pre-eminent. Many successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) during the last four years, to the amount of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to be paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were both killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to be paid about $1,200 for accrued dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's, 646 Sacramento street.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

RANKIN'S PATENT SCHOOL DESK;
Liquid Slating for Blackboard;
ARITHMETICAL FRAME;
Babbitonian System of Writing—the Best System known.

W. HOLT,
de9 305 Montgomery street, Room No 2.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. *J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.*
Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Forty-second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Col. Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
jc2 4m NEW YORK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

W. D. FARRAND

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

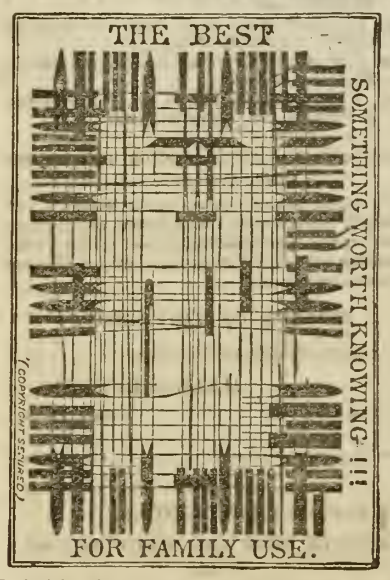
No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE



AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,

1865.

my10-3m

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)]

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

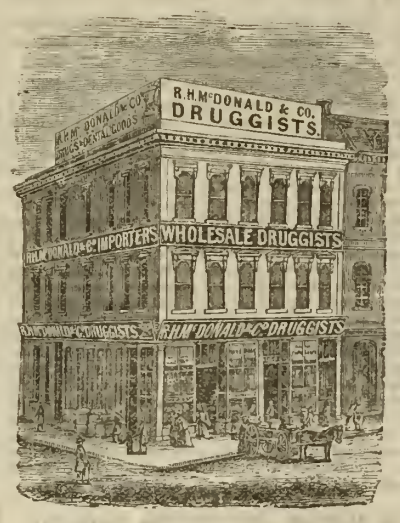
111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24-3m

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,



IMPORTERS OF

Drugs, Chemicals, Herbs,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PAINTS, VARNISHES,

ACIDS, DYE STUFFS,

OILS, PERFUMERIES,

TOILET ARTICLES,

BRUSHES.

We are just receiving, direct from Spain, a complete assortment of

CORKS! CORKS! CORKS

which we offer at lower prices than usual

DUSTING, PAINT, VARNISH, SHOE, SCRUB, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES:

We have a splendid stock, which we offer at extremely low prices.

HERBS.

We have received, direct from the Shakers, all kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

TILDEN'S SOLID AND FLUID EXTRACTS, PILLS, AND CONCENTRATED PREPARATIONS.

We have on hand, and shall keep a full assortment of the above celebrated preparations, which we offer to the trade at such prices as will defy competition.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

A great variety, not to be equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.



PLAIN AND GUM TEETH.



We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

GOLD FOIL.

We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers

VULCANIZERS,

DENTAL CHAIRS AND LATHES,

FILES,

VULCANITE AND GUTTA PERCHA,

FORCEPS,

BURRS, DRILLS AND EXCAVATORS,

MIRRORS, ETC.

We have, besides the above, every article used by the Dentist, and are daily in receipt of all the new inventions in use.

Dentists will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDonald & Co.,

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

AND

J STREET - - SACRAMENTO.

ap28-3m

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. ap14-1y

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

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San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

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JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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[For the Californian.]

LOVE IN LITTLE.

BECAUSE tho rose the Bloom of Blossoms is,
And queenliest in beauty and in grace,
The violet's tender blue we love no less,
Or daisy, glancing up with shy, sweet face.

For all the music which the forest has—
The ocean-waves that crash upon the beach,
Still would we miss the whisper of the grass,
The hum of bees, the brooklet's silver speech.

We would not have the timid wood-thrush mute
Because the bulbul more divinely sings;
Or lose the scarlet of dear Robin's throat
For all the Tropics' flash of golden wings.

So do I think, though weak we be and small,
Yet is there One whose care is none the less,
Who finds, perchance, some grain of worth in all,
Or loves us for our very humbleness.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TO A. ROMAN & CO., Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, we are under obligations for a number of books of recent issue, among which we find

The Masquerade and Other Poems. By John Godfrey Saxe. Boston: Tickuor & Fields.

This is a very dreary book. It is written by a gentleman who has acquired some reputation as a humorist from his frequent contribution of verses to the newspapers of the East. In such localities they may be tolerable enough; but the author ought not to presume that the collection of such effusions in a volume of two hundred and thirty-seven pages will add anything to his reputation, or ensure an immortality among the genuine wits or humorists of America. We have commenced reading several pieces, anticipating before we finished something to create a smile, but the result has been uniformly an undeveloped pucker—a feeling of incompleteness, as concerning one who tried and couldn't. Several of the pieces in the volume secmed quite humorous when we met them in the newspapers some years ago—a few only some months ago—but it is hard to laugh more than once over the same jokes. A joke well told is always better in prose than in verse, and Mr. Saxe, endeavoring to enshrine news paper wit in the amber of his rythmic measure, ought not to claim any originality for the creations, or applause for almost spoiling what was really quite readable. Thus much for the matter of the verses. The manner is not in any respect his, but is a following—at how great interval?—of men who could claim both wit and genius, such as Tom Hood and Oliver Wendell Holmes. This is true of the bulk of the volume, consisting of the "other poems." That the title is a misnomer, we believe the author, if he ever indulges in a serious thought, would confess, for even he would find it difficult to quote a line of poetry therefrom. The reader can generally see the muscle he has developed, in his efforts to be unmistakably funny. Once or twice, in this volume, he has not tried to be so; and while in these instances he has produced the most pleasing verses in the volume, they seem out of place, and remind us of something else—the matter from one anthor, the manner from another. "Wouldn't You Like to Know" and "To My Love" are prominent in this regard.

In the later portion of the volume are what Mr. Saxe, we think in a facetious vein, calls sonnets, but they are the same dreary trials to be funny that almost make you smile, and could never be recognized as sonnets by gods or men. The noble sonnets of the master bards were written in fourteen lines; so are these—and there the likeness ends.

The volume closes with some epigrams—and they are unlike and superior to the other effusions, in that, while they are written in the same spirit, they relieve one of the torture of long suspense, and hurry the reader to the locality where the author intends the laugh to—but where it does not—come in.

If the volume were considerably better in every respect, it might possibly be good. Its muscular effort might then accomplish the expected smile, and its dreary doggerel approximate the poetic flow. Failing in both, the book is dreary, dismal, dreary to the end.

A Thousand a Year. By Mrs. E. M. Bruce. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Publishers.

This book was written to show the very considerable hardship of a minister with wife and children living on the sum of one thousand dollars a year. It is dedicated "to the noble band of Christian ministers by whose self-sacrificing toil etc., and to their patient wives who toil unceasingly with burdens that are never lifted, by one who sees and would alleviate the trials of their dishcartening life." It's not a particularly amusing book. To smile, from the title-page to *finis*, would evidently hurt the feelings of the author. It is intended to work the reader into the gloomiest condition of the human heart, and will probably prove successful among the people who are given to ready sympathies. The author would have us believe that the minister's life is the hardest that was ever devised for man. "He is working hard, doing an immense amount of mental labor, but only in quantity does it astonish you." She might add that the quality also does at times. Mrs. Bruce does not like it because, "Whereas the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, or tradesman who graduated in the same college class with less promise, is making his mark in the world, the clergyman is working on without prominence of any sort, without the applause of men, feeling that it might have been otherwise." Her particular minister "onee had glowing hopes; could remember in the long ago, away back in his young manhood, when he had been ambitious," but "years of toil and varied duties had smothered his aspiration." He finally threw up the sponge, but before he left, "I think our committee learned in that interview some truths of which they had never before dreamed." There is a class of people in every community who think they insult the Deity by taking any but the gloomiest views of life, and therefore dispel, when they can, the twinkle from every eye and smile from every face. To that class we especially recommend this "ower sad tale."

Honor May. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A story evidently written by a woman who is an enthusiastic lover of music. She believes she can preface her volume no better than by a quotation from J. T. De Saint-Germain: "* * * La musique, c'est l' expressiou, c'est la voix qui pleure, qui aime, qui gémit, qui glorifie, c'est le cœur qui palpité de joie on qui saigne de douleur; rien n'eu survivra que la pensée; c'est le bien entré la terre d'argile et las espaces infinis, incommensurables. La musique est comme un ressouvenir de la voix divine, et son triomphe sera toujours la louange du Seigneur." We cannot commend the plot or development of the story. In the mind of the authoress, these were plainly of secondary importance. She asks an audience of those, enthusiastic as herself, who love to think, talk, feel, hear and live music. And such readers will appreciate and enjoy the book. To those who have some knowledge of the best music, this will serve as a pleasant remembrance and review of what they love best, and to those who are less informed this volume will give kindly hints, and stimulate their desires for a better knowledge. Those who care less for the divine art may find something in the story, made interesting to a certain degree by the introduction of a "schoolmarm," who fascinates, bewilders, and compel, the heroes and supernumeraries of the piece to fall in love with her.

Citoyenne Jacqueline—A Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution. By Sarah Tytler, author of *Papers for Thoughtful Girls.* London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

The elegant appearance of this volume would win readers if no word was spoken in its praise. The rich whiteness of its pages, the clearness of its type, and the simple elegance of its outside, are winning invitations to a more intimate acquaintance with its contents. There is perhaps no period in history better adapted for the exercise of the skill of the novelist than that of the French Revolution. It is calculated to serve as the basis of a thrilling narrative. The authoress of the present volume has skilfully availed herself of the advantages that appertained to this scene in French history, and into the web of her story has woven incidents in the lives of those charaeters best known in the historical narrative. She introduces the persons of Robespierre and Murat, and surely does not forget her, who was bold amid the terrified, Charlotte Corday. She displays the result of a careful and conscientious study of history, and has produced a work of very considerable interest and fascination to the end.

In Trust; or, Dr. Bernard's Household. By Amanda M. Douglass. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Betsy Jane Ward (Better-Half to Artemus). Hur Book. New York: James O'Kane.

Ecce Homo—A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Speeches. By the Rt. Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay, M. P. 2 vols. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

Cerise—A Tale of the Last Century. By G. J. Whyte Melville. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing. From the German of Joseph von Eichendorff. By Charles Godfrey Leland. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Poems of Thomas Hood. People's Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam; Hurd & Houghton.

AMUSEMENTS.

MR. FORREST appeared in John Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus, or The Fall of Tarquin*, on Monday and Wednesday evenings; in *Macbeth* on Tuesday evening; in *Richelieu* on Thursday evening; and in *Virginius* last evening. The interest evinced by the public to see Mr. Forrest in his personations of the great characters of the drama seems to be increasing. It is impossible to procure eligible seats without securing them days in advance; and when a new play is announced, the eager public secure seats anywhere, in dress circle or parquette, accepting Capt. Howard's drafts payable at five days—the longest period for which seats can be secured—as fast as they can be issued.

Charles R. Thorne Jr., who has very ably filled the position of leading man at the Opera House for nearly a year past, and has evinced most creditable improvement in his profession, has dissolved his connection with that theatre and with California, and intends leaving for the East on the next steamer. Charles Thorne, like Frank Mayo his predecessor at the Opera House, has grown up as an actor on, and graduates from the Opera House stage. We commend him to the public on the Atlantic side for his sterling qualities as a man and actor; and have no fear that he will bring ill-repute upon his dramatic *alma mater* in either capacity.

Mr. Walter Leman, a veteran on the stage, a careful and very capable actor, for a long time one of the leading members of the Opera House company, went East yesterday on the *Moses Taylor*. The vacancies have been filled by Harry Courtaine, and H. D. Thompson of "Michael Feeny" fame.

Mrs. Sedley Brown, whose experiences of California management in her late season at the Metropolitan were very bitter ones, also embarked for Boston, her native city, on the Opposition steamer. Harry Wall and his pretty wife—late Louisa Clarkson—Percy, the precise; and Mrs. Yeamans, good in jig dances, rollicking Irish and utility characters, have also shaken the dust of California off their feet. They departed for New York yesterday.

The performance at the Opera House this afternoon will consist of *Taming of the Shrew* and Harry Courtaine's speciality, *Bob Ticket.* In the evening the sterling comedy of *The Wonder* will be performed.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings Mr. Forrest will personate "Jack Cade."

GOING ASHORE.

"THERE she is, sir; that's she just off the pint there. She's a-coming stem on; and in arf an hour, if she ain't on Bnuk Sands, I'm a Dutchman."

My companion was no native of dam-land, for there was Briton written in every feature of his bronze red face, as he stood by me in Baythorpe shore, in his canvas trousers, heavy fisher's boots, blue Jersey shirt, and tarpaulin hat, tied on with a bit of oakum band, while the flap behind beat about in the tremendous wiud that was raging in our faces.

"Bang!" went the dull smothered report of a heavy gnn, and in the shade of the coming night I just caught sight of a faint flash of light. Where we stood, the spray came rushing in like a heavy storm of rain; while the whistling of the wind, and the thundering in of the huge rollers as they curled over and over upon the sands, tearing it out from among the clays, and scraping it away by tons, made standing in the face of such a storm extremely confusing; and yet hundreds were out npon the shore close nnder the great sand-bank, drenched to the skin with the spray, for the news had spread through the village that a three-master was going ashore.

Going ashore! Simple words to a landsman's ears; but what do they mean? The noble vessel tearing and plunging through the broken water—now down in the trough of the waves, now rising like a cork upon the white crests, and then a shock as she strikes upon the saud, and seems immovable; a shuddering quiver through plank and beam; and then crash, crash, crash—mast after mast gone by the board—snapped like brittle twigs on a dead stem; while huge ropes part like burned twine; then the rising of the apparently immovable vessel, as she is lifted by the waves to fall crashing again upon the sands, parting in the middle; rushiug billows pouring tons upon tons of water over the deck; a wild, wild cry for help; and then the shore strewed with fragments, casks, bodies, as the merciless waves sport with them, tossing them ou to the sands, and then curling over to drag them back. Going ashore; not safety from a wild storm, but death.

"Ah," said the old salt by my side, shonting at me with his hand to his mouth, "did yer hear that gun?"

I nodded.

"There goes another," he continued, stretching out his hand and pointing to where the flash could be seen, while directly after came another dull heavy report. "Can't yer see her now, sir?"

Mine were not sea-going eyes; and it was no easy task to make out a distant object through the blinding storm of spray which beat dead in my face; but I jnst managed to make out a dark mass right out amongst the boiling waves, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of those on board.

"She must come to it," said the man; she'll come in just there;" and he pointed to a spot amongst the waves where they seemed roughest; "she'll be there in less time than I said; and then, Lord have mercy upon 'em! Amen!"

As he said this, the old man reverently took off his tarpaulin sou'wester, and stood with the storm tearing through the remains of his grizzly hair; bald, rugged, and weather-beaten, the coarseness of his features seemed for the moment subdued—softened by the feeling within his breast—as he stood there no inapt represeutation of a seer of old.

"Is there no chance for them?" I shonted.

The old man shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Precious little," he said, "unless them chaps come down with the life-boat; but who'd go out?"

It did look a desperate adventure, indeed, to attempt to launch a boat with such a sea on, and, having no reply, I stood shading my eyes aud gazing ont to sea.

"Bang!"

There was another flash, and another dull, echoless report, and as the veil of spray seemed to clear during a lull in the storm, I could perceive a large three-masted vessel about five hundred yards from the shore; and once, as she heeled over, and showed her deck, I could see that it was crowded with people.

"God help them!" I nnttered.

"Amen!" said the old man; and just then, away to our left, we saw the life-boat carriage coming down at a trot, drawn by two stout horses; while a loud and prolonged "hurray!" welcomed its arrival—as another flash, and its following heavy report, seemed to come from the doomed vessel like a groan of paiu in its honr of sore distress.

"They'll never go ont to her," said the old man, shouting in my ear, for, after the lull, the storm came down with redoubled fury—the wind shrieking and howling past, cutting the crests of the waves off as it came tearing over the hill of waters, and dashing the salt spray in my face till it almost seemed to cut the flesh: while at times the women who had come down were completely held back against the steep sand-bank.

"There! look there!" cried the old man, snddenly seizing my arm. "Catching at straws. Why, there's a boat-load coming ashore. There; don't you see—now a-top o' that breaker?"

I caught sight of a small boat crowded with figures, and there seemed to be a tall wave curl over it, and I saw it no more. "Gone!" said the old man; "I knowed it! Nothing could live in such a storm."

"Let's go to the life-boat, and see if they are going off," said I; but the old man was intently gazing out to sea.

"There; just as I said," he shouted hoarsely, "jnst in the place. She's struck." And then, above the yelling of the storm, we could hear a crash, and a wild shriek, that seems to ring through me now npon a stormy night, when far inland I listen to the howling wind.

"It's now or never!" said the old man, as he ran down towards where the life-boat stood upon its carriage, with a crowd of men and women around, the women hanging on to their hnsbands, and apparently begging that they would not dare the perils before them.

The sea had looked fearful enough from where we had stood before; but here, as close as we dared go to the breakers, it looked perfectly awful, while the attempt to launch a boat seemed absolute madness. It was evident that the men thought so too, though, as we came np, one sturdy fellow shouted: "I m ready, mates, if you're going;" a remark that elicited no response, for every one stood stolidly gazing out towards the doomed vessel.

Just then, in the dull haze seawards, a blue light shone out over the water like a dull star; but still no one moved. All at once, the old man by my side laid hold of my arm, and whispered: "Give me a lift, sir;" and, before I knew hardly what his object was, he had climbed by my help into the boat. "Now, then, you boys," he shouted wildly; "I can't stand this! Stand aside, and let some of the old ones come!"

The spell was broken. Women were hastily thrust aside, and a boat's crew was soon made up, amidst the shrieking and wailing of sweethearts and wives, who ran about the beach wringing their hands.

"Hurray for old Marks!" shouted a voice at my elbow, and the crowd loudly cheered the old man. Then oars were shipped and all made ready, the old sailor seizing the steering-oar as he stood up in his place with a life-belt on and his hat blown off, looking nobler than ever.

"Now, are you all ready?" he shouted.

"No, no," was the cry; and in the hush of expectation, two men rose in the boat, dashed off their life-belts, and, amidst half-muttered groans, leaped out from their places, and ran up the sands to the bank, where they disappeared.

"Two more!" shouted old Marks, and for a few moments, so dread was the peril, not a soul moved; then two stout lads came rushing towards the boat, pursued by an elderly man—a perfect giant.

"Stop them!" he roared. "Yer shan't go, lads."

He came up to them by the boatside as they were climbing in, and endeavored to stop their progress; but in his turn he was seized from behind by a couple of men, and the two newcomers were in half a minute equipped for the dire struggle before them and in their places.

"Let me go!" shrieked the man; but the others clung to him, as the signal was given, the carriage backed down into position, the time accurately chosen, and with a whild "hurrah!" heard above the storm, the lifeboat was launched.

My attention had been so taken up that I had ceased to look upon the man who was struggling to regain his liberty: but just as the boat was leaving its carriage, a bystander was driven violently against me, and the moment after I saw a figure dash across the intervening space, and seize the side of the boat; and then came the roar of the storm and the rush of spray, while for a few minutes the lifeboat was invisible. Then a short distance off she was seen rising upon a wave, and then disappearing again into the dull haze, which, mingled with the coming night, soon shut everything from our gaze but the foaming water.

"Over seventy, sir," shouted a voice in reply to a query. "Old man-o'-war's-man. Been in many a storm; but this here's awful."

Awful it was; for so wild a night had not fallen upon that part of the coast for many years; and as the folk upon the shore gazed in the direction the boat had taken, they shook their heads, and shouted in each other's ears.

There was a long and awful pause, only broken by the shrieking of the wiud, and then came a loud shout: "Here she comes!" and in another minute, obedient to their steersman, the rowers timed their strokes to a second, so that the boat, heavily laden, rode in upon the summit of a giant wave so far that twenty willing hands were at her side, and she was run right up the sands, and fifteen shivering, half-drowned fellow-creatures lifted out and hurried up the shore.

"Now, my lads," cried old Marks, "on to the truck with her, and we're off again."

The boat was soon mounted, and every man at his post, the father of the two lads taking his place by the side of the old cockswaiu; for no amount of persuasion on either sido could effect a change.

There was another cheer, rising above the storm, and again the gallant crew were launched into the surf, that seemed to curl round the boat as though to fill it in an instant. It rose and fell a dark mass amid the white foam for an instant, and then seemed to plunge into a bank of foggy blackness, for night had fallen.

I could not drag myself away from the stirring scene around me, for I seemed held to the spot by a strange fascination. All at once a lurid light shot up, for a quantity of straw had been set on fire, and the flames roared and crackled as dry seaweed and pieces of wood were heaped up to increase the glare, which appeared to gild the crests of the waves, and threw into bold relief the figures on the sands—some gazing out to sea; some watching eagerly the fringe of breakers, ready to rush down and secure anything that might be washed ashore from the wreck.

More straw was heaped upon the fire, and the flames and sparks rushed inland, as they rose with the mighty current of air, and darted across the sand-bank. Out seaward all seemed black darkness, and the eyes strained after the lifeboat were for a while strained in vain.

All at once there was a cry of "Here she comes;" but it was prolonged into a wild wail of despair; for by the light from the fire the boat could be seen broadside on, and close inshore; and then, after tossing about for a moment, she was dashed, bottom upwards, upon the sands.

There was a rush to aid the men struggling in the surf. Some were dragged ashore; some scrambled unaided from the water; while more than one was sucked back by the undertow; but the life-belts they wore kept them afloat; and at last, more or less hurt, the whole crew was ashore—three being carried up to the village insensible.

I now learned that, about half-way to the vessel, the steersman's oar had snapped in two, and the boat fell into the trough of the sea; when, in their efforts to right her, a couple more blades were broken; a wave swept over them and washed two men from their seats; but they regained their places, and then, with the dread of death upon them, the boat became unmanageable in their hands; for in spite of the efforts of the old cockswain, the men appeared panic-stricken, and rowed at random.

The light that glared upon the shore now showed that it was completely strewn with wreck; and I looked with horror upon the various signs which so plainly disclosed the fate of the good ship. Spar, plank, beam, and cask, entangled with rope, were being churned over and over in the sand; and twice I saw something dragged ashore, and carried away, which sent a shudder through my frame.

At last, heart-sick and weary, I turned away, and inquired where the crew of the boat were, and who had suffered; when, to my sorrow, I learned that the only one seriously injured was old Marks, who had so gallantly set the example that evening—an example which had resulted in the saving of fifteen poor creatures from a watery grave.

On entering the village, I soon found where the old man had been conveyed, and a few minutes after I was at the bedside of the sufferer. I found him sensible, but with a change in his countenance that no amount of pain or suffering alone would have placed there. He was quite calm, and smiled as I entered.

"Has she gone to pieces?" he whispered, stopping to wipe the blood away that oozed from his lips.

"I fear so," I replied: "the shore is strewed with wreck."

"I knowed she would," he gasped. "Poor things, poor things! How many did we bring ashore?"

"Fifteen."

"Ah!" he groaned, "not enough, not enough."

"But it was a most gallant act," I said; "and more would have been saved but for the accident. Where are you hurt? It is not serious, I hope?"

"Serious!" he whispered; and then with a sad smile: "No; it ain't serious. I'm the only one hurt; and my time's up long ago—four year and more. So, it ain't serious."

"Where are you hurt?" I said.

"Ribs all crushed," he whispered. "I was under the gunwale of the boat; and it's all over. I could see it in the doctor's looks."

A gush of blood stopped his utterance, and I dared not whisper the comfort I could not feel.

"It's all right, sir," he whispered, after lying with his eyes closed for about half an hour—"it's all right, and an old tar couldn't die better than doin' his duty. I never thought to; but I always felt as I should like to did in harness, as they say, and so I shall; but I wish there had had been more."

"More what?" I said.

"More saved," he whispered. "Yer see I've been afore now in action; and the Almighty only knows how many souls I've cut off; and I should like to feel sure as I'd saved more than I did for—that's all. Perhaps they might go in the scale, to help balance the bad."

"But you did all as a part of your duty."

"Ah!" he whispered, "duty! Yes, sailors should do their duty; and I felt it was mine, to-night, to go. We old men-o'-war's were trained to answer to a call in calm or storm; and when lives were at stake to-night, I felt that I was called, and I hope I did my duty. Will you ask them fifteen to just

say a word or two for the old man in their prayers, sir; I mean when I'm gone? I think I should like them to, for I'm an old sailor, and can't boast of my past life."

"Have you no relatives?" I whispered; "no friends that you would like to see?"

"Far away—far away," he said, with a mournful shake of the head; "and some are a-waitin' for me to join their watch. Don't leave me, sir," he said piteously.

I promised I would not; and sat watching for hours listening to the hard breathing of the sufferer, who seemed to sink into a state of stupor, only moaning at intervals as he tossed his head from side to side of the pillow, and muttered a few words broken and half-spoken. The storm gradually sunk, till the wind quite lulled; and about three o'clock I half drew the curtain and looked out upon the sea, which still tossed fearfully; though all above was calm and peaceful—a light cloud just drifting slowly past the pale bright moon.

I stood gazing at the soft blue sky, now so placid and serene, almost wondering that so great a change could have taken place, when I started, for a voice behind me shouted, "Morning watch. Draw the curtain, and let that moon shine in."

I obeyed—turning cold, and trembling as I did so—still looking at the dying sailor, who sat erect in the bed. "Here," he said; and, as I approached the bed, he seized my hand. "Hark! don't you hear that? It's the boatswain piping for me to keep my everlasting watch. Ay, ay, sir! There—hark again! There's the waves a-lashing upon the farther shore. Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Look out there! The old vessel's struck, and she's going to pieces—the old seventy-four, that's weathered so many a storm, going ashore. Farewell, messmate; one short struggle, one cold plunge, and a hopeful heart—a brave striking out through the harsh breakers! Land, ho! land, ho! on the other side—and it's a land of rest—a land of peace and hope. Now for it! The rush of the dark waters is coming—blinding—deafening—but a bold heart, messmate. God bless you! I'm going ashore."

For some minutes I sat motionless. The old man's eye had lighted up as he gazed straight before him out upon the moonlit heavens. His voice seemed to peal through the silence of the night, till I shivered as he described the wreck then taking place. To the last word, his voice had rung out loud and resonant; then he sank back motionless upon the pillow, stained now with his life-blood; and I passed softly from the room, for I knew that his life-bark was stranded by the sea of Death.

SIR RALPH'S HERIOT.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, or, as it appears in ancient chronicles, *Ashton-sub-Lima*, is a market town on the north bank of the Tame, Lancashire, about six or seven miles from Manchester. It is well laid out, well built, and thriving. It is admirably adapted, by its situation, both for the purposes of trade and manufacture. It is the centre of a populous neighborhood, has an unlimited supply of coal, and railway communication with all parts of England.

In the "good old times"—that far-off period which so many people talk and read about with pleasure, but to which so few, if any, would like to return—Ashton was the seat of the Ashton, or Assheton family. A Sir John Assheton, in the fifth year of the Sixth Henry, became possessed of the Manor of Assheton on payment of one penny annually. This worthy knight is said to have built the old church, and to have been the first to introduce seats for common people. With a gallantry which adds fresh lustre to his spurs, the number of these seats being limited, they were given exclusively to the women—the tenants' wives and daughters.

Sir John was succeeded by his son Sir Ralph, who earned for himself the unenviable title of the Black Knight. It is supposed that the annual ceremony observed at Ashton on Easter Monday, of "Riding the Black Lad," simply commemorates the popular odium in which Sir Ralph was held; this custom bearing a close resemblance to the "Guy Fawkes" proceeding of November the 5th.

Sir Ralph was feared and hated by his tenantry. He was permitted, by royal letters patent, to execute supreme jurisdiction, and he misused his trust.

One of the most oppressive forms of taxation, originating in the feudal age, but perpetuated long afterwards, was the custom of *heriotship*. This was neither more nor less than a fine for dying. A certain claim could be, and was, made by the lord of the manor on the property of the deceased tenant, and it fell with great severity on widows in humble circumstances. Death laid low the bread-winner, and the landlord stepped in to take the best part of the scanty store the dead man might have scraped together.

There was, so says tradition, a poor widow near Ashton. Her husband had held his little farm under Sir Ralph Ashton, one of the most rapacious and cruel of men. The character borne by Sir Ralph was worthy of the old doggerel which set forth public opinion with regard to him:

> "O Jesu! for thy mercy's sake,
> And for thy bitter passion,
> Save us from the axe of the Tower,
> And from Sir Ralph of Ashton!"

He had spared neither age nor sex; he had no pity for the sick or the dying; he showed no mercy to the widow and the orphan: wherever his shadow fell, trouble came; wherever his voice was heard, weeping and wailing were not far off. When Sir Ralph heard that his tenant was dead, he sent an imperative order, commanding that the heriot should be paid without delay. Now, the widow had nothing with which she could satisfy his claim except one cow, and the cow was the chief sustenance of her family. The widow had four children to feed—one of them an infant not many weeks old, the eldest an idiot boy, harmless, but useless, strong and active, and about fourteen years old. This poor lad, tenderly beloved of his mother, was to her more trouble than all the rest—not that he would willingly have pained her, but his strange, wild ways perplexed her, and she feared, whenever he was out of her sight, that he would come to harm.

It was a sad scene which the widow's home presented on the Christmas morning of 1484. Sharp, cold weather—weather unusually severe, the country for miles around covered with snow; the rivers and streams bound in icy fetters; the bleak wind sweeping and moaning through the forest and over the waste, as if it were chanting a Lenten dirge rather than singing a Yule carol. Cold outside the miserable home of the poor widow, and colder within, she and her children had taken a little milk and eaten a little porridge, and they sat huddled together over a few red embers on the hearth. The idiot boy was singing softly to himself, and winking his horny eyes at the fire; the other children were all unwittingly making their sorrowful mother still sadder. "Was it not Christmas? then why not have holly like they did last year—eh, mother? Why not have a Christmas fire—we *should* like Christmas fire, mother? And how long will it be before father comes home, and shall we have Christmas fire to-day, and see the holly, and sing as we sang last Yule-tide?" The cow lowed from her crib, separated only from the family by a slight partition, and the sound the poor beast made only served to deepen the misery of its poor mistress. The Black Knight of Ashton claimed the cow for his heriot, and if he took her there was only death for them.

Suddenly the door, which had been closed, was flung open, and Sir Ralph Ashton looked in—a tall, squarely built man, with sinewy limbs, and a great quantity of dark hair on head, and lips, and cheeks, and chin. His eyes glowed like fire, and there was a scowl on his face that betokened a storm.

Harsh, hard, fierce and cruel were his words. He had himself come to claim his own, and he would have it; the heriot was his, the cow was his; none should deprive him of his rights. Mercy! it was not in his bond. Leniency, delay! nothing was said of either in his feudal charter. Charity, for the sake of Him whose feast they kept that day! Sir Ralph laughed his own harsh laugh, and said he had no time for fooling. So a couple of fellows who had accompanied Sir Ralph drove out the poor beast from the shed, and the knight, with a threat of expelling the family from their miserable hut, turned to depart. It was the idiot who stopped him:

"Beest thou our liege lord?"

"Ay, fool; what hast thy pert tongue to say to that?"

"The liege lord will die, mother—will he die?"

"Hush, boy, hush!" said the widow.

"Nay, let the brat speak out. What of it, boy—what if I should die?"

"Then thy liege lord will claim heriot."

"And who may he be?'

"Old Hornie—Beelzebub!"

"And what heriot should I pay to him?" roared the knight, half angry, half amused.

"Thy soul."

"And thy body shall smart for it, imbecile!"

"Oh, ha' pity, ha' pity—the lad's daft!" and the widow threw herself before the knight, who roughly spurned her with his foot.

"Enough of this. All of you shall suffer for this. There, no whimpering." He strode away across the snow, and never once looked back.

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There were strange doings that night at Ashton Hall. It was rough weather—snowing hard and freezing hard; but the company was still numerous, for, when the lord of Ashton dispensed his good cheer, woe to those tenants who slighted his hospitality! A huge fire was kindled on the broad hearth, but it gave forth no bright and cheerful light; it sputtered, and could not be made to blaze. The air was damp and chilly; the wassail seemed to have lost its flavor, and the Christmas plants looked shrivelled on the walls. The guests spoke in low whispers, and affected the fire rather than engage in any merry-making sports; the minstrels, in their little oaken gallery, rubbed their benumbed hands, and felt oppressed. There was good cheer; there were mummers in quaint devices of all sorts, hobby-horses, and what not; but there was no mirth.

About six in the afternoon, Sir Ralph came into the hall, and glanced angrily round upon his guests, and his indignation broke out in a storm of reproach. Was his bounty to be churlishly received by his own hinds? Had John the Slater, and Roger the Miller, and Jack the Woodman, and Hobbe o' the Leghes, come there to a feast or a funeral? Were blind man's buff, hot cockles, and bob-apple too poor sport for these gentry? Was not the Christmas pie large enough or good enough for their tastes? By his halidome, it should go hard but he would teach them better manners.

While the angry knight was thus addressing his guests—guests who stood appalled before him—one of the mummers, a little fellow, clad in black, with a mask having horns, and, besides, a long tail with a fluke to it, cautiously crept out of the group, and stealing unperceived behind the angry host, seized him by his cloak, and tripped him on the floor. Sir Ralph had never in his whole life been so humiliated. Every face about him turned white at the spectacle. He regained his feet in an instant, and catching up a stout oaken cudgel, dealt about him with no weak hand. The guests flew before him in dismay, and were chased round and round the hall in the utmost confusion. Some fell, some escaped into the open air; but the black mummer neither fell nor fled. He was, or rather seemed to be, everywhere at once. He was safely in a corner one moment, and Sir Ralph was making sure of him, when out and away was he, dexterously diving and running between the knight's legs, perhaps upsetting him, perhaps, for an instant, leaping on his back—here, there, everywhere, making the hall ring with his shrill laughter.

At last, no more than a dozen of the guests remained, with the exception of those who were badly hurt, and lay groaning on the floor. Sir Ralph paused to take breath, and look about him. There, in the music gallery, with his legs hanging over the front, sat the black mummer, swaying his body to and fro, and laughing as if he was a witness of the drollest affair he had ever seen in his life.

"Pull down the rogue," called out Sir Ralph. "Guard the stair. Some of you seize him. By the Rood, he shall pay for his sport!" The figure leaped from the gallery, and stood face to face with the knight. Sir Ralph raised his cudgel, and aimed a stout blow, but the knave avoided it. Again Sir Ralph strove to strike, with the same result. Then, in a shrill voice, heard distinctly over the hall, the black figure cried—

"The heriot! the heriot! Sir Ralph, I came to tell thee thy liege lord would take his heriot at Easter." And, with these words and a diabolical laugh, the figure vanished.

Sir Ralph hastily quitted the hall. He was troubled. Hurriedly he sent for his priest. What passed between them is unknown. Next morning the widow's cow was returned to her; in the course of the day assistance was sent to her from Sir Ralph's almonry. He became charitable. He was attentive to his religious duties. He forbade any allusion to what had occurred on Christmas night; but, as the year advanced, he was noticed to change in other respects: he became weak, the rigorous fast of Lent told on him, and at Easter he died.

Such is the popular tradition of the Black Knight of Ashton. It is related by various authorities with different embellishments, and its explanation is sometimes supernatural, and occasionally the reverse. Who was the strange visitor—the black mummer, with his quaint antics and dreadful message? The Evil One, say some; a "Boggart," full of mischief, say others; only a few incline to the opinion which to us appears the most probable, namely, that the mummer was no other than the idiot boy—witless enough, but not so "daft" as to be incapable of the concoction and execution of an ingenious trick—mad enough, doubtless, but with "method in his madness."

TRADITIONS OF GIANTS.—The traditions of giants are numerous in Cornwall. The giants of Treerobben dwelt in a castle on a grand wild hill, which rises in view of St. Michael's Mount, and close to the village of Lelant. On the flat rocks inside the castle they sacrificed their victims. In the days of the wars and troubles, when their race was dying out, they buried their treasures in the granite caverns of this hill, where they still remain, guarded by the fairies.

In several parts of Cornwall there still exists huge rocks, said to have been used by the giants when hurling or playing at athletic games. The Titans of Trecrobben and St. Michael's Mount often met to play at "bob-buttons." The throw was generally made from Trecrobben Hill, and the mount was the "bob," on which huge slabs of rocks served for the buttons. Holiburn of the Cairn was a giant, who is said to have married a farmer's daughter. Once, when watching some Cornishmen hurling, he was so pleased at the game made by a young peasant, that in sheer good nature he killed him by patting him on the head. The giant of Trebiggan was a much less benevolent son of Anak. He is said to have dined every day on children, whom he fried on a flat rock outside his cave. His arms were so long, that he would snatch the sailors from the ships passing by the Land's End; and sometimes, after having had his fun, replace them again. Perhaps, after all, the Phœnicians and Greeks who came to Cornwall to buy tin, brought stories of Polyphemus and the Cyclops to England, for Trebiggan and his kinsmen bear many points of resemblance with the giants of the *Odyssey*.

A QUADRILLE has just become the fashion in Paris whose figures are so intricate that it is named "Trigonometry."

HOW KATE DISCOVERED AMERICA.

"DO you know who discovered America?" said Charlie Fraser to me.

Now, this question was asked after dinner at the club; and, as Charlie is a wit, it was not unfair to suppose that, at such a time, such a question was only intended to lead up to some brilliant joke; so, instead of taking it out of his mouth by making a smart reply (which of course I could have done,) I merely gave a commonplace answer:

"Christopher Columbus, was it not?—or Vasco di Gama, or somebody of that sort?"

"Well, so I always thought till to-day," said Charlie; "but I find that such a belief is only another fallacy to be added to those that are taught in popular geography."

I was rather impatient at this long preface, and felt another and stronger temptation to make a smart answer (honestly, I could have been very smart this time,) but I was determined to go through with the joke, if there was one, so I merely blew three rings of smoke (an accomplishment in which I excel,) and waited.

"Yes," resumed Charlie, "and what is more, I have a document to prove it. Take that home and read it." So saying, he handed me a letter and left me, in order, I fear, to go, according to his custom, to the Arlington, and play five-pound points at whist till the next morning.

I glanced through the letter which was written in a lady's handwriting, crossed and recrossed, at first somewhat languidly, but, as I got on, with increasing interest, until at last I became thoroughly absorbed in it, and was only roused by the waiter coming for the fourth time (after a deal of preliminary scowling) to tell me that the club was about to be closed. The facts the letter disclosed were so remarkable, that I think it only fair to lay it before the public in full, that eminent geographers may have the opportunity of discussing it, and, if necessary, that the government may fit out an expedition for the investigation of the matter, and the verification of the extraordinary geographical discovery therein recorded:

"ON BOARD THE 'IONA,' 6th October, 1865.

"DEAREST CHARLIE: I am sure you have wondered at not receiving a letter from me for so long, but when I tell you the astounding adventures that have befallen us, you will be glad that I am alive—and indeed all of us, though Nelly says she is quite certain that you will dine just as well, and, of course, at one of those dreadful clubs; but, of course, you will give them all up when we are married; and that all men are selfish—but you are not, I am quite certain. You know we have had a great party staying with us at Dun Beg. Two gentlemen came from the North, where they had been shooting, but I do not believe they shot anything, or else why did they not—but I will tell you all in order, because I know you like it, and I am getting quite business-like. One of the gentlemen is a friend of yours, Mr. Felix Fellows, of whom you were so jealous because I danced five times with him at Lady Gore Jowse's—so unreasonable of you! And I am sure it was only because he dances well—though he is very nice; and he can do better things than dance, too, as we found when— But I will tell you that in order. The other was Mr. Tom Ruffler. He talked a great deal, and told us a great many clever things he had done and said himself—though he never did or said anything particularly clever while with us, so that we all agreed that he must have read all his clever things in a book. And he knew everything; and contradicted papa about botany, and wore red neckties and varnished boots; and smoked a pipe—but I think it made him ill, because nobody ever really saw him smoke it; and he asked me if I knew a tobacconist in the village; so I gave him some of those beautiful little cigars you sent me, and I think he liked them, because he smoked seven in one morning.

"But I must not wander from our adventures. You must know that we had been living together in the house for a week without any fresh arrivals, and so we had all got tired of each other. We used to play at croquet, and that made us quite hate each other. Nelly would not speak to Mr. Fellowes because he once croquet'd her down the hill into the river, and would not go and fetch the ball or beg her pardon. And Mr. Ruffler talked a great deal about wanting to 'play at golf'—he called it 'playing at liuks,' and always wanted to know if the golf was not too damp for the ladies to walk on (he meant the turf you know;) but I am certain it was because he thought it a good joke, because he never really did play, and when he did, it was very badly, for he broke two of the clubs and lost a ball. And Jack's-alive is very stupid, if you get knocked down every time and never catch anybody. Missie began photography, and took us in groups in our riding habits; but some of the chemicals got mixed up together, and the pictures only came out once, and then we all had large feet, and nothing but white in our eyes, and Mr. Fellowes's neck was longer than his body, besides Missie making her hands quite black. We had a deal of music, but Mr. Ruffler pretended to despise it. He cannot understand anything but 'Slap Bang' or a hornpipe, and actually laughed at me because I said I adored Mario—he called it Mariolatry. We danced reels every evening, of course; but my darling Viva got in the way one night, and Mr. Fellowes danced the double shuffle on her, so we decided it was too dangerous an amusement. Viva is now the loveliest pug you ever saw; her nose is blacker and more turned up than any I ever saw, and Mr. Fellowes says he could hold her up by her tail without taking the curl out of it; but I would not let him try it. However, after a time we got tired of all these amusements, and to kill time I tried to teach Mr. Ruffler to sing 'Comme a vingt ans,' but he would sing up in his head, and pretended to teach me how to pronounce French, so that failed. As a last resource, we asked papa to have the 'Water Witch' fitted out, and take us for a day's yachting among the islands. And he made a joke, and said it was the *water which* he did not like; but he promised to take us over to the island of Staffa, which you know is quite close to us here, to pass the day and explore the caves. So on Wednesday week last we all went on board the 'Water Witch,' early in the morning. We were quite a large party. Besides Bunks (who was as obstinate as ever, and even more, as I think,) and the sailors, there were papa, and Missie, and Nelly, and Miss Downie—and, do you know, Mr. Fellowes has made desperate love to her, and calls her Jemima, and we have all settled that they are going to be married. Missie took her photographic apparatus, and of course I took Viva, thinking the sea air would do her good. Just as we were pushing off, we heard somebody crying out, 'Ah, hi! Ah, hi!' and a figure rushed down to the beach. Mr. Ruffler said it was nothing but a head of hair; but it turned out to be Captain Dinochie. Mr. Ruffler said his hair would sink the ship; but papa said it was a wig, and we could throw it overboard in case of danger, so he came on board; but Mr. Ruffler behaved very badly, and pretended to think that his parting was disarranged, and offered to lend him a comb; then he said that as we had taken the captain on board, he was bored, and should take him off (he says that is a joke too, but I can't see it,) and began to pull his whiskers, (though he has not got any, but as if he had,) and to imitate the way the captain says good day.

"So we started to go to Staffa, which is just on the other side of Mull, and papa began to tell us about Dr. Johnson, who, it seems, had been there too, and who must have been a very selfish and disagreeable person. Shortly after starting, we sat down to luncheon, and were jolly, and had Bunks down to drink our healths. We asked him what he would like, and he said he would like some toddy, and should prefer 'to make it inside,' and he drank the whiskey first and then the water; but Mr. Fellowes gave him whiskey the second time too, and Bunks actually never found it out till he had drank it all. Then Mr. Ruffler sang 'Le Postillion de Longjumeau;' but as it was in French, and he sang it very fast, nobody understood it, excepting when he sat astride on a chair and imitated the clacking of a whip, and shouted, 'Houp-la! houp-la!' Nevertheless, we all joined in the chorus.

'Ha! ha! ha! qu'il était beau,
Le Postillion de Longjumeau,'

until Bunks came down and asked us not to go on because it would raise the wind. Papa sang a song, too, about Paul Jones, a very good one, except that there was nothing in it but the chorus—

'You have heard of Paul Jones,
He was a rogue and a vagabones,
You have heard of Paul Jones, have you not?'

But he sang it in so many different tones of voice that we thought it was a different Mr. Jones in every verse.

"So all went on delightfully for about an hour, when Bunks came down again, and said he didn't like the look of the weather.

"Why not?' asked papa.

"'Well, there's just a lot of scratches and scrawls, and mares' tails, and mackerels' backs just knocking about, and there's a dirty-looking bank out to the westward.'

"Then papa said we had better go back, and they turned the ship round, but almost directly the sea became very rough, the wind began to blow a hurricane, and the rain came down in torrents. At first we laughed at it, and the captain told us how he had been shipwrecked coming from the Cape of Good Hope, and lived for four years on a desert island, and when they got home all the sailors' wives had married somebody else; upon which Mr. Ruffler said that if ever he married he should go to the Cape and get shipwrecked too, which made me think of you and feel very unwell. (All this time the sea was getting rougher.) Then the ship gave a sudden lurch, and threw a grouse and a jam tart into Nelly's lap, besides upsetting all the whiskey over Miss Downie's dress.

"We all got very much alarmed, though Mr. Ruffle tried to make fun of it, and said he believed Miss Downie had done it on purpose to get double allowance. None of us laughed, and I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to joke at such a moment. Just then the ship gave another lurch, and poor Mr. Ruffler, who was hurt at what I said, turned very pale, and, casting a reproachful glance at me, said he would go and look at the weather, and went on deck. Then we heard a dreadful crash, and a groan, which turned out to be the captain, who had fallen down among the crockery in the pantry; and when Mr. Fellowes went to him, he would not get up, but said he would lie where he was and die like a soldier. You have no idea what a scene it was. The ship plunging and rolling dreadfully, every timber creaking, the chairs and plates falling about the cabin, and the wind howling through the rigging, so that one could not hear one's self speak. Jemima and Nelly and I became dreadfully ill; and had it not been for Missie, who kept up and cheered us, I am certain we should have died then and there. I cannot tell you how kind Mr. Fellowes was. He never for one moment thought of himself, but ran about all over the ship for us, brought rugs, cloaks, and cushions, put them on the cabin floor for us, and kept the lamp alight. I felt as great an admiration for him that moment as if he had been Mario himself.

"Papa had been on deck from the first, and so had Mr. Ruffler from the time he went to look at the weather. As Mr. Ruffler goes yachting every year, of course, he knows all about it, and I wanted papa to ask him if there was much danger; but papa said he had been looking into the water ever since he had been on deck, was groaning, and would not answer. And that made us more miserable, because we thought it must be very bad indeed. The most dreadful thing was, that papa said we were sailing away from the land because the wind was blowing towards it, and we were on a lee shore. We all prayed him, if he loved us, to turn round and take us home; but he said it could not be done, and so did Bunks.

"All night the hurricane continued. You may imagine that we could not sleep. We knew that we were going away from the land, and expected every moment that we should strike on our beam ends, and so spring aleak in them, and all go to the bottom. Towards morning I fell into a doze, and dreamt I was at the opera. I thought it was the last act of the 'Prophete,' where the palace falls in. I heard the crash, and awoke with a start to learn that our mast had been broken in two by the wind. Captain Dinochie must have been dreaming too, for I heard him say, 'Spare my life—I surrender.'

"All was confusion. The morning had come, but the fog was thicker than ever; besides which the hurricane had increased, and the ship, being quite helpless, was driven before it as if it had been a feather on the water.

"This was the 28th of September. None of us could move, and all day long we lay in the cabin quite unable to stir or even to talk, and expecting every moment to be our last. I thought of you, Charlie, and wondered what you were doing, and whether you were thinking of me at all. How I wished you were with us! I felt that I could have faced death by your side; but Nelly said it would have been no better, and that you would not care about it, though I am sure you would. And then I thought that all was for the best, and I would not have you in danger for worlds; besides, you are a bad sailor. About the middle of the day a great sea broke our boat to pieces. Mr. Ruffler came down to tell us, looking very pale; but we were too miserable to care about it. He said that the wind had changed to the east, that we had been driving due west by the compass ever since we started, and were getting into the broad Atlantic. Papa was very anxious about provisions, and said we had scarcely anything but some bacon on board; but it made us ill to hear it spoken of, and we all agreed that we should not be able to eat anything for a week at least.

"The captain crawled out of the pantry in the afternoon: such a sight! One of the lamps had fallen on him, and he was covered with oil. He was as white as a ghost; his hair was out of curl, hanging down quite limp, and his whiskers were all crushed up into nothing, so that we scarcely knew him. He took no notice of us, but called for somebody to come to him, and Missie actually had to help him across the cabin to the ladder, where he sat all day with his head in his hands. In the evening Mr. Fellowes lit a fire in the men's cabin, and made some hot whiskey and water, which he made us take, and we all felt very grateful and tried to go to sleep.

"For three days we lay in the cabin quite prostrate, without any incident to relieve the horror and monotony of our situation. On the third day we were too weak and ill to care for anything. We had eaten nothing but a biscuit or two, but when we were all, as it were, at the last gasp, Mr. Fellowes found some brandy, and made us drink it by saying it was sherry, which I am certain saved all our lives.

"OCT. 2.—The wind continued, and the fog, too. Mr. Ruffler was very ill-tempered, and said we should soon get to America if we went on at that rate; and he kept saying that he knew from the first that we were going to have bad weather from the eastward, though I am sure he never said so. Miss Downie was very ill indeed, and wrote a last farewell to her family, which Mr. Fellowes put in a bottle and threw overboard. She then kissed us all, and said she should die happy, but in the darkness she kissed the captain, too, by mistake, and that revived her a little; and so the day ended just as the day before did.

"OCT. 3.—This morning Mr. Fellowes insisted upon our going on deck, saying it would do us good, and we dragged ourselves up the ladder. Never shall I forget the sight. The

mist was so thick that we could not see so far as the length of the ship. The sea was rolling mountains high, and the immense black waves, curling over with white foam at the top, were rushing after the ship, threatening every minute to sweep over it. The mast was quite gone, having been broken off by jibing over, as Bunks said; but a spar had been put up with a little sail upon it, and was bending almost double with every gust of the wind, which was howling in a most awful manner.

"Bunks was steering in order to keep the ship before the wind. It was too dreadful a sight for us, and we all went down again into the cabin; but I think the air had done us good, for we began to feel dreadfully hungry for the first time. We held a consultation, and found that all the provisions we had on board were a tin of wine biscuits, two jam tarts, part of a grouse pie, a haunch of venison, some bacon (the sailors had eaten most of it,) two *patés de foi gras*, and some walnuts.

Luckily there was plenty of water, and a large quantity of whiskey belonging to Bunks, besides some champagne and sherry, a dozen of seltzer-water, and a bottle of maraschino. Papa said we must all be put on rations; he then made out a list of all the things, and divided them by twelve, which was the number of the people on board, including Bunks and the crew. I begged hard to have Viva put on the list, but it was of no use, and I resolved to share my food with her to the last biscuit. Then papa ordered all the provisions to be taken up to the pantry to be taken care of. What was our horror to find the venison on the cabin floor, half gnawed away and covered with dust. Everybody said it was Viva who had done it, and Mr. Ruffler wanted to throw her overboard, but I declared that I would follow her, and so her dear life was spared. We then had our rations served out—three wine biscuits, some walnuts, and a small piece of grouse-pie each, with some sherry and water. My pie was nothing but the back of the grouse; I could not eat it, and gave it to Nelly for two walnuts. The storm still continued, and we lay down to sleep, very miserable.

"Oct. 4.—The first thing I saw this morning was Viva, who came out of the pantry licking her lips. Luckily nobody but me saw her. When we came to our morning rations, it was found that all the rest of the grouse-pie was gone. Of course everybody blamed Viva; but it was very unfair, for Captain Dinochio slept in the pantry, and was just as capable of eating it, I am sure. The loss of our pie made us all very low spirited, so we ate all the rest of the bacon to keep our spirits up, and drank all the champagne. After that we began to take a brighter view of things, and Mr. Ruffler said that perhaps some ship might be drifting our way through the edge of the Gulf Stream, and then we might fall in with it.

We put our heads out of the cabin, one after the other, but could see nothing, for the mist was as thick as ever, and the storm which had now lasted six days, not abated in the least; besides the sleet and rain drove right in our faces, and some came down Miss Downie's neck and gave her the most dreadful cold, so that she insisted on having some bottles of seltzer-water made hot to put to her feet. I cried a great deal, and said Nelly, but Missie comforted us so much, and was in such good spirits, that we soon became almost reconciled to our fate. The captain never spoke a word the whole day, and did not come out of the pantry except for his rations. Mr. Ruffler said he was thinking of his hair; but he himself was very disagreeable too, and declared that, if we did not fall in with a ship, he should insist on Viva being killed and cooked, to make up for the venison and grouse; and he offered to cook her himself in the Chinese fashion.

"Oct. 5.—This morning all the provisions left were the two *patés de foi gras* and the bottle of maraschino. We shared them, but felt very hungry after our meal, and very thirsty, so that we finished all the water out of the tank. Our prospects were now indeed desperate. We had no food, and were still hundreds of miles from land, though Mr. Ruffler said we could not, at the rate we had been scudding, be very far from the coast of Newfoundland. Towards night, however, the mist cleared up somewhat, and the moon came out for a short time. We all went upon deck to see it, and it cheered us.

"Towards morning the sea seemed to go down, and we heard a great commotion on deck, and could distinguish the voice of Mr. Ruffler giving orders. We rushed up the ladder at once, and there beheld land! How shall I describe our emotions? I cried for joy. Nelly looked at the land through the telescope for ten minutes before she would believe it. Miss Downie came up, too, and was so overcome, that, finding herself near Mr. Ruffler, she fainted away in his arms; but he handed her over to Mr. Fellowes, who carried her into the cabin. Then the captain came up, and spoke for the first time. He said the land was exactly like Scotland, and that it made us all laugh very much, because, as Mr. Ruffler said, we had been sailing directly away from Scotland for six days. Mr. Ruffler himself said that it must be some part of Newfoundland, probably Cape Race, where the steamers touch. He said he warn't no navigator much, but he thought he had been there afore. This made us laugh again, for we were in good spirits; but Bunks got very angry, and would not speak any more.

"By this time we had drifted towards the land, and, as we had no boat, Bunks steered the ship as well as he could towards a sandy cove. At last she struck on the sand, but still some distance from dry land, because she draws ten feet of water, and the shore was shelving. Mr. Ruffler volunteered to swim ashore with a rope, and, taking off his boots and coat, dived overboard, very gracefully; but he had forgotten to take enough rope, and he was stopped, suddenly, underneath the water, or, as Bunks said, 'brought up with a round turn.' We thought he would be drowned; but he only said something very dreadful to Bunks, and then, when some more rope was let out, swam to the shore with it.

"A larger rope was then tied on to it, and he pulled that ashore; then another; and a packing case was so arranged as to run along it, by which first Miss Downie, and then all the rest of us were taken ashore. Missie, who always thinks of everything, brought with her some dry clothes for Mr. Ruffler, who dressed in a cave; and we then all started to explore the country. Mr. Fellowes had brought the gun which was given to Mr. Ruffler, in case we might find any game, which, he said, was probable. And we had not gone very far, before a number of strange birds, very like grouse, rose up and flew away. Mr. Ruffler fired twice at them, but missed, and said they were too far off. Then we came to some more, and he missed them too, though they were very near. Papa said it was wasting powder, and took the gun himself, and shot the next bird we saw. We all settled that Mr. Ruffler could not shoot; though he said he had killed a large number of deer in Scotland. We walked on through a pine wood and across some stuff just like the heather in the Highlands, which Mr. Ruffler said always grows in those latitudes—for he told us we were in the same latitude as at home. Suddenly, on arriving at the top of a hill we came to the sea again, and found that we were, in fact, not on the mainland at all, but on an island. All our hopes were overthrown in an instant. We looked at each other in blank despair, and slowly walked down to the shore, with a vague wish to be nearer the mainland. Mr. Ruffler said he was quite certain that the island was not marked upon any chart, and that we should have to report its discovery to the Admiralty; and he resolved to take an observation of its latitude from the highest point. He left us at once to go back to the ship, in order to get a sextant and an almanac and materials for a tent; and we all sat down in silence, looking at the land we could not reach. Mr. Fellowes and Missie got together some dry wood and lit a fire, which cheered us a little; but our joy was of short duration, for Mr. Ruffler came back suddenly, and in an agitated voice, told us that the ship had disappeared. Even Bunks had deserted us; and we were now left perfectly destitute and helpless on a desert island. We held a council. The captain was quite violent, and said it all came of going to sea with a parcel of women. Mr. Ruffler could suggest nothing, except to cook the bird papa had shot. The only persons who seemed to be able to do anything were Missie, Mr. Fellowes, and papa, who made a kind of shelter for us with branches of trees.

"But our deliverance was nearer at hand than we imagined. Papa was looking over the sea, and suddenly started up and turned pale. We followed his eye, and what was our delight to see the smoke of a steamer plainly visible on the horizon. Then came an hour of dreadful excitement—hopes and fears chasing each other and every minute seeming an age. We tied a shawl on a long branch and waved it frantically to and fro. We piled all the wood we could find on our fire. We shouted till we were hoarse, and fired off our last charge of powder to attract attention. At first the steamer held on her course and seemed about to pass the island; but suddenly she stopped, turned, and came straight towards us. After that I remember nothing, till I found myself lying in a comfortable cabin, the furniture of which was marked 'Iona.' The revulsion of joy and gratitude for our miraculous deliverance were almost too much for me. I felt that unless I did something I should go mad; and I resolved to sit down and write an account of our dangers and sufferings to you, dear Charlie, who, I know, are more interested than anybody in everything that concerns me. I have done. I shall send this to England by the first opportunity, and shall count the miles that lie between us, and the moments that pass before I see you once more. Your own loving Kate.

"P. S.—Mr. Ruffler has just come down. He says we have got the yacht in tow; that there was a 'local attraction' which made the compass always point to the west, and that we had been in a circular storm. It is a mercy we came across the Atlantic as we did.

"PP. S.—Mr. Ruffler says that we were not in America at all, but on one of the small Hebrides near Mull, and that this is a steamer which runs from Inverness to Cronan, and that we shall be at Dun Beg this afternoon. I dare say he thinks that a very clever joke, but of course I do not believe it. And he says he shall write a tale about it; so if ever you meet one, don't you believe that either."—*London Society.*

Cure for Hydrophobia.—Some time ago it was stated that Dr. Buisson, of Lyons, had announced the discovery of a remedy for hydrophobia. In attending a patient in the last stage of canine rabies, the doctor imprudently wiped his hands with a handkerchief impregnated with her saliva. There happened to be a slight abrasion on the index of the left hand, and, confident in his own curative system, the doctor merely washed the part with water. However, he was fully aware of the imprudence he had committed, and gives the following account of the matter afterwards: "Believing that the malady would not declare itself until the fortieth day, having numerous patients to visit, I put off from day to day the application of my remedy—that is to say, vapor baths. The ninth day, being in my cabinet, I felt, all at once, a pain in the throat, and a still greater one in the eyes. My body seemed so light that I felt as if I could jump to a prodigious height, or that, if I threw myself out of the window, I could sustain myself in the air. My hair was so sensitive that I appeared to be able to count each separately without looking at it. Saliva kept continually forming in the mouth. Any movement of air inflicted great pain on me, and I was obliged to avoid the sight of brilliant objects; I had a continual desire to run and bite, not human beings, but animals, and all that was near me. I drank with difficulty, and I remarked that the sight of water distressed me more than the pain in the throat. I believe that by shutting the eyes, any one suffering under hydrophobia can always drink. The fits came on every five minutes, and I then felt the pain start from the index finger, and run up the nerves to the shoulder. In this state, thinking that my course was preservative and not curative, I took a vapor bath, not with the intention of cure, but of suffocating myself.

When the bath was at a heat of 52 deg. centigrade (93 deg. 3 min. 5 sec. Farenheit,) all the symptoms disappeared, as if by magic, and since then I have never felt anything more of them. I have attended more than eighty persons bitten by mad animals, and I have not lost a single case. When a person has been bitten by a mad dog, he must for seven successive days take a vapor bath *a la Russe*, as it is called, of 57 deg. to 63 deg. This is the preventive remedy. When the disease is declared, it only requires one vapor bath, rapidly increased to 37 deg. centigrade, then slowly to 63 deg.; the patient must confine himself to his chamber until the cure is complete." Dr. Buisson mentions several other curious facts. An American had been bitten by a rattlesnake about eight leagues away from his home; wishing to die in the bosom of his family, he ran the greater part of the way home, and going to bed, perspired profusely, and the wound healed as any simple cut. The bite of the tarantula is cured by the exercise of dancing, the free perspiration dissipating the virus. If a young child be vaccinated and then be made to take a vapor bath, the vaccine does not take.—*European Times.*

Facts vs. Theories.—"Give me a place to rest my lever on, says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medicus, of the olden time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their lever on, either to move the world or cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery, and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms of the "evil eye," etc.

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting place for it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand ever ready to serve them at his beck.

Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magical effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers o the skin.

In fact, we think Maggiel's Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.* c14

At this season of the year, when so many of our people are suffering from colds, we call attention to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds, but all affections of the lungs and throat. Having used it in our family for many years, we can speak from personal knowledge of its efficiency. There may be other remedies that are good, but in all our experience this has proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant to take, and should be kept at command, by every family, as a protection against a class of complaints which seem harmless in the beginning, but become afflicting and dangerous if neglected.—*N. H. Register.*

Ladies: The wreck of beauty is sure to follow the use of chalk, alabaster, and other destructive applications. Remember that the most innocent, harmless and fragrant toilet dressing for the complexion and skin—adapted to the most sensitive person, and blending perfectly with nature—is Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

HEALTH IN GREAT CITIES.

A PAMPHET on the alleged deterioration of race, brought about by the growth of large cities, has lately appeared in England from the pen of Dr. Morgan; and, whatever may be thought of his inferences, his facts are interesting and instructive. It appears that in England, at least, while the proportion of marriages to population is in the towns the triple of what it is in the country, country marriages are two and a half times more prolific. Then, again, the death-rate in cities is one-third larger than in the country districts, so that, what with scanty births and numerous deaths, every town in England would speedily be depopulated if a constant stream of population did not flow into it from the country. What makes this fact all the more startling is, that rather more than half the population of England and Wales now live in the great towns, so that to keep them filled up is a drain on the country districts which is felt every year more severely. Dr. Morgan finds in all this proof that the inhabitants of cities are deteriorating physically, and in doing so, of course, lower the type of coming generations. But the fact seems to be that whatever defects may be created by city life, they are not transmitted to such an extent as to exercise a serious influence on posterity—the reason being that feeble city children generally die off, and those who reach maturity are therefore apt to be picked men and women. It is well known that city-bred men are in all countries found to undergo that severest of all tests of physical vigor, military service, even better than country people—a superiority which is by some observers ascribed to the gain in nervous force wrought by city life; and we doubt very much whether the average country maiden could stand the wear and tear of "a season" in any of the great capitals of the world with nearly as much success as those bred in town drawing-rooms. The capacity of a country girl to undergo severe muscular labor, such as walking, riding, or rowing, milking or sweeping, is not necessarily an indication of greater vitality. These occupations are in themselves health-giving, even when followed by fatigue. Vitality, which is, after all, the very basis of health, is best tested by pursuits in themselves unhealthy, and which involve a drain on the nervous power, such as loss of sleep, exposure to excitement, or anxiety, or mental worry.

We are sorry we have no means at hand of ascertaining the comparative growth of city and country population in this country. There is no question, of course, that the latter greatly outstrips the former as yet; but it is equally certain our cities are growing with a rapidity which, in view of the feebleness of our efforts to govern them, and the general ignorance of, or indifference to, the means of keeping them clean and healthy, may be called positively alarming. In other countries there are one or two growing rapidly; we have a dozen or two which promise in a dozen years or so to surpass in size and populousness all others of ancient or modern times. Their growth is stimulated in a variety of ways. One is the easiness of access; another is the prodigious increase of commerce and manufactures, the latter having of late years been forced heavily by the high tariff. We consequently can show several "centres of population" which, being largely created by drift from all quarters of the globe, are not much above those of Europe in intelligence, education, self-respect, or habits of self-control. We are trying to govern them, too, by the machinery which was invented and used by the American population of fifty years ago, those quiet, thrifty, reading farmers, who laid the foundations of American society, who were for two centuries its boast and glory, and are still its salvation, but who are in some parts of the country being rapidly supplanted by swarms of foreign operatives. The legal influences we are able to exert, therefore, on behalf of health and cleanliness are far below those with which European legislators are armed.

That the effect of life in these busy hives upon health and physique will be much what it is in Europe, there can be little question. The same causes are at work in both places; and it seems to be settled that foremost amongst these is bad air—one of the inevitable results of crowding. That the day will come when crowding a great number of men and women together on a small space of ground will not make the air very bad after all, we think very likely; but that day is clearly a long way off. The art of policing great cities in free countries is still in its infancy. Despots alone do it successfully; but our people will hardly ever be disposed to purchase cleanliness by the surrender of their freedom. Such powers as the Board of Health in New York is armed with would hardly be tolerated as a permanency.

In the meantime, there is nothing so much needed as the use of all the influences at our command to diminish the flow of the country population into the towns; or, if this be too difficult, as we fear it is, to induce those whose business lies in them to live out of them. The plain fact of the matter is, that country life is to most Americans at this moment intolerable, and no wonder. In the first place, the means of reaching the country are disgraceful not simply to the railroad companies but to our civilization. We cannot recall to mind at this moment a single line of railroad which the directors seek to make agreeable or convenient to those who have to use it every day. Most people who live in the neighborhood of a great city make their purchases in it, particularly ladies. This is not a luxury; it is a necessity. A place at the station, therefore, to which parcels might be sent to await the arrival of the owner, would be a great convenience to suburban residents. On most suburban lines, however, no parcel will be received unless the owner is there to receive it. This is a small matter, but indicates a good deal. We have so often discussed the condition of the cars that we shall not here return to it. The trains are generally arranged to start or not to start at ingeniously inconvenient hours. The theory on which the time-tables of most suburban lines is apparently drawn up is, that nobody living in the country ever wants to spend an evening in the city, and nobody living in the city wants to spend one in the country; and yet there is perhaps nothing that makes country life so distasteful to all classes, working-men included, as the fact that it cuts them off from those sources of amusement or entertainment, social or other, such as only cities can supply. It must be admitted, in fact, that the social attractions offered by the country are well nigh worthless. People who live in the country, and who have the good sense to try and make the best of it, generally try to persuade themselves and others that they have all the society they want; but in their secret hearts they know they heroically and innocently lie. Under the most favorable circumstances, they rarely see much of their neighbors. The distances are too great, and when they are not, the roads are, during three-fourths of the year, either too muddy or too dusty to make walking agreeable. Harnessing vehicles for the payment of nocturnal visits is not agreeable, if one has to do it one's self; and it is still less agreeable to have to ask a coachman to do it, as coachmen go in these days; so that the great majority stay at home, hoping that people will "drop in in the evening"—a pleasing anticipation in which the mass of men and women who are fond of society continue to indulge in the earlier part of their lives, but which they get over before they reach what novelists call "the grand climacteric."

People rarely do "drop in in the evening" anywhere. One meets with circles now and then in which the custom prevails but they are mostly family circles, or circles long established and bound together by old and valued associations. Amongst the heterogeneous populations of most country "neighborhoods," families stay at home and wait for others, and the general prevalence of this practice of course involves general disappointment.

Then, again, persons brought together by accident in the country are not often congenial. There is no good reason why they should be. Tastes, pursuits, and antecedents may and do differ, and when they do differ conversation is apt to be a bore. And it must be confessed that, except in the case of persons of great powers, great cultivation, or great originality, meeting the same persons very often soon ceases to be amusing or entertaining. Each one very soon gets acquainted with all his neighbor's jokes, his best stories, his favorite personal experiences, and soon learns enough even of the character of his mind to be able to predict with tolerable certainty what he will say on any ordinary subject that comes up. The result is that one very rarely finds country circles rely very long on conversation. They fall back on games or "Shakspearian readings," which are generally very well for a while; but people tire of games, and there is a limit to one's enjoyment of hearing Shakspeare badly read.

The true remedy for all this is to make removal to the country as little of a separation from the city as possible, to enable people to enjoy the pure air and good scenery of the one without losing altogether the pleasures of the other, and this can only be done by thorough railroad reform. There is, in fact, it may be safely said, nothing on which the health of the cities of the United States will hereafter so much depend as this.—*Nation.*

ICELANDIC ADMONITIONS.—A venerable Icelandic writer, who lived at the close of the twelfth century, gave the following good advice for self-government: "Accustom thyself to a busy and wakeful life, but not so as to injure health by overexertion. Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is sickness of the soul. Be kind and gay, equable and changeable (that is, of easy manners, and not stiff.) Avoid evil speaking, and give your counsel to him who will accept it. Seek the company of the best men. Keep thy tongue carefully; it may honor—it may also condemn thee. If thou wax angry, speak little, and that little not vehemently. Men would give gold, sometimes, to buy back a passionate word; and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife; and there is no nobler, no higher power than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering, and other foolish prate. There are other things to be avoided like the Fiend himself—the sensual excesses, gaming, wagers, and other improprieties and vices. These are the roots of many worse evils, and unless great care is taken, will hand thee over to great sin and shame."

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.—Since the union, in 1860, of the provinces of the new kingdom of Italy, considerable attention has been paid to the collection of Government statistics—a department being attached to the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce, aided by Councils, in all the Prefectures of the kingdom. The last census was taken on the night of the 31st of December, 1861, when the population was found to be 21,704,000. At the rate of progress since observed, on the 1st of January in this year it is estimated to be about 22,300,000. The population is mostly agricultural, the largest cities being inferior in numbers of inhabitants to the great cities and commercial towns in England. Florence will, no doubt, rapidly increase as the seat of Government; but at the date of the census it had only 114,000 inhabitants; Naples, 417,000; Turin, 180,000; Milan, 219,000; and Palermo, 186,000. Great activity prevails in extending the lines of railway to attract the traffic of the East to the Italian coasts of the Adriatic. The completion of the Mont Cenis tunnel and a projected Alpine railway over the St. Gothard are expected by the Italians to give them a large share in the transit of light goods and passengers when the Suez Canal is opened. The products of the soil of Italy—oil, wine, rice, cotton, silk—its vast tracks of unexplored mineral grounds, and thousands of square miles of land which only require scientific irrigation to render them the most fertile in Europe—open up a great future for her commercial enterprise, to which, under the new Government, the greatest attention is being given. The most difficult problem at present is the financial condition of Italy. Wishing to, and, perhaps, partly under the necessity of maintaining a large army at heavy cost relative to the present revenue of the country, Italians yet object to the corresponding sacrifices, though at present but lightly taxed as compared with other countries. The public debt is already £176,000,000, and it is advancing at the rate of £8,000,000 to £10,000,000 a year. The only remedy is a large reduction of the army, or a much heavier taxation. It appears probable the Italians will choose the latter, which the increasing wealth of the country and development of its resources will render it easier to bear.

A WIDOW.—Notwithstanding the exhibition of 1867, our annual *salon* is this year well supplied by our principal artists. Already 5,000 first-rate pictures have been received. The two which seem to attract greatest attention are a landscape called "La Remise de Chevreuils" and "La Femme au Perroquet," both by Courbet. The latter picture represents a woman in a state of nudity playing with a parrot, and has already been purchased for a large sum by M. Nieuwerkerke, director of the *Beaux Arts*. There is also another picture, a portrait of a lady, and entitled "La Veuve." The lady is dressed in deep mourning, and has in her hands a bouquet of violets. Now, although the catalogue contains only the two words, *a widow*, opposite the number of the portrait, there is a story connected with it full of poetic terror. The lady is the Countess O——, who, although now only twenty-four years of age, has been twice widowed. She is said to be of humble birth, but when only sixteen years old, her great beauty attracted the attention of the Marquis de D——, who married her. On leaving the church, however, the marquis was assassinated by some obscure rival, and the lady was left a widow with an immense fortune. The *marquise* retired to a convent, where she remained till her twentieth year. She then made a journey to various parts of Europe, and visited, among other places, St. Petersburg, where one of the most wealthy *boyards* of Russia placed at her feet his heart, his diamonds, and his millions. The marriage was celebrated in the house of the bridegroom's mother, in a remote part of Russia, some distance from his own estate. The newly married couple left for their new home in a magnificent sleigh. On the way they were attacked by wolves, and the count, in trying to defend his bride, made a false step, fell out of the sleigh into the snow, and was immediately devoured by the wolves. The horses, mad with terror, dashed off with immense speed and did not stop till they arrived at the count's chateau, which was brilliantly illuminated for the reception of the newly married couple. This story, I am assured on good authority, is perfectly authentic.—*Cor. N. Y. Nation*

PROBST, who murdered the Decring family, has told the story of his butchery with the same nonchalance with which the horrible deed was committed. The matter was a very simple one: he was in want of money, and he thought he could get what he wanted by murdering a former employer. When he found or believed it necessary to despatch also the entire family, he enlarged his determination without flinching, and would have killed them on their way down to breakfast if he had felt sure of succeeding. There is absolutely no trace of mercy or pity in the whole proceeding—hardly any of remorse, if that can be called remorse to which he alluded in saying "Yes" to the question whether he "felt bad" after the murder. One can scarcely imagine more inhuman apathy than was displayed by him in shaving himself with the razor of his chief victim, and then making a meal in the house. Yet, with an incousisteucy which is remarkable, he supplied the horses in the stable with as much hay as he could before leaving the premises. The cunning of the man was as brutal as his action.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE state of Coleridge's mind when he wrote his fragments of Kubla Khan must have nearly resembled that of any reasonably excitable person during a first visit to Cairo. Just a degree too vivid to be a natural dream; many degrees too beautiful and wonderful to be an ordinary daylight vision, the rich dim courts, the glorious mosques, the marble fountains, the showers of southern sunlight poured on stately palm-tree and slow-moving camel, and shifting, many-hued crowd—all form together a scene such as no stage in the world may parallel for strangeness and splendor. One day spent in roaming aimlessly through the bazaars, and the gardens, and the mosques of Hassan and the Gama Tayloon, does more to reveal to us what Eastern life means—what is the background of each great Eastern story, the indescribable atmosphere which pervades all Eastern literature—than could be gained by years of study.

At least, I can speak from experience that it was such a revelation to me, and one so immeasurably delightful that, having performed the long journey to Egypt mainly with the thought of the attractions of the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, Karnak and Philæ, I waited patiently for a fortnight within sight of the Pyramids without attempting to visit them, satisfied with the endless interest of the living town. At last the day came when the curiosity of some quarter of a century (since that epoch in a child's life, the reading of Belzoni) could no longer be deferred. I had a *concern*, as good folks say, to visit Cheops that particular morning, and to Cheops I went, mounted on the inevitable donkey, and accompanied by a choice specimen of that genus of scamp, the Cairene donkey-boy. Unluckily I had overnight ordered my dragoman to wait in Cairo for certain expected mails, and bring them to me in Old Cairo whenever they might arrive; and of course the order involved my loss of his services for the entire day, spent by him, no doubt, with my letters in his pocket, at a coffee-shop. Thus it happened that my little expedition wanted all guidance or assistance—such acquaintances as I possessed in Cairo being otherwise occupied on that particular morning, and not even knowing of my intention.

Arrived at the ferry of the Nile, just above the Isle of Rhoda, it was with considerable satisfaction that I found a party of pleasant English ladies and gentlemen also proceeding to the Pyramids. Their time, however, was limited by the departure of the Overland Mail that day, and of course they could make no delay—as they seemed kindly disposed to do—to keep up with me and my wretched donkey, or rather donkey-boy.

If there be an aggravating incident in this very trying world, it is assuredly that of being mounted on a non-progressive donkey, unarmed with any available whip, stick, spur, or other instrument of cruelty, and wholly at the mercy of a treacherous conductor, who pretends to belabor your beast, and only makes him kick, and keeps you behind your party, when you have every reason in the world to wish to retain your place in it. Only one thing is worse, a mule which carries you through a whole day of weary Alpine climbing, just too far from all your friends to exchange more than a scream at intervals. If there chance on such an excursion to be ten pleasant people of your party, and one unpleasant one, whom you particularly wish neither to follow nor seem to follow, it is inevitably that particular objectionable person whose mule your mule will go after, and press past every one else to get at, and drag your arm out of its socket if you try to turn it back, and finally make you wish that an avalanche would fall and bury you and the demon-brute you have got under you in the abyss forever. On horseback you are a lord (or lady) of creation, with the lower animal subject unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back, you are a bale of goods, borne with contumely at the will of the vilest of beasts—not where you please, but where, when, and how, *it* pleases.

To return to my expedition to the Pyramids. Very soon the English party were out of sight, and slowly and wearily I was led a zigzag course through fields of young growing corn, and palm-groves, and past the poor mud villages of the Fellah-Arab. Mud, indeed, occupies in Egypt an amazing prominence in every view. Mud hovels, mud fields, where the rank vegetation is only beginning to spring through the deposit of the inundation, mud-dams across a thousand channels and ditches, and finally the vast yellow mud-banks of the mighty Nile. If man were first created in Egypt, it is small marvel that his bodily form should be a "muddy vesture of decay." In the course of my pilgrimage on this particular day my donkey-boy cleverly guided me into a sort of peninsula of mud, out of which there was no exit (short of returning on our steps) save by crossing a stream of some three or four feet deep. As usual in Egypt, two or three brown Arabs arose immediately when wanted, from the break of rushes, and volunteered to carry me across on their shoulders, their backshish, of course, being divided with the ingenious youth who had brought me into the trap. What it costs to the olfactory organs to be carried by Fellah-Arabs, language altogether fails to describe.

At last the troubles of the way were over; the sands of the Desert were reached, and the stupendous cluster of edifices, the three Pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx, the Cyclopean Temple, and the splendid tombs, were before me and around. For miles off, in the clear air of Egypt, where there is literally no aerial perspective, I had been able to distinguish the ranges of stones which constitute the exterior of all the Pyramids, save the small portions of the second and third still covered with their original coating. It was hardly, as Longfellow says—

> "The mighty pyramids of stone,
> That wedge like cleave the desert airs,
> When nearer seen and better known
> Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Almost as soon as they come within the range of vision they are seen with their seriated edges and the horizontal lines of the deep steps, marked sharply with the intense shadows of the south.

Of all these ruins of Ghizeh—these earliest and mightiest of the records of our race—the one by far the most affecting and impressive, is assuredly the Sphinx. A human face, nay, an intensely human face, a portrait full of individuality even in its solemnity and colossal grandeur—gazes at us with the stony eyes before which have passed Hebrew prophet and Greek philosopher, and Roman conquerer, and Arab khalif. Had Napoleon the Great, told his troops that sixty centuries looked on them through the Sphinx's eyes, he would have used no unmeaning metaphor. Even the very ruin and disgrace of the mighty countenance seems to render it more affecting. Half immeasurably sublime, half pitiful, nay, grotesque, in its desolation, it stands, with its brow calmly upturned to heaven, and what one might almost deem a ruddy flush upon its cheek, but with every feature worn and marred since it has stood there, a stony St. Sebastian, bearing through the ages the shafts and insults of sun and storm.

I must not pause to muse over the Sphinx, nor yet to describe the gradual revelation which comes to the traveller of the enormous magnitude of the Pyramid, as he slowly wades at its foot through the heavy sand, and perceives when he has walked thrice as far as it seemed he need have done, he has but reached the half of the base.

The English party, who had outridden me, were concluding their luncheon as I reached the Pyramid, and after declining their cordial offers to share it, I asked one of the ladies, "Had she visited the interior and Cheops' chamber?" "No. Some of the ladies and gentlemen had done so. The Arabs were a wild set of men, and she did not like to put herself in their power." Deeming the lady's caution must be over-developed, and too intensely interested to make very serious reflections on what I was doing, I engaged the Scheik at the door of the Pyramid to provide me with proper guides so soon as the English party had ridden away.

Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered for the service, in spite of my remark that three were enough, and we were soon plunged into the darkness of the first entrance-passage. All the world knows how the Pyramid is constructed; a solid mass of huge stones, all so perfectly fitted that scarcely a penknife might be introduced in any place between them. The passages at the widest, scarcely permit of two persons going abreast, and are for long distances so low as to compel the visitor to stoop almost double. The angle at which these passages slope upwards is also one which, on the slippery, well-worn floor, renders progress difficult as on the ice of an Alpine mountain. But oh! how different from the keen pure air, the wide horizon, the glittering sunlight, of the Alps, this dark, suffocating cavern, where the dust, and lights, and breath of heated men, make an atmosphere scarcely to be breathed, and where the sentiments of awe and horror almost paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special fancy made me then, as ever since, find a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel, unreasonably trying to the nerves; but so it was—the awe of the place wellnigh overpowered me.

The Arab guides helped me easily in their well-known way. One or two carried the candles, and all joined in a sort of song at which I could not help laughing, in spite of both awe and lack of breath. It seemed to be a chant of mingled Arabic and English (a language they all spoke after a fashion,) the English words being apparently a continual repetition:

> "Vera goot lady, backshish, backshish;
> Vera goot lady, give us backshish,"

and so on, *da capo*. Twice we had to rest on our way from sheer exhaustion, and on one occasion, where there is a break in the continuity of the passage, there was an ascent into a hole high up in the wall by no means easy to accomplish.

At last, after what seemed an hour, and I suppose was about fifteen minutes, since we left the sunshine, we stood in Cheops' burial-vault, the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid. As my readers know, it is a small oblong chamber, of course wholly without light or ventilation, with plain stone floor, walls, and roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus (which once held the mummy of Cheops, but is now perfectly empty) standing at one end. The interest of the spot would alone have repaid a journey from England; but I was left small time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was startled to observe that my guides had stopped their song and changed their obsequious voices, and were all five standing bolt upright against the walls of the vault.

"It is the custom," said one of them, "for whoever comes here to give us backshish."

I reflected in a moment that they had seen me foolishly transfer my purse from the pocket of my riding-skirt to the walking-dress I wore under it, and which I had alone retained on entering the Pyramid.

"Well," I said, as coolly as I was able, "I intend, of course, to give you 'backshish' for your trouble, and if you choose to be paid here instead of at the door, it is all the same to me. I shall give three shillings English (a favorite coin in Cairo,) as I said I only wanted three men."

"Three shillings are not enough. We want backshish!"

"There they are. They are quite enough."

"Not enough! We want backshish!"

I must here confess that things looked rather black. The Fellahs stood like so many statues of Osiris (even at the moment I could not help thinking of it,) with their backs against the wall and their arms crossed on their breasts, as if they held the *flagellum* and *crux ansata*. Their leader spoke in a calm, dogged sort of a way, to which they all responded, like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of you, and I am rather heavy, I will give you one shilling more. There it is. Now, you will get no more." Saying this I gave the man the fourth shilling, and then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want backshish!"

"It must do. You will get no more backshish."

"It won't do. We want backshish!"

Each moment the men's voices grew more resolute, and I must avow that horror seized me at the thought that they had nothing to do but merely to go out and leave me there in the solitude and darkness, and I should go mad from terror.

Not a creature in Cairo even knew where I was gone. I should not be missed or sought for for days, and there I was unarmed, and alone, with these five savages, whose caprice or resentment might make them rush off in a moment, leaving me to despair. Luckily, I knew well it would be fatal to betray any alarm, and so I spoke as lightly as I could, and laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no more backshish, you know very well; and if you bully me, you will have *stick* from the English Consul. Come, I've seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backshish!" said all five of the villains in one loud voice.

It was a crisis, and I believe if I had wavered a moment I might never have got away; but the extremity, of course, aided one's resolution, and I suddenly spoke out, angrily and preremptorily:

"I'll have no more of this. *You* fellow there, take the light, and go out. *You* give me your hand. Come along, all of you."

It was a miracle; to my own comprehension, at all events. They one and all suddenly slunk down like so many scolded dogs, and without another syllable did as I ordered them. The slave habit of mind doubtless resumed its usual sway with them the moment that one of free race asserted a claim of command. Any way, it was a simple fact that five Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon woman, who was herself quite as much surprised as they could be at the phenomenon.

O, how I rejoiced when the square of azure sky appeared at the end of the last passages, and when I at last emerged safe and *sane* out of the Great Pyramid! Dante, ascending out of the Inferno, "*a riveder le stelle*," could not have been half so thankful. Away I rode, home to old Cairo on my donkey, and could spare a real laugh under the sunshine, when I found that the wretched old Arab Scheik, with whom I had left my riding-skirt, had quietly devoured my intended luncheon of dates, and then carefully replaced the *stones* in my pocket!

THE CANARY BIRD.—When I saw it first in its native woods I could scarcely recognize it as the same species as our domestic yellow warbler, so much is the latter altered by domestication and repeated crosses. The native bird is gray on the wings, the belly is green, and the back a very dark gray. It builds on bushy trees or high shrubs, lays from four to six pale-blue eggs, and sometimes hatches six times in a season. I was surprised to find that each flock has a different song. The note is between that of the skylark and nightingale. The natives assert that the bird is very difficult to rear, and generally dies in a couple of years if kept in a cage. *R. E. Allison, in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.—The summary of the number of exhibitors and the demands for space has just been made up, and shows the following results: The number of proposing exhibitors, exclusive of fine arts, is 2,280; in 1855 the number was 1541. The total net space demanded in the forthcoming exhibition exceeds 305,000 square feet, exclusive of space demanded in the park. The net space at the disposal of the British executive is 93,000 square feet, or considerably less than one-third of the space asked for. In 1855 the net space filled was 65,000 square feet.—*London Paper.*

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.

If we had not but recently passed through the experience of a war, conducted on the grandest scale, and greater in all its extent and its details of battles, suffering and death than the world ever knew before, we might have taken some alarm at the recent development of proceedings of a hostile nature upon the borders of the country lying north of the United States. But the meagre and indefinite accounts that have reached us of Fenian movements, sound like a burlesque of warfare, as the stories told in the beginning of the recent rebellion, and seem almost as if history were repeating itself, and we were now hearing the faintest echoes of those far-receding events. If we did not believe there were some who have entered into this movement in honesty, who recognize the false relation which Ireland is made to bear to the rest of the world, and who are devoting heart and mind and strength to accomplish something great and good for their country, we should be inclined to look at the Fenian organization, its movements and prospects of success, with ridicule, and treat it only as one of those Celtic bulls which that whimsical people had united to perpetrate and were enjoying while all the rest of mankind were convulsed with laughter. As soon, however, as men take weapons into their hands, and in anger cause the shedding of blood, we are constrained to suppress our mirth, and to consider the cause and justification of these acts, and the ultimate end of their continuance.

The right of revolution is not denied to any people. The people of Ireland believe that they are oppressed by the Government of Great Britain, and allege that the wrongs they suffer are not relieved, and do not receive a proper consideration. A portion of the Irish people—but how great does not appear—are conspiring together to redress their wrongs and to dissolve entirely their connection with Great Britain. To aid this object, those of that nation who have immigrated to this country have united in forming Fenian organizations to promote as far as they may the grand object of the people—"to liberate Ireland." The object of these associations appeals powerfully to the patriotic instincts of the Irish race and to the hearts of this impulsive people no cause can be dearer than to set free the country from which they have most of them been driven by oppression. It is a matter which they have always vividly in mind, and any appeal for aid touches strongly their hearts and enlists their most active sympathies.

It is perhaps a pity that the people at home have deemed it necessary to appeal to their kindred and friends who reside upon this countinent for material aid or sympathy, or thought it expedient even to disclose the knowledge of their intended action. While a patriotic cause will find anywhere and always ardent supporters, there are those also who for personal emolument and gain will pretend a most ready sympathy, and whose shrewdness and cunning will place them in easy communication with the heart of the movement and acquire for themselves the places of power and gain. The too frank impulsiveness of the Irish of this country has in this movement long ago betrayed them into the hands of such men, and the result has been charges and counter-charges of fraud, corruption and embezzlement. Each side has had its strong partisans, and the organization seems almost hopelessly divided into factions.

During the progress of the organization, it has been understood that extensive preparations were going on to accomplish the general purpose of "liberating Ireland," and suddenly rumors were afloat that Canada was to be attacked, and that soldiers were already on the march under the lead of veteran officers of the late war, and immediately the telegraph announced the report of an invasion into the neighboring country, with indefinite accounts of the progress of events in that locality. What the invasion of Canada has to do with the liberation of Ireland is beyond the reach of our intelligence. And why should the Irish in America commence hostile movements against the power of Great Britain before the Irish in Ireland? It would seem very much as if the fight had been talked of so long, and the pleasing prospect of walloping an Englishman so vividly portrayed to the Celtic mind, that no inducement could restrain the impulsive wielder of the shillelagh from pitching into the first subject of the Queen that could be found, and therefore with great enthusiasm they have marched into the enemy's country, and rolled up their sleeves, as if for a preliminary rehearsal and exhibition of how easily a naturalized republican can whip a subject and supporter of the oppressor. It does not seem within the bounds of ordinary reason, that the leaders of the movement can expect to make any conquest, or even a permanent lodgment. Indeed, at this period, it does not appear who are the responsible leaders, if there are any.

Mr. James Stephens, who has recently landed in America, has been the recognized leading spirit in Ireland, but he has not been greeted with that enthusiastic welcome, nor has that marked respect been universally paid him, which would certainly have been, if he was to be the recognized leader of all the Irish patriots. His recent address in Jones' Wood shows a man of earnestness of purpose, but is full of regret at the dissensions which he finds in the organization here. The telegraph has announced, since that date, that his counsel has always been opposed to an invasion of Canada. If his counsel had been different, we should certainly have denied to him the qualities requisite to the leader of a revolution, or even that other extraordinary, but useful ingredient of character—common sense.

If, indeed, the organizations in America be really in alliance with those in Ireland, why is the material aid of Irish Americans exhausted by an attack upon Canada? Perhaps the hope is, to overpower the British province, exhaust her resources, and direct the attention and forces of England to rendering assistance here, lest a dependency of the government be lost, so that, under cover of this excitement and anxiety, the patriots of the "old country" may

> "Fold their tent like the Arabs,
> And as quietly steal away."

But it is too evident that impulsiveness has rushed on without reason, and passion has been uncontrolled. The leaders of the Fenians have forgotten to study statistics and to measure the strength of an established power with that of a disorganized conspiracy. They have exercised without restraint the republican liberty of freedom of speech, and have been allowed to talk to their hearts' content. They seem never to have thought there was any difference between calling names and throwing stones. Having indulged in the former, they have advanced to the latter. With the latter step they seem not to know that they place a great responsibility upon the government of the United States, and because that government does not care to be drawn into a war with England, and has taken the arms and ammunition away from these ignorant children, they turn about and swear lustily at us for having, as they say, betrayed them. They do not know that we have done them a kindness they cannot appreciate. They cannot see the inevitable result of their folly in invading Canada—certain defeat or annihilation. They have gathered moneys which seem immense to a people who are wealthy with an income of two dollars and a half a day, and believe they have sufficient to wage war. All the Irish in America could not contribute money enough to gather, equip, and maintain an army large enough and through a time long enough to make a conquest of Canada. Do they really expect by such movement to intimidate England? It seems like an attempt to overcome a household by stealing into the backyard, capturing the pigs and poultry, omitting the fact that the controlling power of the establishment is situated near the grand entrance. If the parent is a victim of a disease, why try to cure it by giving a dose of medicine to the son?

The Fenians of America are, in the first place, disorganized and divided; they have no leading mind on whom they can depend for prudent and wise guidance; they have produced no man who has uttered a word that would give him credit for statesmanship; they have no generals who could lead an army, if they had one, against the veterans of England; they have no base of supplies, without which no effective movement could take place; they have no materials of war which would not be exhausted in a single campaign; they have no organized army of sufficient force to conduct a war of the magnitude which their undertaking would require; they have no navy, whose presence would be indispensable in a war with a maritime power like England; they have no money which would not flow from their treasury like water poured upon the ground, under the manipulation of an ignorant cabinet and the extravagant drainage of the hostile movements.

Because they have disregarded the laws of the United States, and have called out the strength of that government to interfere with their proceedings, they will naturally display indignation and rage, but it is not the fault of that government that they are ignorant of the laws. It is not that Americans do not extend their sympathy and wish success to their grand object, but their sympathy and wishes do not extend to the involution in a war with Great Britain. The people undoubtedly wish that Ireland may become free from the yoke of England, from their natural sympathy with the oppressed, their gratitude to the great body of Irish-Americans who have fought for the Union, and the not very cordial feelings which prevail regarding the hypocrisy of England. But if any action is to be effective, it must be nearer the locality of the Ireland which is to be free. If the dog's head is to be cut off, the first movement should scarcely be a pinch in the tail.

Mr. President Johnson is accused of betraying the Fenians. It may take a considerable passage of time before the truth, which is not that, will prevail among them. If it shall not until after the next Presidential election, and Mr. Johnson should happen to be the Democratic candidate, that time-worn party will perhaps weep at the diminished vote which the present interference has occasioned. Meantime we will hope that the second sober thought will come and overcome their anger and impulsiveness. The repentance over this folly will not return to the ignorant and confiding children of the Irish race the hard earned dollars which man-servants and maid-servants have lavished to free their native land, but the remembrance may teach the value of wise counsel, of prudent action, of respect for laws, of union in action, of the debility of a divided house, and may caution them to a better estimate of their own weakness and the strength of an ancient enemy.

[For the Californian.]

SUNDRIES.

The statue of Lincoln, on Fifth street, represents a comfortably-clad individual; but it has been observed that the artist omitted to ornament the Martyr's person with the watch and guard usually deemed indispensable. Is this omission to be attributed to an ungenerous distrust of San Franciscan honesty, or does it but reflect that popular estimate of Lincoln's virtues which placed him among the honored few upon whom no watch was necessary?

The Book of Books teaches us that when we receive a blow upon one cheek we should turn the other also. Our accommodating "zephyrs" spare us the humiliation of turning, as we get blows on both cheeks—to say nothing of straight-up-and-down licks—at one and the same time.

Country airs may be seen and felt here quite as well as beyond the corporate limits, and though any change—even small-change—would be beneficial to some men, no removal to the rural districts need be based upon a desire to observe rustic simplicity and rustic curiosity. For proof: Stop in front of a window on Montgomery street and point out to your friend some work of art which you admire. If, in "not less than three nor more than thirty seconds" you don't draw around you a staring, gaping mob, you may suspect yourself of small-pox, nitro-glycerine, or some other repellent property equally powerful.

The *Bulletin* of Wednesday evening contains a poem by Herbert C. Dorr, entitled "The Ape and the Statue; A Fable for Critics." The "pome" is strictly classical, and, of course, not intended to crush anybody in this vicinity. If it were, while I shouldn't like to designate the playful little animal referred to, I think it would be safe to pronounce the "statue" simply a Doric column.

The Monterey *Gazette* mentions "an old lady upwards of a hundred years of age." Equally perspicuous was a more critical sheet nearer home some days ago, when it Chronicled a favorable opinion of Mrs. Sedley Brown as "the lady manageress."

Notwithstanding there is a line of elegant and swift-moving steamers by which the trip from this city to Stockton can be made with comfort and despatch, many persons—among them some who claim to be the especial Friends of Progress—still go in stages... of insanity.

Speaking of vehicles: Giving ho stages to fortune is not a new requirement; but it was left to fortune-seekers of our day to demand Idaho-stages.

The gallant boys in green seem to affect Centres—Slab Centre being the first city they pounced upon in Canada. It was hoped, when they had also captured Pigeon Hill, that they might be able to feather their nest and stay awhile. But though Canada was not entirely taken with or by the bold Fenians, let the liberators be of good cheer: their day will come—and it will not be Friday, either.

I sometimes see it stated that one Congressmen has paired off with another. The operation must be painful when a dull member is brought into use.

A young lady who parts from a dollar as regretfully as though it were a lover, reminds one of a billiard shot which *almost* counts. If this will not pass for a joke, it may at least, like the damsel in question, be termed a close miss.

Prayers are asked for the author, who is in declining health—a statement which the discriminating Asmodeus of The Californian regards as entirely needless.

Emstadt.

Cham, the caricaturist of the *Charivari*, in his pictorial review of the week, has a sly hit at the perpetual changes in the Greek Cabinet. A citizen of Athens is having his likeness taken by a photographer. The right focus having been obtained, the artist says, "Do not change your position." "Not change!" replied the other; "then people will not know me; I am a Greek Minister!"

[For the Californian.]

MY SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBORHOODS I HAVE MOVED FROM."

I LIVE in the suburbs. My residence, to quote the pleasing fiction of the advertisement, "is within 15 minutes' walk of the City Hall." Why the City Hall should be considered as an eligible terminus of anybody's walk, under any circumstances, I have not been able to determine. Never having walked from my residence to that place, I am unable to verify the assertion, though I may state as a purely abstract and separate proposition, that it takes me the better part of an hour to reach Montgomery street.

My selection of locality was a compromise between my wife's desire to go into the country, and my own predilections for civic habitation. Like most compromises, it ended in retaining the objectionable features of both propositions—I procured the inconveniences of the country without losing the discomforts of the city. I increased my distance from the butcher and green-grocer, without approximating to herds and kitchen-gardens. But I anticipate.

Fresh air was to be the principal thing sought for. That there might be too much of this did not enter into my calculations. The first day I entered my residence, it blew. The second day was windy. The third, fresh, with a strong breeze stirring. On the fourth, it blew; on the fifth, there was a gale, which has continued to the present writing.

That the air is fresh, the above statement sufficiently establishes. That it is bracing, I argue from the fact that I find it impossible to open the shutters on the windward side of the house. That it is healthy, I am also convinced, believing that there is no other force in Nature that could so buffet and ill-use a person without serious injury to him. Let me offer an instance. The path to my door crosses a slight eminence. The unconscious visitor, a little exhausted by the ascent and the general effects of the gentle gales which he has faced in approaching my hospitable mansion, relaxes his efforts, smoothes his brow, and approaches with a fascinating smile. Rash and too confident man! The wind delivers a succession of rapid blows, and he is thrown back. He staggers up again—in the language of the P. R., "smiling and confident." The wind now makes for a vulnerable point, and gets his hat in chancery. All ceremony is now thrown away—the luckless wretch seizes his hat with both hands, and charges madly at the front door. Inch by inch, the wind contests the ground; another struggle, and he stands upon the verandah. On such occasions I make it a point to open the door myself, with a calmness and serenity that shall offer a marked contrast to his feverish and excited air—that shall throw suspicion of inebriety upon him. If he be inclined to timidity and bashfulness, during the rest of the evening he is all too conscious of the disarrangement of his hair and cravat. If he is less sensitive, the result is often more distressing. A valued elderly friend once called upon me after undergoing a two-fold struggle with the wind and a large Newfoundland dog (which I keep for reasons hereinafter stated,) and not only his hat, but his wig, suffered. He spent the evening with me, totally unconscious of the fact that his hair presented the singular spectacle of having been parted diagonally from the right temple to the left ear. When ladies called, my wife preferred to receive them. They were generally hysterical, and often in tears. I remember, one Sunday, to have been startled by what appeared to be the balloon from Hayes Valley drifting rapidly past my conservatory, closely followed by the Newfoundland dog. I rushed to the front door, but was anticipated by my wife. A strange lady appeared at luncheon, but the phenomenon remained otherwise unaccounted for. Egress from my residence was much more easy. My guests seldom "stood upon the order of their going," but went at once; the Newfoundland dog playful harrassing their rear. I was standing one day, with my hand on the open hall door, in serious conversation with the minister of the parish, when the back door was incautiously opened. The watchful breeze seized the opportunity, and charged through the defenceless passage. The front door closed violently in the middle of a sentence, precipitating the reverend gentleman into the garden. The Newfoundland dog, with that sagacity for which his race is so distinguished, at once concluded that a personal collision had taken place between myself and visitor, and flew to my defence. The reverend gentleman never called again.

The Newfoundland dog above alluded to was part of a system of protection which my suburban home required. Robberies were frequent in the neighborhood, and my only fowl fell a victim to the spoiler's art. One night I awoke, and found a man in my room. With singular delicacy and respect for the feelings of others, he had been careful not to awaken any of the sleepers, and retired upon my rising, without waiting for any suggestion. Touched by his delicacy, I forbore giving the alarm until after he had made good his retreat. I then wanted to go after a policeman, but my wife remonstrated, as this would leave the house exposed. Remembering the gentlemanly conduct of the burglar, I suggested the plan of following him and requesting him to give the alarm as he went in town. But this proposition was received with equal disfavor. The next day I procured a dog and a revolver. The former went off—but the latter wouldn't. I then got a new dog and chained him, and a duelling pistol, with a hair-trigger. The result was so far satisfactory that neither could be approached with safety, and for some time I left them out, indifferently, during the night. But the chain one day gave way, and the dog, evidently having no other attachment to the house, took the opportunity to leave. His place was soon filled by the Newfoundland, whose fidelity and sagacity I have just recorded.

Space is one of the desirable features of my suburban residence. I do not know the number of acres the grounds contain except from the inordinate quantity of hose required for irrigating. I perform all day, like some gentle shepherd, upon a-½ inch pipe without any visible result, and have had serious thoughts of contracting with some disbanded fire company for their hose and equipments. It is quite a walk to the wood-house. Every day some new feature of the grounds is discovered. My youngest boy was one day missing for several hours. His head—a peculiarly venerable and striking object—was at last discovered just above the grass, at some distance from the house. On examination he was found comfortably seated in a disused drain, in company with a silver spoon and a dead rat. On being removed from this locality he howled dismally, and refused to be comforted.

The view from my suburban residence is fine. Lone Mountain, with its white obelisks, is a suggestive if not cheering termination of the vista in one direction, while the old receiving vault of Yerba Buena Cemetery limits the view in another. Most of the funerals which take place pass my house. My children, with the charming imitativeness that belongs to youth, have caught the spirit of these passing corteges, and reproduce in the back yard, with creditable skill, the salient features of the lugubrious procession. A doll, from whose features all traces of vitality and expression have been removed, represents the deceased. But unfortunately I have been obliged to promise them more active participation in this ceremony at some future time, and I fear that they look anxiously forward with the glowing impatience of youth to the speedy removal of some of my circle of friends. I am told that the eldest, with the unsophisticated frankness that belongs to his age, made a personal request to that effect to one of my acquaintances. One singular result of the frequency of these funerals is the development of a critical and fastidious taste in such matters on the part of myself and family. If I may so express myself, without irreverence, we seldom turn out for anything less than six carriages. Any number over this is usually breathlessly announced by Bridget as, "Here's another, mum—and a good long one."

With these slight drawbacks, my suburban residence is charming. To the serious poet, and writer of elegaic verses, the aspect of Nature, viewed from my verandah, is suggestive. I myself have experienced moments when the "sad mechanic exercise" of verse would have been of infinite relief. The following stanzas, by a young friend who has been stopping with me for the benefit of his health, addressed to a duck who frequented a small pond in the vicinity of my mansion, may be worthy of perusal, as showing the debilitated condition of his system. I think I have met the idea conveyed in the first verse in some of Hood's prose, but, as my friend assures me that Hood was too conscientious to appropriate anything, I conclude I am mistaken:

LINES TO A WATER FOWL.

(*Intra Muros.*)

I.

Fowl, that sing'st in yonder pool,
Where the summer winds blow cool,
Are there hydropathic cures
For the ills that man endures?
Know'st thou Priessnitz? What? alack!
Hast no other word but "Quack!"

II.

Cleopatra's barge might pale
To the splendors of thy tail,
Or the stately caraval
Of some "high-pooped admiral."
Never yet left such a wake
E'en the navigator Drake!

III.

Dux thou art, and leader, too,
Heeding not what's "falling due,"
Knowing not of debt or dun—
Thou dost heed no bill but one;
And, though scarce conceivable,
That's a bill Receivable,
Made—that thou thy stars might'st thank—
Payable at the next bank.

A curious expression of critical opinion is this, from *Le Monde:* "Goethe's *Faust* has been enormously praised, but its value ought to be reduced enormously. The first part is really nothing but an adventure of a grisette and a student, something like a story of the Latin Quarter—of the old Latin Quarter. Murger, less poetical, is not more immoral, and he has the advantage of being natural and true!"

[For the Californian.]

ALLAQUIZ.

SLEEPING WITH THE JUDGE.

WE are quiet, religious people where I lodge—in short, Methodists.

I was invited to lunch. That was the first indication of a storm. The three years I have been in the house, nothing of the kind has ever before happened.

So I met the Judge over oyster soup and tea. You are expected to see a description of his looks and character in this sentence of his own: "Wall, where I live, at Union City, we arrange things different. We don't go very heavy on the dead langidges. Then, tobacco and cigars is my special bomination."

This, with an indigestion, is the only memory I carried away from the repast.

About a half hour afterwards, an embarrassed tap was heard at my room door. This was only the weak thunder of a more delicate lightning which, in the succeeding moment, flashed on me from the face of my landlady. Quoth she:

"The Judge is a nice man—is he not?"

"Ye-es!"

"Now, wouldn't you just as lief let him sleep with you for the few nights he will be in the city? The fact is we haven't any other place to put him."

Considering my indebtedness in the matter of lunch, how could I refuse?

Well, coming home late that night, I found the Judge fast asleep in my sheets. I climbed in beside him, making the mental resolution that I would, at least, be in the ascendant in my own room. So I exerted my authority in pushing the somnolent dignitary over to a very contracted portion of the bed. I had hardly got through chuckling over this despotic exercise of my rights, when the Judge began snoring vigorously. I waited some time for him to stop, but he did not. I could not sleep. The Judge was manifestly in the ascendant.

I therefore proceeded to kick him gently, then more ferociously; but this evidently hurt me more than it did him, for he still blowed his nasal horn away up in the Alpine heights of Dreamland.

I then placed myself elegantly on the top of the Judge, and, though he could not snore, he slept on, and—*I* was in the accudant.

I awoke in the morning, to find the order of things reversed—that is, the Judge on the top of me, and again manifestly in the ascendant.

The next day I spent in concocting schemes by which to checkmate the Judge. I came home late that night, and found him fast asleep. I quietly lit all the gas in the room, and, remembering his remark about tobacco, lit my pipe also. Drawing out some newspapers, I commenced reading and smoking.

The better part of the night thus passed, without the least effect on the Judge, while I, really sick with this extraordinary use of strong "nigger-head," bought for the occasion, was forced to go to bed in disgust.

I no sooner struck the bed than the Judge struck up a melancholy snore. This sounded to me like the bugle of my own retreat. It was aggravating.

I arose and put a heavy workstand on the top of the Judge, and a rocking-chair on the top of that. I then fell into a peaceful sleep, for I was now in the ascendant.

In the morning—that is, this morning—the Judge is gone, and so are all my clothes; and I write this in bed, where the mishap has temporarily confined me. Ellen, the hired girl, to whom I have just read the foregoing, says that she herself is now in the ascendant, because she does not have to make up my bed. She, moreover, consoles me with the assurance that the Judge will give me a sound "bating," when he sees this in print. But I am left in doubt, as well as in bed. Will somebody tell me who now really is in the ascendant?

ALLAQUIZ.

A Narrow Escape from a Dreadful Death.—At the Randolph Hotel in Oxford, lately built, two men and a boy employed on the premises, from fun and curiosity, got into a fire-proof plate-closet. Another servant closed the door. It fastened with a spring lock, and the horrified victims found themselves enclosed in an air-tight box, three feet square by six feet high. There was only just standing room. Their cries soon alarmed the establishment, and at last the key was found, but it broke in the lock. The door resisted every effort of sledge hammers. The escape of the prisoners was only effected after more than half an hour, by breaking through the wall with proper mason's tools. The boy had fainted, and one of the men was bleeding at the nose and mouth.—*Churchman.*

Bishop Butler said: "There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, siguing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Rigbt..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse-for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

GREAT ATTRACTION!

THE FASHIONS ARE ALL THE GO!

Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE *Spring of* 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashion.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

GO TO HIS STORE FOR A HAT,

No. 220.....*Montgomery street*,

and get something that is new. mar22-3m

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Have established a TRUNK DEPOT in the basement of their Store equal to any in New York, and prices 20 per cent. lower than any other House in the city.

mar17-3m

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

Manufactured by Little & Co.; sold by

CHAS. E. HINCKLEY & CO.,

Chemists and Druggists,

Southeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets,

ap21 San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JUNE 18, - - - - - CONSTITUTION,
Captain F. R. Baby.
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Gray.)

JUNE 30th, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Watkins.
(Connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdurff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street*,

A CARD.

D. WARREN SMITH

Has commenced his business of canvassing the city for subscribers for

MIDDLETON'S OIL PORTRAITS,

the series of which embrace

WASHINGTON AND MARTHA, LINCOLN, WEBSTER, CLAY, DOUGLAS, GRANT, SHERMAN, and JACKSON.

Mr. Smith will call at the business places of our city, and at dwellings at reasonable hours, and exhibit some of the above beautiful Oil Portraits. He hopes to meet with success, as the Pictures are worthy a place in every drawing room in our country. AGENT'S HEADQUARTERS,

JOHN MIDDLETON & SONS,

my26 2m 404 Montgomery street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 9, 1866.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, held on the 5th inst., it was resolved to increase the Capital Stock of the corporation to $5,000,000, gold, to take effect on

THE FIRST DAY OF JULY NEXT,

and the President and Cashier were authorized to receive subscriptions for $2,000,000 of said capital stock. Parties desirous of subscribing will make application at the Bank, either personally or by letter, when further details will be given.

D. O. MILLS, President.
W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

my20 1m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,

my28 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL HOMESTEAD Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 499, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19 3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

jal 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,

Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

GEO. P. KIMBALL & CO.,

Carriage Manufacturers,



CORNER MARKET AND FOURTH STREETS,
San Francisco.

GEORGE P. KIMBALL.....W. H. KNIGHT.

We have always on hand a large assortment of Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Thoroughbrace Wagons, Express, Grocery, Soda and Butcher Wagons and Lumber Gears.

CARRIAGES AND WAGONS

Of every description made to order and at shortest notice. Particular attention paid to the building of Wide Track Buggies and Wagons with Brakes, for mountain use. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

N. B. Kimball's Patent Goose Neck Trucks on hand.

mar2 3m

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 *and* 202 *Montgomery street,*
Corner of Bush, - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison.)
Printers and Electrotypers,
413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.
Stamps of all kinds made to order.
Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.
A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. fe3 3m

SMOKE
THE PATENT
RUSSIAN
CIGARETTES,
MANUFACTURED BY
GIBB & STAHL,
S.W. COR. KEARNY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.



☞ For sale at all Cigar Stores. ap28 3m

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
mar10 3m

MONEY TO LOAN!
MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my5 3m THOMAS MOONEY, President.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

AYER'S
AGUE CURE,



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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company setting upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.
Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.
For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.
A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.
Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.
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For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.
☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.
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THE FESTIVAL OF ST. CECILIA.

A MUSICAL ROMANCE.—BY M. A. E.

A SERENE effulgeace bathed the town of Allazoppa with iridescent glory. It was fitting that the Festival of St. Cecilia should be ushered in with the beaatiful melodies of harmonious Natare, swelliug in oae grand, choral psalm. Therefore had the midsummer beea chosen by the inhabitants of Allazoppa for the celebration of the glorious Festival of St. Cecilia.

Allazoppa is a couatry town, exactly in the middle of the State of Maiae. It is a small place, but the heart of its people is great. They love music; hence they are demi-gods, and walk among the sons and daughters of men with star-lit brows.

At the approach of this supernal, egregious, and tropically effulgeat festival, there was bnt one pulse in all Allazoppa; but one heart-throb. Venerable mea and women, with the snows of heaven resting lightly on their heads; youths and maidens with the divine illumination of harmony sparkling ia their moon-orbed eyes; and little childrea with bright heads glinted with the music of the ever-shining spheres, gathered together in the forest, and the white tents and green booths arose to the inspiriting, and ever-swelling crescendo of John Chittenden's violin.

For John was the most demi-god-like among these demi-gods; not being able to do an earthly thing. He could not have stood that test of sensuous intellect, which unmusical barbarians adopt: he did not know enough to go in whea it rained; aad had never been able to lathom the mysteries of the English alphabet. But what was all this to the glorious gift given unto him in the diaphonous texture of his inner soul! Music was to him the great exponent of the universe. His violin was the GREAT ALL, with which he bored into the ceatre of the existence of all created beings with whom he held musical communion, common speech being providentially denied him. Therefore was he selected as the orchestra to cheer their souls duriag the preparatious for the exalted rites of the next two days.

The spirit of nature trembled upoa every string of his violin, and was throwa off into the circumambient air by the silver-glidiag bow. Aad, like the night-winged crow, it uttered no note of music without good canse. It sang like a macon, mewed like a cat, barked like a dog, creaked like a wheelbarrow, aad squeaked like a mouse; and so cherubic were these strains that tents and booths rose like magic into the transpareat, etherial, etherons ether; aud, when night gleamed through the forest, all was complete.

When the morning beams, like the rythmic cadence which first steals in upoa a sense-steeped soul, touched the tree tops with thermal tints, the statue of St. Cecilia was lifted out of Squire Jones's yellow wagoa, and borne by reverent youths to the mossy mouad, where it was placed, aad then crowned with flowers by an octave of rosy-haed maidens.

The statue was carved by David Loper, a glorious impersonation of musical manhood, with his breadth of forehead, and full temples, aad humorous eyes, aud sweet, gentle mouth, and a heart free from every evil taint. For is not every musical soul perfected through the exquisite torture aad godlike pain that thrills the tissue of their brains, and permeates their pores with angelic *dolce far niente*, until they become lifted above the material and the selfish, and all human beings are so many notes with their quavers and crotchets, to be touched with a skilful hand, *dolce piacevolmente, expressivo?* And are not all lovers of music patieat, jast, tender, geacrous, genial, truthful, simple, earnest, liberal, temperate, magnanimous, faithful, simple, sublime, innocent, childlike, and yet with intellect as broad and deep as the Universe?

Such was David Loper.

His St. Cecilia was a faithful copy of those in the cartoons of Michael Angelo. She was made of maple wood; her face was round like the full moon; her eyes of devotional blue were apturned to heavea until only the whites were visible (which saved David a world of trouble.) Not being able to carve the hair artistically, his noble instincts taught him it were best to leave her without any, and to put upon her head, in lieu thereof, the red cap of liberty, which appropriate addition was hailed by the loyal citizens of Allazoppa with shouts and cheers of delight. In her left haud she held a guitar, and in her right, David, fired with aa ardent patriotism, had placed the star-spangled banner, immortal emblems, as he well knew, of the flag that waves from the battlements of the Eternal City, where music dwelleth for evermore.

"Naow," said Deacon Elias Root, "we will naite ia 'Old Hundred.'"

This was sung, then "Mead" and "Dundee;" aad then a "Breakfast Hyma," words and music by Musidora. It commeuced thus:

> "Oh, list to the mnsic of knives and forks!
> Hark, hark! away!"

After this bravura they all felt they could eat some breakfast.

After this "music of knives and forks" the Allazoppa Philharmonic, Classico-Musico, Diatonic Club gathered aroaad the mossy mound, aad played all through the following programme:

Sinfonie No. 6, in C major, op. 18.....Beethoven
[The third movement requiring a "Steinway," will not be performed.]
Overture—"Gideone Bando".....Mozart
Concerto for cymbals, No. 5.....Donizetti
1 Allegro. 2 Andante. 3 Finale.
Quartette—"Bonnie Eloise".....Chopin
Waltz—"Mazeppa".....Strauss
Sinfonie, L minor, op. 1,276,842.....Verdi
La, la, la, [Song without words.].....Mendelssohn
Phantasiestuecke on Themes.....Ford
Solo for Triangle.....Schumann
Cavatina—"Dixie".....Meyerbeer
Aria for Accordeon—"Mia propria Maria Anna".....Schubert

So dulcet, so brillante, so cantabile were these harmonies that the birds of Paradise, and robins, and swans, and jays, and nightingales all took wing from the forest trees, and from that day to this no birds are to be found iu that neighborhood save ravens, peacocks, and jackdaws.

The tiger paused in his ferny jungle; the lion lay down ia a juniper bush, and the mole looked out from its lair.

Musidora Breve was affected to tears when David played the "Aria" on his accordeon, and sang, "Aria propriagharia Anna," with that stoccato olfactoriousness for which the Allezoppites were celebrated; she felt she could bear no more, and she stole away from the group of maidens; bat she was not unobserved. David's soul was given to his accordeon, but his heart was Musidora's. Taking his beloved instrument with him he followed her.

I wish the people who iavent names for things (whoever they may be,) would give to writers of musical numbers some better and more distinctive title than Composers. But it saited Musidora. She was a composer. Her melodies were all of that sweetly gentle character which may appropriately be styled "dream music," having the delicious effect of soothing humanity into blessed, mental condition. It was observable that in her musical compositioas the tonics were entirely wanting.

Musidora was a misty, etherial snbstance, a lush essence, and as such, was adored by David Loper, who well knew that she moved in a cycle of transceadental apogee to which he could never wing his flight.

But though he could not hope to keep pace with her musical feet, he could with the fleshly members, and he soon overtook her. She was iu a rapture. Dogwoods, and water-lilies, and cnwslips, and dahlias, and chrysanthemums were pouring their melange of sweets on the summer air, like the fragrance from spice jars when first uncorked.

These children of the divine art walked speechlessly, hand in hand; he with eyes fixed upon her soul-lit counteaance, she, with eyes upturned to the cerulean firmament, was composing aa aria, which should express the essential essence of all the perfumes she was absorbing into the innermost chords of her musical soul. Such words as piano, forte, larghetto escaped her lips occasionally, and showed oa what lofty themes her mind was fixed.

Then to both of them there came a shock as of a mighty earthquake, and they found themselves seated on the grouud under a spreading fig tree. They had walked off a precipice. Great jagged rocks were around them, but they had escaped them all, and far above their heads towered the black rock from which they had fallen. They looked into each other's pellucid eyes, and David solemnly spoke.

"It is the power of music."

Slowly her soul returned to earth, "Haow?" said she.

"It is the power of music! You were composing. Oh, Musi-dory, my angel, my divinity!"

"Oh, my David!" she said, "thus the children of genius are rewarded." And she pressed the end of her little finger to her right temple, and meditated.

"Oh, Musidory, will you not name the day when our lives shall flow iu unison—when we caa make one common chord? O, tell me, will you not be my third, and fifth?"

She looked at him reproachfully. "The interlude is sweet," she said, "and we can make so many appogiaturas."

"Naow, Musidory, du name the day," persisted David.

"To-morrow, at the close of the Festival of St. Cecilia. Blessed is the union she presides over."

David had not anticipated this ready and sweet compliance. "Will she—will she—oh, Masidory, *will* she pay the rent of Simon Willis's house? and not a cent less thaa a huadred and fifty, for I asked him yesterday."

"We'll speak to him in noble harmonies which will soften his obdurate heart. No language but music will I utter."

"Except to the cook," added David.

She looked at hia with atrabilious eyes of sad reproach. "Forgive me," he cried, "that was a falsetto."

Here the frogs in a aeighboriug marsh barst into full chorus.

"Hark!" he said. "List to the celestial bassos."

"A perfect minor third," said she.

Just thea a godlike form appeared upon the rock above them.

"It is he!" they both shrieked. "It is Harmonicon." He saw them, and, seizing hold of the top of a beech tree, he lightly swung himself to the earth, and, having turned three somersets on the rocks, he calmly stood beside them. He was taller than the heighth of men. His hair was like barnished gold. His eyes were lode-stars. His brow was a crowa imperial.

"My childrea," he said in a voice that was tearfully cheerful, "I heard of your Festival, and have come hither to conduct the orchestra, and to write a great work. I feel that I shall do it, for I am filled with the tremaados of musical afflatus."

He looked at Masidora with a beseechiag love.

"You shall have her!" cried the noble and heroic David. "You need her, and you are great! The money I have spent in furniture and store clothes has gone for nought, for my soul is wedded to her, and, heaceforth, divorced from its proper mate, will give itself only to thee, my precious accordeon."

And he pressed to his heart his beloved iastrument, which heaved a heavy sigh.

Thus it is that music elevates the soal of man, aad renders it capable of mighty deeds of heroism.

Harmonicon sprang up, aad knocked his heels together. Such was his childlike simplicity.

Musidora's sighs mingled with those of the accordeon. She looked tearfully at David, aud then placing her hand in Harmonicon's, she murmured: "I am thine!"

They returned to the company. Harmonicon was greeted with that enthusiastic reverence which musical souls feel in the presence of what is immaterial.

"I'll write an oratorio!" he shouted, and gave three skips.

And all the people said: "Du tell, naow!"

And then they sang: "Kind Words Can Never Die," and separated.

Harmonicoa flew to David's tent—"Thy accordeon, paper and ink!" he cried. Swiftly aud silently David placed them before him, and then left him alone.

At midnight the oratorio was finished—that transcendentally amazing work of art which will endure until time shall be marked no more. Harmonicoa called the musicians together with a blast on the French horn. By sunrise they had all their parts perfectly learned. At aoon the people assembled, and for three hours listened to such harmonies as the youngest among them might never hope to hear again.

For Harmonicoa was Conductor, and his presence, and his living genias inspired the musicians with such fervid zeal, and strength of arms and lungs, that the grand choruses were heard for three hundred miles.

David had the proud position of first accordeon. His soul was filled with ecstatic gorgeousness while the auriferous melodies quivered and quirled around him. His bliss was great, and his music was greater.

At the coaclusion of the oratorio, when all the assembled multitude crowded around the great compnser to congratulate him, David rushed to his tent, overcome with varied emotions. He soon reappeared bearing a bundle, which he cast at the feet of Harmonicon.

"Take them, oh, great-hearted Masician!" he cried. "They are yours."

"What are they, my child?" said the seraphic Harmonicon.

"My store clothes," said the gushing and impressible David. "You have her—take them. I will give you all—my life; all—all, save my accordeon." And he played thereon such a perifocal and lachrymedial andante that all wept. And, in the last supernal wail, he drew out the instrument to such an extent that its heart broke, and with a mighty shriek it fell shattered from his nerveless hand.

"My punishment is just!" he sobbed. "I should have given thee that also. Henceforth there is nothing left for me but the auger and the plane."

And he disappeared.

And Harmonicon and Musidora were married forthwith, and the people of Allazoppa saw them no more.

But the statue still stands in the forest, and though the eyes have fallen out, and the nose has been knocked off, and the cap, aad flag, and guitar are all gone, still it is worthy of a visit from the curious and the devotional student of the glorious art of Music.—*Saturday Press.*

WHEN one of the old St. James-street clubs wished to get rid of a member, they met, broke up the club, aad immediately reconstructed it without him. A proprietary club in Lincola's-Inn-Fields, wishing to get rid of the notorious Q. P. Clifford, resorted to this expedient. "Very well, gentlemen," was his remark, "you have all retired from the partnership; I am the sole surviving partner, aad the house and furniture belong to me." He proved to be legally right, and it cost them several thousand pounds to buy him out.

SEE the advertisement of John Middleton & Sons' Great Preremptory Real Estate Sale, at Auction, on Monday next.

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They create a healthy appetite.
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They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
Tbey purify the breath mid acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

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"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavius, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywbere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent arguments to employ in dealing with the affairs of any Insurance Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mutual,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the results manifested upon it are well worthy of consideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of.....$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is...1,083,565 34
The total income of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of.....1,003,199 24
The full disbursements for 1860, were..1,540,130 63
Number of policies issued Feb. 1865 to Feb. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over double the amount, viz.....31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems hald in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented by the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can be more complete for any financial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurance has been heard of on the American Continent, the name and prestige of the great 'Mutual' of New York, stand out pre-eminent. Many successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" has paid losses on this coast (including dividends,) during the last four years, to the amount of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to he paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were both killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to be paid about $1,200 for accrued dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid.* The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of buggy or carriage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webb street, between Sacramento and California, where you will find just such a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, and do repairing, painting, trimming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neatness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted and finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long been in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Hampshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can obtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's, 646 Sacramento street.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
ar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
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Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
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FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

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Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
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Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
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Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Col. Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

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The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

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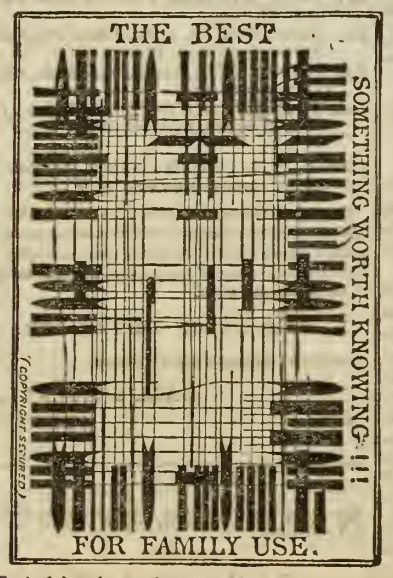
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The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

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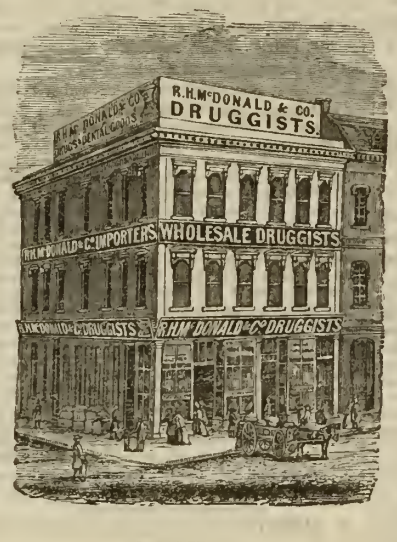
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N. B.—All candies sold hy us are warraated to he manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock aad prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. fe24-3m

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We are just receiving, direct from Spain, a complete assortment of

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DUSTING, PAINT, VARNISH, SHOE, SCRUB, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES:

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We have received, direct from the Shakers, all kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

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A great variety, not to he equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices aud goods before purchasing elsewhere.



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We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers

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These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

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Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

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They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

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And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

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Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
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Chest Diseases,
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Headache,
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NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. ap14-1y

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

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THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION, we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

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T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
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Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
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Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
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Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
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Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
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White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.
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Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6-3m Proprietor.

THE PACIFIC
INSURANCE COMPANY,
HAVING ADDED
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Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,
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Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.
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Property, General Agency, and Business House, 313 Montgomery street, San Francisco. mar17-3m

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Wholers & Starke, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

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A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

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I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st

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Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

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Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

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Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
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Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

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R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

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Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

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Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
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Mr. Gustavo A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
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Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

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V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
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The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
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Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

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POETRY:

Cherries and Grapes.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

[For the Californian.]

CHERRIES AND GRAPES.

NOT the cherry's nerveless flesh,
However fair, however fresh,
May ever hope my love to win
For Ethiop blood and satin skin.

Their lustre rich, and deep their dyes,
Yet under all that splendor lies
To what I cannot tribute grant—
Their hateful hearts of adamant.

I love the amber globes that hold
That dead-delicious wine of gold.
A thousand torrid suns distill
Such liquors as those flagons fill.

Yet tropic gales with souls of musk
Should steep my grapes in steams of dusk;
An orient Eden nothing lacks
To spice their purple silken sacks.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE REFORM BATTLE.

THE London correspondent of the New York *Round Table*, says:

The great struggle came to a close—or at least to a truce—last night, and the government bill passed to its second reading by a majority of *five*. But this cannot be regarded as a victory for the government, and it will hardly be so regarded. It may be that Earl Russell will not respect precedent in this matter, but clutch even his small majority; but it is probable that the still fiercer ordeal—the committee—will so tear up his bill with amendments and alterations that he may yet resign the premiership. The debate has increased in power and interest with each step. John Bright—who is felt to be the impersonation of the "Big Black Feet Democracy," and has been assailed or defended or mentioned in every speech of the debate—gave a strong sledge-hammer blow. Mr. Robert Lowe—a strange, albinoish man in looks, and a man of real genius—was as dexterous and brilliant if not so noble as Luria. But last night the great final encounter took place between Disraeli and Gladstone. Disraeli began in a felicitous vein and made some able points. Those, however, which were strongest for his immediate object would probably be least interesting to American readers. One side-dish of his speech may, however, interest you. Alluding to America and Mr. Bright, he said:

"Sir, I am no decrier of American institutions. I approve of American institutions for this reason, that they are adapted to the country. What we should always consider is, whether particular institutions are adapted to the country in which they flourish. The great blot, in my opinion, of the American political system is not essential to it, but is accidental, and arises from the turbulent and demoralized mobs which exist in their cities of the coast. But if you were to introduce these American institutions into England you would not have that which is excellent in the American system, but you would have the degrading, the demoralizing, and the accidental part of it, and our country, instead of being a first-rate kingdom, would become a third-rate republic. I am therefore opposed to the introduction of American principles into this country, and regret that these principles are defended in this House by persons of great influence. I am not one of those who depreciate the talents or the character of the member for Birmingham. I admire his great abilities. I often listen to his eloquence with delight. But I regret that such gifts as he possesses should be exercised—I am sure conscientiously—in favor of principles which, if successful, would, I believe, prove fatal to this country."

Mr. Disraeli declared—and the sentiment has been frequently uttered by leading men during the debate—that in a country where universal suffrage prevailed it was irrational to prohibit women from voting. He said this in reply to Mr. Mill. Lord Cranbourne, by the way, declared last night that Mr. Mill's speech was the ablest that had been uttered during the debate.

When Disraeli sat down, Gladstone arose, but was met with an outrageous and singular interruption which he felt very deeply. Though white with emotion, nothing could exceed the sublime calmness with which he said, "Am I to be permitted to proceed?" He was responded to with one great cheer, which gave the Tories a perception that they had lost ground. Then a perfect stillness reigned. But Gladstone was nettled, and his tone was at the outset a little too harsh. Presently, however, he made a happy hit, which so pleased the house that its good humor was reflected in himself. In criticising the speech of Mr. Lowe, he said:

"With regard to his speech, when I think of the power it displayed, I own I am lost in admiration, although I myself was the subject of a fair share of its thrusts and cuts. But when I come to think what was the end and upshot of that speech—when I saw the right honorable gentleman exaggerating more and more his fears and apprehensions for the future, and coloring more and more highly the phantom visions which he raised—then, I say, my admiration was lost in grief and astonishment. I am reminded of the story which was written for the princess Palatine. The story was of a young prince to whose christening all the fairies came. Each bestowed some talent upon the child, but the fairy which had not been invited came soon afterwards and said, 'Yes, I find the baby has been presented with all the talents but one, and that is the talent of knowing how to use them.'"

After this Gladstone gathered in force and expression with every instant. One retort was given with splendid power. Disraeli had brought forward, very foolishly, an anti-reform resolution proposed by Gladstone in 1831, when an undergraduate at an Oxford debating society. The House received it with some contempt, and Disraeli felt that he had blundered. Gladstone said:

"The right honorable gentleman, secure in the recollection of his own consistency, has taunted me with the errors of my boyhood. The right honorable gentleman, when he addressed the member for Westminster, showed his magnanimity when he declared that he would not attack the philosopher for what he wrote forty years ago. But when he caught one who, thirty-six years ago, when just emerged from boyhood, and still an undergraduate at Oxford, expressed opinions adverse to the reform bill of which he has long and bitterly repented, then he could not resist the temptation—he, a parliamentary leader of twenty years' standing, is so ignorant of the House of Commons, that he thought he had a parliamentary advantage in representing me as an opponent of the reform bill of 1832. As he has so exhibited me, let me exhibit myself. I deeply regret it. I was bred under the shadow of the name of Canning. Every influence connected with that great name governed the politics of my youth. With Canning I rejoiced in the removal of disabilities, and in the character he gave to our policy abroad. With Canning I rejoiced in the opening he made to freedom of commercial intercourse with foreign nations. With Canning, and under the shadow of that name, and under that of the still greater name of Mr. Burke, I grant that my youthful mind and imagination were impressed just as the mature mind of the right honorable gentleman is now impressed. There is this difference, however, between us—that having these opinions, it seems I moved the debating society at Oxford to express them clearly, plainly, in downright, forcible English, while the right honorable gentleman is obliged to skulk under the cover of this amendment."

Long and almost tumultuous cheers followed this, and the House felt—and had reason to feel—proud of its leader.

But in his peroration Gladstone went still higher. Nothing could exceed the grandeur and impressiveness of some of his appeals. Here was one:

"Let us consider the enormous though silent changes that are going forward amongst the laboring population. Let us try to raise our views above the fears, the suspicions, the jealousies, the attacks, and the recriminations of the hour. Let us look onwards to the time of our children and our children's children. Let us ask whether there shall or shall not be a steady movement on the part of the laboring classes—a movement onwards and upwards. The progress of the working classes is like all great moral processes. It is unobservable in its details, but it is solid and unassailable. It is like those movements in the earth which science tells us are even now going forward in certain portions of the globe. The sailor sails over them, or the traveller treads the ground if they be on land. He does not see them. He is not conscious of them, but science tells us that these changes are taking place with silent and resistless force. Science tells us in these spots things are not as they were, and this is precisely what is going on with respect to the laboring classes. We know the self denial exhibited by those men in respect of the American war. Could any one believe that a reflection so still, so firm, and so energetic could have planted itself in the mind of the population without its becoming a known, a patent, and notorious fact to the whole country? And yet, when the day of trial came, we had manifested that sympathy with the people of the North—that subtle sympathy on their part with the people of the North—that determination that, be their sufferings what they might, no word should proceed from them to damage the cause which they believed to be just. Here was on one side a magnificent moral spectacle; on the other side it was a remarkable lesson. It was a lesson to us—it was a lesson to us all—to teach us this: that in those minds, by a process of quiet instillation, opinions and sentiments gradually form themselves, of which we remain for a long time unaware, which at last, when they make their appearance, we find to be matured, solid, and irresistible."

I cannot forbear to give his closing words—words that will remain burnt in on the memories of all who were present—words that will become historical:

"This bill is in a state of crisis and peril, and the government along with it. We stand or fall by it, as was declared by my noble friend. We stand with it now—we may fall with it a short time hence; but, if we fall, we shall rise with it hereafter. We cannot measure with precision the forces that are to be raised in the coming struggle. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not the last act of the struggle. You may succeed on some point; you may drive us from our seats; you may bury the bill we introduced; but for its epitaph we will write on the grave-stone this line with perfect confidence:

'Exonare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'

You cannot fight against the future; time is on our side. The great social forces are against you. They are arrayed, they are marshalled, on our side. The banner which we carry, although perhaps it may at this moment droop over our sinking heads, yet it will soar again and float in the eye of heaven, and will be borne in the firm hands of the united people of these three kingdoms not perhaps to an easy, but a certain and not distant future."

Amid the immense cheering which announced that the debate had closed thus grandly, the members passed out for the division.

FORTY YEARS OLD.—The lady who has been described as the most graceful and charming woman in Europe was forty years old on the fifth of last month. She is not only distinguished for her personal attractions, but she sits on the loftiest throne in the world, and is the reigning queen of another world whose limit is as boundless as civilization. This lady, of course, is the Empress Eugenie of France. With all her power she is powerless in the grasp of Time. Years accumulate, leaving on her handsome countenance their ineffacable mark, and queen as she is, she cannot wipe one from the score. By a caprice of taste she can set the female world in a flutter, but she cannot possess herself of the youth of the humblest of her worshippers. Poor Empress! Less fortunate than her obscure sisters, she cannot even practice a little harmless deception in the matter of age. The world knew when she was born, and, having been kind enough to remember the event, is now too cruel to forget. It is a question whether it is worth while to be a queen at such a penalty. In point of fact, forty years is not a great age. A maiden of forty might properly be called an ancient maiden, but a monarch at forty is young. Daniel Webster was forty when he made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, yet nearly all the greatness of his life came after. We question, however, if the Empress will find consolation in the study of history. Hers was the reign of beauty, the most imperious but evanescent reign that mortal can aspire to. The real life of a beauty is generally compressed into ten fleeting years. After that, the Deluge.

TOUCHING TIGERS.

MANY years ago—so many, that names of persons and of some places concerned, have passed from my memory—official duties led me to a small village in Rengrapeer, one of the remotest and wildest divisions of that wild country, the Kolehan, on the southwest frontier. The hamlet consisted of some five or six cottages in a cleared space of as many acres, surrounded by forest. A brook, whence the women of the village procured water, ran by the bottom of a slope, about two hundred yards from the houses; and (a usual feature in Kole villages) a few large slabs of slaty rock fixed in the ground marked where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Near one of those I observed a pole erected, on which grinned the skull of a tiger, with the bones of one of its arms dismembered half-way up. I turned to the villagers near me for an explanation, and heard this:

The daughter of the Moonda, or head man of the place, was affianced, in the rude native fashion, to one of the young men of the village, and their nuptials were to come off in a few days. One evening the girl with some of her female companions went, as was their daily wont, to the brook already mentioned, to bathe and fetch water for the household.

They had been absent but a quarter of an hour, when the startling voice of a tiger, and the piercing shrieks of the women, suddenly broke the silence of the hour, and before the roused villagers could snatch their arms, the girls came flying back with horror in their faces, and in a few words announced the dreadful fact that a tiger had carried off one of their party. It was the Moonda's daughter. Her stout-hearted kinsmen rushed, but with hopeless hearts, to the rescue. Foremost among these was her intended husband, and close by his side his sworn brother, allied to him by a ceremony, common amongst this people, of tasting each other's blood, and swearing to stand by each other in after life, come weal, come woe. While the rest were following with skill and caution the bloody traces of the monster and his prey, these two, dashing on through the dense jungle, soon came upon the object of their search. In a small open space (which I afterwards visited) the tiger was crouched over the dead body of the girl, which it had already begun to devour. The approach of the hunters roused him, and he stood over the carcass, growling defiance at the two men.

In a moment an arrow from the bereaved lover's bow pierced the tiger's chest. It struck deep and true, but not so as (in sporting phrase) to *stop* the dreadful beast, who, from a distance of some thirty paces, came down, with his peculiar whirlwind rush, on his assailant. The young man had just time to draw his "kappee," or battle-axe, from his girdle, when the tiger seized him by the left wrist. The man, leaning well back to gain room for the swing of the axe, drove it with all the collected strength of rage and despair in the tiger's forearm, severing the massive bone, and leaving the blade buried in the muscles. Next moment his head was crushed within the monster's jaws, and he fell dead upon the ground, while the tiger, tamed by the loss of blood, turned round and began to limp away. All occurred so rapidly, that the surviving comrade had not shot a shaft, but now, maddened, he run to the retreating brute, and sent arrow after arrow up to the feather into its side and neck until it rolled over, dying, within a few yards of the ill-fated young couple. The tiger still breathed as the rest of the party came up. They struck off its head, dissevered the muscle by which the left forearm still adhered to the shoulder; with these spoils, and the mangled bodies of the poor victims borne on litters, they returned, a melancholy procession, to the village. The above minute details I had from the chief actor himself, a stalwart young fellow. The event had occurred not more than a month or five weeks before, and the sun-dried strips of flesh still adhered to the ghastly trophy on the pole. I wished to have brought the bones away, but they gave some comfort to the poor old Moonda's heart. They reminded him that his daughter had not died unavenged, and I left them there.

Another instance that became known to me of heroism among the Koles, is of a more homely sort. In another part of Rengrapeer, a clearing was made in the forest by an old man, his wife, her sister, and a grown-up daughter. No other human being lived within miles of their solitary hut, and the head of the family had to go frequently, and always alone, to a distant village for the necessaries of life. His first season's ploughing was stopped by a tiger killing one of the only pair of bullocks he possessed, and he was obliged to sell the other to buy rice for the rest of the year. Before the next rains, he managed to procure another pair of oxen, and patiently recommenced the tillage of his little clearing. But his unwelcome neighbor again robbed him of a bullock, and once more put an end to his operations. This was too much to bear, and with singular hardihood the old man determined to rid himself of his enemy or die of him. The bullock lay dead within a few paces of a patch of grass which intervened between the clearing and the forest; and the man, thoroughly conversant with the habits of the tiger, knew well that in this grass the beast would lie until the cool of evening summoned him to sup upon the carcass. He proceeded without further ado into the house, armed his household, the three women aforesaid, with a bamboo each, placed them in line along the edge of the grass, posted himself by a circuitous route on the opposite side of the cover where it skirted the jungle, and, having given some preconcerted signal to his auxiliaries, waited, bow in hand and arrow on string, for his dangerous enemy. The three women, nothing daunted, began beating the ground in a business-like manner. They shrieked and yelled, and advanced steadily into the cover; it was not extensive; before long the tiger came sneaking out towards the man, who, well concealed behind a tree, let him pass so as to obtain a clear broadside view, and then let fly an arrow into the centre of his neck. Fortune favored the bold, and the brute fell dead.

So little did the veteran think of this exploit, that I should probably have heard nothing about it, had he not come to my office attended by his family and the mankee, or head of his circle, with the tiger's skin, to claim the reward (ten rupees a head) given by government for the destruction of this animal; a reward, which, shabby as it is, was not to be despised by the poor settler. He was a short, wiry man, some fifty or sixty years of age, with a dogged, determined look, and spoke of killing the tiger and making his old wife and sister-in-law beat him up, in such a matter-of-fact way that we were all in shouts of laughter, though filled with admiration for the stout old boy and his hard-favored amazons.

There was great *luck* in such an easy conquest, but it is not, even within my own knowledge, a solitary instance of so large an animal being killed at once by so apparently inadequate a weapon. A very big tiger was once brought into head-quarter station of the Kole country—Chybasa—which had been killed with one shot by a mere stripling, some sixteen or seventeen years old, who seemed much more engaged in admiring the flowers in front of my house, than interested in the recital of his prowess, made to me by his comrades and the head man of the village.

Those who have engaged in tiger-shooting excursions, either on foot or on elephants, know full well how many shots the brute sometimes takes. And such instances of quick work as the two above cited may surprise the most experienced sportsman.

I have already observed that where population is exceedingly scarce, the tiger loses much of his skulking, hiding disposition, and attacks his prey in the open. In 1837, or '38, a lad herding cattle in the village lands of Koorsee, near Chaibasa, was pursued over a meadow, and *through the herd*, and was killed by a tiger, who had begun to eat him when scared away by the villagers. I saw the body; it lay in the midst of an open field, at least two hundred yards from any cover. It was disembowelled, and with the chest torn open; but the face was as that of one who lies in a pleasant sleep.

The enormous forearm of the tiger has often attracted attention. We have seen a cat pat a dead mouse, or the face of a dog which was teasing her, and it is easy to understand what a tremendous blow a tiger could give in the same manner; but I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that he strikes down his prey with his paw. He strikes in self-defence when fighting, but not when seizing his victim.

I have seen many carcasses of deer, cattle, buffaloes, and horses, which had been killed by tigers, and they all had the same appearance: four deep holes at the back of the neck (two of them on each side of the cervical vertebræ,) made by the animal's incisor teeth; no other mark. Of course, if the tiger had begun to feed on the body, it was extensively lacerated. And if (as sometimes in the case of a buffalo) the prey had struggled much, and had succeeded in dragging the tiger a few yards, the chest and forelegs would bear the impression of the claws and the tremendous grip, but these, as far as my experience goes, were exceptional cases.

It is evident that the tiger, in seizing his prey, rushes on to its back, grips the neck with his jaws as with a vice, and, with his arms confining the animal's struggles, lies there upon his victim until it is suffocated. With a human being I know not how the case is. A tiger has been seen to seize and carry off a man by the neck, or the arm, or thigh, indifferently. In the well-known cases of Major Colnett and Captain Fenwick, they were both seized by the thigh, and carried off, it is said, on the animal's back. More recently, a Captain Hill, superintendent of police in Burma, was gripped by the neck, and there held until the arrival of his people rescued him from his awful position. In 1846, in Maubhoom, near Midnapore, I was out after a tiger, on foot, and having wounded him severely, was searching for him in the jungle with a number of beaters.

Three times we came upon him, and each time he broke cover by charging through the mob of us Once, he struck a man on the chest, knocking him over, and scratching him severely. Next time he seized one of the beaters in his jaws, by the thigh, giving him a rapid shake and passing on. But these are all cases in which the animal was acting in self-defence, or in retaliation. What I have said above refers to its usual mode of capturing its food.

The averment in our "natural history" books, that the tiger disdains to touch carrion, is quite untrue. The same rhetoric is indulged in regarding the eagle, and is equally erroneous. The lion also, the "king of beasts," is, I believe, as little scrupulous as any other cat, in this particular. I have described how the tiger captures and kills his prey. When dead, if the body lie convenient to his covert, he lets it remain; if it be too far out in the open, it is dragged farther in towards the jungle, and there left until towards dawn. Sometimes the body is disembowelled after being removed a little way, and is then drawn away to some hidden spot. A leopard has been seen to disembowel a goat, holding it by the throat, lying on its back underneath the body, and ripping it open by repeated kicks with its hind claws. Probably the tiger operates by the same method. He appears to prefer a rump-steak, or a round, to any other portion. These are almost always the first part eaten, then the ribs, rarely the forequarters, and never, within my knowledge, the head.

The following little anecdote, while it illustrates this, affords a pretty good specimen of the tiger's caution, of the silence of his approach, and of his immense strength. In the cold weather of 1838, near the same village of Koorsee where the herd-boy had been killed, I was one day shown the body of a cow, which a tiger had just struck down. It lay close to some rather thin jungle, near a ridge of low rocks: a few larger trees, such as mangoes, were interspersed in the brushwood, and the ground was covered with dead dried-up leaves: so crisp, that it seemed impossible for an insect even to pass over them without being heard. It was then about noon, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, who, we knew, would come again at nightfall, or before next morning, to devour the carcass. A charpaie, or small native bedstead, was speedily procured from the village, and lashed across the fork of a mango-tree, within a few paces of which lay the cow. Before sunset I and my companion (our doctor) were escorted to the spot by a body of armed Koles. I disembarrassed myself of a huge sola, or pith hat, which I placed on the ground near the tree, and in it I deposited a pair of unwieldy dragoon's pistols (it was before the days of "repeaters,") which I thought would be useless in our elevated position. I also took off, and left at the foot of the tree, a pair of thick shooting-shoes, and then, with the help of my village friends, gained the charpaie, and sat myself down by the worthy doctor. Between us were four double barrels and ammunition. When we were fairly in our post, our escort silently withdrew to a hovel on the skirts of the village, just within hail.

The moon, near its full, was rising, and the night calm. A deep shadow rested under the trees, save where, through gaps in the foliage, the silver rays stole in. A solemn silence reigned around, scarce broken by the whispering rustle of the leaves as at intervals the night air sighed fitfully. Those who have sat motionless and patient, far into the night, with such an object in view, can understand the oppressive feeling that steals over one in the stony stillness, with ear and eye stretched to catch every sound, or detect the slightest movement. Immovable as statues we sat, without a whisper. Creature-comforts we had none; for cheroots and brandy-and-water were

"Banned and barred, forbidden fare,"

it being supposed that a tiger cannot abide tobacco Loins, and backbones, and necks, and legs, grew stiffer and stiffer, and ached wearily: but still we sat. The night passed slowly on, the moon climbed higher and higher over our heads, and at last shone upon the dead cow below; but not a sound fell on the ear. Tired nature began to murmur against the penance; first a few remarks were whisperingly ventured: "I don't think he's coming." "I think he heard those fellows and is off." "He can't be here, or we should have heard him," etc. Gradually such feeble suggestions gave way to positive assertions, delivered in a tolerably audible tone, and at last I openly declared I would wait no longer, and descended to the ground.

My first act was to get my shoes, and, while putting them on, and chatting without further constraint, I remarked that it would be as well to call our guides. Forthwith, uplifting my voice, I shouted out the name of the Moonda. Hardly had the word passed my lips, when an abrupt startling roar from a thicket within a few paces of me petrified us with amazement. Never had I felt so wretchedly helpless. Standing unarmed at the foot of the tree, I had one shoe on, and was about to put on the other. While expecting every instant to be my last, I felt sure that an attempt to climb back to my perch would be the signal for the tiger to seize me. To remain standing there was equally disagreeable. My pistols came to my recollection. They were lying in my hat, but the hat lay somewhat in the direction of the thicket. It was a trying moment; but in another moment I found myself striding towards the hat, one shoe on and the other off, and hardly conscious of what I did. I remember grasping the pistols, cocking them, and with the barrels levelled towards the bush, which I steadily faced, shuffling sideways to the tree. The feel of the trusty weapons in my hand was comforting, as was the sight of the doctor, who, with both barrels of his gun cocked, and pointing at the bush, leant forward on the charpaie, covering my retreat.

At length I reached the tree on the side farthest from the thicket, and went up it like a lamplighter, pistol in hand

although, on our first arrival, I had required the assistance of other people's arms and shoulders. "Thank God!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as I was seated by him. "You are up. I thought you were a dead man." And so saying, he fired into the bush, just as our escort came up with lighted torches; and we returned to our tent in the village.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the morrow, when a Kole ran in to tell us that the cow had been removed. The doctor was obliged to return to the station, but I repaired at once to the spot of our night's vigil. The cow was gone, and a broad trail showed which way she had been dragged. At about a hundred yards from our mango tree, and near the foot of the rocks before described, lay the stomach and entrails, and a pool of blood. Farther on, was the spot where the tiger had been rolling. The marks were plain, with some of his hair lying where the ground had been pressed down. On a ledge on the summit of a perpendicular scarped rock about four feet high, lay the carcass of the cow, partly eaten away. The tiger must have jumped on the ledge with the cow in his mouth; there were no other means of ascent. The prodigious power of the animal may be conceived from such a feat. After gazing for a while on the spectacle, some of the most experienced Koles present assured me that the tiger, after gorging on so much beef, could not possibly be far off, and they volunteered at once to beat him up and drive him towards me.

I accordingly selected a commanding spot, and sent the men a detour of some three hundred yards in front of me, whence they commenced beating in my direction. In a few minutes the tiger was roused, and passed my station at a distance of about sixty yards, in a lumping, heavy canter, with his tail in the air. I took deliberate aim a little in front of his chest, and fired. The ball cut a twig, and must have deflected from its first direction, for the tiger passed on without taking the slightest notice of my salute, and in another instant was lost in the jugle, leaving me to return to camp intensely mortified.

Tigers are shot in considerable numbers every year in India by trap bows and arrows set in their haunts by the "Bughmars," or professional tigers. The instrument has been often described.

Mongolian nations, such as Burmese, Karéns, Shans, Malays, and the Dyaks of Borneo, instead of planting a bow which shoots off a poisoned arrow on pushing against a string, fix a little above the ground a strong elastic horizontal bamboo, at right angles to the free end of which is fixed a jagged and barbed wooden dagger, smeared with poison. The bamboo is then bent back, and is so secured in that position that pressure upon a string placed across the tiger's path loosens the catch, and the bamboo, striking the animal about the shoulder, buries the dagger deep in his body, where, being barbed, it remains. The victim generally dies in a few hours. Travellers are warned of the position of these traps by a bamboo cross or frame stuck up by the path, on either side of the trap, so that people approaching in either direction are put on the alert, and avoid danger by making a short détour. It is a curious fact that the Shan Karéns, in the Tenaserim provinces, and the Dyaks of Borneo, make use of precisely the same expedient to kill the tiger and to warn the passenger.

I cannot call to mind having met in any book with an accurate description of the tiger's cries. The snarling and growling of the animal when "stirred up with a long pole" is familiar to all who have visted a menagerie, and appears to be the only noise the creature makes when in a state of captivity; but in his native forest, in the long nights of the cold season, when the woods on the hill seem to lie sleeping in the moonlight, the tiger striding along his lonely path, and seeking his fierce mate, mews like an old tom-cat—or rather like a hundred old tom-cats in a chorus.

It is a loud and harsh and grating *miau*—a sound of dread echoing aloug the dreary jungle, making the sentry pause as he paces on his post by the slumbering camp, and the solitary settler turn in his cot, and thank the gods his little ones are safe within. It is seldom heard more than twice or thrice.

When the tiger is on the lookout for food (usually of an evening,) he lies silent and motionless in some dense covert close to water where animals resort to drink, and when one of these approaches near enough, he bounds out on his prey in perfect silence; or, with an abrupt sonorous grunt, terribly startling, which appears to paralyze the victim, and deprive it of all power to fly or resist.

The old fable or legend of the "lion's provider," founded on some base of truth, applies to the tiger, who is believed by many nations of India to be guided to his prey by the jackal. All who have resided in, or travelled about, the wild and jungly parts of Bengal, where the main forests border on civilization, will remember hearing at night a peculiar wailing cry, passing slowly along in the distance. It sounds like the syllables "*pee-all*" or "*see-all*" uttered in a doleful scream, and it proceeds from the "solitary jackal," whose Bengali name, "Shiál," is probably derived from the cry. This "solitary" jackal is not a separate species, but the ordinary jackal of the plains; individuals of which at times depart from their gregarious habits, wander along at night in the vicinity of jungle, and, according to the inhabitants of such regions, give notice of the vicinity of the tiger by his weird cry, and attract him to follow them to some carcass, which has been discovered by the jackal's keener sense of smell. In the hot, sultry nights of March and April, people in these jungle villages often sleep out of doors, on their small, low charpaies or bedsteads, and should the cry of the shiál be heard approaching, all hurry indoors, or assemble in a central spot, armed with such weapons as they can muster.

THE DANGERS OF SANITY.

THE Irish town of Poplin (I dare not give the place its real name) was never deficient in blackguards; but, a few years ago, it boasted a very black sheep who was called Shaun Magee. The crimes attributed to Shaun were simply innumerable. If he had hitherto escaped the gallows, it was through no particular watchfulness on his own part; for Shaun took no pains to conceal his misdeeds, but rather that he was a true gregarious Irishman, and that all his evil escapades took place when he was associated with a dozen or two of congenial spirits. It is to be feared, however, that much of the evil notoriety acquired by Shaun was due to one special failing he had, a leaning towards heresy; and that the good people of Poplin, horrified at the notion, immediately came to the conclusion that if Shaun had not been hanged for a dozen capital offences, it was not his fault, but the fault of the English Government.

Suddenly, however, Shaun was attacked by his conscience. He repented him of his crimes; and privately repaired to a worthy priest, called Father Mahoney, at whose confessional Shaun revealed the numerous errors he had committed. The good father rejoiced over the returning sinner, and welcomed to the bosom of the church one who had gone very far astray. Shaun grew in the fervor of piety, until he became one of the Father's pet pupils; though all this time he had spoken to no one of his conversion. Perhaps he was afraid he should bring disfavor upon the character of the good priest who had received him, and may have resolved to postpone the disclosures of his repentance until the flavor of his past offences should have somewhat disappeared.

Now, it happened that Father Mahoney, amongst his other duties, was accustomed to conduct mass in the chapel attached to the lunatic asylum of Poplin; and, one forenoon, as he was rapidly on his way towards this chapel, he met Shaun Magee.

Shaun humbly took off his cap, as in duty bound, and was about to pass the Father, when the latter stopped him.

"I'm in great perplexity, Shaun," said the Father.

"Indade, your rivirence," said Shaun, with manifest concencern, "and axing your pardon, your rivirence, is't anything now I could do for yez?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've got no one to serve mass at the chapel. Mr. O'Halloran has taken suddenly unwell, and I'm clean bothered to get some one in his place. Do you think you could serve mass, Shaun?"

"Sure I could, your rivirence; weren't we all tached to sarve mass? And if I went wrong, sure it's your rivirence could give me a bit of a hint."

"Come along, then, Shaun; I'm glad I've met ye, for indeed it's a great favor you're doing me."

"And saving your presence, it's no favor at all!" cried Shaun. "Ah, your rivirence, isn't it glad a poor boy is to do you a good turn for what yiz do to every won?"

So Father Mahoney and his pupil were speedily in the chapel; and though Shaun did at first feel somewhat embarrassed in the white surplice, he soon forgot his bashfulness in his anxiety to help the Father. The service proceeded in the usual way; and, if Shaun did make one or two little mistakes, he said to himself, "Sure it's not a bit of harm it'll do the poor crayturs; there's norra one o' them knows the difference."

"I'm obliged to ye, Shaun," said the Father, when it was all over, "and I will say you remembered the service well. But what made ye grin like a sucking-pig?"

"Well, your rivirence, I was just thinking that some of the poor crayturs might have seen me face before, and wouldn't it be the divvle's own wonder—I ax pardon, your rivirence—for them to see Shaun Magee serving mass?"

"Why, Shaun?"

"Well, you see, your rivirence, they've told some daycent stories about me in my time, and—"

"Never mind, Shaun. It's a hard thing if a poor boy is always to be brow-batcd about what he's done years before."

"Thank ye, your rivirence."

"Good day to ye, Shaun."

"Good day, your rivirence," said Shann, with an humbe obeisance; and they parted.

Now, it further happened that in this lunatic asylum there had been confined for many years a gentleman of some consequence in Poplin. He had never been very insane; but his friends had come to the conclusion that the best thing to cure him of his gentle hallucinations was to place him under the care of the doctors in the asylum. Recently reports had been daily growing in his favor, until came the final intelligence that the doctors considered him perfectly sane.

His relatives (whether rejoicing at the intelligence or not, history is not in a position to chronicle) resolved to meet in the lunatic asylum, and there judge for themselves as to the certainty of their friend's recovery. The day appointed for this meeting was that succeeding the day on h Shaun whic Magee had served mass.

The relatives of the hitherto insane man, therefore, were assembled in a room within the asylum; and to this commission of enquiry came the gentleman himself. He was affectionately received by his friends, and sat down to converse with them, they narrowly watching for any symptom of his previous ailment. Everything progressed satisfactorily. His remarks were quite up to the intelligence of the auditors; and in no respect were bizarre or ludicrous.

"By the way," said he, "do you know who was at mass yesterday?"

"Father Mahoney, was it not?"

"And who served him, do ye think?"

They protested their ignorance.

"Shaun Magee," said he.

"Shaun Magee serving mass?"

"Yes."

The friends of the unhappy man looked towards each other, with apparent horror, perhaps with inward satisfaction.

"Sure you're mistaken, Mr. Jewry," said one; "don't yiz know that Shaun Magee, begging your pardon, is one of the biggest blackguards in Poplin, an idle, dhrunken, swearing vagabond?"

"He served mass here yesterday," said Mr. Jewry, firmly.

"The divvle's as mad as a March hare," said one, in a whisper; "be me sowl, it's not a safe thing at all to be nare him."

"Oh, it's joking ye are, Mr. Jewry," said another; "ye're making fun av us, ye divvle!"

"Dade, I'm not then," said Mr. Jewry, "for I saw him with my own eyes."

The friends withdrew; and Mr. Jewry was ignominiously ordered back to his ordinary duties and restrictions. Protesting, vowing, swearing, was of no avail; nay, they rather the more convinced every one of the poor man's hopeless madness.

"Shaun Magee!" cries one of the relatives as they went their way homeward.

"He'll never be a sane man in this world, except be the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin."

And so it was that poor Mr. Jewry was thrust back into his confinement. Several weeks passed by, and no one thought any more of the matter. Every one knew that Mr. Jewry was still a lunatic, and pitied him, and envied his relatives. But one day one of these relations, passing down the street, met Shaun Magee.

"Good day to ye, Shaun."

"The top o' the morning to ye, Phelim."

"By the holy piper, Shaun, I've got sumthin to tell yiz. Sure yiz must know Pat Jewry, that made a rare bag o' goold wi' his owld rags and bones?"

"Av coorse I know the gintleman."

"He's a fair straight lunatic, Shaun."

"And what av that, Phelim?"

"We thought the poor boy had beeu cured, and all of us thought of taking him out; and sure it's not for a year ye would be guessing to tell what he said to us. He said that Shaun Magee had been serving holy mass in the chapel."

"Faith, then, Phelim, he made no big blunder."

"What do yiz mane, Shaun?"

"I mane that mesilf, Shaun Magee, did, by the grace of God and the help of his rivirence, sarve mass in that same chapel. That's what I mane, Phelim Jewry."

"Och, Mother of Moses! it's ruined we are, every mother's son of us! Jump up, Shaun, on this kyar, and let's fly with the blessed news."

And they did fly. Round to the houses of all poor Tom's relatives they went with this true narrative; and speedily a fresh commission of inquiry was instituted, and the unhappy victim set at liberty. The historian has further but to chronicle that there was a grand dinner to celebrate the liberation, at which the former lunatic generously proposed the health and continued happiness of Mr. Shaun Magee.

At a recent ball in Berlin, given in honor of the seventeenth birthday of the daughter of one of the noblest families, a mysterious figure—a monk masked—entered the saloon precisely at midnight, and disappeared after having presented the young lady with a basket of flowers. On examining the contents, an ebony coffin was found, inlaid with silver, containing a bridal wreath, an arrow piercing a lily, and a paper on which was written, "A greeting from the land of shadows." The young countess did not lose her presence of mind, but continued dancing, and betrayed no emotion whatever.

ABOUT THE NECK.

WE believe it is Mr. Charles Reade who says that, if a gentleman wishes to assume the character of a blackguard at short notice, his first move should be to discard the shirt-collar, and wrap his throat in a thick, wispy cravat of sombre hue. Allowing for some exaggeration, this may be generally true, and so is the converse of the proposition; for, if a man has ruffian written upon his features, no arrangement of shirt-collar that we have yet seen can convert him to the semblance of a gentleman. The human neck has had a great many vicissitudes in its time; in making which remark we mean no reference to the halter, the bowstring, or the guillotine. It is to the comparatively innocuous shirt-collar that our attention, for the moment, is directed. Socially, as well as commercially, the subject is one that has attained no small importance, and it has its influence upon art, as well.

Ever so long ago—as we gather from old portraits—it was considered the proper thing to do something for the face by encircling the neck with fine linen or lace, or any kind of fabric, no matter what, provided only that it were white. Ruffs at one time, and thick white cravats at another; but always the lily in hue. Early in the present century came the voluminous cravats, with shirt-collars high enough and hard enough to saw a man's ears off if he only shook his head at them. Then the influence of the stiff, black, military stock began to exert itself. The shirt-collar had no chance with that purgatorial device. It went clean out, for awhile; and, Mr. Reade to the contrary, gentlemen were not necessarily mistaken for blackguards because their heads and bodies were connected by a black link instead of a white one. There are portraits of George IV. in which that monarch is represented with his royal throttle tightly buckled into a black stock, over which his royal jowl flaps in a way that would have been utterly destructive of linen "fixings." The reader will please recollect that George IV. was called the "first gentleman in Europe." There were freaks in shirt-collars about this period. Byron had his broad, open, turn-down; but it was looked upon as eccentric, and did not come into very general fashion. The first half of the century was pretty well advanced ere common sense "took up the running," and it is hardly twenty years since people became satisfied that necks were easiest in once-round ties and shirt-collars of moderate dimensions. Presently this idea came to be intensified, and people took to wearing dog-collars instead of shirt-collars, with shoe-strings about their necks for ties. Fancy the contrast between a necktie of this period and one of Beau-Brummell's twice-round cravats! The turn-down collar soon appeared as a rival to the all-round, and the two, with modifications, divide the honor between them at the present time.

More than ever, now it seems to be necessary that the neck must be encircled with white. This can hardly be because white is emblematic of purity, for no class of men are more particular about their collars than the flashy characters who infest Broadway by day and make their turtle and champagne by fleecing their fellow-creatures at night. When extravagance walks the street, economy is generally round the corner.

The necessity for a constant supply of clean, white neck gear entails an additional expense in the item of *blanchissage*, and out of this has arisen that most successful of modern deceptions—the paper shirt-collar. We are told that there is nothing new under the sun, and so of paper shirt-collars. The present writer recalls how, years ago, it was the custom at an ancient university in a distant land to wear, on certain occasions, white "bands," such as those worn by clergymen of various religious denominations. The student who did not mount his bands on these occasions—at chapel, for instance, or at quarterly examinations—was liable to a fine. Sometimes it happened that accident—a difference of opinion between a student and his washerwoman, for example—precluded the display of the requisite "rag," an imitation of which was speedily manufactured on the spur of the moment, however, by means of a sheet of letter-paper and a pair of scissors. The present writer, himself, has more than once produced an article of the kind that defied detection, and he respectfully submits that the grand idea of the existing paper shirt-collar was "there."

Probably there never was a more becoming fashion for neck wear than the ordinary turn-down collar so much worn for the last few years. The cost of it was immaterial, so long as it combined comfort with compactness. There seems to be some danger now, however, of running the idea "into the ground," the new style of thing called the "Shakspeare" collar having a decided tendency to the grotesque. It is one of the inconveniences of fashion that a style is liable to be discarded just as soon as wearers have begun to appreciate the advantages of it.

Enamelled steel has been used for collars, as being a still more economical material than paper, but the many disadvantages attending it will prevent it from ever coming into very general use. A late well-known professor was convinced that the frequency of paralysis at the present day might be attributed to the use of steel pens, a theory which, if correct ought certainly to hasten the extinction of the steel collar.

That the ladies should come in for a share of these remarks "about the neck" might naturally be expected. As regards the feminine branch of the subject, however, we have little to say, because a lady is not considered to be fully dressed if she wears anything upon her neck, unless, indeed, it be the barbaric string of beads. Yet, when she condescends to go in undress, nothing can be more becoming to her than the coquettish turn-down collar of the masculine mode, with a "sweet thing in ribbons" for a tie.—*Round Table.*

APOLOGIES.

AN apology has a very different meaning now-a-days from what it used to bear. Once it signified a defence of what was thought to be right; now it is a confession of something that cannot be defended. When Socrates delivered his famous Apology before the Athenian judges, we must not suppose that he was begging their pardon for having preached the truth and taught men their own shallowness, and exposed many deep rooted prejudices. On the contrary, he explained why he thought it right and patriotic and pious to do so, and he was ready to abide the consequences of what he had done. We must attach the same meaning to those thousand and one "Apologies" for Christianity which have appeared at various epochs of Church history, ancient and modern. And such an explanation would seem not altogether to be superfluous when royal lips have been heard to complain that it was very strange that so many "apologies for the Bible" should be considered necessary. The apologist is always a defendant, but in one sense he pleads not guilty, and in the other guilty. As it is never particularly pleasant to cry "Peccavi," it is never agreeable to have to make an apology. Yet there is the undignified apology and the apology dignified. The most abject form occasionally appears in the advertisement columns of the daily papers, where we may read that—

"I, Uriah Heep, do hereby acknowledge that the expressions used by me respecting Mr. Teazle are entirely false, and dictated by malicious feeling, and I unreservedly retract them, and offer the most ample APOLOGY; Mr. Teazle consenting to take no further proceedings against me."

After having been reduced to this we should think it would be impossible to walk about the streets, excepting on all fours with one's tail between one's legs. But, on the other hand, the best and the bravest of men know how true manliness and true dignity require a frank apology to be made for an injury done to another. An act of rudeness, a mistake, a sudden outburst of temper—we all know how such things may occur again and again, and how far a graceful apology may go towards making it all right once more But then there seems no room for an apology left after the committal of a mean ungenerous act. It is inadmissable; it only aggravates the circumstances. We know of no form of apology to be used after swindling widows and orphans, nor one that will set you straight again with yourself and the world after you have broken some one's heart by selfish flirtation. These are things for which silent contrition is more appropriate than anything in the way of apology.

The apology conventional is on our lips from morning to night. If we have to contradict a friend, if we are almost tripped up by a lady's skirts, if we want to reach something on the table, if we speak to a stranger by mistake, if we meet some one in the street and begin to execute a grand *pas d'irresolution*, because neither has the presence of mind to resolve on which side to pass—quite mechanically we say, "I beg your pardon." And fancy our consternation if on every occasion we were taken at our word and were assured of unconditional forgiveness. Every one has in his lifetime encountered suddenly in some doorway a housemaid armed with broom or bucket, and when he stopped short with the unconscious "I beg your pardon," he has been astounded and altogether unmanned by hearing her say, "Granted, sir!" The absurdity is patent at once. You have been taken at your word, and were as unprepared for it as Don Magnifico would be if, when he told you with splendid Spanish courtesy that all his valuables were yours, you should thank him warmly and begin to pack them up.

There are some folks whose whole life is one long apology, though in a different sense to Father Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua." They seem to deprecate their own existence. They never feel anything but *de trop*. The very expression of their eyes entreats you to bear with them, the movements of their hands and the gait which they assume in walking are mute appeals to your generosity. And in the majority of circumstances this by no means betokens real humility. It is only a morbid exhibition of self-consciousness, which in another shape makes shy people so abrupt and brusque in their manners. If such folk are a pain and grief to themselves, they also should have the satisfaction of knowing that they are an intolerable nuisance to their friends. But the greatest and most inexcusable nuisance is the man who elaborately apologizes to you for the entertainment which he sets before you. It is the true mark of a snob to do this. He regrets that he has no salmon to give you. "Positively, my dear sir, there wasn't a bit of fish in the market!" He begs your pardon for every glass of wine you drink—you are Mæcenas dining with Horace. You must forget the choice Cæcuban which it is implied you drink every day, and graciously sip the "vile Sabinum." But your host is most likely fishing for compliments about his wine all the while. Then he apologizes for the people whom he has asked to meet you, a still lower depth of snobbery. And possibly his wife may take up the song after dinner, and whisper to you that you musn't look at the milk, which, of course, is very different to what your beautiful Aldernys give; and if you stay the night at her house, there will as likely as not be another apology because the servants come in at half-past ten to family prayers, and a final act of self-abasement when you take your chamber candle either because your room is small or your bed is short, or because some other peg may be found on which to hang another apology. Miserable will be the hours spent in that house!

It may seem cynical to say so, but when once one's suspicions have been aroused, it is impossible not to see in every apology of this kind a sort of feeler thrown out to catch a casual compliment. Why do young ladies say that their hair is *so* untidy, or their fingers *so* out of practice, or their boots *so* immensely big for them, when it is plain to the meanest observer that those lovely bands of gold never looked smoother, and those taper fingers were never more accurately nimble in the most intricate passage, and that those kid boots fit without a wrinkle? "O you Queens, you Queens!" as Mr. Ruskin says, you are quite innocent of little *ruses* like this? And you, dear lords of the creation, do you know of no small tricks of the kind? Does the singer never apologize for his hoarseness when he knows that he sang his song remarkably well? Does the cricketer never loudly lament his want of practice when his brilliant innings has contained a drive for five, and a ant for four, and three square leg hits for three a-piece? Does the rider in in Rotten-row never seem to deprecate the restiveness of his dancing hack:

"While his left heel insidiously applied
Provokes the caper that he seems to chide?"

Yes, it *is* hard for an apology to be always beyond suspicion; sometimes it is difficult for them to be entirely and unswervingly true. But this point of social morality belongs to that branch of casuistry which measures the sinfulness of the conventional regret with which one declines a very distasteful tea party; and to settle one point we should have to settle all, and to explain how we are the "obedient servant" of our most casual acquaintance or of our greatest enemy, and to provide a salve for tender consciences on the vexed question of "not at home." But we must not digress from apologies into casuistry, though the connection between them is really so close. We must only repeat the warning that apologies are dangerous things. They may reunite or hopelessly dissever friendships; they may be the natural act of atonement of some honest heart, or the mean subterfuge of the most abject. They may be the most suspicious things in the world, and they may again be as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. And the wording of them is a question of no small importance, for an unhappily expressed phrase may turn an apology into a fresh offence. Nor is a simple retraction of words always satisfactory. The Greek poet who was struck with blindness for defaming Helen was restored on writing his "Palinodia," in which he gave the lie direct to everything which he had said about her before; but our younger readers, who are fresh from Maryatt's novels, will remember that when the midshipman had said the first lieutenant was "not fit to carry guts to a bear," that officer was not satisfied by the simple form of apology, "I beg your pardon, sir, you are fit."

EGYPTIAN WEDDING.—Lady Duff-Gordon, in a letter from Egypt, has this picturesque description: "I went, a few days ago, to the wedding of the handsome Sheykh Hassan, the Aoab'deh, who married the butcher's pretty little daughter. The group of women and girls, lighted up by the lantern which little Ahmad carried for me, was the most striking thing I have seen. The bride, a lovely girl of ten or eleven, all in scarlet; a tall, dark slave of Hassan's, blazing with gold and silver necklaces and bracelets, with long twisted locks of coal-black hair, and glittering eyes and teeth; the wonderful wrinkled old women, and the pretty, wondering, yet fearless children, composed a picture beyond description. The mother brought the bride up to me, and unveiled her, and asked me to let her kiss my hand and look at her. I said all the usual 'Bismillah, Mashallahs,' and, after a time went to the men, who were eating—all but Hassan, who sat apart. He begged me to sit by him, and whispered anxious inquiries about his 'Arooseh's' looks. After a time, he went to visit her, and returned in half an hour, very shy, and covering his face with his hand, and kissed the hands of the chief guests. Then we all departed, and the girl was taken to look at the Nile, and then to her husband's house."

IT is stated by the New York *Evening Post* that within the past two years upwards of one million dollars have been paid in New York city alone for the works of foreign and native artists. This was done, too, whilst the country was struggling under the infliction of a great war.

THE ARBITER OF EUROPE.

FOUR leaders of European politics, in our generation, have been worthy of the name of great statesmen—Napoleon, Bismark, Cavour, Palmerston. Many others, like Leopold of Belgium, fall no further down than a second (and in many regards a more honorable) rank. On the world's great stage Napoleon III. stands the foremost figure. That it is not solely the accident of position or circumstance which has given him this prominence is evident from the fact that others have received the same advantages, or greater, without becoming such as he; and, besides, Louis Napoleon *made* his position, and forced the moves in the game of circumstance. If the whole theatre of spectators fixes its eyes on this actor, it is he that has drawn their gaze by his skillful play. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the present German quarrel is the posture of France with regard to it—let us rather say, the position of Napoleon, since that is the position of France. From the moment it broke out all eyes turned to France. It was taken for granted that she would play a principal *role* in it. This conviction came from historic experience, which had established a general theory or rule, rather than from particular necessity. What has France to do with this affair between Germans? The situation is simple: two robbers, Austria and Prussia, confederated to garrote Denmark, a peaceful citizen; they did so in broad noon—so audaciously as to stupefy most bystanders, who were too selfish, dull, or cowardly to pluck the grasp of the cut-purse from the unoffending throat, or the greedy fist from the pockets. These pockets, being turned inside out, let fall the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, with which the thieves made off; and now they quarrel about sharing the booty. What has France to do in this vile business? Whatever she can do her great ruler will take care to have her do. So surely as war shall be waged between Austria and Prussia, France will "assist" with her watchful presence. But will France take part with Prussia?

It is a question which has been puzzling the speculation of Europe ever since the dispute arose. And whoever reads carefully the foreign news-files as they come by each steamer must have been struck with the fact that the open words and the actions of Prussia and Austria, the prime personages of this drama, have not been more narrowly watched, more anxiously discussed, than the possible intents of France, which, to ordinary observation, ought to be mere spectator. In this strange duel the principals are hardly so important as the seconds. Speculation is always rife as to what Napoleon will do, and what side he will espouse, as if that were the solution of the whole problem. The diplomatic messages which pass busily to and fro between Mensdorff and Bismark do not attract more attention than the idle Parisian rumors of Napoleon's designs. What trifle can be gathered from some unguarded or ambiguous utterance of an official supposed to enjoy Napoleon's confidence to a limited extent is seized and instantly blown to monstrous proportions—so eagerly do men watch the imperial throne of France. When Marshal Niel, a very excellent soldier, was only reported to be in Paris *incognito*, and to have had several interviews with the Emperor, both Paris and London resounded with the rumor of menacing warlike preparations on the part of France. The midnuncs recalled how the same soldier went to Turin to demand the hand of Princess Clotilde for Prince Napoleon, and that shortly afterward the Italian war commenced, and that he must have been conferring with Piedmont on the situation. They had, in vision, a corps of observation, under Marshal Niel, already on the Rhine; and what is most to the point, this latter speculation seemed so probable that, in spite of all want of foundation, nobody questioned the report or thought it questionable. Nobody even seemed to doubt the right or the propriety of the move. At the very same time we hear that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg (who has a pet theory of the alliance of all lower Germany by the progress of liberalism) is "said to have passed a day in secret converse" with Napoleon, and besought him to pretermit the designs which the world attributed to him. Even more, it was urged and argued with a show of possibility, at the very outbreak of all difficulties, that Bismark was in league with Napoleon; was his ally, if not his cat's-paw; was stirring up the muddy pool of German politics at Napoleon's bidding, induced, of course, by the Emperor's promises. The slate, it was said, was made up at Compiegne, some time since, and Napoleon was at the bottom of the whole scheme.

Prussia is not the only power about which a possible alliance with Napoleon is talked of. Austria is a candidate, according to some observers, for his friendship. The chances are carefully weighed for and against this theory. If France sides with Prussia, the latter will give her surely a slice of territory in payment—some chaldrons of coal out of Sarrelouis, at all events, says the masked pamphleteer whom we have already quoted. But, say the Austrian party, if France takes part with the Kaiser, she may conquer more than she could have by gift—she may go the Rhine if she wills. Yes, responds Berlin, but the Austrians are unpopular in France, and. Great as he is, the Emperor must not too often oppose the public opinion, as that Mexican business shows, and so on. Europe, continental and insular, hangs upon the decision of the arbiter of its fate. Whether the war will break out, seems now hardly possible; whether Napoleon will himself beat the bush, or will suffer Austria and Prussia to beat it, while he stands by to catch the birds, remains to be seen. But, if war be waged, into whatever scale Napoleon flings his sword the other one will kick the beam.—*Round Table.*

BRILLIANT HORSEMANSHIP.

WE have had a brilliant exhibition of horsemanship. A horse fair has been held in the Palace of Industry. The Government ordered the twelve best riders of the cavalry school, at Saumur, to come up to let the Emperor see their equestrian skill, to give our amateurs of horses some notion of the perfection to which horsemanship may be carried, and to crown the horse fair with a brilliant show which should attract all Paris. It did attract eight thousand people.

The display was made under the glass roof of the Palace of Industry, which may be made for the hour the best riding-school in the world. A stand gaily ornamented with flags and crimson velvet, and gold, was erected for the Emperor and suite, and, in the gallery opposite, the band of the Guide's Regiment was stationed to vary the proceedings and fill the intervals between the exercises with music. Worse wadding may be found.

The moment the Emperor appeared he was greeted with a peal of music, if that monotonous flourish of trumpets which heralds crowned heads may be called music. The exercises commenced by parading before the imperial stand the horses which had received prizes. They were shown to every advantage by being put through their various gaits. These exercises lasted half an hour.

When the nave was cleared of these horses, a series of horses cantered in from a recess of the Palace, coming in single file towards the imperial stand. They formed a line, the riders took off their cocked hats which they held level with the saddle at arm's length. They wore the full dress uniform of the Cavalry school, which is a cocked hat, straight-breasted coat (or rather jacket) buttoned close up to the throat, white buckskin breeches fitting close to the skin and reaching only to the knee, and boots which cover the knee. They remain in this attitude—looking like so many statues—before the Emperor until the trumpets sound the signal for the exercises to begin. Off they go in a gentle canter. Remember they have no whip. All the exercises are performed by the bridle and the knee. After they have cantered thirty yards they begin to describe spirals, next circles, now the horses step first with the left forefoot, then with the right forefoot, presently they are all together, now separated, now backing, now moving sideways, then in apparently inextricable confusion, again in perfect order. It reminded one of the apparent confusion of a ball-room when dancers cross, mix, mingle, turn, advance, each pursuing his proper course and sure to find himself in his own position when the figure changes or the dance ends.

At the close of these various exercises, which occupied some fifteen or twenty minutes (which were the average length of all the equestrian exercises) and which had led the horsemen to the extremity of the nave, they turned and all twelve abreast came down with their utmost speed in the direction of the Emperor's stand. It seemed at one time as if they must run over his Majesty: but when they reached it, as the horses' heads were in a hair's-breath of it, the riders reined them in; they were instantly transformed to the rigidity of statues. The riders took off the cocked hats as they had done in giving their first salute to the Emperor, and upon the trumpet's signal wheeled all together and cantered off.

Here let me say, while there were only twelve horsemen, thirty-six horses were sent up from Saumur. The first twelve horses which appeared were thorough-bred riding horses in the highest keep, with plaited mane, and ears adorned with gaudy ribbons. After they withdrew men placed fences in the nave, and as soon as the fences were made the same dozen riders re-appeared, mounted on the second series of horses—brawny hunters. They did not go the Emperor's stand to salute him. They trotted stoutly into the nave and began leaping over the fences, first in single file, then by twos, and so on up to four; again they leaped by threes, and so on down to one, when they changed suddenly to four, then back again to one; presently to two, and so on. These changes under any circumstances would be no easy feat; made during leaping they would be difficult. Judge what skill was required when they were made (as they were in this instance) at constantly increasing speed.

The trumpets announced the close of these exercises, and the hunters withdrew. When they re-appeared they were on the last dozen of the thirty-six horses. These horses were selected from the most vicious horses to be found in the market. They are kept as a sort of practical board of examiners to search the young men's knowledge for horsemanship, and at the same time teach them the art of keeping a seat on the horse's back whatever the reluctance of the horse might be to have his ribs bestrode. You know some horses have unconquerable prejudices on this subject. These horses could not be said to come into the nave: they bounced, bounded, leaped in, neighing, snorting, rearing, plunging, pitching, kicking, shying, rearing-and-kicking in such rapid alternation they seemed to do both together, darting first on one side and then on another, in fine applying every conceivable solution to the problem before them: Horse, unseat your rider.

The steeds continued to study this equation for some twenty minutes. I assure you it was a singular and interesting sight to observe the animal struggling with the intellect on his back and nerves, muscles, bones and sinews, impotent, strong as they were, when opposed to brain. The riders kept their left hand on their hip and the right holding the reins, and seemed, nay were, as firmly seated as if they were mounted on ambling nags trained for children's pastimes. After it had become evident the horse would not be the victor the riders showed themselves to be thorough masters of the animals beneath them and made the horse walk, chafing the bit and pawing the ground as he went, until all the twelve stood in front of the imperial stand; then they reared on their hind legs, the riders slowly uncovered themselves and held their hats at arm's length for one or two minutes, when the clangor of the trumpets announced the end of the exercises. The horses ceased to rear, wheeled to the right, and out they went bouncing, bounding, neighing, snorting, plunging, pitching, kicking, shying, as they had done when they entered.—"*Spiridion,*" *in the Boston Evening Gazette.*

COLORS AS APPLIED TO DRESS.—Few people give themselves the trouble to understand the rules of color. They consider them as belonging to an abstruse science. The principles, which are supposed to be too much wrapped in mystery to be worth the trouble of acquiring by any but professional persons, are those comprehended in the laws of contrast of color and contrast of tone.

First, as regards contrast of color. There are three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow. From these every other color is formed, and each has its perfect harmony in its contrasting or complimentary color. The complimentary of each color is formed by the union of the other two, (and is therefore called the secondary,) that is, green, being the mixture of blue and yellow is complimentary to red; violet, being formed of red and blue, is complimentary to yellow; and orange, a compound of red and yellow, to blue.

Each of these colors, when placed near its complimentary, intensifies its effect. Green causes red to appear redder, blue adds a brighter tint to orange, and yellow enhances the color of violet. In other words, every color looks its purest and best when it is beside its complimentary.

By means of the simple law of contrast, therefore, we have the power of imparting any tint that we choose to the complexion, and of rendering our costume agreeable to the eye by the harmony produced by properly contrasted colors: and we may learn to avoid increasing the undesirable tints of a sallow complexion by the juxtaposition of blue or violet, or rendering a florid complexion still more highly-colored by contrasting it with green. On the other hand, ladies with golden hair and clear complexions will see that they should wear blue in preference to any other color, harmonizing agreeably as it does, with the former, without exercising any ill-effect on the latter; while those upon whom nature has bestowed dark hair and a rosy complexion should consider green as their especial color.

Very dark people may wear extremely light brown, gray, or slate color with impunity, but those who have fair complexions and light brown hair should only venture upon pure and light tones of the three primaries, bearing in mind that wherever there is agreeable contrast there is agreeable harmony.

MUST HAVE HER APPLAUSE.—Formerly, it was the rule at Naples, that when an actress was about to make her début, she waited and solicited the honor of the King's presence on her first appearance. In compliance with this rule, Madame Malibran went to his majesty and said, hesitatingly: "Sire, if it be agreeable to your majesty, I have come to request that your majesty will be graciously pleased not to appear at the theatre to-morrow evening." The king, not a little astonished, demanded the reason of a request so singular. "May it please your majesty, I have heard that it is the etiquette in Naples not to applaud in the presence of royalty; that is to say, unless you graciously set the example." The king, perceiving that she was embarrassed, desired her to speak out. "Sire, as you are good enough to command me to speak, I will. The fact is, I am so much in the habit of being applauded the instant that I appear on the stage, that I am sure, if I were received in silence, I couldn't sing a note." "Very well," said his majesty, "I will set the example. Fear not; you shall be abundantly applauded." Madame Malibran returned home highly satisfied by having thus secured powerful protection. In the evening, just before she made her appearance on the stage, she got between the side scenes, where she might be seen from the royal box, and, having caught the eye of the king, reminded him of his promise by clapping her hands. His majesty, pleased with her freedom and originality failed not to be as good as his word, and the whole house loudly responded to the signal.

A BOX OF ROGUES.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the court of assize, there was a general stir amongst the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

Pierre Granger was not an ordinary culprit—not one of those poor wretches whom the court, as a matter of form, furnishes with an advocate, judges in the presence of a heedless auditory, and sends to oblivion in the convict prisons of the State. He had figured at Augtil in the columns of the newspapers; and while M. Lépervier had undertaken his defence, M. Lourangain, the attorney-general, was to conduct the prosecution. Now, at the time of which I write, these two men stood at the head of their profession. Whenever it was known that they were to be pitted against each other in any cause, crowds immediately flocked to enjoy their eloquent sentences, sonorous periods, and phrases as round and as polished as so many billiard-balls. It was a perfect riot of tropes and figures, a delicious confusion of periphrases and metaphors. All the figures of rhetoric defiled before the charmed auditory, and sported, jested, and struggled with each other, like Virgil's playful shepherds. There was a luxury of epithets, passing even that of the Abbé Delille. Every individual substantive was as regularly followed by its attendant adjective, as the great lady of the last century by her train-bearing page. In this pompous diction a man became a mortal, a horse a courser, the moon was styled pale Dian. My father and my mother were never called so, but invariably "the authors of my being;" a dream was a vision, a glass a crystal vase, a knife a sword, a car a chariot, and a breeze became a whirlwind: all of which, no doubt, tended to produce a style of exceeding sublimity and beauty.

Pierre Granger was a clumsily built fellow, five feet ten in height, thirty-eight years old, with foxy hair, a high color, and small cunning grey eyes. He was accused of having strangled his wife, cut up the body into pieces, and then, in order to conceal his crime, set fire to the house, wherein his three children perished. Such an accumulation of horrors had shed quite a romantic halo round their perpetrator. Ladies of rank and fashion flocked to the gaol to look at him; and his autograph was in wonderful request, as soon as it became known that Madame Césarine Langelot, the lioness of the district, possessed some words of his writing in her album, placed between a ballad by a professor of rhetoric and a problem by the engineer-in-chief of the department: neither gentlemen, to say the truth, being much flattered by such close juxtaposition with the interesting pet-prisoner. When Pierre Granger, with his lowering brow and air of stolid cunning, was placed in the dock, the names of twelve jurors were drawn by lot, and the president demanded of the counsel on either side, whether they wished to exercise their right of challenge. Both declined offering any objection to twelve such honorable names; but the attorney-general added, that he would require the drawing of a supplementary juror. It was done, and on the paper appeared the name of Major Vernor. At the sound, a slight murmur was heard amongst the spectators, while MM. Louraugain and Lepervier exchanged a rapid glance which seemed to say: "Will not *you* challenge him?" But neither of them did so; an officer conducted Major Vernor into his appointed place, and amid profound silence the indictment was read. Major Vernor had lived in the town during the last two years. Every one gave him the military title, yet none could tell when, or where, or whom he had served. He seemed to have neither family nor friends; and when any of his acquaintances ventured to sound him on the subject, he always replied in a manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do *I* trouble my head about *your* affairs?" he would say. "Your shabby old town suits me well enough as a residence, but if you don't think I have a right to live in it, I shall be most happy to convince you of the fact at daybreak to-morrow with gun, sword, or pistol." Major Vernor was precisely the very man to keep his word; the few persons who had entered his lodgings reported that his bedroom resembled an armory, so fully was it furnished with all sorts of murderous weapons. Notwithstanding this, he seemed a very respectable sort of man, regular in his habits, punctual in his payments, and fond of smoking excellent cigars, sent him, he used to say, by a friend in Havana. He was tall, very thin, bald, and always dressed in black; his moustaches curled to a point; and he invariably wore his hat cocked over his right ear. In the evenings he used to frequent the public reading-rooms of the town, but he never played at any game, or conversed with the company, remaining absorbed in his newspaper until the clock struck ten, when he lit his cigar, twisted his moustaches, and with a stiff, silent bow, took his departure. It sometimes happened that one of the company, bolder than the others, said, "Good night, major!" Then the major would stop, fix his gray eye on the speaker, and reply, "Good night, monsieur!" but in so rude and angry a tone that the words sounded more like a malediction than a polite salutation. It was remarked that whoever thus ventured to address the major, was, during the remainder of the evening, the victim of some strange ill-luck. He regularly lost at play, was sure to knock his elbow through a handsome lamp or vase, or in some way to get entangled in a misadventure. So firmly were the good townsfolk persuaded that the major possessed an evil eye, that their common expression, when any one met with a misfortune, was: "He must have said 'good night' to the major."

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually contented with the fare. One day, however, after having eaten some bread soup, he cast his eye along the table, frowned, and calling the host, said: "How comes it that the dinner to-day is entirely meagre?"

"Monsieur, no doubt, forgets that this is Good Friday."

"Send me up two mutton chops."

"Impossible, major—there is not an ounce of meat to be had at any butcher's in the town."

"Let me have some fowl."

"That is not to be had, either."

"What a set of fools!" exclaimed the major, striking his clenched hand on the table with such force that the bottles reeled and rocked just as if all the wine in their bodies had got into their heads. Then he called the waiter and said, "Baptiste, go to my lodging, and bring me the inlaid carbine which hangs over my pillow."

The poor host trembled, and grew very pale when Baptiste returned with a double-barrelled gun, beautifully inlaid with silver. The major coolly examined the locks, put on fresh caps, cocked both barrels, and walked out, followed at a respectful distance by the guests and inmates of the hotel. Not far off stood an old ivy-mantled church, whose angular projections were haunted by many ravens. Two large ones flew out of a turret just as the major came up and took aim for a double shot. Down tumbled both the unclean birds at his feet.

"*Sacré bleu!*" said he, picking them up. "I'm regularly sold—they're quite lean."

He returned to the hotel, and, according to his express orders, one moiety of his ill-omened booty was dressed in a savory stew, and the other simply roasted. Of both dishes he partook so heartily that not a vestige of either remained, and he declared that he had never eaten more relishing food. From that day the major became an object of uneasiness to some, of terror to others, of curiosity to all. Whenever he appeared on public promenade, every one avoided him; at the theatre, his box was generally occupied by himself alone; and each old woman that met him in the street invariably stopped to cross herself. Major Vernor was never known to enter a church, or accept an invitation; at first he used to receive a good many of these, and the perfumed billets served him to light his cigars.

Such, then, was the thirteenth juror drawn in the cause of Pierre Granger, and it may easily be understood why the audience were moved at hearing the name of Major Vernor. The paper of accusation, notwithstanding it was drawn up by the attorney-general with a force and particularity of description which horrified the ladies present, was read amid profound silence, broken only by the snoring of the prisoner, who had coolly settled himself to sleep. The gendarmes tried to rouse him from his slumber, but they merely succeeded in making him now and then half open his dull, brutish eyes. When the clerk had ceased to read, Pierre Granger was with difficulty awakened, and the president proceed to question him. The interrogatory revealed, in all its horror, the thoroughly stupid fiendishness of the wretch. He had killed his wife, he said, because they couldn't agree; he had set his house on fire because it was a cold night, and he wanted to make a good blaze to warm himself: as to his children, they were dirty, squalling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial. M. Louraugain and M. Lépervier both made marvellously eloquent speeches, but the latter deserved peculiar credit, having so very bad a cause to sustain. Although he well knew that his client was as thorough a scoundrel as ever breathed, and that his condemnation would be a blessing to society, yet he pleaded his cause with all a lawyer's conscientiousness. When he got to the peroration, he managed to squeeze from his eyes a few rare tears, the last and most precious, I imagine, which he carefully reserved for an especially solemn occasion—just as some families preserve a few bottles of fine old wine, to be drunk at the marriage of a daughter or the coming of age of a son. At length the case closed, and the president was going to sum up; but, as the heat in court was excessive, and every one stood in need of refreshment, leave was given to the jury to retire for half an hour, and the hall was cleared for the same space of time, in order that it might undergo a thorough ventilation. During this interval, while twelve of the jurors were cooling themselves with ices and sherbet, the thirteenth lighted a cigar, and, reclining in an arm-chair, smoked away with the gravity of a Turk.

"What a capital cigar!" sighed one of the jurors, as he watched with an envious eye, the odoriferous little clouds escaping from the smoker's lips.

"Would you like to try one?" asked the major, politely offering his cigar-case.

"If it would not trespass too much on your kindness."

"By no means. You are heartily welcome." The juror took a cigar, and lighted it at that of his obliging neighbor. "Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"Delicious! It has an uncommonly pleasant aroma. From whence are you supplied?"

"From Havana." Several jurors now approached, casting longing eyes at Major Vernor's cigar-case.

"Gentlemen," said he,—"I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer, having just given the last to our worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

At that moment, an official came in to announce that the court had resumed its sitting; the jury hastened to their box, and the president began his charge. Scarcely had he commenced, however, when the juror who had smoked the cigar rose and in a trembling voice begged permission to retire, as he felt very ill. Indeed, while in the act of speaking, he fell backwards and lay senseless on the floor. The president, of course, directed that he should be carefully conveyed to his home, and desired Major Vernor to take his place. Six strokes sounded from the old clock of the town hall as the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict in the case of Pierre Granger. Eleven gentlemen exclaimed, with one voice, that the wretched assassin's guilt was perfectly clear, and that they could not hesitate for a moment as to their decision. Major Vernor, however, stood up, placed his back against the door, and regarding his colleagues with a peculiarly sinister expression, said slowly:

"I shall acquit Pierre Granger, and you shall all do the same!"

"Sir," replied the foreman in a severe tone, "you are answerable to your conscience for your own actions, but I do not see what right you have to offer us a gratuitous insult."

"Am I then so unfortunate as to offend you?" asked the major, meekly.

"Certainly, in supposing us capable of breaking the solemn oath which we have taken, to do impartial justice. I am a man of honor—"

"Bah!" interrupted the major, "are you quite sure of that?"

A general murmur of indignation arose.

"Do you know, sir, that such a question is a fresh insult?"

"You are quite mistaken," said Major Vernor. "What I said was drawn forth by a feeling of the solemn responsibility which rests with us. Before I can resolve to make a dead body of a living moving being, I must feel satisfied that both you and I are less guilty than Pierre Granger, which, after all, is not so certain."

An ominous silence ensued: the major's words seemed to strike home to every breast, and at length one of the jurors said: "You seem, sir, to regard the question from a philosophical point of view."

"Just so, Monsieur Cerneau."

"You know me, then," said the juror in a trembling voice.

"Not very intimately, my dear sir, but just sufficiently to appreciate your fondness for discounting bills at what your enemies might call usurious interest. I think it was about four years ago that an honest poor man, the father of a large family, blew out his brains, in despair, at being refused by you a short renewal, which he had implored on his knees."

Without replying, M. Cerneau retired to the farthest corner of the room, and wiped off large drops of sweat which started from his brow.

"What does this mean?" inquired another juror, impatiently. "Have we come hither to act a scene from the *Memoirs of the Devil?*"

"I don't know that work," replied the major, "but may I advise you, Monsieur de Bardine, to calm your nerves?"

"Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

"As how?"

"With my sword. I shall do you the honor to meet you to-morrow."

"An honor which, being a man of sense, I must beg to decline. You don't kill your adversaries, Monsieur de Bardine; you murder them. Have you forgotten your duel with Monsieur de Lillar, which took place, I am told, without witnesses? While he was off his guard, you treacherously struck him through the heart. The prospect of a similar catastrophe is by no means enticing."

With an instinctive movement M. de Bardine's neighbors drew off."

"I admire such virtuous indignation," sneered the major. "It especially becomes *you*, Monsieur Darien—"

"What infamy are you going to cast in *my* teeth?" exclaimed the gentleman addressed.

"Oh, very little—a mere trifle—simply, that while Monsieur de Bardine kills *his* friends, you only dishonor *yours*. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

"Major," cried another juror, "you're a villain!"

"Pardon me, my dear Monsieur Calfat, let us call things by their proper names. The only villain amongst us, I believe

is the man who himself set fire to his house, six months after having insured it at treble its value in four offices, whose directors were foolish enough to pay the money without making sufficient inquiry."

A stifled groan escaped from M. Calfat's lips as he covered his face with his hands. "Who are you that you thus dare to constitute yourself our judge?" asked another, looking fiercely at Vernor.

"Who am I, Monieur Peron? simply one who can appreciate your very rare dexterity in holding court-cards in your hand, and making the dice turn up as you please."

M. Peron gave an involuntary start, and thenceforward held his peace. The scene, aided by the darkness of approaching night, had now assumed a terrific aspect. The voice of the major rang in the ears of eleven pale, trembling men, with a cold metallic distinctness, as if each word inflicted a blow.

At length Vernor burst into a strange sharp hissing laugh. "Well, my honorable colleagues," he exclaimed, "does this poor Pierre Granger still appear to you unworthy of the slightest pity? I grant you, he has committed a fault, and a fault which you would not have committed in his place. He has not had your cleverness in masking his turpitude with a show of virtue—that was his real crime. Now, if after having killed his wife, he had paid handsomely for masses to be said for her repose—if he had purchased a burial-ground, and caused to be raised to her memory a beautiful square white marble monument, with a flowery epitaph on it in gold letters—why, then we should all have shed tears of sympathy, and eulogized Pierre Granger as the model of a tender husband. Don't you agree with me, Monsieur Norbec?"

M. Norbec started as if he had received an electric shock. "It is false!" he murmured. "I did not poison Eliza; she died of pulmonary consumption."

"True," said the major; "you remind me of a circumstance which I had nearly forgotten. Madame Norbec, who possessed a large fortune in her own right, died without issue five months after she had made you her sole legatee."

Then the major was silent. They were now in total darkness. Suddenly came the sharp click of a pistol, and the obscurity was for a moment brightened by a flash, but there was no report—the weapon had missed fire. The major burst into a long and loud fit of laughter. "Charming! delightful! Ah, my dear sir," he exclaimed, addressing the foreman, "you were the only honest man of the party; and see how, to oblige me, you have made an attempt on my person which places you on an honorable level with Pierre Granger!" Then, having rung the bell, he called for candles, and when they were brought, he said, "Come, gentlemen, I suppose you don't want to sleep here; let us make haste and finish our business."

Ten minutes afterwards the foreman handed in the issue paper—a verdict of not guilty—and Pierre Granger was discharged amid the hisses and execrations of the crowd, who indeed were prevented only by a strong military force from assaulting both judge and jury. Major Vernor coolly walked up to the dock, and passing his arm under that of Pierre Granger, went out with him through a side door.

From that hour neither the one nor the other was ever seen again in the country. That night there was a terrific thunder-storm; the ripe harvest was beaten down by hail-stones as large as pigeons' eggs, and a flash of lightning striking the steeple of the old ivy-covered church tore down its gilded cross.

* * * * * * *

This strange story was related to me one day last year by a convict in the infirmary of the prison at Toulon. I have given it verbatim from his lips; and as I was leaving the building the sergeant who accompanied me said: "So, sir, you have been listening to the wonderful rodomontades of Number 19,788?"

"What do you mean? This history—"

"Is false from beginning to end. Number 19,788 is an atrocious criminal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has given evident proofs of mental aberration. His monamania consists chiefly in telling stories to prove that all judges and jurors are rogues and villains. He was himself found guilty, by a most respectable and upright jury, of robbing and trying to murder Major Vernor. He is now about to be placed in a lunatic asylum, so that you will probably be the last visitor who will hear his curious inventions."

"And who is Major Vernor?"

"A brave old half-pay officer, who has lived at Toulon beloved and respected during the last twelve years. You will probably see him to-day, smoking his Havana cigar, after the *table d'hote* dinner at the Crown Hotel."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A MONUMENT in honor of Columbus has been erected at Salamanca, Spain. It is placed in a lofty elevation near the grounds of the University. The monument is a large pedestal, resting on a broad base and arch, and above a beautiful eagle and globe. The height of the whole is one hundred and six metres. It is constructed entirely of a dark and regular color.

BRIAN BOROMHA.

BRIAN BOROMHA, the great Irish chieftain, of whom so much has been sung and written, and who, to some minds, is granted a fairy existence only, will be seen, by the following described interview between him and other sovereigns to have been a man "with flesh and blood quite natural."

It was in the fourth year of the reign of Congal, the present monarch, that Brian, son of Kenneidi, assumed the sovereignty of Munster. And, in the second year after his assumption thereof, he challenged Maelmuaidh, son of Brann, King of the Ui Eachaeh, to meet him in battle, at Belach Lechta, *(Baitagh Loghta,)* in order that he might wreak vengeance for his brother Mathgamain, son of Kenneidi, who had been treacherously murdered by the people of Maelmuaidh. Maelmuaidh thereupon mustered a great army, composed as well of strangers as of Irish; for he had with him a body of one thousand five hundred of the Lochlannaigh, together with a large force of the Gaels likewise. He was, nevertheless, routed at Balach Lechta, by Brian and the Dal-g-Cais, by whom a countless multitude of his followers were slaughtered; and those of them that were not killed became the captives of Brian. After this Domnall O'Faelain, King of the Desi, aided by the Lochlannaigh, proclaimed war against Brian, and the greater part of Munster was ravaged by him and his foreign allies. However, they were soon overtaken by Briau, who gave them battle at Fan Conrach, where the King of the Desi and his foreigners were completely vanquished. Brian then pursued their routed host to Port Largi, where he slew Domnall O'Faelain himself. He next made captives of the greater part of the inhabitants of that city, which he plundered and then burned.

Upon his return home from Gilla Comgaill, he called around him an assembly of the Clann Colmain, and made known to them the reply of Aedh O'Neill and the Kinel Eogain; and when his tribesmen had heard it, they came to the resolution of having Maelsechlainn set out at once, at his own risk, and visit Brian unconditionally at his camp at Temhair, where the latter had now been staying for one month, during which time his army had been supported by the men of Meath. Maelsechlainn, therefore, went to Temhair, escorted by twelve score of horsemen. Thus accompanied, he arrived upon the green of Temhair, and proceeded at once to the residence of Brian without either surety or safeguard. He there acquainted his rival with all his proceedings from beginning to end. He said that he would have given him battle, had he been in a position to fight; but as he was not in such a position, that he had now come to give hostages and to submit. When Brian had heard him, he said: "As thou hast come thus to my dwelling, without surety or safeguard from me, I now grant thee a further respite of one year, during which time I shall demand neither homage nor hostage at thy hands. And, in the meantime, I shall pay a personal visit to those northern folk, both Aedh O'Neill and Eocridh, son of Ardgal, King of Ulidia, in order that I may learn what kind of answer they will make to me. And then should they give me battle, thou mayest help them against me, if thou wilt." But here Maelsechlainn declared that he would not fight against him after any such manner. However, he told Brian that he would not advise him to march northward just then; and said that it was now better for him to return to his own home until another time. "For," said he, "it is enough that thou hast received my submission, as the result of thy present expedition." They finally agreed upon this, and the Dal-g-Cais were well pleased thereat, for they had almost consumed all their provisions for the campaign. Then, as he was about to march homeward, Brian presented twelve score of steeds to Maelsechlainn, together with a large quantity of gold and silver, which was to be distributed among his people.

Afterward, when one year had passed by, Brian called together a general muster of the whole force of Loth Mogha, both Gallic and Gaelic. There came thither to the Lochlannaigh of Ath-cliath, Port-Largi, Loch Carman, and Corcanh, together with those that dwelt in Ui Eachach Mumhan, Corca Laighe, and Ui Kennoselaigh. With this host Brian marched to Athluain, where the nobles of Connaught gave him hostages as pledges of their submission to him as their Ard-righ. He sent an embassy thence to Maelsechlainn, requesting of him to send his hostages thither likewise. Upon receiving this message, Maelsechlainn came and delivered up his hostages and made his submission in person. Thereupon, Brian mustered the full strength of the men of Munster, Connaught, Leinster, and Meath, and therewith marched to Dun Delgain, where he received the hostages and submission of all Ulidia.

It was thus that Brian Boromha acquired the sovereignty of Ireland. He did not acquire it by treason, as some will have it, but by the bravery and hardihood of his deeds of arms, and by his chivalrous valor.

THE Bay of Fundy was explored by Champlain in 1604 and named by him "Baye François," and so appeared on the French maps. On Bowles' English map, published at London, 1715, it is called "Fondi Bay."

A STORY OF THE TRICHINA.—The awful calamity which has been devastating Hedersleben and its vicinity, brings to light the following strange occurrence, which happened in Germany many years ago:

In the year 1845, several clergymen and other official persons met at Jessen, a little town in the district of Merseburg, for the purpose of inspecting the schools. Seven members of the commission took their luncheon at the house of a wine merchant named Gese. The fare consisted of cheese, sausage, raw ham, and white wine. A Mr. Stoukert came rather later, and ate nothing, but drank a glass of wine. A few days afterward all the seven who had taken luncheon became very seriously ill, and four of them died. The symptoms were violent diarrhœa, red spots on the skin, swelling of the whole body, accompanied by great pain, sleeplessness, and delirium. The doctors were completely puzzled, and could come to no other conclusion than that the food had been poisoned, which seemed to be more than probable, as Mr. Stoukert remained perfectly well. Suspicion naturally fell on the wine merchant, Gese. Two of the bodies were disinterred and chemically examined, but no trace of poison was discovered. The popular belief, however, that there had been foul play was so strong that Gese was from that time a ruined man. Nobody would have any further intercourse with him, and he found himself compelled to emigrate with his family to America, where he is supposed to have died in great indigence.

In the year 1863 the teacher, Oehme—one of the three who had recovered from the imagined poisoning—came to Berlin for the purpose of having an operation performed on his neck. As soon as Mr. Langendack, the celebrated surgeon, had laid bare the upper layer of muscle, he observed a very large number of small white spots. They were examined by the microscope and found to be dead trichinæs. Here, then, was the solution of the fatal mystery which had occasioned the utter ruin of an innocent man, and might very easily have cost him his life as well as his good name.

ANCIENT MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—In Queen Elizabeth's reign there is a report for the year 1580, in which it is stated that "the maids of honor desired to have their chambers ceiled, and the partition that is of boards to be made higher, for that the servants looked over." And about the same time it is said that certain young noblemen and gentlemen were guilty of similar indecorous behavior, being fond of peeping over these boards, to the great annoyance of the ladies when at their toilet, whereat her Majesty was highly displeased, and severely reproved them. Moreover, it seems that the chamber for the squires of the body was "ruinous and cold," and required to be "ceiled overhead and boarded underfoot;" and that some part of the Castle was so much out of repair that the rain beat in! It is not more curious than instructive to note the state of things in Scotland about the same period. There was even a greater lack of personal comfort among the nobility in that country than in England. The late Earl of Buchan, in his *Antiquarian Researches*, gives the following rare piece of information, which at least shows linen to have been a scarce commodity in the days of James VI. In the archives of the Mar family, under a section dedicated to antique costume, it is stated that "the Royal charge (James) continuing under the nurture of his *governante*, the Dowager Countess of Mar (as towards his mouth and ordering of his person,) had, in the dead of night, been seized with a colic. The ladies of honor were all summoned from their warm beds to attend his heeniss; when, as was remarked, none of the ladies had any shifts, except the auld Countess of Mar, her ladyship being tender (sickly)."—*Builder.*

COSTLY CARESSES.—The following story is told of an English lord who went to a sale of fancy articles at the Ministry of War, for the benefit of the poor. The nobleman first asked the lady at the stall, what was the price of a beautiful cigar-case. "Two hundred francs," was the reply. "'Tis nothing; I take it," said the lord. "And this jewel case?" "Eight hundred francs." "Nothing," again said the lord, handing a note of 1,000f. "Do you wish for anything else?" said the lady. "Ah!" replied he, "what I wish for is not to be compared with any of these articles, but fix a price." "What do you wish?" "To kiss your fair hand." The lady blushed, reflected, and replied—"Three thousand francs." The lord gracefully kissed the proffered hand, given with some hesitation—but what will not charitable ladies do for the poor? "I want something else," said the lord—"a lock of your hair." "That will be 6,000f." "That is nothing," again said the lord, on receiving the lock of hair which the lady cut off for him. "Six and three are nine," said the noble lord, and, handing 9,000f. to the lady, his lordship departed pleased with his bargains. This narrative may or may not be true. It is related as authentic, and we happen to know that at the Anti-Corn Law League bazaar, held some years ago at Covent Garden Theatre, a gentleman offered £20 to a lady, who is now, and was then the wife of a member of Parliament holding a high office, to be allowed to kiss her cheek. The offer was accepted, and the amount agreed upon was paid upon the spot.—*Court Journal.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

Full volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $6. Unbound, per volume, $2 50.

ECCE HOMO.*

We regret that our space will not allow us to discuss more freely the contents of this work, and to examine how successfully the author has accomplished his purpose "to trace the biography of Jesus from point to point, and accept those conclusions about him, not which church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant."

Coming as the volume does after the issue of the startling and—to many minds dangerous—volume, *Vie de Jesus*, of M. Ernest Renan, it would seem that it were written with a purpose behind that which is announced, and that the author has taken an opportunity to counteract whatever influence might have been exerted by that work. But the reader of the volume who is expecting thrusts at his scepticism is forewarned. The writer's postulates are patent before he has announced them, and the conclusions at which his examination will arrive are plainly seen as soon as the first steps are taken. The author offers himself as the friend of "those who feel dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ," and who "cannot rest content without a definite opinion," and graciously steps forward "to do what to persons not so dissatisfied it seems audacious and perilous to do."

But, for the perfect accomplishment of this purpose, the author does not set out with what might be called the freshness of ignorance regarding Jesus, and freedom from bias regarding his personality and efficiency. In the examination the author's earlier education is always plainly visible; he relies entirely upon the one book for the facts relating to Jesus, and does not betray by any allusion familiarity with any critical writings; he has already formed his theories, and only writes for the sake of making his peculiar statement of them; he comes to the work so thoroughly prejudiced that he can make no disinterested inquiry; he follows the old train of orthodox thought, combats no old idea; occasionally, by sophistical pretense, almost adopting a scepticism, but immediately faintly subsiding into the old trains of thought, belief and prejudice. He is guilty of false assumptions and unreasonable deductions, of forced interpretations of Jesus' acts and life; is often not content to take the obvious meaning of the sacred text which any reader may easily comprehend, refuses to accept his language in metaphor, but insists upon a literal translation that loses the spirit and force of the original; to establish his own position sets up opposing men of straw, excites discussion in the thoughtful mind that is inclined to differ, and lays himself open to scholarly criticism. His judgment of any acts of Jesus is always and only consistent with the old belief, and he is enthusiastic in his gratitude that these acts always conformed to the character as depicted to us by the "apostles and doctors"

The volume is issued anonymously. It has been received with a very considerable degree of favor both in England and America, and some critics have gone so far as to speak of it as one of the most remarkable books of the age. Speculations as to its authorship have to a great extent settled upon no less a person than the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone as the writer, but we believe that a critical examination of the volume will place the responsibility elsewhere, and possibly much to the relief of that gentleman. It does not in any manner appear whether it was written by a layman or clergyman, except that the topics discussed therein would naturally draw liberally upon one's facility of quotation from the Bible, and this volume is fortunately free from that oppressive superfluity of texts which usually clothe priestly thought as if necessary to the completion of the sacred garb.

* *Ecce Homo.* A survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. Boston: Roberts Brothers. San Francisco: Roman & Co.

W. E. Looms, corner of Sansome and Washington streets, has placed on our table, *The Galaxy* for June, *The New York Medical Journal* for May and June, and *Hollaway's Musical Monthly* (Philadelphia) for June.

(Copyright secured.)

"BRET'S" "CALIFORNIAN" CONDENSED NOVELS.

BY W-LK-E C-LL-NS.

PROLOGUE.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of the 17th of June, 1845:

Wanted.—A few young men for a light genteel employment. Address J. W., P. O.

In the same paper o. same date, in another column:

To Let.—That commodious and elegant family mansion No 27 Limehouse Road, Pultneyville, will be rented low to a respectable tenant if applied for immediately, the family being about to remove to the Continent.

Under the local intelligence in another column:

Missing.—An unknown elderly gentleman a week ago left his lodgings in the Kent Road, since which nothing has been heard of him. He left no trace of his identity except a portmanteau containing a couple of shirts marked "209, WARD."

To find the connection between the mysterious disappearance of the elderly gentleman and the anonymous communication; the relevancy of both these incidents to the letting of a commodious family mansion; and the dead secret involved in the three occurrences, is the task of the writer of this history.

A slim young man with spectacles, a large hat, drab gaiters, and note-book, sat late that night with a copy of the *Times* before him, and a pencil which he rattled nervously between his teeth in the coffee-room of the "Blue Dragon."

CHAPTER I.

MARY JONES' NARRATIVE.

I am upper housemaid to the family that live at No. 27 Limehouse Road, Pultneyville. I have been requested by Mr. Wilky Collings, which I takes the liberty of here stating is a gentleman born and bred, and has some consideration for the feelings of servants and is not above rewarding them for their trouble which is more than yon can say for some who asks questions and gets short answers enough, gracious knows, to tell what I know about them. I have been requested to tell my story in my own langwidge, though why, being no schollard, mind cannot conceive. I think my master is a brute. Do not know that he has ever attempted to poison my missus—which is too good for him, and how she ever came to marry him, heart only can tell—but believe him to be capable of any such batrosity. Have heard him swear dreadful because of not having his shaving water at 9 o'clock precisely. Do not know whether he ever forged a will or tried to get my missus' property although, not having confidence in the man should not be surprised if he had done so. Believe that there was always something mysterious in his conduct. Remember distinctly how the family left home to go abroad. Was putting up my back hair, last Saturday morning, when I heard a ring. Says cook, "That's missus' bell, and mind you hurry or the master 'ill know why." Says I, "Humbly thanking you mem, but taking advice of them as is compotent to give it, I'll take my time." Found missus dressing herself and master growling as usual. Says missus, quite calm and easy like, "Mary, we begin to pack to-day." "What for, mem," says I, taken aback. "What's that hussy asking?" says master from the bed clothes quite savage like. "For the Continent—Italy," says missus—"can you go Mary?" Her voice was quite gentle and saintlike, but I knew the struggle it cost and says I, "With *you* mem to India's torrid clime, if required, but with African Gorillas," says I, looking towards the bed, "never." "Leave the room" says master starting up and catching of his bootjack. "Why Charles?" says missus, "how you talk," affecting surprise. "Do go Mary," says she, slipping a half-crown into my hand. I left the room scorning to take notice of the odious wretch's conduct.

Cannot say whether my master and missus were ever legally married. What with the dreadful state of morals now-a-days and them stories in the circulating libraries, innocent girls don't know into what society they might be obliged to take situations. Never saw missus' marriage certificate, though I have quite accidental-like looked in her desk when open, and would have seen it. Do not know of any lovers missus might have had. Believe she had a liking for John Thomas, footman, for she was always spiteful-like—poor lady—when we were together—though there was nothing between us, as Cook well knows, and dare not deny, and missus needn't have been jealous. Have never seen arsenic or Prussian acid in any of the private drawers—but have seen paregoric and camphor. One of my master's friends was a Count Moscow, a Russian papist—which I detested.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLIM YOUNG MAN'S STORY.

I am by profession a reporter, and writer for the press. I live at Pultneyville. I have always had a passion for the marvellous, and have been distinguished for my facility in tracing out mysteries, and solving enigmatical occurrences. On the night of the 17th June, 1845, I left my office and walked homeward. The night was bright and starlight. I was revolving in my mind the words of a singular item I had just read in the *Times*. I had reached the darkest portion of the road, and found myself mechanically repeating: "An elderly gentleman a week ago left his lodgings on the Kent road," when, suddenly, I heard a step behind me.

I turned quickly, with an expression of horror in my face, and by the light of the newly risen moon beheld an elderly gentleman, with green cotton umbrella, approaching me. His hair, which was snow-white, was parted over a broad, open forehead. The expression of his face, which was slightly flushed, was that of amiability verging almost upon imbecility. There was a strange, enquiring look about the widely-opened, mild blue eye—a look that might have been intensified to insanity, or modified to idiocy. As he passed me, he paused and partly turned his face, with a gesture of enquiry. I see him still, his white locks blowing in the evening breeze, his hat a little on the back of his head, and his figure painted in relief against the dark blue sky.

Suddenly he turned his mild eye full upon me. A weak, irresolute smile played about his thin lips. In a voice which had something of the tremulousness of age and the self-satisfied chuckle of imbecility in it, he asked, pointing to the rising moon, "Why?—Hush!"

He had dodged behind me, and appeared to be looking anxiously down the road. I could feel his aged frame shaking with terror as he laid his thin hands on my shoulders and faced me in the direction of the supposed danger.

"Hush! did you not hear them coming?"

I listened; there was no sound but the soughing of the roadside trees in the evening wind. I endeavored to reassure him, with such success that in a few moments the old weak smile appeared on his benevolent face.

"Why?—" But the look of interrogation was succeeded by a hopeless blankness.

"Why!" I repeated with assuring accents.

"Why," he said, a gleam of intelligence suddenly flickering over his face, "is yonder moon, as she sails in the blue empyrean, casting a flood of light o'er hill and dale, like— Why," he repeated, with a feeble smile, "is yonder moon, as she sails in the blue empyrean—" He hesitated—stammered—and gazed at me hopelessly, with the tears dripping from his moist and widely-opened eyes.

I took his hand kindly in my own. "Casting a shadow o'er hill and dale," I repeated quietly, leading him up the subject, "like— Come, now."

"Ah!" he said, pressing my hand tremulously, "you know it?"

"I do. Why is it like—the—eh—the commodious mansion on the Limehouse Road?"

A blank stare only followed. He shook his head sadly.

"Like the young men wanted for a light, genteel employment?"

He wagged his feeble old head cunningly.

"Or, Mr. Ward," I said with bold confidence, "like the mysterious disappearance from the Kent Road."

The moment was full of suspense. He did not seem to hear me. Suddenly he turned.

"Ha!"

I darted forward. But he had vanished in the darkness.

CHAPTER III.

NO. 27 LIMEHOUSE ROAD.

It was a hot midsummer evening. Limehouse Road was deserted save by dust and a few rattling butchers' carts, and the bell of the muffin and crumpet man. A commodious mansion which stood on the right of the road as you enter Pultneyville surrounded by stately poplars and a high fence surmounted by a *chevaux de frisé* of broken glass, looked to the passing and footsore pedestrian like the genius of seclusion and solitude. A bill announcing in the usual terms that the house was to let hung from the bell at the servants' entrance.

As the shades of evening closed, and the long shadows of the poplars stretched across the road, a man carrying a small kettle stopped and gazed, first at the bill and then at the house. When he had reached the corner of the fence, he again stopped and looked cautiously up and down the road. Apparently satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he deliberately sat himself down in the dark shadow of the fence, and at once busied himself in some employment, so well concealed as to be invisible to the gaze of passers by. At the end of an hour he retired cautiously.

But not altogether unseen. A slim young man, with spectacles and note-book, stepped from behind a tree as the retreating figure of the intruder was lost in the twilight, and transferred from the fence to his note book the freshly stencilled inscription—"S—T—1860—X."

CHAPTER IV.

COUNT MOSCOW'S NARRATIVE.

I am a foreigner. Observe? To be a foreigner in England is to be mysterious, suspicious intriguing. M. Collins has requested the history of my complicity with certain occurrences. It is nothing—bah—absolutely nothing.

I write with ease and fluency. Why should I not write? Tra la la! I am what you English call corpulent. Ha, ha! I am a pupil of Macchiavelli. I find it much better to dissemble.

lieve everything, and to approach my subject and wishes circuitously, than in a direct manuer. You have observed that playful animal, the cat. Call it, and it does not come to you directly, but rubs itself against all the furniture in the room, and reaches you fiually—and scratches. Ah, ha! scratches! I am of the feline species. People call me a villain—bah!

I know the family, living No. 27 Limehouse Road. I respect the gentleman—a fine, burly specimen of your Englishman—and Madame, charming, ravishing, delightful. When it became known to me that they designed to let their delightful residence, and visit foreign shores, I at ouce called upon them. I kissed the hand of madame. I embraced the great Englishman. Madame blushed slightly. The great Englishman shook my hand like a mastiff.

I began in that dexterous, insinuating manner, of which I am truly proud. I thought madame was ill. Ah—no. A change, then, was all that was required. I sat down at the piano and sang. In a few minutes madame retired. I was alone with my friend.

Seizing his hand, I began with every demonstration of courteous sympathy. I do not repeat my words, for my intentiou was conveyed more in accent, emphasis, and manner, than speech. I hinted to him that he had another wife living. I suggested that this was balanced—ha!—by his wife's lover. That, possibly, he wished to fly—hence the letting of his delightful mansion. That he regularly and systematically beat his wife in the English manuer, and that she repeatedly deceived him. I talked of hope, of consolation, of remedy. I carelessly produced a bottle of strychuine and a small vial of stramonium from my pocket, and enlarged on the efficiency of drugs. His face, which had gradually become convulsed, suddenly became fixed with a frightful expression. He started to his feet, and roared: "You d—d Frenchman!"

I instantly changed my tactics, and endeavored to embrace him. He kicked me twice, violently. I begged permission to kiss madame's hand. He replied by throwing me down stairs.

I am in bed with my head bound up, and beefsteaks upon my eyes, but still confident and buoyant. I have not lost faith in Macchiavelli. Tra, la, la! as they sing in the opera. I kiss everybody's hands.

CHAPTER V.

DR. DIGGS' STATEMENT.

My name is David Diggs. I am a surgeon living at No. 9 Tottenham Court. On the 15th of June, 1854, I was called to see an elderly gentleman lodging on the Kent Road. Found him highly excited, with strong febrile symptoms, pulse 120, increasing. Repeated incoherently what I judged to be the popular form of a conundrum. On closer examination found acute hydrocephalus and both lobes of the brain rapidly filling with water. In consultation with an eminent phrenologist, it was further discovered that all the organs were more or less obliterated except that of Comparison. Hence the patient was enabled to only distinguish the most common points of resemblance between objects, without drawing upon other faculties such as Ideality or Language for assistance. Later in the day found him sinking—being evidently unable to carry the most ordinary conundrum to a successful issue. Exhibited Tinct. Val., Ext. Opii., and Camphor, and prescribed quiet and emollients. On the 17th the patient was missing.

CHAPTER LAST.

STATEMENT OF THE PUBLISHER.

On the 18th June. Mr. Wilkie Collius left a roll of manuscript with us for publication, without title or direction, since which time he has not been heard from. In spite of the care of the proof-readers, and valuable literary assistance, it is feared that the continuity of the story has been destroyed by some accidental misplacing of chapters during its progress. How and what chapters are so misplaced, the publisher leaves to an indulgent public to discover.

"False" Hair.—Among other novelties in false hair, *partial* chignons are sold; that is, a frizzed pad with artificial hair dressed over one half, the other preserved for the natural production. These are intended for persons who, having a little hair, are proud of it, but wish, while wearing it, to increase its apparent size. Entire false chignons are intended for those more completely destitute of hirsute growth. As few things look worse than scanty hair, and as hair is really a means of keeping the head warm, and a more beautiful ornament than any manufactured substance, we do not think that those who seek by purchase to supply the deficiency or decay of nature should be censured. Though, perhaps, a *natural* abundance may be a sign of vigor, youth, and beauty, the possessors of such may be thankful for the not altogether common privilege, and can afford to be generous in spirit towards "purchasers," especially if they could but realize the trouble, patience, skill, and money, necessary for the substitution. The only wonder is that any persons can be found to part with long locks.—*Boudoir.*

[For the Californian.]

SUNDRIES.

CRITICISM, in incapable hands, is something more than an evil—it is a bore: and people hereabout generally admit that they have been penetrated. Though firmly resolved to incur no liability in this regard, there is just one habit—a writing habit—which I think has been worn long enough and should be cast off. Many editors invariably speak of persons not known to them as "one" Jones, "one" Smith, "one" Brown, etc. This signifies that the itemist deems the "one" referred to an obscure individual—*he* don't know him. It is very cheap contempt, at best; anybody can indulge in it, and generally it can be returned in kind. I remember during the political campaign which resulted in the victory for Pierce, a speaker who was somewhat distinguished locally—having been postmaster at a cross-roads office and "squire" of his precinct—closed a speech with the annihilating sentence: "*One* Franklin Pierce is the opposing candidate. I confess, fellow citizens, I *don't know* one Franklin Pierce." "No," retorted the speaker who followed, "and it's just barely possible 'one' Franklin Pierce doesn't know the gentleman."

"Making arrangements to get the telegraph" is the usual accompaniment—generally only a vocal one—of projects for starting newspapers in this city. If the papers we have could get despatches a little oftener it would be a favor to the community. My Fenian friends have been shabbily treated ever since the last battle was telegraphed—a good part of the time the line has either been down or occupied with "private business." Thus the grievance presents itself to outsiders. However, part of this sympathy may have been wasted—the private business may have been Fenian business: who knows? The Fenian army is scattered but not conquered—privates are wanted, and "private" is the word from this time forth. Telling your enemy just when, where and how you are going to attack him may be open, frank, etc., but it will hardly tend to reduce insurance charges on your life.

—Which suggests another item to be charged to Sundries: Since my "early piety" days quite a change has been made in the tactics of the moral reform army. Then, their tracts were usually headed, "Is Your Soul Saved?" or, "Have You Found the One Thing Needful?" Those now thrust under my door or which meet me in my daily walk, have a more material flavor—thus: "You May Die To-Morrow! Are You Insured?" "Why will You Trifle with Your Life, when a Trifle will Save It?"

Our people are indebted to Boston for many things. During the past year she has sent us a professor of the manly art of self-defence and has also—perhaps with a view to keeping the "Professor" employed—tossed us her biggest Stone. The boulder—if it's not a bolder, where can you find one?—alighted on the heads of our Sabbath-breaking editors, and will doubtless roll around, in due time, and give other offenders a crushing visitation. As to keeping the "one day in seven" holy, no man can reasonably refuse, and it's not half so great a cross as it was when it was not considered altogether "evangelical" to cushion the seats and give the backs of the pews a comfortable incline.

Now that we have a poplar forest of immense proportions in our midst, dealers in redwood will not have it all their own way, though competition will, of course, give an impetus to the building interest and gradually reassure holders. One very good house has already "gone up."

Surgeons and writers are not unlike in one respect—both require subjects, and both at times resort to improper means to procure them. They differ in this, however, that while the former never place themselves nor their professional associates under the knife, many of the latter appear to think that they and their fellow-sufferers the only "subjects" worth dissecting.

A lady in this city startled a friend, recently, by telling him that during his absence she had been shot. "Where? how?" he inquired anxiously. "Here," she replied, "bloodshot!" "Ah," he responded, "I am glad to be assured it is all in your eye." They still survive.

What has become of the Woman in Pants? The last newspaper mention of her was that she had been fined by Judge Rix, but was determined to assert her rights before a higher tribunal. "The People" had gained their suit for the time, but she would not consent permanently to relinquish hers.

Several of the incorporators of the proposed evening paper will be recognized as ardent advocates of the cold-water cause. Let's hope they may not find themselves "in hot water" before a twelvemonth newspaper experience has been added to their possessions. Most publishers find that, after all, success is to be found only "in a horn."

The *Gold Brick*, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, is, according to the *Round Table*, "the best selling book of the year." I haven't read the story, and cannot weep over this depraved-taste exhibit, as the journal named regards it. Perhaps it's the title that makes the book so taking. My copy was taken before it had time to feel loansome. While we undoubtedly devote too much time to "trashy" literature, we can't feed altogether on solids, and a gold brick seems to dissolve more easily than anything else having the semblance of solidity.

Emstadt.

"MARK TWAIN" AT "THE ISLANDS."

THE last-published letter of "Mark Twain" (in the *Union* of the 21st inst.,) is mainly devoted to a description of the Ministry and to scenes in the Legislature, which want of space compels us to omit. The following paragraphs are more characteristically Twainish. In reference to the King, "Mark" has formed a better opinion of his Majesty, upon further acquaintance. It will be remembered that he discovered his Royal Highness as he approached the wharf, his royal legs hanging over the water, and his air that of a man who "didn't care two cents whether school kept or not:"

THE MILLENNIUM AT HAND.

I have found at least one startling peculiarity about this Hawaiian Legislature. They do not accuse its members of being stained with bribery and corruption. It is a new and pleasant sensation to me. Some people ascribe this singular purity to innate virtue, while others less charitable say the members are not offered bribes because they are such leaky vessels that they would be sure to let it out. Doubtless, in some cases one theory is correct, and the other correct in other cases. I hope it is somehow that way; at any rate, I haven't time to discuss it.

LEGISLATIVE ETIQUETTE.

Legislative etiquette is of a low grade everywhere, I believe. I find no exception to the rule here. All hands smoke during the session, from the highest down to the pock-marked messenger. Cow county members—or perhaps I should say taro-patch members—lay the sides of their faces on the desks, encircle them with their arms and go to sleep for a few moments at a time. I know they must put their feet on the desks sometimes, but I could not catch them at it. I saw them eating crackers and cheese, though, and freely excused them for it, because they hold long, fatiguing sessions—from 11 to 4 o'clock, without intermission. I am grieved to say that their etiquette is a shade superior to that of the early Washoe Legislatures. "Horse Williams" was a member of one of them, and he used to always prop his vast feet upon his desk and get behind them and eat a raw turnip during prayer by the Chaplain.

A CORRECTION.

Some people in California have an idea that the King of the Sandwich Islands is a man who spends his time idling about the town of Honolulu with individuals of questionable respectability, and drinking habitually and to excess. This impression is wrong. Before he ascended the throne he was "faster" than was well for him or for his good name, but, like the hero of Agincourt, he renounced his bad habits and discarded his Falstaffs when he became King, and since that time has conducted himself as becomes his high position. He attends closely to his business, makes no display, does not go about much, and in manners and habits is a thorough gentleman. He only appears in the streets when his affairs require it, and then he goes well mounted or in his carriage, and decently and properly attended.

And while upon this subject, I will remark that His Majesty's income is amply sufficient for the modest state he indulges in. The Legislature appropriates $16,000 a year to his use, and his estates (called the "Royal domain") yield him $20,000 a year besides. The present palace is to be pulled down, and a new one erected. The Legislature has just made an appropriation of $40,000 to begin the work and carry it on for the next two years. There was nothing said about what it is ultimately to cost—wherefore I surmise that it is the design of the Government to build a palace well worthy of the name.

Mr. M. D. Conway, the London correspondent of the *Round Table*, speaks thus of the mercantile cant, too often heard, in reference to the compensations of authorship: "I thought as I paced along this square of a very foolish remark made by one of your Boston contemporaries lately, in disparagement of your noble efforts to rescue from literary sharks the fruits of honest, laborious thought and culture everywhere by a just copywright law. 'The best writers,' said the journal to which I refer, 'will always be poorly paid in money—they work for nobler objects.' This is sickening cant. The best writers have again and again been reduced to become the most wretched sycophants in order to live; intellectual independence has been sapped a thousand times because of the need of some patronage from the rich or from the world. It is necessary that the author shall write for nobler objects than money; and for that very reason he should not be chained down for evermore to the writing for money. Just in the proportion that authors have been well paid in this world have they written well. In Carlyle's preface to his edition of Emerson, in this country, he partly attributed Emerson's independence to his being above want."

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Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or hy railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdshurg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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AND THE

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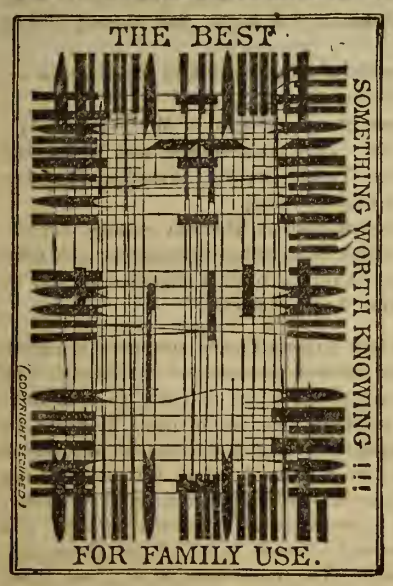
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A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

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THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

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we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

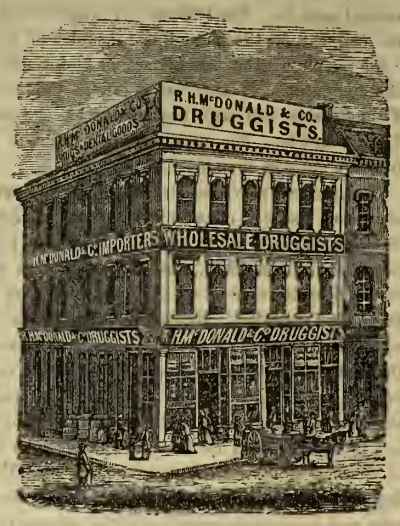
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DUSTING, PAINT, VARNISH, SHOE, SCRUB, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES:

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A great variety, not to be equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.



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We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

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We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers

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Dentists will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDonald & Co.,
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AND
J STREET SACRAMENTO.
ap28-3m

A FRENCH SUICIDE.

THE most extraordinary suit perhaps ever preferred before the tribunals, is about to be transferred from the courts of Naples to those of Paris. The subject of litigation is the last will and testament made by a certain M. Couvreaux, a Frenchman, by which a considerable sum was bequeathed to "the people of the hotel" at Castellamare, in which he committed suicide. The tribunals of Naples have decided against the bequest, on the plea of the insanity of the testator; but "the people of the hotel," acting under advice, have denied the competence of the Italian law to judge the validity of a Frenchman's will, and have brought the affair before the French courts. The circumstances brought to light by the trial are curious enough.

M. Couvreaux, whose fortune seems to have been considerable, was the son of a silk merchant in Lyons, who, having married his cook, while the subject of the present investigation was still a child, placed him at his death under the sole and entire control of the promoted cook until he had attained his majority. Hence arose in the nervous disposition and sensitive mind of the youth, neglected and ill-treated by the mother-in-law, a deeply-rooted aversion to women and terror of all physical suffering. His father's example had warned him of the danger of yielding to the influence of the fair sex, and he was resolved not to trust himself even to the possibility of yielding to temptation. Like Charles XII. of Sweden, he deemed it wiser to fly than to combat when danger from bright eyes was to be anticipated; and the stories told of his needless alarm when by chance he met any of the serving women on the stairs of the hotel, and of their equally needless alarm at beholding the terror they occasioned, have furnished the joyous *prospos* of Naples for the last three years with amusement.

For nine months M. Couvreaux had been entirely occupied with the study of every work ever written on the guillotine. Several books were found in his apartment treating of the manner of death of those who have suffered by this instrument. The question of pain was one which occupied his attention most of all; and, as he possessed some talent for drawing, a vast collection of sketches of heads in every position as falling beneath the axe, with the various contractions of nerve created by the different directions given to the edge, or the degree of rapidity with which the knife was made to descend upon the neck of the victim. The result of the inquiry must have been favorable to this mode of exit from the world, for, henceforth shutting himself up in his own room, he devoted his whole time to the construction of a guillotine for his own private use and gratification—a self acting instrument, effective, easy, and sure in its operation. As success began to crown his experiment, his labors became eager and more unceasing. He seldom left his room but for the purchase of the materials necessary for his great work. The knife was tried on living fowls and rabbits, to the great amazement of the inmates of the hotel, who had ended in proclaiming the unhappy man a "strago," or sorcerer of the deepest dye. None passed the door of his room without making the sign of the cross and muttering a prayer, in the full conviction that the most deadly incantations were being pursued night and day by the "strago," who had power to blight with all sorts of curses those who dared to thwart him or oppose his wishes. The master of the hotel alone, who had found his money quite as profitable as that of others, denied these charges, and sent in his bills without the smallest fear of the magic power of his guest. When the instrument at which he had worked with the greatest steadfastness was completed, he set it up in the doorway between the two rooms he occupied The axe had been duly sharpened, and balanced with sixty kilogrammes of lead, to insure its swift descent.

With a Frenchman's taste he then proceeded to the ornamental part of the design. He enclosed the grim machine beneath crimson velvet hangings, then placed a table covered with black cloth under the axe, and built steps below the whole to enable him to ascend; and, as there is always something of the grotesque mingled with the Frenchman's vagaries, he took the precaution of placing a soft white pillow by the table, so that his head might fall easily and lie with picturesque grace when severed from the body. When every preparation was thus completed, he sat down to the piano and played with great sentiment and feeling a hymn to the Virgin, of his own composition. It was heard by those promenading on the quay below. There must have been something peculiar in the sound, for the people stopped to listen, and the landlord, who was lolling against the door-post, said to the people gathered: "The performer is my French lodger. He plays well enough, does he not? Well, whenever he dies it will be in the skin of the greatest madman this earth ever bore." When the strain was concluded the listeners dispersed, and ran to see the performance of Punch, a little further on; but Couvreaux, in the costume of white flannel he had ordered for the occasion, mounted the steps of his tiny scaffold, and, lying quietly down with his eyes raised so as to behold the descent of the knife, let go the pulley and launched himself into the spirit world, from which no man has ever returned. The next morning the body was discovered by the waiter, and great was the consternation of the inhabitants of Castellamare when this new means of self-destruction became revealed. As may be supposed, the hotel was visited by the whole population, until the brothers of the Pieta came to convey the corpse away. By a strange coincidence it was observed that the head had fallen exactly in the position marked as easiest of all by the hand of M. Convreaux beneath one of the sketches in the album of guillotined heads he had left behind. His will, written in a clear bold hand, was laid upon the table. After disposing of his fortune among his relations in a completely rational and natural manner, he bequeaths some few thousand francs to "the people of the hotel," and it is this sum which has become the subject of dispute through the miserable cupidity of the family.

THE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

TO understand the value of the Sewing Machine, and the happy changes which it has effected in the social and family relations, one must be familiar with the quiet house holds, scattered throughout the East and West, the North and South, of this great and thriving country.

Everywhere in the interior domestic, assistance of any kind is so difficult to be obtained, that it is scarcely looked for, and every good housewife relies upon her own exertions, not only to keep her house in order, her larder well supplied with the essential luxuries of home-made bread, cake, and pies, but her own, the children's and frequently her husband's wardrobe furnished with all the useful, if not the ornamental articles of dress.

This necessity provided an immense amount of work for one pair of hands to perform—the female head of the house, the hard-tasked wife and mother, found not a moment for relaxation. The drudgery of the kitchen was succeeded by that of the work-basket, whose pile of shirts and small garments seemed never to decrease. Not a moment of time could be afforded for the gratification of any simple fancy, even in ornamental needlework, all, to the last moment, and far into Saturday night, was exhausted in the necessities of the plainest work upon little aprons, frocks, and drawers, and the inevitable weekly collection of family mending.

In a large number of these households, the case is now widely different; the Sewing Machine, generally the GROVER & BAKER, occupies an honored place in the family sitting-room, and accomplishes more and better than the most skillful seamstress. It is in a sense, which only those can appreciate who have known what it is to sew all the household garments by hand, the family friend. It is looked upon with eyes of real affection.

The interior of a country house, at this season of the year, is as pleasant as can be imagined; and it is made so, in a great degree, by the presence of the Sewing Machine. An hour's work in the afternoon, upon a bright, rapid, wonder-working GROVER & BAKER, will accomplish more than could be done by a weary hand working almost into midnight. It will not only finish the dozen shirts in "less than no time," but it will tuck drawers and chemises, ruffle night gowns, stitch trousers, quilt linings and coverlids, and all this, and much more, with such strength, beauty, and precision, as would throw the neatest hand-work into the shade.

A Sewing Machine needs only to be purchased once in a lifetime; it is therefore of the greatest importance to get the best; the one which, all things considered, is most perfectly adapted to meet the requirements.

This we sincerely believe, and the opinion is corroborated by the highest authorities in the community, is the GROVER & BAKER Machine, making the celebrated "GROVER & BAKER" stitch, the only stitch, as far as we know, sufficiently elastic to be adapted to all kinds of family sewing.

The peculiar qualities of the GROVER & BAKER Machine, are strength, beauty, elasticity, and versatility, or adaptation to any kind of work. It compasses the whole range of family sewing completely, and without any of the vexatious delays in rewinding, fastening, and finishing, which are common to other machines, and which occupy so much time, and waste so much material. It makes a beautiful, smooth, elastic seam upon cloth or cambric, which *gives* when it is washed or stretched without breaking, and in which every stitch is so firmly *locked*, that the seam can be cut off between every half dozen stitches without impairing its strength.

The single objection urged sometimes by competitors is, that the GROVER & BAKER Machine uses up a great deal of thread. The GROVER & BAKER Machine does not *waste* thread; there is no breaking and fastening of stitches, no threads dangling at the end of each seam; the machine fastens each end off, itself, and the thread used is all employed to strengthen the seam and render it elastic.

The GROVER & BAKER stitch is the only one that can be properly used upon *bias* seams, and is therefore adapted to an immense variety of garments containing such seams, and also seams which are subjected to much stretching and wear. In addition to the fact that no rewinding and no fastening is required, a great deal of time, and temper too, is saved to the operator, by the simplicity, regularity, and ease of the various movements, the adjustment without change of tension to different kinds of work, and the method by which it is thrown from the machine, without delay or embarrassment, and also in such way as to enable the operator to maintain a pleasant and graceful position.

For dressmakers, the GROVER & BAKER is the only suitable machine; it is the only one that will accomplish satisfactorily, and with an immense saving of time, all the plain sewing, stitching, and quilting, which they have to accomplish.

For the heads of families it is equally valuable. *It will do everything.* It is simple, reliable, perfect in its operation, easy to be understood, *not* easy to get out of order, and gives such thorough satisfaction, as to leave no room for complaint.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

AMUSEMENTS.

AT the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings, *Jack Cade* was performed. This being one of Mr. Forrest's specialities—a character written for him, and adapted especially to his style of acting—it was personated with great impressiveness, and drew immense audiences. On Wednesday *Damon* was played and on Thursday *Lear*. Both characters (as rendered by Mr. Forrest) being favorite parts with the public, the attendance was large. Last evening *Othello* was performed.

The dashing comedy of *Ruy Blas* will be the attraction for this afternoon and evening.

Next week closes the engagement of Mr. Forrest. The plays announced are: *Jack Cade*, Monday and Wednesday evenings; *Virginius*, Tuesday evening; *Richelieu*, Thursday evening: *Macbeth*, Friday evening.

Richelieu will be performed on Thursday evening, in compliance with the wishes of suburban Oaklanders, who have heard of Forrest, and have chartered a steamer especially to witness his rendering of that character.

MUSICAL.—The Italian Opera Troupe, announced to appear at the Metropolitan Theatre, consisting of the Bianchis and imported talent, will probably not be ready to open their season before the middle or latter part of July. However, we are likely to have a season of English Opera at the Academy of Music before that time, if favorable winds will but waft the good ship *Japan*, now fully due from Melbourne, to our shores. This combination is known as the "Howson Troupe," and last played a successful season at the Royal Haymarket Theatre in Melbourne. The troupe consists of Frank Howson, Conductor; F. A. Howson, Baritone; H. Herberti, Tenor; Miss Emma Howson, Soprano; Miss Clelia Howson, Contralto; and two other members for utility parts. The male members of the troupe are said to have average professional abilities, and the young ladies are the reputed possessors of excellent musical qualifications, blooming youth, and charming beauty. How-soon they'll be here, ask of the "winged winds." They come under an engagement to Mr. Maguire; and the coming of this troupe undoubtedly gave origin to the current street report, that the old Lyster Troupe were on their way here.

A MUSICAL CITY. — The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Throughout the season, whenever there was a suitable hall to be obtained, we have had a well-filled concert; and now, late as it is, we have several more on the tapis. Besides these, we have an organized Harmonic Society, where there is practice every week, as there is at all our numerous churches. New Orleans may, therefore, well claim to be the musical city of the Union; and whether it be native, or German, or Italian, or French, or Spanish, every new piece, if it have merit, is immediately obtained and brought out."

THE FOURTH, we learn, will be celebrated in this city with unusual display. Everything is working harmoniously, and most of the societies and associations, as well as the military organizations, have signified their intention to turn out in full force, with a zeal and fervor worthy of the glorious occasion.

PROGRESS REPORT.—The officers of the California Building and Savings Bank, California street, made report to their Board of Directors, at their last sitting in which are the following items:

1866—April.	Deposits received and instalments of loans,	$133,300 75
May.	Deposits received and instalments of loans,	134 116 85
		$267,417 60

Over a quarter of a million of dollars in two months!

Loans on mortgages made in the same period	$33,902 54
Invested in S. F. gold bearing bonds, same period	50,000 00

This speaks well for an institution that was begun five years ago upon a capital of one thousand dollars, gathered in twenty-dollar pieces, from about thirty original members.—*Morning Call.*

NO LADY OF FASHION thinks of going to a party or making a morning call without first adorning and beautifying her complexion and skin with that elegant, innocent and fragrant, toilet article—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all Druggists.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—Those living in the southern portions of the city are reminded that at Tyler Brothers' School-Book Store, in the new brick block, corner of Market and Third streets, they can obtain everything in the way of school-books and stationery at the lowest prices.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache und inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nnrsery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obned everywhere at one dollar per hottle.

LYON'S MAONETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can he relied upon, and for a mere two hits we can save the *bites* and hills of these little pests. Noue is genuiue unless signed hy E. Lyon, and hearing the private stamp of Demas Darues & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

Tbey purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy uppetite.
They are au autidote to change of water and diet.
They strengtheu the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmutic and intermitteut fevers.
They purify the breatb and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipution.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exbausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and ure taken with the pleasure of a heverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommeuded to delicate persous requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold hy all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our privute U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled hottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was nnbearahle. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cuses of wounds, swellings, sprains, cnts, bruises, spavius, etc., either npon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. Noue is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate eugravings, hearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservatiou from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebruted KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the bair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a eheup and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—In regard to this company the "Wall Street Underwriter" says: "Figures are potent arguments to employ in dealing with the affairs of any Insurance Company. The Twenty-Third Annual Report of 'The Mntual,' made up to the first of February instant, is published in this paper, and the resnlts manifested upon it are well worthy of consideration. In the first instance, as the prime result of the past year's work, the gross assets of 'The Mutual' show an

Increase of	$2,549,871 02
Total increase in premium account is	1,083,565 34
The total iucome of $3,853,065 80 is an increase of	1,003,199 24
The full dishursements for 1860, were	1,540,130 62
Number of policies issued Feh. 1865 to Feh. 1866, were 8,600—insuring over double the number of 1864, and over douhle the amount, viz	31,394,407 00

All approving comment seems hald in the presence of the truly eloquent figures presented hy the 'Mutual Life.' No record of success can he more complete for any financial institution in the world. Wherever Life Insurance has heen heard of on the American Continent, tbe name and prestige of the great 'Mutual' of New York, stand out pre-eminent. Many successful modern companies have grown up to prosperity through the example and influence of the 'Mutual Life.' Its great success, its wealth, and its manifest advantages have been constantly referred to as incontrovertible arguments in favor of Life Insurance." "The Mutual Life" bas paid losses on this coast (includiug dividends,) during the last four years, to the amount of $101,819 02, and among the recent losses to he paid are policies for $5,000 each, of Francis E. Webster and W. L. Haven, who were hoth killed by the nitro-glycerine explosion at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., in addition to which amounts, there is to he paid uhout $1,200 for accrued dividends. *S. F. Examiner.*

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy hecame unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of tbe *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid.* The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get u pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is hut the signal of skill, und follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are persoually acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years nnder chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, hut without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to unnounce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to estahlisb his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of bis own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manuer that must be gratifying to ull his patients. He examines, hears, advises, aud recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject ut pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge uuless be effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, aud no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to cousult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obcdience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES.—If you want a trim neat, light, and yet durable style of huggy or car riage, go to Nos. 37 and 39 Webh street, betweeu Sacramento and California, where you will find just sucb a vehicle as will suit your taste. POLLARD & CARVILL not only deal in these articles, but manufacture them to order, aud do repairing, painting, triuming and blacksmithing with dispatch and neutness. Go and see them.—*California Leader.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some heautiful new style Gar'haldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of tbe attention of our lady readers. Tbey have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnisbing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmiugs, may always be found at Goldsmith's, 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could he cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourue cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without uny hope of relief, when a friend, heuring of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in tbree days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was hy them lifted into the hath, yet, on coming out of the hath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and witbout assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a frieud's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve haths when, all paiu and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do tbis little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see tbis. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases knowu to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Theu guard yourselves while you may. Tbe smallest pimple on tbe skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, aud death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, hy subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; tbeir Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historiau, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

CONCORD WAGONS AND HARNESS.—The Pacific Concord Carriage Manufactory is prepared to supply the Pacific Coast with Concord wagons and harness made to order. The members comprising this firm have long heen in the employ of the celebrated manufacturing house of L. Downing & Son, Concord, New Humpshire; so that parties wishing Concord wagons or harness can ohtain just the same quality of article here and save 25 per cent. on their purchase money. We have seen some of their workmanship, and can recommend it to the public Address Belduke & Co., 820 Folsom street, between Fourth and Fifth.—*San Francisco Leader.*

DAINTY WORK.—Abont the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of bair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kiuds of ornaments—from human hair. We wit uessed tbe process of manufacture, and it is intricate and iugenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Exam iner.*

WAGONS.—Every species of wagons that any one can need, made of the best material, well fitted aud finished, can be found at the Depot of MILLS & EVANS, 587 Market street, two doors from Second. Light, Express, Milk and Thoroughbrace wagons, also Lumber Gears, Extra Poles and Whiffletrees, with Lead Bars, are kept constantly on hand.—*California Leader.*

FOR the best finished, fashionable hats, go to McGann & Co.'s, Hutters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. *J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.*
Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universaiist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Forty-second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Col. Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
je24-4m NEW YORK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other prepation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets

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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
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THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

ON SATURDAY, - - JULY 14TH,
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CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

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Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

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Are Palatable to the Taste.

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BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from

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Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

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CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS,

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

On Bash-st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. my5-3m

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.
mar24-6m Main street, Petaluma.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

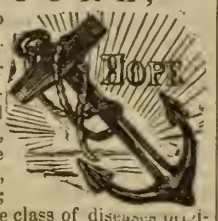
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

AYER'S
AGUE CURE,



FOR THE SPEEDY AND Certain Cure of Intermittent Fever, or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Agus medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
my26-2m and all Dealers.

DRY GOODS.

BARGAINS

IN

BLACK SILKS! And still a FEW DRESES LEFT OF THAT BEAUTIFUL AND MUCH-ADMIRED DRESS GOODS,

"*SUNBURST!*"

S. MOSGROVE,
222 Third street, Colton's Building.
je 1-tf

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,



530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 18,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. mar15 3m

COME AND SEE ME!



DR. JOHN HEALD,

DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED TO THE
CORNER KEARNY AND CALIFORNIA STS,

Where he will be pleased to see all old friends, and plenty of new ones. Every variety of Dental Operations performed in the best manner, and at prices that shall suit all persons. ☞ENTRANCE ON CALIFORNIA SREET. ap28-3m

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petaluma.
mar24-6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 and 202 Montgomery street,
Corner of Bush, - - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison.)

Printers and Electrotypers,

413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome.)
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.

Stamps of all kinds made to order.

Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 8 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. my3-3m

SMOKE
THE PATENT
RUSSIAN
CIGARETTES,
MANUFACTURED BY
GIBB & STAHL,



S.W. COR. KEARNY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ For sale at all Cigar Stores. ap28 3m

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,

53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the considerationdoes not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchnage notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fructional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdruwal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each ndd'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 husbels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each puck, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fructional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50

Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
The Westminster Review (Radical.)
The North British Review (Free Church.)
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

TERMS FOR 1866.

For any one of the Reviews, per annum.....$4
For any two of the Reviews, per annum..... 7
For any three of the Reviews, per annum.....10
For all four of the Reviews, per annum.....12
For Blackwood's Magazine, per annum..... 4
For Blackwood and one Review, per annum.... 7
Blackwood and any two of the Reviews, per an..10
Blackwood and three of the Reviews, per annum.13
Blackwood and the four Reviews, per annum....15

CLUBS.

A discount of *twenty per cent.* will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus, four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to *one address* for $12 80. Four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood, for $48, and so on.

POSTAGE.

When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the Union will be but *Twenty-four Cents* a year for Blackwood, and but *Eight Cents* a year for each of the Reviews

REDUCED PRICES FOR PREVIOUS YEARS.

Subscribers may obtain the Reprints immediately preceding 1866, as follows, viz:

Blackwood from September, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, at the rate of $2 50 a year.

The North British from January, 1865, to December, 1865, inclusive; the Edinburgh and the Westminster from April, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, and the London Quarterly for the year 1865, at the rate of $1 50 a year for each or any Review.

A few copies yet remain of all the Four Reviews for 1863 at $4 a set, or $1 50 for any one.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
38 Walker street, New York.

GREAT ATTRACTION!



Lamott, - - - Hatter,

IS NOW THE MAN! HE IS READY WITH HIS
BROADWAY STYLES FOR THE
Spring of 1866.

JUST SEE THE DIFFERENCE between his styles and the others in this city. There is style about his Hats that does not appear in others.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS!

LAMOTT, 227 Russ Block, is bound to be the LEADER of Fashions.

LAMOTT'S SPRING STYLES

show taste. It is a good thing that you have a man among you who is willing to take a stand outside of others, to introduce a style that is new, and not follow in the wake of others that are about one year behind the times.

GO TO HIS STORE FOR A HAT,
No. 220.....*Montgomery street*,
and get something that is new. je22-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
my28 Liedsadorff street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL HOMESTEAD Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Capital Stock, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the
TURK STREET RAILROAD,
IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,
and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
ja1 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

BALD-HEADED GENTLEMEN,

Who frequent the Parquet of Theatres, exciting by their grotesque appearance the merriment of Ladies in the Dress Circle, would profit by using Little & Co.'s Chinese

Vegetable Hair Restorative.

The proprietors of this astonishing remedy for Baldness, confident of its infallibility, agree to refund the purchase money in every instance where its use for three months, according to directions, is unattended with success. Price per jar, $2.50.

Manufactured by Little & Co.; sold by
CHAS. E. HINCKLEY & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists,
Southeast corner of Clay and Kearny streets,
ap21 San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JUNE 30th, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Watkins.
(Connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street*,

A CARD.

D. WARREN SMITH

Has commenced his business of canvassing the city for subscribers for

MIDDLETON'S OIL PORTRAITS,
the series of which embrace
WASHINGTON AND MARTHA, LINCOLN,
WEBSTER, CLAY, DOUGLAS, GRANT,
SHERMAN, and JACKSON.

Mr. Smith will call at the business places of our city, and at dwellings at reasonable hours, and exhibit some of the above beautiful Oil Portraits. He hopes to meet with success, as the Pictures are worthy a place in every drawing-room in our country. AGENT'S HEADQUARTERS,

JOHN MIDDLETON & SONS,
my26-2m 404 Montgomery street.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO, May 9, 1866.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, held on the 5th inst., it was resolved to increase the Capital Stock of the corporation to $5,000,000, gold, to take effect on

THE FIRST DAY OF JULY NEXT,

and the President and Cashier were authorized to receive subscriptions for $2,000,000 of said capital stock. Parties desirous of subscribing will make application at the Bank, either personally or by letter, when further details will be given.

D. O. MILLS, President.
my20-1m W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour; instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

mb25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, JUNE 23, 1866.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - - 25

Mr. John McCullough,

SUPPORTED BY THE OPERA HOUSE COMPANY, will appear in the comedy of

RUY BLAS!

THE NEXT WEEK WILL BE THE

LAST WEEK OF

EDWIN FORREST,

WHO WILL PERSONATE

JACK CADE, - - - - - - - MONDAY
VIRGINIUS, - - - - - - - TUESDAY
JACK CADE, - - - - - - WEDNESDAY
RICHELIEU, - - - - - - THURSDAY.
MACBETH, - - - - - - - - FRIDAY

Reserved Seats.....$1 50
Dress Circle and Parqnet..... 1 00
Upper Circle..... 50

LOW PRICES

IN

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

AT

WARD'S SHIRT STORES,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET,

AND CORNER OF MARKET AND THIRD STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

P. S.—Printed directions for self-measurement for Shirts and Price Lists of Goods sent free by mail.
ap21-3m

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
my19 1m SAN FRANCISCO

FOURTH OF JULY, 1866.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed Grand Marshal of the Ceremonies for the coming Anniversary of the Independence of the United States, hereby respectfully invites the different Military, Fireman and Civic Societies in this city to participate in the celebration, and requests the officers of the same to send immediate notice of acceptance to the office of the Marshal, Nos. 25 and 26 Montgomery Block.

The proposed celebration is intended to be one of the grandest ever held in San Francisco, and, in view of the peculiar circumstances attending the present Anniversary, it is hoped that a full representation of the above-mentioned societies will assist in giving honor to the day.

As peace has again visited our Nation it is especialy appropriate that the whole people should unite in publicly showing their gratitude and joy on the occasion referred to; and a demonstration such as intended to be made will go far toward showing the patriotism which still endears the memory of the Birthday of America.

je23 2t WILLIAM G. BADGER, Grand Marshal.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

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WILL THIS DAY OFFER,

At a Reduction of 25 per ct.,

200 dozen Super Merino Shirts and Drawers,
100 dozen Super Lamb's Wool Shirts and Drawers;
100 dozen Silk Shirts and Drawers;
100 dozen Cotton Flannel Snirts and Drawers;
75 dozen French Linen Shirts;
200 dozen Cotton Half-Hose;
150 dozen Merino Half-Hose.

ALSO,

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS, NECK-TIES, COLLARS, ALEXANDRES'S BEST KID GLOVES, ETC.

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LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

Wholesale House, 107 *Battery street,*
je23 Between Pine and California streets.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BATHS.
Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

AUCTIONEERS.
Olney & Co., removed to 418 Montgomery street.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.
S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgumery st.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Cosmopolitan, White & Lafferty, Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Bigelow & Brn., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

MILLINERS.

PAPER HANGINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.
H. Ward, 132 Third street.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE.
Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speon, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulnann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 324 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. ' . Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
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Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

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For Sale by Druggists generally.

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The Showman; The Commanders of our Forces;
The Game of Familiar Quotations;
Protean Cards, or the Box of 100 Games;
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The Game of Courtship and Marriage;
The Shakspearian Game;
The Game of Battlefields of our Fathers;
The Game of Young Peddlers;
The Langhable Game of Red, White and Blue;
The Game of School in an Uproar;
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The Game of Gipsy Fortune Teller;
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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 6. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 30, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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GENERALITIES.

SUNDAY opened perspiringly—it was warm—and the pursuit of a view from the top of Telegraph Hill was attended with some mopping of the forehead, and reminiscenees of Doctor Bourne's Baths, where Mrs. Pilkington was *not* suffocated.

Foreign climes may be worth a visit, but a climb up Telegraph Hill, one of the still warm mornings, answers all purposes. You can get warm enough to remind you of India, and there are the India Warehouses at your feet to help out the hallucination; and, as for a view, I don't believe you can find a prettier one in any country. If this don't suit, go down the coast until you reach Russian Hill, and wind yourself up Jobson's spiral elevator—when you reach the top, you are ready to offer yourself as a cork-screw, and probably are thirsty enough to wish for a bottle to try yourself on. Almost everybody on the staff of THE CALIFORNIAN went to church, certainly. Some wicked people went into the country, and the San José Railroad carried down several hundred seekers after fresh air—although, for that matter, all one has to do is to open his mouth any hour after noon, and, if he don't get his fill of air and dust together, it is because he don't open it wide enough. There *is* a slight difference, however, between the air in the country, laden, as it is, with the refreshing odors of new-mown hay and sweet fern and the spicy gales of Araby, from the vicinity of the Mission and Butcherville. No wonder the eloquence of the Rev. Doctor Stone, the fervor of Mr. Wadsworth, the earnestness of Mr. Wyatt, fail to bring *all* the people within the sanctuary of a Sunday. They have no reason, however, to complain; their churches are full to overflowing.

THE chance of seeing a woman killed or drowned was a great attraction out at the Cliff House—Mademoiselle Celeste having announced that she would walk the waters on a wire suspended from the balcony of the Cliff House to the rocks where the sea lions are wont to sport and gambol (they can't have heard of the law against gambling.) THE CALIFORNIAN, being at church, did not of course witness the feat, but those who did say she accomplished it without falling off on to the jagged rocks and being killed, and from thence rolling into the surf and being drowned, much to the disappointment of those who went down to witness a catastrophe.

There has been a good deal of wire-pulling, and some remarkable acrobatic performances, by our real estate men on both the slack and taut rope, but they have contrived to preserve their equilibrium and not split upon the rocks—their performances being over the sand hills; and their profits have been much greater than those of the sylphlike Celeste, without the risk. No charge was made in this case—and the lions of the town and those of the sea, on the rocks, were alike complimentary guests. What must have been the wonder of the assembled family of sea lions that morning, as they basked in the sunshine, and from their sleepy eyes beheld the crowd of people on the cliffs opposite; and, when the maiden, all forlorn, launched herself out upon the frail foothold, and progressed towards their brine-dashed lodgings, what an interchange of conjectures there must have been! Fancy the horror of the old king lion, as he saw her approaching, to have his dominions invaded by a crinolined mortal in that uncelestial manner—and the jealousy of the lioness to perceive that she was making all the advances! They say the lions stood it for a time, but finally, at a signal from the old king, and with roars, they plunged into the surf—not the first instance of kings being made to get up and dust by a woman. Hereafter, let that old sea lion be known as Joseph. He probably takes a Mormon view of matrimony, doubtless has a harem quite equal to any elder potentate, and should not therefore object to another wife being sealed to him, nor let one more make it a case of harem scare 'em.

—

MONDAY opened like one of Capt. Cropper's oysters with a fresh smell of salt atmosphere, suggestive of cool sea-weeds and that refreshing odor of surf on a smooth beach. The wind was from Contra Costa and was consequently pure, but whether from Alameda, Oakland, or coastwise we can't say. The honors are open to appropriation, but the zephyrs certainly were *not* from the region of Brannan's "Suburban Homes for the People," out Missionwards. By the way, that is a brilliant idea to thus provide people homesteads in the country. Only think of the delights of a home within horse-railroad distance of the cramped up city; to go home of an evening and find your little yellow-tailed dog standing at the gate trying to get a wag out of his narrative which involves spasms on account of the tightness of the kink; to see, inside the enclosure, your pig, the children, the chickens, all living in a harmonious state of dry-dustiveness, and all these country delights reduced to a scale within the meanest comprehension. "Suburban Homes for the People;" all the advantages of a country residence, and convenient to the city, and all got out of 25 by 80! Who wouldn't go two miles into the country to obtain a house with such extensive farming privileges?—25 by 80! What a field for an agricultural genius! no pent-up Utica, etc.

—

TUESDAY—Hot again, and all the female world rejoicing in the opportunity to spread their gossamers and furs. It takes a real hot morning to bring out all the largest fur capes. A lady has just passed in a muslin dress and panting under a large sable cape. Poor thing! she is a victim to that cape; she has it and *must* wear it.

What jolly hats are these the girls are now wearing—reversed wash-basins, or more decidedly Chinese. In China the Mandarins wear them with a little nob on top, and one, two, or three tails hanging down, according to rank. The girls look decidedly nobby without the nob, but they don't omit the tails. Won't somebody translate these streamers? They must have a meaning. The language of ribbons might be made interesting and profitable. Let them designate the state of affairs clearly, so that all who run may read and not make any miss-takes.

THE *Alta* has an article on Roman-Turkish Baths. It suggests that the Romans probably took the idea from the Greeks. Shouldn't wonder, for the Greeks generally look as if they had lost it. This hot weather should make business for the Sanitariums, for one has an uncompromising desire to take a plunge under every passing sprinkling-cart.

S. F. TAYAC up before the Police Court for selling short on a liquor transaction—charged with selling two gallons and delivering only one and three-quarters—for which, if it is of the usual quality sold around town, the complainant out to be thankful, and not make a fuss about it—for the less he got the better he was off. Defendant, probably, taking the measure of the man, concluded he would not hold two gallons, and, believing in measure for measure, gave him all he could stow below decks. (Acquitted.)

MR. SCHROUBSTADTER, the tenor, undertook to play the *role* of "Mazeppa" on a wild horse at Oakland, and rolled off. The horse did not mind his time, and ignored the Adagio movement., Mr. S. took the so low part, and came to a dead rest upon the sand. Result: a few strains not in the overture.

THE Masonic fraternity held a picnic at the People's Park, St. John's Day, and found a Lodge in that brief wilderness. Some chicken salad, and some cold water they took down in black bottles, did not pay any freight back. The People's Park is a dry and thirsty spot, and people who go down there seem generally well aware of the fact, which gives rise to a conundrum: When do the Chinese form a large part of the travel on these pienies? When demijohns go down. (There will be no extra charge for THE CALIFORNIAN this week on account of this *goak*.)

THE ladies are looking for the man who calls their hoops the hinder-pest. Some fellow makes a great fuss about the indecency of the present fashion in crinoline, whereupon somebody asks if that chap can't stand it, if the ladies can; that is what might be termed a "settler."

W. C. ANNANS, of New York, (we knew him in old times as a merchant here) has commenced suit against the "Star of Hope." What a shame! Has hope told a flattering tale, and then gone short of it? Who will commence the persecution against "the light of other days?" The *Star of Hope*, we would mention *en passant*, is a ship. We hope both will win—which relieves us from the charge of partiality.

AN advertisement in the *Alta* of yesterday says that the female Blondin, Celeste, will, at the Cliff House, Sunday morning, perform "*the most terrific feet ever attempted by any woman in the world.*" Go and see the feet!

Catastrophe.—A young lady, blinded by the dust, and confused by the gyrations of her crinoline, at that windy corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, yesterday, put her foot in it (her hoop,) and fell as gracefully as circumstances would permit. She recovered herself just in time to deprive the editorial staff of THE CALIFORNIAN, and a compounder of potent potions opposite, of the pleasure of restoring her equilibrium. She requested us not to put her in the paper, and we wouldn't have done it, but her case just fills the space so nicely.

PODGERS.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE Forrest season of six weeks, the most successful one ever played at the Opera House, closed with last night's performance of *Macbeth*. The attendance during the last week was better than that which greeted the opening week of the season. After a respite, and a trip to the Springs, Mr. Forrest will give us another season, in which he will appear in some favorite characters held in reserve for his farewell engagement. On Monday evening, Miss Kate Denin makes her appearance in *Camille*. Miss Denin played an engagement in this city some twelve years back, accompanied by her sister, and gave evidence of considerable talent, though then a mere girl. If report may be credited, the girl has grown into a tall and comely woman, and has become an actress of refinement and culture, whose "Camille" and other characterizations have a merit worthy of even greater celebrity than they possess. Miss Denin will be supported by Mr. John Wilson, a most familiar name, but not to be confounded with that of *our* John Wilson, of the Heavenly and Terrestrial Circus and Hippodrome, now in Australia. The present John Wilson comes to us with fair recommendations for histrionic ability, but puts in no claim to being a hippocentaur.

Romeo and Juliet will constitute the bill for to-day's *matinée*. This evening, the most worthy "Howards No. 3" will take their benefit, and present *Ruy Blas* and *Cool as a Cucumber* for the entertainment.

—

THE Howson Opera Troupe will open in *La Sonnambula* in English, at the Academy of Music, on Monday next The members who formed the very efficient chorus of the last Italian Opera Troupe have been engaged for the Howson Troupe, and are already holding rehearsals.

JUMP'S last subject for caricature, now adorning the show-windows, is Dr. Jordan's Anatomical Museum. Jump appears to be unintimidated by either the newspaper corps, earthquakes, legislative assemblies, or scientific institutions. They all become subjects of his talent for the grotesque and the ludicrous. We expect that when the rider of the pale horse comes along to harpoon Jump, he will afford an opportunity for the artist's farewell caricature, to be published for the benefit of the Jumps he leaves behind.

SCARLET RECOLLECTIONS.

I.

I MUST go back some fifteen years or more, before the days of volunteers and Enfield rifles, Armstrong guns and iron-plated frigates, learned ensigns and competitive examinations, back to the "good old time" when a little interest at the Horse Guards and £450 at your banker's were all the requisites for a commission in her Majesty's service.

How well I remember that eventful evening, when our red-faced butler, with an air of greater stateliness than usual, presented before my longing eyes the official-looking envelope, inscribed with the magic letters, "O. H. M. S." "Hurrah! I'm gazetted! Three cheers for everybody! The Two-Hundredth Royal Slashers! Headquarters at Athlone! To join on the first of February. I do believe I shall go mad!" Ah well, I was only a boy, remember. Scarcely six months before, I had sat in a round jacket on a hard form at school, and now I was an officer, with a glorious jumble before my mind's eye of scarlet, gold, sword jingling, sentry saluting, band playing, ladies admiring, men envying; mess dinners, garrison balls, picnics, and the like, not to speak of prospective castles in the air, beginning with daring feats in battle, and ending with a general's commission and K. C. B. I have the extract from that week's *Gazette* before me now:

"Two-Hundreth Royal Slashers.—Alfred Tombs, gentleman, to be Ensign, by purchase, *vice* William Henry Thompson, promoted."

Congratulations and rejoicings; much strutting about the streets of Chickenborough (our market town;) a great amount of visiting, and sundry parties given in honor of my new position; a grand winding up in the shape of a ball at home, whereat I appeared in uniform for the first time, was duly flattered, fancied myself killing, came to utter grief in returning thanks at supper, and drank far too much champagne. All this passed away like a dream. My outfit and all needful preparations were completed amidst a whirl of delightful excitement; leave-takings hurried through, and farewells uttered with a heart already in barracks at Athlone; and then—yes, and then—"*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*," I left the paternal roof, a young bear with all my troubles before me.

I am not going to inflict upon the reader a detailed account of the next few months. I "joined," went through the mysteries of the goose-step, turned out of bed for early recruit drill in a tight shell-jacket, learnt to take up my proper position at parade, mastered the "manual" and "platoon." Why should I go on? Are not all my male readers volunteers? And as to the ladies, they will gladly take everything for granted. Suffice it, the sergeant-major reported me fit for duty in about the usual time; I fell into the ordinary routine, experienced the dreary horrors of the guard-room, sat in judgment on disorderly privates at court-martial, went the usual tours of inspection through the men's rooms, and, in short, fulfilled all the arduous duties of a subaltern in her Majesty's Two-Hundreth Royal Slashers.

It is curious to notice what changes even so short a period as fifteen years may bring about. We wore epaulets, heavy with gold bullion; tight-fitting, long-tailed coatee, with white shoulder-belt; a shako, compared to which the present military headpiece is light as a feather; and—note carefully—not a vestige of moustache! As to the men, the tyranny of stock and pipeclay was ten times worse than at present, the knapsack twice as heavy, and Brown Bess—ponderous, uncertain Brown Bess—the weapon of the day. In numbers, again, our regiment aptly illustrated the short-sighted policy which dwarfed and cut down the army, until the Crimean campaign roused the military spirit of the nation. Numbering ten companies of nominally one hundred men each, we could scarcely muster more than six hundred and fifty, of all ranks on parade. Few companies had more than sixty men.

Each regiment has a certain character and standing in military circles. Ours had a peculiar reputation. It was noted as being the slowest for promotion in the whole army, and yet one of the most comfortable, pleasant, and wealthy corps in the service. The roll of field officers and captains had not changed for years, and the senior ensign had seen seven years' service. In fact, there was not a "youngster" in the regiment except the two junior ensigns—Lobley and your humble servant. Lobley was only my senior by a few months, and our two *Gazettes*, following one on the heels of the other, had been a ten days' wonder in every mess-room from Hythe to Galway. Such a thing as a couple of vacancies in the Two Hundredth was a perfect miracle. I need hardly say that the regiment prided itself upon its character for exclusiveness. Our mess was noted for its excellent *cuisine* and wines, its hospitality and late hours. "None of your mutton and Marsala concerns, sir, ours," was the boast of Jones, the messman; and he was right—it wasn't.

Moreover, curiously enough, what would irretrievably have damaged the character of most regiments only added to the brilliancy of ours. Nearly half our officers were married. The colonel, both majors, five captains, two brace of lieutenants, the paymaster and surgeon, were all Benedicts. None of them, of course, ever attended mess, except on state occasions; but then they all had money (or their wives had, which, of course, was the same thing,) kept open house, gave carpet-hops and whist-parties, to which we bachelors dropped in after mess, had pretty daughters or sisters-in-law, and caused the Two-Hundredth to be perfectly independent of foreign aid for picnic or party, to be well furnished with ladies for every species of amusement, and able to bid defiance to the dullest and most inhospitable quarters. Even what we lost in numbers round the mess-table was amply atoned for in the hearty good fellowship of the old campaigners who were left; "and, besides," as Hallett, our senior captain remarked, "there is all the more room for outsiders." We had generally a full complement of guests; and many a jolly Irish squire could tell tales of nights spent with her Majesty's Royal Slashers. No wonder that we two young cubs, Lobley and myself, thought there never was such a regiment, such a mess, and—*entre nous*—such Admirable Crichtons as ourselves.

II.

"The Crow's Nest, *Athlone*, Thursday, 16th.

"Dr. and Mrs. Crab request the pleasure of Mr. Tomb's company after mess this evening, to a friendly cup of tea."

So ran a letter which was put into my hands a little before mess one evening. Dr. Crab was our regimental surgeon—a veteran of twenty-five years' standing. He had been on leave ever since I joined, and had only returned a few days' previously. I had not even seen him as yet, and, if I might judge by report, he never invited any one to his quarters, except a few intimate old cronies. A very eccentric fellow in every way, and his wife a regular dragon.

I sat down next to Lobley at mess, and showed him the letter.

"Why, my dear fellow, I've just had an invite, too," was his rejoinder; and he pulled out a note to match.

"Ah," I observed, "I see it now. It's a general affair for the whole mess. The old boy has turned civil and wants to show us a little attention."

"Queer, though, that he should ask *us*, ain't it?" said Lobley.

"We've never been introduced, you know."

"And with such short notice, too," I added.

"Hollo! what's the matter there?" asked Fullarton, a lieutenant who sat opposite. "Are you two youngsters comparing love letters, or what?"

We told him.

"An invite from old Crabby! Hear it, every one! Lobley and Tombs are going to the doctor's this evening."

There was a general exclamation. All sorts of questions followed, and the notes were handed round the table. It appeared, on inquiry, that no one else was asked. It was very queer.

"I don't think I shall go," I said at last. "I don't know him."

"Nor I either," chimed in Lobley. "I had far rather stay here. It's such a bore dressing."

"Nonsense, lads!" exclaimed Captain Ross. "Dr. Crab is eccentric in all he does. We don't often have new-comers in the Slashers, and he wants to be a bit civil to both of you. It is quite an unusual piece of politeness for him."

"You know," said Hallet, very gravely, "he is one of our seniors, and you might as decently refuse to go to the colonel's. You'll get into hot water with the authorities if you decline."

"Moreover," laughed Fullarton, "you must remember, my infants, that this worshipful community consider it highly desirable that their youthful members should seize every opportunity of improving their minds and morals, and Mrs. Crab's society will do much towards both. Now, don't be angry, Tombs! It's for your good, I assure you."

The long and short of it was we put ourselves into dress-coats, and drove off in an inside car to the Crow's Nest. It was a glorious summer evening, and the mess-room windows were blocked up with grinning faces as we departed.

"Confound those fellows, how full of fun they are!" said Lobley, discontentedly.

"I half expect there's a joke in it somewhere!" I growled. "Anyhow, we won't stop long, if we can help it."

Dr. Crab lived nearly half a mile from barracks.

The Crow's Nest was a tumble-down, desolate structure, near the Shannon. A gaunt female answered our knock. "What is it ye want?" was her salutation as we stepped in.

"Dr. Crab is at home, of course?" I said.

"Sure an' he is. What then?" said the female, indignantly. "You're mighty free and easy, at all events," as we threw our caps on the hall table. "I'm thinking it's officers ye are from the barracks?"

"We are come to spend the evening with Dr. Crab," said Lobley, in a pompous tone. "Announce Ensigns Tombs and Lobley, will you?"

A horrible doubt seized me. There were no signs of guests being expected; the hall was but dimly lighted, and not over-tidy. At the same instant a gruff voice cried out, "What's the matter there, Bridget? What are you keeping the door open for?"

"Here's the masther, and maybe ye'll speak to him yourselves," said Bridget; and she took herself off without more ado.

There was another request from the gruff voice to know what was the matter, then anything but a proper exclamation, and finally a door was thrown open, and we were confronted by Dr. Crab. Never shall I forget the figure he presented. Extremely short, extremely stout, extremely red in the face, with his perfectly bald head surrounded by a ring of white hair, which stood up all round like a sort of ruff, while a pair of immense white whiskers covered his cheeks to such an extent, that nothing but a narrow passage was left for nose and chin; fierce little eyes, an old withered dressing-gown loosely wrapped round his body, finishing off with carpet slippers below. This was our host, and a pretty trio we made, staring at one another in stupid amazement.

"I think there is some mistake, sir," I faltered.

"I rather think there is, young gentleman," said the little man. "Dr. Crab, Two-Hundredth Royal Slashers, very much at your service."

"We—we received an invitation to spend the evening with you—at least, I mean to say, we thought so," stammered Lobley, who had turned very red.

"I have your note, sir, in my pocket—that is to say, the one which I supposed to come from you," I added, handing him the document with a polite bow, for he looked anything but amiable.

The little man took and looked at it, tore it deliberately in two, threw the fragments on the floor, and burst out into a fit of fury which made me wish myself safe on the other side of the hall door. He stamped and raved, hurled maledictions on the heads of all the mess, individually and collectively; vowed he'd have every one of them up before a court-martial, he'd call them out, he'd leave the service, he'd buy the biggest horsewhip in Athlone, and take it down to barracks the next morning; pending which time, he shook the crazy old house to its very foundations, kicked both the carpet slippers off, and shouted until he was nearly black in the face.

I had been vainly trying to get in a word of apology, but really the doctor was so violent, I began to fear we had to do with a raging lunatic. The only thing left for us seemed to be to cut and run. I looked at Lobley; he was already trying to pull back the door-latch. Alas! Dr. Crab was too quick for us.

"Stop that!" he roared. "Look here, young gentlemen; this is, no doubt, a very pleasant joke, but it's my turn now, and"—with an oath—"I'll make use of it. Be good enough to give me your names, and we'll see what Colonel Cox says to this to-morrow. A pretty state of things, to be bearded in my own house by a couple of impudent young scamps—ugh!"

"Upon my honor," Lobley was beginning, when the little savage cut him short with another forcible exclamation.

I do not know whether it was the evident absurdity of trying to pacify him, or the coarseness of his language which disgusted me, or what; but I recovered my self-possession all at once, and with a calmness which I have often wondered at since, though my heart was beating like a sledge-hammer, I said, "I tell you what, sir, it's quite enough to have been hoaxed and made a fool of, without being sworn at like a black. What you will do to-morrow I don't know and don't care. Come, Lobley, let us give this gentleman our cards and be off."

He glared at me in speechless astonishment. I handed the two cards for his acceptance. He took them, stared at us as we caught up our forage caps and made for the door, but seemed utterly dumfoundered. We opened the door—still not a word.

"Good evening, Dr. Crab," I said, as I stood in the doorway; "accept our apologies for having entered your house. You may be perfectly certain we shan't repeat the offence." And I shut the door after me, glad, if the truth must be known, that we were out of it.

But we were not. The door flew open again. With nothing on his feet but a pair of blue stockings, his dressing-gown flying behind him, no hat, and his red face smoking again with perspiration, the little man came rushing down the steps, and laid hold of me.

"Here, stop! Don't be a fool! I was too hasty—you're a trump! Come back! It is all right now. Come into the house, and let's be calm!" He jerked out the words at intervals, between a series of wheezy pantings for breath. And by the time he had finished, what with being taken by surprise, and strenuously pulled, I was inside the door again.

He got us both in; pushed, dragged, and talked us into a comfortable lighted room; made us sit down, and then fell back exhausted into an easy-chair. I would not have given a farthing for his sanity.

"Oof!" he snorted, as soon as he could speak, "that was a breather, and no mistake! Now, gentlemen, listen a moment. I am a passionate old dog; but I've gone too far. I'm sorry. I apologize. I might have known that you were simply humbugged by a set of fellows who ought to have known better However, I see it all now; you've been hoaxed, and that's the long and short of it. Now look here! take your choice. Saddle the high horse, stand on your dignity, walk out as you did just now, and go back in a rage to the barracks, to find yourselves a standing joke to the mess for many a day; or

stop where you are. I don't care much for youngsters, as a general rule, but I like *you*"—turning towards me—"for your pluck, and I dare say your friend will improve on acquaintance. I can give you a good glass of grog, or capital claret, if you prefer it, and a real Havana if you smoke; although you're both far too young to do anything of the sort. You shall stay with me till such time as Hallet and the rest have done waiting for your return to be grinned at. Then to-morrow you shall tell as many lies as you like about the pleasant evening old Crabby gave you, and forget altogether how he lost his temper. Eh? What do you say?"

What did we say? Why, of course we were inexpressibly delighted. Our eccentric host grunted his satisfaction, and set about his hospitable preparations. Suddenly he paused, and looked curiously at our costumes.

"Studs, dress-coat, and general get-up," he soliloquized, in a way that brought the color to our faces. "I tell you what, young uns, you're better suited for the drawing-room than this den of mine here. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just put on a coat and take you up stairs to Mrs. Crab. You've had as much wine as is good for you, I'll be bound, at mess; and I've got the nicest girl to show you between this and Galway. A niece of mine, brought over on a visit. Not going to let the Slashers get about her. No, no! far too good for them; but I'll make an exception with you. Besides," he added, with a peculiar grin, "Mrs. C. will be wondering what all the row's been about."

III.

"Mrs. Crab, Mr. Tombs. Mrs. Crab, Mr. — what's your name? Mr. Lobley. We've been having a little discussion, Mrs. Crab—nothing to speak of. This, gentlemen, is Miss Crab, come to kill half Athlone—eh, Maggie?"

"Uncle, how can you be so absurd?"

"Crab, for shame of yourself!"

The first ejaculation came from the young lady, the second from the old one. *Seniores priores*, let us sketch Mrs. Crab first.

Extremes meet, they say. Whatever good reasons Dr. Crab had for choosing his spouse, he certainly must have had an eye to contrast. He was little, stout, red-faced, snub-nosed, small-eyed, large-mouthed, loud-voiced, and blunt in the extreme. Mrs. Crab stood six feet in her stockings, was all angles and bones, had a face as yellow as a guinea (the effect of many years spent in Jamaica,) large hooked nose, over-hanging mouth, with the two front teeth unpleasantly prominent, wore spectacles, and talked in a shrill hissing tone, which set all your teeth on edge in an instant. The doctor was careless in dress, in manner, and everything else. Mrs. C. was all primness, propriety, stiffness, regularity, and decorum rolled into one body. Finally the doctor partook of all the good things of this life—solid and liquid—especially the latter, in utter disregard of gout or dyspepsia; while his lady was martyr to a perpetual liver-complaint, and starved herself in everything except a certain quack medicine—Professor Totley's pills—which she took herself, and distributed among her friends unsparingly, to the great horror of her worthy husband.

A great deal of all this, of course, I found out afterwards. All that I was conscious of at the time was a gaunt spectre of a woman, taller in reality than myself, and looking from her enormous length of dress a very giantess, who rose up from her seat like a many-jointed telescope, and acknowledged our bows with a stiff little jerk of her head, and a glance at her husband which said as plainly as possible, "Whatever have you brought these youths here for?"

But the other lady! My dear reader, I am approaching the most critical part of my narrative. Here is the heroine to be exhibited for your inspection, and really I cannot do her anything like justice. Looking back, the impression left upon my mind is that of a brown, saucy-looking brunette, with irregular features, curling hair clustering over a somewhat low forehead, large dark eyes, *nez retroussé* (I like disguising our blunt English phrase,) tolerable-sized mouth, and small elegant figure. "In fact, a very ordinary, commonplace girl altogether, eh, Mr. Tombs?"

Not at all, my dear reader; she was really one of the most charming creatures I have ever come across, irresistibly so. There was a piquant, saucy, boyish look about that face; a pleasant, merry, unembarrassed, yet perfectly ladylike grace in all her words and actions, which told immensely with the male sex. Your first idea was, "What a glorious boy that girl would make!" your second, "She's the jolliest girl I ever came across;" and then you got thoroughly bewitched, and went home to dream of her. Where the charm was hidden, whether in the hair that never would lie straight, or the laughing eyes that were always bewildering you with their brightness, or the little nose which violated every rule of classical beauty, or the pouting red lips which were seldom closed for two seconds together, or the dimpled chin, or where, you couldn't for the life of you tell. But one thing was certain, it lay somewhere, and that was all about it.

"Tea, Mrs. C.," said the doctor. "I told these young gentlemen how much better it was for them than guzzling all the evening. We'll go down to grog and smoke at ten. Never you say again, Miss Magpie, that I don't bring the red-coats to see you. Here are a couple. Talk away: but don't make too much noise: I want a nap." And thereupon he lay back in an easy-chair, threw a silk handkerchief over his head, and almost immediately favored us to a little snoring.

Six months in the Slashers had done a good deal for me, but still I was not over and above used to ladies' society. I glanced at Lobley; he was staring fixedly at a porcelain figure on the mantel-piece, and trying, apparently, to tear off one of his waistcoat buttons. Mrs C. made the tea in solemn silence. As to the young lady, I did not dare to look at her. There was a frightful pause, broken only by the doctor's snores. Suddenly a hearty burst of laughter rang through the room. "Margaret, my dear!" said Mrs. Crab, reprovingly.

"O, I really couldn't help it. It was so ridiculous, so like a Quakers' meeting! Come, Mr. Tombs, my uncle told us to talk. Can't you say something?"

There was something so comic in the face with which she spoke, that I could not help laughing with her. Somehow or other, my shyness all vanished. In five minutes we were the best friends in the world. Once loosened, my tongue went on wheels. I told her all my first impressions of the Two-Hundredth, described my brother officers, went through a good deal of innocent scandal, told a few mess-tales second-hand, and found myself prattling as only an ensign, not quite eighteen, can prattle, when totally at his ease. It seemed to amuse the young lady immensely. Meanwhile Mrs. Crab never spoke, except to check our merriment when it seemed likely to interrupt the veteran's snores, and Lobley fidgeted in his chair, and pretended to be engaged in a volume of *Views Up the Rhine*. I am ashamed to own it, but I rather exulted over him, and felt not a little proud of playing first fiddle to such an extent. He certainly looked anything but comfortable.

We got from barrack life back to an earlier date. I began describing Chickenborough, and my home there. Mrs. Crab pricked up her ears. "Are you the eldest son, Mr. Tombs?" she asked, turning her spectacles full upon me.

"Eldest and only one," I said.

"Sisters?"

"O yes—three."

"Large house?"

I described the house and grounds, not without an instinctive notion that she had no right to question me. If it had been the young lady it would have been very different. Mrs. Crab seemed quite altered. She multiplied her questions, until I had gone pretty fairly through all our domestic arrangements. Miss Crabb looked annoyed. Her aunt's face brightened considerably, and she asked me quite cordially to have another cup of tea.

"And where do *you* come from, Mr. Lobley?" said the giantess, turning round to my brother sub.

"Thank goodness," I thought, "there's somebody else in for it now."

Lobley had become thoroughly sulky. He replied very shortly—so grumpily, indeed, that I thought Mrs. C. would be offended. But she was not. I never saw any one so eager for domestic details. Lobley had no more chance with her than I had. In five minutes she had pumped out of him that he was the third son out of six; father an officer on half-pay, living in Germany; mother dead; he himself sent into the army by a rich uncle; with sundry other details fairly dragged out of him, to the evident increase of his ill-humor.

I began to think it was too bad, the catechizing had grown insufferable. Miss Maggie's face expressed the same feeling. Suddenly, with a jerk of her arm, intentional I believe, over went the round table at her elbow, with a teacup and a work-box on it. There was a crash, and up started the doctor, in time to hear Mrs. Crab's angry rebuke. He stretched himself and arose.

"There, that's enough. Pick up the pieces; why—bless me—it's after ten! Talked enough, Mag, eh? And how are the youngsters?" turning to Lobley and myself. "One of you looks bored. Mrs. C.'s had him in hand, I'll be bound. The other's so-so; he's been in your care, Miss Mag. Well, come, let's move down stairs, and have something hot. Ladies, time for you to go to bed."

"Before you go, Mr. Tombs," said the giantess, addressing me with a smiling face, very different from the one with which she had listened to poor Lobley's confession, "you must accept a little present, not ornamental, but useful. I always give one to my *friends* [a strong emphasis on the word,] and you must promise to use it—"

"Yes, put it behind the fire, or poison his worst enemy with it. What do you say so a dose of pills, Tombs, eh?" growled the doctor.

"Mr. Tombs is too sensible to be prejudiced by misrepresentations," said Mrs. Crab, producing, sure enough, a pill-box from her pocket. "Two taken every night at bedtime—"

"Will kill you in a week," interrupted her spouse.

I was beginning to see Mrs. Crab's weak points. "Thank you, ma'am," I struck in. "I will certainly try them."

Dr. Crab favored me with a stare. "Whew!" he whistled, "you're a deep one, or I'm much mistaken. Well, are we ready now? Isn't Mr. Lobley to have a box?"

"O thank you, I hate physic," said my friend, incautiously. Mrs. Crab glared at him vindictively through her spectacles. We said good night to the ladies. Miss Crab gave us a pleasant smile at parting. As to Mrs. C., she was barely civil to Lobley. The two elder brothers, added to the rejection of Totley's pills, had evidently settled him, once and forever in her estimation.

It was midnight before we left the Crow's Nest. Dr. Crab proved a most entertaining host. In his own peculiar gruff style, he jerked out anecdote after anecdote from the experience of a military life of twenty-five years spent in every quarter of the globe. The whiskey was excellent, the cigars ditto; although I am afraid we were very incompetent critics. Time passed away only too quickly. We rose as the clock struck twelve.

"Yes, yes," said our host; "I won't press you to stay. Late enough. Don't like to see lads out later than this. Glad to have seen you. Remember another time, and don't take an angry man at his word. You shall come to see me again. No small honor that, I can tell you; for I'm not over fond of company. What's more, you shall come and see Mag. You're too young for much mischief yet. Never mind Mrs. Crab and her pills. Take care of the step. There—good night;" and he slammed the door behind us.

"What a jolly ending to a bad beginning!" I exclaimed as we walked back. "Capital old chap when you come to know him. And what a stunning girl!"

"Humph," said Lobley, "the girl's all well enough; so was the grog; but if ever I met such a creature as that yellow old woman—"

We came to the barrack gates before he had finished.

IV.

The undress uniform of the Royal Slashers at this period consisted of a tight shell-jacket (scarlet, with yellow facings,) fitting closely to the body, with a row of gold buttons down the front, and decorated on the shoulders with what I can best describe as two baker's twists covered with gold thread; a forage cap with the regimental number in front; trousers of the lightest, washed-out, faded-looking blue; together with white pipeclayed sword-belt, buckled round the waist, completed a costume which, though suitable enough for a well-made man, was highly ridiculous when displayed on a lanky ensign or a fat old major.

Attired after this fashion, I walked towards the mess-room to breakfast the next morning, with head slightly aching from the effects of the doctor's whiskey. It only wanted half an hour to parade, and at least a dozen fellows were standing at the door, or leaning out of the mess-room windows, enjoying the bright sunshine, and watching the lively bustle going on, as the men came trooping out of their various quarters. A regular roar greeted me as I came up. "Well, Tombs, what sort of an evening?" "Was old Crabby glad to see you?" "How about the dragon?" "Who was kicked out first, you or Lobley?" "Did the old boy have a fit?" "Has he sent his love to the mess?" These are a few of the questions which were asked in a volley, interspersed with shouts of laughter which brought every officer within hearing to the spot.

"Why didn't you come back?" said Fullarton, taking advantage of a slight lull. "We waited for you till nearly twelve; and, by the same token, I lost a bottle of claret to Saunders, on your being home in half an hour."

"Couldn't face us, eh?" grinned Hallett.

"It must have been an affecting scene—Damon and Pythias bearding old Crab," roared Fullarton. I may remark that Lobley and I had a score of nicknames—Siamese Twins, Hob and Nob, Damon and Pythias, etc.

"Well, but come, Tombs; tell us all about it, and we'll promise not to laugh," said Ross; "that is if we can help it. Let us have the whole history."

"Upon my word," I said, striving hard to put on a face of bewilderment, "I don't know what you all mean. I can only say we spent a very pleasant evening, and didn't leave until this morning."

"O come, come! that's too good," interrupted Fullarton. "Why, man alive, you know well enough that Dr. Crab never invited you at all. Your humble servant wrote the letters, and that's the long and short of it!"

"Then Dr. Crab takes a joke very kindly," I said, coolly. "He gave us a hearty welcome—tea up stairs, whiskey and cigars below—and kept us till midnight." They stared. I spoke so seriously that they were evidently nonplussed.

"Wonders will never cease," observed Hallett, shrugging his shoulders; "I would have laid a hundred to one that Crab would have horsewhipped you. He's the crankiest spitfire in the service. You're not trying on a little humbug, youngster, now, are you?"

"Humbug or not, Captain Hallett," I said in an injured tone, "I have not enjoyed an evening so much for a long time. Lobley may speak for himself."

"Well, there's a mystery somewhere," said Hallett. "Just

fancy, sir," he continued, addressing the senior major who walked up at that moment; "our two youngsters spent the evening with the doctor yesterday, and, more extraordinary still, enjoyed themselves!"

"With Dr. Crab? Bless me!" said the major. "Why, Mr. Tombs, you will be able to tell us something of the new beauty. All the ladies are raving about a girl who has been seen about with Mrs. C., a regular out-and-outer, so far as I can gather."

"Ah, that explains the pleasant evening," observed Fullarton. "Why, Tombs, you are a slyer rogue than I thought!"

I told the major I had certainly been introduced to the young lady—thought her very pleasing, good-looking, and so on—good talker, and plenty of fun about her.

"Well, you're a lucky dog, that's all I can say," replied the major. "She has been in Athlone a week, and you're the first person I have heard of as having been introduced to her. Mr. Tombs has stolen a march upon you all, gentlemen."

"I consider that you are under deep obligations to me, Tombs, my boy, for sending you last night to the doctor's; besides having cost me a bottle of claret," observed Fullarton, as I rushed into the mess-room to snatch a few mouthfuls before parade.

It was a fearfully hot morning. The perspiration rolled off my face as we marched and wheeled, and formed hollow square, and wore out time, boots, and patience together, on the scorching gravel of the barrack square. It was over at last. The welcome dismissal was given. The major and adjutant walked off to the orderly-room; officers, panting and flushed, went to the mess-room for pale ale; the men retreated to their quarters; the nursery-maids and miscellaneous public, who had clustered about the gates, dispersed: and in a few seconds the square was nearly deserted. As to myself, I took refuge from the heat in my own room; quickly threw off my tight uniform and odious stock; put on the lightest summer suit I possessed, and lay cooling for half an hour in my easy chair. There was a sharp knock at the door, and in walked no less a person than Dr. Crab.

I cannot say that uniform improved his appearance. What with his face and dress together, there was so much red about him, that the bushy white whiskers were quite a relief. He gave a sort of amiable growl as he sat down.

"Humph! Don't know what's come over me. First subaltern I've been to see for years. Taken a fancy to you somehow. Glad you stuck up to me last night. Ugh! haven't you got an easy chair?"

"Take this one, sir," I exclaimed, springing up.

"Ah! thank you; there! Not bad quarters there! Too good for a sub. Humph! Pictures, smoking-caps, dressing-case, cigar-box, dressing'gown, scent-bottle, and I don't know what," looking round my neat apartment. "Far too much foolery. Ought to be ready to march at a minute's notice. Shouldn't smoke; far too young, humph!"

"Your cigars were very good last night, doctor."

"Shouldn't have given them to you, very wrong; nor grog either. By the way, I feel thirsty now. May as well have some lunch. Come along, and we'll have some together in the mess-room. Where's the other fellow—Lobley—eh?"

I said I had not seen him all the morning.

"Ah, grog too much for him; seedy; headache and soda-water," grunted the doctor as we turned out.

Our entrance into the mess-room produced no small sensation. It appeared that the doctor had not set foot in it since his return from a six months' leave, nor was he at the best of times very fond of favoring it with his presence. Quite a group surrounded him with real or pretended congratulations on his reappearance. He took it all very coolly.

"There, there! that will do. I'm sure you've all been lost without me. Ah, Hallett! stouter than ever, I see. I always told you how it would be. Apoplexy, my dear fellow, apoplexy! Give these youngsters a step, some day, as sure as fate."

"Confound him!" growled the senior captain, "I'd back my life against his any day." But I saw he did not much like the allusion.

"I saw Sir Edward the other day, in town," went on the doctor, addressing Maxwell, the younger brother of this same Sir Edward, with whom he was at deadly feud. "Remarkably well he looked, to be sure. No chance of the title passing yet awhile. They talk of his getting married shortly. By the way, speaking of marriage, didn't I see Miss Thompson's wedding in the papers, the other day, at Dublin? I always thought—ah! I beg pardon, Delany, I had forgotten you were here. Never mind, plenty more fish in the sea, you know, humph!"

"Better not fish at all than catch a Tartar, doctor," said Fullarton, with a mischievous smile, covering Delany's retreat.

"Mrs. Crab is very well, thank you," cried the imperturbable little man, at once appropriating the allusion. "Where did you pick up that spavined old hack I saw you driving yesterday?"

"Spavined old hack! Confound it all," said Fullarton, starting up. "I gave Morrison a cool hundred for him, two months ago."

"Ah! exactly. Should have thought he was one of Morrison's, from the look of him. Heard the other day that a fifteen-year-old-screw, which had been in every regiment in the garrison, regular roarer, had been palmed off on a greenhorn from somewhere or other. It can't be the same, of course," continued the doctor, as Fullarton walked off angrily.

"There. Tombs, my boy, we can have lunch, I think, now that the coast is clear."

Clear enough, in all conscience. The doctor had utterly routed his opponents with his caustic tongue. We were left in peace. His victory added considerably to my companion's good temper. "Fetch Mr. Lobley," he said, as he concluded a hearty attack on the cold meat and pickles. "I was told to bring you both. Ladies want a sail. All go together, eh?"

I had intended joining Fullarton and one or two others on a rabbit-shooting expedition. The thought of another chat with Miss Maggie decided the question.

"You're mad, Tombs!" exclaimed Fullarton, angrily, when I told him. "Old Crabstick's only making game of you—taking you up out of spite to us for our joke upon him. It's this girl, I suppose, you're thinking of. Well, Crab knows she's pretty safe with such boys as you and Lobley."

"At all events," I said, rather nettled, "the doctor had the best of it just now, hadn't he?"

"He fights his battles," said Fullarton, sharply, "with the same weapon as that with which Samson smote the Philistines—the jawbone of an ass."

v.

I DATE a succession of very pleasant days from my introduction to Dr. Crab. It soon became known throughout the barracks and Athlone generally, that the doctor had broken through his usual caution, and come out in a new character altogether—patron of myself, and in a somewhat less degree of Lobley also. Not only did that first boating expedition come off with great success, but many others after it. Rides, excursions on foot, visits to the neighboring towns, little social picnics, etc., etc., followed one another in quick succession. True to his declared determination, we were the only Slashers whom the doctor admitted to the society of his niece, save and except the colonel and paymaster, who had been old cronies of his through years of home and foreign service. As both Colonel Cox and Captain Seaton had wives, we formed a tolerable party together. There was a Miss Cox, a moderately pretty girl of eighteen, very thick with Miss Maggie, besides some smaller fry who were occasionally admitted to our expeditions.

"Some men achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Much did the mess wonder at the singular good luck of its two junior members. We had hitherto been rather treated as—what indeed we were—little better than a couple of school-boys; but now seldom a day came but we were at the colonel's, who rarely encouraged visitors save on special and state occasions; or, more usually still, at the Crow's Nest, which, though heretofore regarded rather as a dragon's den, was now vainly besieged by military and civil, male and female, alike desirous of knowing the beautiful Miss Margaret Crab. The doctor was inexorable. Cards, of course, were politely returned, but invitations as politely declined. A large picnic given by the mess could not tempt him, nor was Mrs. Crab to be won over, although specially invited. Miss Maggie herself seemed quite to acquiesce.

"I don't really care to know any one else, Mr. Tombs," she said one day, when I questioned her on the subject. "Uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. Cox, the Seatons, dear Mary"—that was Miss Cox—and, though last not least, Mr. Lobley and yourself, are quite enough for all practical purposes. I've got over my school-girl admiration of a red coat"—she wasn't more than my own age, I'm certain—"and would far rather have such a cosey little party as we had last night at the colonel's than any amount of violent dissipation. Besides—but you are too young to understand what I was going to say." Fancy that to a six months' old ensign in the Slashers! "Well, don't look cross, and I'll tell you. You know if there really was anything going on which I should like to be at, I could easily coax uncle and the dear old colonel into taking me, and meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, your ladyship's acquaintance is the more sought after because people can't get it," I interrupted.

"Your penetration does you credit, sir. You are improving, I must say. If you could but produce a pair of nice whiskers I might fancy you quite a man."

"Confound—"

"There, don't use naughty words. I'm going into the garden, and you may come with me if you like."

In sober earnest nothing could have been more fortunate for me in every way than the intimate familiarity into which I was admitted at the surgeon's and colonel's. With all his eccentricities Dr. Crab was, at the bottom, a most kindly-hearted, sensible man, and his friendship, when he chose to bestow it, was real and valuable, especially to an impulsive youngster like myself. To a much greater degree might this be said of the colonel. A thorough gentleman and soldier, of splendid family, noted as one of the crack commanding officers of his day, possessing the utmost esteem of all his officers and perfectly adored by the men, no wonder I felt proud of being noticed by him. With an ample fortune, a nice house on the banks of the Shannon, a kind, ladylike wife, and a family of well-educated, merry children of all ages, from the pretty Mary of eighteen down to a bright-eyed young toddler of five, I was only too glad to avail myself of their kindness. I was still boy enough to join in the youngsters' games. Many a romp did we all—Mary Cox and Maggie Crab included—have on the smooth lawn which sloped gently down to the waters of the finest river in Ireland, while the seniors sat at the open dining-room windows and applauded. Nay, more than once did Dr. Crab put down his meerschaum, and forcibly dragging the colonel and Captain Seaton with him, enter vigorously into a game of blind-man's-buff, or tick, until as the victimized colonel remarked, a day in the tropics was nothing to it. Lobley of course joined in these diversions, though to a less extent. There was a mutual coolness between him and Mrs. Crab, that worthy dame having a decided antipathy to younger sons, while Lobley himself had as great a dislike to Professor Totley's pills, not having the discretion—or, shall we say, hypocrisy—of your humble servant, who pocketed every pill-box that was offered him, and quietly threw it away as soon as convenient.

Moreover, my brother sub was hardly of my childish state of mind, and having had the starch taken out of his shirt-collar and his nose injured against a tree while playing blind-man's-buff on a certain occasion, when Miss Maggie contrived that he should continue blindfold for nearly half an hour, he had declared that he didn't care for so much romping. However, he was quite considered as one of our little party, or, as Fullarton expressed it, one of the partners in the firm of Cox, Crab, and Co.

Of course we had to run the gauntlet of plenty of senseless jokes from the mess. Crab in all shapes and forms—curried, grilled, and cold—was ordered for our special edification. On one occasion, on entering my room late at night, I found half a dozen living specimens crawling sideways about the floor; on another, the sharp claws and cold body of the same marine delicacy—boiled, however, this time—caused me to jump out of bed in no little consternation. Lobley fared no better. We were dignified with the title of the Infant Crabs; had the pleasure of seeing a meaning smile pass round the table as we rose before the decanters had gone twice round, and of hearing the doctor, his wife, and niece made the subject of a hundred pointed remarks, which, however ridiculous to look back upon now, were sufficiently galling at the time. However, it was only harmless chaff after all. I had sense enough even then to understand that the pleasant social evenings at the colonel's, the quiet rubbers at Captain Seaton's, and little suppers at the Crow's Nest, with the accompaniment of an innocent flirtation with the fair Maggie, were far preferable, as well as more profitable to mind and body, than sitting over cards and claret in the mess-room till the small hours. However, whether I thought so then or not, I certainly do now.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. WHITTIER may congratulate himself on the success of his little idyl, *Snow-Bound*, of which twenty thousand copies have been printed.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR and Mr. George Boker are about to make an overland journey to California.

M. SAINTE-BEUVE has given his opinion in reference to the authenticity of the famous Marie Antoinette letters, and it is not in favor of their genuineness.

M. VICTOR HUGO was not offered one hundred thousand dollars, as was at first reported, for the use of his *Toilers of the Sea* as a *feuilleton* in *Le Soliel*, but one hundred thousand francs, which was still a princely price. He is said to have lately received fifty thousand dollars from his publisher on account of past sales.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, to whom the American rebellion was only a smoky chimney burning itself out, was wiser in his day, as regards American stock, than many of his countrymen, even those who wished us well, for he not only declined to sell his securities, though often advised to do so, but added to them the interest which came to him from those he already possessed. So says a gossiping correspondent, and we dare say truly; for, with all Carlyle's railery against the money-getting propensities of the time, he is still at heart a canny Scotchman, living frugally and laying up his means.

MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER has recently published two more parts of his specimens of *Old English Literature*, a reprint of Hubbard's *Ceyx and Alcione*, and Vernard's *Apology for his Life*, the earliest prose autobiography in the language, written for his dramatic entertainment called *England's Joy* (1602.) *The History of Sir Plasidus*, the early Christian martyr, written in verse, will be the next part of the series. Mr. Collier is also about to bring out his exact reprint of *The Phœnix Nest*, originally published in 1593.

MR. DION L. BOUCICAULT has written a new play for Mr. Joseph Jefferson called *The Parish Clerk*.

[*Round Table.*

FARMER HOPE'S TROUBLE.

FARMER HOPE sat brooding over the kitchen fire; a few rays from the covered embers glanced out at him now and then, blinked, winked, and went to their ashen sleep again. When they did so, the farmer stirred them up with his heavy boot.

A heavy, broad-shouldered man was Farmer Hope, and, as he stooped in his arm-chair, over the smouldering hearth his muscular frame dropped with a ponderous weight, as if the heart inside of it were heavy to lift. A miserable drop, that should have been a tear, hung piteously at the end of his nose; for Farmer Hope had worked out early and late this autumn, and the only thing he had got by it was a cold.

"Every thing goes the wrong way," said the farmer.

He might have said this to himself, but that grandmother Beck sat in the doorway knitting. The last ruddy rays of twilight gleamed over the sloping cornfield that occupied the rising ground just beyond the house, and a broad band of sombre crimson swept in across the porch and over the floor of the unlit room; the faintest skylight was better than candles, grandmother Beck was wont to say—and more economical. Silent and soothing and solemn was the time, and, sitting erect in the doorway, the old lady occasionally varied her employment with an involuntary nod to the departing twilight. Roused from this peaceful mood by Farmer Hope's gruff voice, the needles spasmodically started again, and, vigorously rocking herself in her comfortable arm-chair, the old lady peered over her spectacles after the dropped stitch, till silence ensued once more, and Farmer Hope brooded—Grandmother Beck nodded. And I doubt not as much wisdom was contained in his patient recognition of her old age and acquiescence in fate and decrepitude, as in all his surly struggles and sharp defiance of destiny.

A sweet summer silence reigned in the room for an instant; the katydids in the dewy shrubbery without chirped their tender monotony, and the wondrous peace and spell of a country evening seemed to have settled softly down everywhere. Only the farmer was restive under this opiate of peace brooding in the atmosphere.

"Yes!" he repeated, slapping his broad hand upon his stalwart knee, in a way that startled the knitting-needles with a sudden click, "every thing! I'm darned tired of it all. Here I have been working early and late, like a nigger slave the whole blessed summer, and all these years along back—and it ain't come to nothing! Blamed if I don't drop the whole concern. A fellow may work and work, till his very soul's wriggled out of his body, and what does it all amount to? There's no getting along honestly in this world, old woman! It's all cheating and chaffering, and cheapening—and if you don't do like the rest, it's because you're too much of a fool to be a knave—an' folks 'll tell you of it, too, as farmer Jones did me, when he carted off that last load of hay. It all turns out bad as far as I can see in this world, and as I don't know about the next—"

"Samuel!" said Grandmother Beck, reprovingly.

"To be sure I don't," repeated the farmer, gruffly, stirring up with his boot the sulky embers, "know nothing about it. Whoever's got the charge up there manages things, I take it, pretty much as tyrants do here—or else, may be His place is so far off from these parts they go wrong in spite of Him!"

"Oh, Samuel!" said Grandmother Beck; "if Deacon Gilbert should hear thee talking so!"

Grandmother Beck had been brought up among the Quakers, but she had the profoundest respect for church dignataries of any sect whatever.

"*That* for Deacon Gilbert!" said Farmer Hope, snapping his fingers. "*He* don't have any short crops to make long payments with; he—"

"Why, Samuel!" said the old lady, uplifting her wrinkled hands, from which the great ball of gray yarn rolled treacherously upon the floor, "surely thee's not given over to—" Puss, taking advantage of theology, grasped at this instant the luckless ball, and broke at the same time the thread of Grandmother Beck's discourse.

"Believe a lie? Ay, to be sure—it's not a lie if I believe it," said Farmer Hope, with a harsh laugh, "and I do believe it—you may stake your life on that. 'Taint a lie that folks *do* live in this world to humbug and cheat one another, and them that does it the best gets off the safest, and no one above or below, 'pears to me, takes charge of things, and sets 'em right. 'Tain't done!" And Farmer Hope set the heel of his boot energetically on puss's tail, who had taken refuge on the hearth to investigate the ball of yarn at her leisure. A yell from puss.

"The infernal thing!" cried the farmer, grinding his teeth as she scampered away.

Grandmother Beck rocked herself to patience. Farmer Hope rose up and stretched himself, and, yawning, took a candle from the high mantel-shelf. His tall figure almost reached the kitchen beams. Puss looked down upon him from aloft in the rafters, folded her tail calmly about her, and waited to see what would become of it.

"Had enough of it for to-night, at any rate," said he. "I'm off to bed. There's nothing for it, that I see, but to sell the old place; it's shingled with mortgages now, and I don't see as I'll ever pay 'em off."

"What will Lizette do then?" said Grandmother Beck.

"Lizette may pick blackberries for a living!"

A merry laugh was heard outside, and a little, sun-burned maiden sprung lightly upon the door-sill. There she stood poised an instant, looking within, like a curious bird that intends taking flight again. She was a graceful and gracious maiden, as pleasant to look upon as an apple-blossom in spring. The fading light seemed to concentrate in her tiny figure, as she stood in the doorway. Within, the house was dusk and solemn—this little girl seemed to bring the freshness and life of the meadows with her.

"Indeed, uncle," said she, "I'd like no better fun! Grand! I'd be on the hills all day, instead of dozing and prozing over the school-books," and again she laughed that quick, fresh, gushing laugh; such a frank, free laugh, as, like other girlish things, women learn to put by in the prosaic sadness of their later years. As Farmer Hope strode off to bed, he glanced at his blithe little niece, and his gloomy eyes lit up for an instant. For she was the embodiment to him of all he knew that was loving and beautiful, and his heart, though he did not acknowledge it, took in the glad blessing of her beauty and freshness. Lizette was more to him than meadows or crops, or the old farm-house itself, and dumbly the heavy-hearted man worshipped all beauty through the shape of his little Lizette, the child of his dead wife's sister.

But to-night he had no word, even for her; so, taking himself to bed, he left the old woman and her grand-daughter to speculate upon what was the matter. But Lizette did not speculate long. She broke the silence that followed her uncle's departure, as she set the lighted candle upon the table, and hunted up her basket of patchwork:

"I really think I *could* do something, now!" she said, half to herself, "mornings and evenings when I ain't at school. My! Why, grandmother, all the girls in the factory pay their own board, and here I ain't any account at all! Don't pay for my salt even. Wonder if blackberries——"

But Grandmother Beck burst into a laugh—a rare feat with her.

"La, child," said she, "set your poor little heart at rest. Your uncle's none so bad off as that. He's got to be unaccountably uneasy lately, your uncle has. But rubbing one's temper betwixt sharp words wears out the ill-humor, I've no doubt. Things haven't worked exactly right, along back, but if the worst comes to the worst——"

"Blackberries will be all gone," said Lizette, archly. "Well," she added, after a thoughtful pause, "it isn't so foolish, neither. Old Mrs. Feming is making up lots of blackberries for the hospitals, and I've heard the girls say that some of 'em make lots of money just gathering 'em."

Lizette was silent for the rest of the evening, as Grandmother Beck and herself pursued their mutual industries, interspersed on the part of the old woman with occasional profound obeisances to Morpheus, and on the part of the young one with thoughtful pauses, and absent drooping of the busy hands, as if some profound problem were being revolved in her mind.

The shadow was still upon Farmer Hope's face the next morning, as he went out to his work—a painful and settled shadow. The only sunshine about this hard-working man, who had not a word to-day for his workmen or his household, lingered in his golden-tinged hair, which yet retained a certain youthful lustre at variance with the grim lines on his face and the morose dejection of his eyes under their shaggy eyebrows. He had grown gray in spirit, working out here in the sunshine and the sunny fields; and the fact that he was not outwardly gray-haired, only made his inner gloom more palpable.

It was a hot, autumn day; the heat lay down on pasture and meadow, like a great, solemn dream. Not a bird chirped, not a leaf stirred. The men, scattered in the shadow of the hedges, or grouped here and there under some branching tree, were taking their noonday lunch; some of them lying lazily at full length.

Suddenly there rose to the heavens a fearful cry, which caused every man to spring to his feet. Across the field, hatless, coatless, heedless of the noonday sun, the reapers hurried, their ruddy faces turned only in one direction.

There, just beyond, over the rising ground, a white smoke rose heavily in the summer sun, curling away in sinister silence toward the welkin. Every one knew what that meant. Just over that slope, then, in sight from the rising-ground, stood the old farm-house. On this silent summer day, without a note of warning, it was smitten, as if from the very heavens. The old place was on fire!

The dear old place! To every soul then hastening on, the ancient and sturdy farm-house that had looked over the brow of the hill as long as any of them remembered, took the aspect of a dear old friend whose life was in the power of an enemy.

Every man's face grew paler with passionate eagerness to reach and to save it; every nerve strained; every foot forgot its heaviness.

But one figure, stalwart and strong, strode on in advance of them all. His stern features worked into a strange emotion under the rude straw hat shading his eyes. This fire-wreathed mass, over which whirled the passion-white clouds of smoke, through which every moment a piercing tongue of flame clove its way to the heavens—this lonely mansion, struggling silently with destruction, taking its last glimpses of the quiet, sunny fields, was not the thing he had hated last night, and almost cursed last night. It was the old homestead again, where his boyhood and youth had been spent, and for which he had lived and labored.

I think in that moment, as Farmer Hope advanced swiftly toward the scene of destruction, he scarcely remembered his property that was being sacrificed; he scarcely thought of the inmates, who had fled, probably, from the flames, helpless and in terror; he only thought of his old love—the old, old house.

But as he approached over the slope of the cornfield that half surrounded it, a wild figure arrested his steps, her gray hair streaming in the wind, her wrinkled hands beckoning with imploring gestures. It was Grandmother Beck.

"Lizette! Lizette!" she cried.

"What of Lizette?" said the farmer. "She's safe in school, isn't she?"

In hurried, broken accents, and with hands that eagerly dragged him forward, the old woman explained that Lizette and her fellow-pupils had received an unexpected half-holiday, and Lizette had come home and gone up in her room to lie down; she was not very well. Grandmother Beck was asleep herself when the fire broke out, and had made her escape through the kitchen. Lizette's room was under the pointed roof of the building, and just beside the great stone chimney that took in almost one side of the house—and which was falling, falling, before their very eyes.

Farmer Hope did not wait to hear more. Shouting to the men who were hastening with ladders and buckets, he disappeared in the smoke and flame which surrounded the entrance. A great tongue of fire leaped fiercely across the doorway as he vanished.

Energetically, as for life, the neighbors worked; but in these lonely country districts such efforts are of little avail.

As the farmer groped along in the blinding smoke and falling timbers, there was but one thought in his breast—to reach and to save Lizette. Lizette! the child asleep in the very arms of death. God! could he rescue this frail little life, he would never grumble again at the hardships through which *his* was passed. Over the great stone chimney, from which plank and plaster had shredded away, writhed and hissed the hungry flames. They wrapped the doorway of Lizette's little room. Before it the passage-way yawned, a gulf of flames. Every timber had fallen in. With but one glance across the abyss, and a cry that rung out amid the crackle and crash of the falling building—a dumb, despairing cry that had no words to make it a prayer, he sprung across the chasm. His hand touched the latch of Lizette's door: it yielded to his touch, but the sudden weight of his heavy frame loosened the frail, decayed timbers that yet supported it, and, with a crash, it fell, dragging him with it down into the seething flames.

Helpless, scorched, scarce recognizable in the soot and blood that covered his visage, Farmer Hope was dragged, unconscious, from the ruins. And as they did so, the great stone chimney settled, with a heavy, fateful sound, down, down upon the roof, which, yielding beneath the pressure, fell in with a crash; a sparkling fountain of flame sprung triumphantly upward, as the black roof shriveled from sight, and Farmer Hope's mansion was a total wreck.

"Lizette! Lizette!" he moaned, as the awe-struck crowd of neighbors gathered around.

At that moment, Grandmother Beck, bending low over the prostrate figure, and dashing the cold water into his face, raised herself suddenly erect; her fixed and eager eye gleamed out from her disheveled hair, with a sudden, wonderful light. She pointed toward the meadow; there, breaking through the hedge, flying toward them with a breathless speed, a little figure appeared, and flung itself, sobbing, on the neck of the unconscious man.

"Lizette! oh, Lizette," he murmured.

"Lizette! oh, Lizette! where *have* you been?" cried Grandmother Beck.

"Been for blackberries" said Lizette, with her quaint simplicity, and accustomed submissiveness to Grandmother Beck "Lost 'em all in the hedge, though, when I caught sight of the fire."

Lizette had, for once, practiced a little deception on the old lady, and feigned her illness and need of rest, in order to escape from question.

The old house was gone, but Lizette was safe. She had, as Grandmother Beck shrewdly observed, "earned a living" by picking blackberies.

The last time I saw Farmer Hope, his weather-beaten face was scarred with tokens of his struggle with the flames; but there shone out of it such luminous expression, such a spirit of cheerfulness, as I had never seen before; a token, also, which I think he brought from that battle in which he was vanquished, but which a stronger hand than his forbade to be an utter defeat. With Lizette to inspire him, the farmer works sturdily to recover a home again. With the vanishing of his prosperity, has vanished his quarrel with fate; and, whatever disappointments befall him, he cheers himself with a little laugh about the day when Lizette went blackberrying.

OVER THE SEAS.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN EUROPE.

[The Special correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes from Florence, under date of April 22d.]

TWO weeks ago to-day—can it be only two weeks!—we took a fascinating drive through the city of Naples, going up a long hill which commanded views of the bay, with its beautiful islands. At the left rose Vesuvius, blue and bright, with a border of towns at its base, and only smoking as much as a cigar; then came Naples with all its shipping, and Capri and Baiae, the former cut like a cameo against the blue air; its outline is like a calm still face gazing upward, as if it were dead Italy lying here in state, before her beautiful palaces and shores.

In the exhilarating sea air, we moved onward toward the country, which was one mosaic of flowers, and festive with vineyards, the vines looped airily from tree to tree. Returning to our hotel through another and thickly-settled way, we had an excellent opportunity to see the people in their Sunday attire, and out of doors, in processions, in crowds. I do not think an infant was left in the house. Old women sat chatting in groups, with children on their knees; wives walked beside their husbands, two or three bairns beside them and perhaps a donkey. Young men and maidens, old men and children, were out in the sunshine together; and even the solitary took this gay scene to be solitary in, sat mazily and silently in corners while the rest were glad. In one of the steep, narrow streets, we met a kind of Canterbury procession, which was very picturesque; a party of soldiers with plentiful bunches of cock-feathers flying over their faces, a mixture of doctors in black gowns, of citizens and strangers, were mounted upon mules and donkeys, and each had a flute or some other musical instrument upon which, as he rode, he idly sounded a note or two. The bright colors, the careless, graceful attitudes, the leislurely pace of the donkeys, the generally impromptu, aimless and happy look of the party, was entirely Italian. So narrow some of the roads were, and shut in by such high stone walls, that they recalled to our minds the ancient passes "where an hundred could well be stopped by three," and we descended into level streets, almost as narrow, so narrow as to bring us close to the people and the houses. We were as amused as children, and so absorbed in watching, that for an hour or two we did not exchange a word with each other.

THE DRIVE TO SORRENTO.

The next morning we were up early for Sorrento, via Castellamare, and soon found ourselves in the car with a party of French, who, chatting volubly, gave us a lesson in the language. At Castellamare we took a carriage, with three horses and bright Magenta feathers at their ears, and sped along the beautiful, beautiful road, no lovelier on earth. It is as if a balcony were hung on the side of the high cliff, all in and out and around the "Vesuvian bay"—now taking us toward the mountain and the sea, now back toward the deep ravines, over a dizzy viaduct, and along, along, the walls and cliffs bright with poppies and double gilliflower, with deep pink asters and golden gorse, with curtains of portulacca in a blaze of bloom, and the lovely blue-white flowers of the garlic, and orange-groves sweeter than Eden; and ever beside us the sparkling sea, and, lifting us up like wings, the exhilarating air, and scenery such as hardly the angels deserve to look upon. The view from the hotel—Hotel of the Sibyl, I think—was ravishing. We wished we had obeyed our Roman physician and come here at once; we longed to stay a week, a month, forever. From the balconies we look right down into the Mediterranean deep below us—and across at Vesuvius, and on for miles along the bright, blue sea. As we stood there, the words of Aldrich's song came back:

> "My soul, to day, is far away
> Sailing the Vesuvian bay:
> My winged boat, a bird afloat,
> Sails round the purple peaks remote;
> With half shut eyes, my spirit lies
> Under the walls of Paradise."

May they never come back in Boston, some chill east-windy day of Spring! It is the mischief of some of the lovely haunts, that they have a lotus-eating effect upon us, and for the moment make us love them better than our homes.

We went out for purchases of inlaid wood, but found it here, as at Nice, less fine than formerly. The patterns are in great part colored with paint, which, though it produces a good effect at first, soon loses its brilliancy, and betrays the imitation. We wandered about the little town, and into an orange and lemon grove, where we picked the blossoms and ripe fruit to our hearts' content. It is an unusually good year for this fruit, and the trees were bowed to the ground with their weight. Some of the oranges were as large as an infant's head, and really a burden to carry. We hurried back to our hotel for our Arcadian lunch at the open door. Over the door dropped one of the fragrant climbing roses so common in Italy, covered now with thin tiny white blossoms, like snow, and outside sat a strolling band of minstrels, who made excellent music—beginning with the high, sublime, from Mozart and Mendelssohn, and ending in Yankee Doodle. We filled our glasses with lachryma christi, grown in the crater of Vesuvius; and as we sat "sipping like a fly," wished every one whom we cared for at home could be with us, in this our Arcadia! Friends, will you come?

We were a little late for the train, so our tandem team of horses scampered around the mountain balconies, in the most exhilarating manner. We made the ten miles in an hour and a half, and then took the train again for the same shore scenery—having had the good fortune to meet the friends who, of all the hundred acquaintances we encounter in Europe, could most add to our enjoyment of such a day as this:

> "'Twas one of the charmed days
> When the genius of God doth flow—
> The wind may alter twenty ways,
> A tempest cannot blow."

Together in the slanting sunset light we watched the wondrous loveliness of the mountains and water—with purple and rosy hues tinging their haze, and the haze dilating, almost lifting them up from their solid base. "Do you know," said one of our friends, "that all day long some rhymes of Aldrich have been haunting me. He wrote them, he told me, one drearily cold day in Brooklyn. Did you ever read the song, I wonder?—

> "With half shut eyes, my spirit lies
> Under the walls of Paradise;"

And they begin—

> "My soul to-day is far away,
> Sailing the Vesuvian bay."

We were home in our hotel by six o'clock at evening, tired.

PALACES AND CORALS.

We went to some palaces in Naples, but the pictures were modern, and we grew weary of the cold splendor of these palaces, which never look as if any one lived in them.

We went also to coral and lava shops, and saw literally bushels of this beautiful ware, finely carved, and in all shades of white and red. So great is the desire for coral ornaments just now that it is very expensive, a pair of little round buttons of light-colored costing twenty or thirty dollars.

ROME ONCE MORE.

From Naples back to our beloved Rome, which I must confess looked sombre after the gayety and sunshine of Naples. But the first sight of the Campagna made our hearts "leap up" like a letter from home; and far beyond its billowy level the sunshine was lighting up the distant sea to a fine line of silver. Then came the Claudian aqueduct with its thousand arches, hardly two alike, some broader, some lower, some with two stories, some with a broad and a narrow arch alternating, some of large stone and some of small, some whole, some broken, some bare, some ivy-overgrown; into one a little house built, and some loveliest ones adopted into the garden of the Villa Volkenski and embowered in trees and vines. So we came to the ruined temple of Minerva Medica—wild flowers waving among all its graceful arches—came to St. John Lateran, with its statues beckoning, came to the Spanish square, and I began to think how they would be watching at the library window, would run out on the side-piazza to greet us, when it came over me all at once, like an eclipse, that these home-like places and faces were not of home, that we were in the Via Condotti, in the Corso, not in Shawmut avenue. Ah, perhaps after all we did not eat lotus enough in our Neapolitan Arcadia.

In a few days more we took our last drive in Rome. Oh, but it was like tearing an ivy from the wall to tear our hearts from where, in so short a time, they had grown so fast and close. We went out toward the Campagna, saw our last time the sunset gild the Colosseum, looked into the little church where is Michel Angelo's Moses, said farewell to the Fountain of Trevi, and all the dear, familiar places. The fennel leaves above the Colosseum, waving like so many hands, seemed to say *au revoir*, and not farewell; the doves came back to the fountain and nestled among the carved capitals of its pillars, and so we departed. C. S. W.

A New "Precious Stone."—If the following had not actually occurred, it might be considered a good joke. In a town eight miles from Boston, the pupils of an orthodox Sabbath School have been accustomed to have given them, at the beginning of a month, a sort of "hunt-and-go-seek" task, the result of which was to be made known at the monthly public meeting of the school. On one occasion they were told to bring in a history of all the women named in the Bible; at another time, all the rivers. About a month since they were asked to bring in the names of all the precious stones. The Sabbath evening, when the result of their investigations was to be made known, at length came, and each boy and girl stood up and gave the names of the precious stones of the Bible. After several had been given, one little fellow was called out: "Well, Thomas, what precious stone have you found?" "*Brimstone!*" answered the boy. It is needless to say that a number of handkerchiefs were called into requisition to choke down the "depraved human nature" that seemed desirous of manifesting itself in laughter.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' BILL-OF-FARE.

THE uproar about Jefferson Davis' health has led to the publication by the New York *Times* of his bill-of-fare at breakfast and dinner for one week, in order to show that his diet has had nothing to do with the decline of his health. The document, which the correspondent of the *Times* calls by the impressive name of a "schedule of meals," certainly proves that whatever the cause of Mr. Davis' weakness may be, it is not want of food; but we at the same time feel bound to add that it does not reveal very extraordinary resources on the part of either the caterer or cook of the fortress, according to the notions of variety current in this part of the world. He had mutton chops three times in the week; he had beefsteak four times; he had veal cutlet three times: pork steak he was only treated to once, but oysters appear to have been supplied to him at discretion. They made their appearance at every meal, either "panned" or stewed, and we notice with pleasure that that excellent anti-scorbutic, onions, was supplied to him regularly every day at his dinner. It may seem rather hard that "a scholar and a gentleman" should be condemned to such uniformity of diet, and some boarders at New York hotels will doubtless think the fate of a man so fed as little better than slow starvation. The gentleman who writes the lugubrious articles on this subject in the *World* and *Daily News* very probably draws on Mr. Cranston's larder twice a day, and therefore must shudder on reading Mr. Davis' "schedule of meals." But it must be remembered that everybody does not live in New York hotels, and the food served to the prisoner at Fortress Monroe is probably twice as varied as that which he would get on nine out of every ten plantations in the South. We shall not compare it, as the *Times* does, to the stuff served out to the unhappy men who were confined at Andersonville. No matter whether Davis was responsible for the horrors of the prison pen or not, we owe it to ourselves to treat him like a human being, not like a wild animal. But we may fairly compare it to what he would get if he were staying on most out of the way plantations, and ask him frankly whether he would get beefsteak and oysters and veal cutlets half as often as he does in prison. The fact is, that most Southern men, who are not expert with their rod and gun, are, like farmers and country gentlemen everywhere, generally less familiar with fresh meat and fish than it is desirable they should be. One high official of the Confederacy gave a dinner to a distinguished foreign traveller, some years ago, on his plantation, and the bill-of-fare contained ten courses, all pork, but, of course, dressed in different styles, the reason being that there was no butcher or market within thirty miles. Davis having long resided in Washington must have become used to more generous fare, but then what he gets in Fortress Monroe is so very much better than what the mass of his countrymen get that we think he cannot in common decency complain.—*The Nation.*

The contract for erecting a monument to commemorate the battle of Gettysburg, to be erected on the field where that decisive conflict was waged, has been awarded to James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, who designed the accepted plan. The monument is twenty-three feet square at the base and fifty-five feet high. At the angles of the base are four buttresses, each supporting a colossal statue in a sitting posture. These statues are allegorical, and represent respectively, War, History, Peace, and Plenty. War is represented by the figure of an American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle and the names of the honored dead, while History, with her stylus and tablet, writes down the imperishable record. The corresponding statues symbolize Peace and Plenty. Peace is represented by a mechanic with the implements of his trade about him. Plenty is typified by a female figure with sheaf of wheat and ploughshare. These last figures indicate the industry and activity which shall succeed the ravages of war, and the abundance and prosperity which are the crowning results of the glorious victory here achieved.

Upon the richly moulded cornice rests an octagonal plinth, bearing in *basso relievo* the coat-of-arms of the United States. On the shaft above and encircling it are eighteen stars in *basso relievo*, representing the States which remained loyal throughout the fiery trial.

The Capitol is finely moulded, and supports a three quarter globe, upon which stands the colossal statue, fifteen feet high, representing the Genius of Liberty, clasping within her left arm the folds of the American flag, while in her raised right hand she holds the victor's wreath of laurel. The pedestal is to be made of fine white granite, and the statues of white American marble. The structure will cost about $50,000.

Rich and Brilliant Trimming.—A new trimming has been introduced, under the name of the Target. It is a round medallion, woven at intervals in a flat braid. They are in contrasting colors. Gold or deep yellow medallions on green or blue bands are rich and brilliant. We have seen a couple of white opera cloaks with a trimming of this kind—one in blue, the other in green—that were among the prettiest of the importations of this year.—*Boudoir.*

HOUSE-MOTHS.

THERE is as much charming suggestion in any article of feminine attire—a knot of ribbon, a little glove, a frill, a belt-clasp, a snowy edge of petticoat—as in a line of Tennyson's; and combine the suggestions in a toilette, there is a poem; but each year has its individuality. There are fossil years in which few poems are worn or written. There are years of warm vitality, war, and struggle, like the passionate days of a century back, such as the present; and warm vitality, war and struggle are poem-makers and poem-stuff; hence, to-day, our streets and drawing-rooms burn and dazzle with the grace of those similar days that we had sighingly thought locked away in picture frames for ever. Miss Adams, in "Leghorn hat and gown and coat of Chamberi gauze, flounced with crape, and trimmed with point and wreaths of roses," needs no change of toilette to step from the drawing-room of 1786 into that of 1866; while Mollie, with crinkled hair piled high, with bands and curls, with dangliug sequins and cameos, pendant ear-rings, waist cut square on the bosom, train, hoop, festooned skirt, and a jaunty bit of crape, derisively styled a hat, lost somewhere on the top of her head, between curls and coils, is Josephine, is Récamier, a Wotteau shepherdess, a Titian, but never that meagre Mollie, whom we recall, with hair smooth on either cheek, and a poky bonnet that covered her back hair, shaded her face, and tied under her chin.

Indeed, a bonnet is no longer a reliable, steady-going, prosaic thing, but an inspiration; pity that an inspiration cannot be "made over!" A boot is a bit of coquetry; there are permitted to it satin heels and crystal buttons. There are fashions and devices for stockings, of which in the old days there was only required spotlessness. Red hair and the back of the head, with other despised things, have their day. Miss Smith wears diamond dust; Miss Brown prefers gold powder. The entire feminine world flutters and palpitates over daring jackets, ribbons, sashes, beads, and bows, for which 1865 would have never had the pluck. There is a raid through all the centuries for what is pretty and startling. The click of their little boot-heels has more than once resounded in provinces strictly masculine. They have robbed us of hat, necktie, coat-tail, vest, skirt, and boots, and we submit without an attempt at revenge, unless it be an intrepid doctor, here and there, solemnly dissecting a poor blue veil or an innocent green gown, and determining to a grain the arsenic contained therein. Broadway is a picture gallery *en promenade*. In our drawing-rooms are revived the days of the Revolution and the Consulate. Plain girls have developed prettiness; pretty girls are beautiful; beautiful women are superb; all feminity apotheosized in a continually ascending scale of loveliness.

To every good, however, is a reverse side of evil. With this increase of beauty increases also the curious pest classed by Ruskin as the "house-moth." It is found chiefly in cities, being rarely observed in the country, unless in the months of July and August, and is the most pernicious of its family, devouring clothes, houses, upholstery, gold, and diamonds, with the voracity of a dragon-fly and the omnivorous appetite of a shark. It is not a little curious about its habitation, and exhibits as much delight in any glittering substance as the bower-bird; but is as reckless as an ostrich of its young. It is also as changeable as the chameleon, and as capricious as a butterfly; but, unlike every other insect and animal, possesses a set of entirely useless organs in reasoning powers and affections, which are so manifestly an annoyance to the creature, and incompatible with its habits, that warm discussions have arisen among naturalists, many respectable authorities holding tenaciously to the belief that, just as the Bushman is a man lapsed into bestiality, so the "house-moth" is a woman lapsed wholly to bonnets and back-hair; and not without some show of reason, as so startling is the likeness of the creature to what we call a house-wife, that we have frequently seen a young man in full pursuit of one, evidently deceived by its extraordinary resemblance to a woman. Nothing can exceed the beauty of its appearance in its prime, unless it be its insignificance in the shrivelled and faded decadence to which, sooner or later, it is sure to arrive; and yet, spite of its insignificance, it is the most terrible and relentless enemy of man, devouring not only his means but, like the spider, its mate also: his tastes, comfort, and very individuality, till he is resigned at last to sink into—Mrs. House-moth's husband. Worst of all, though supposed indigenous to Europe, it is found to flourish equally well in our own hemisphere, and though a remedy has been anxiously hunted, the means of preventing its increase have not yet been discovered.

True, that eccentric logician, Fact, suggests that unused feminine energies and powers work off in ribbon and trimming outbreaks, for want of better outlet, and that women seize on fashion-plates with an intensity produced by mental starvation; but Fact, as all the world knows, is a theorist; and we ask ourselves, apprehensively, if there is no remedy—is there not, at least, a method of discerning our destroyers? We know the death's-head moth by the marks on the thorax, and can distinguish the humming-bird moth from its namesake; but by what subtle analysis or master-stroke of genius can we seize on the essential difference between a house-moth and a woman? Louis le Grand was reduced to Louis, a shivering, bald-headed nonenity, in a stroke of the pencil, when Thackeray robbed him of wig and buskins. Who will inaugurate a calico test in America—they have already a club de la Sainte Mousseline in Paris—and show us Mollie in print gown, and with hair brushed behind her ears, confronting Mollie in diamond dust and white velvet? and subtracting Metternieh curls and Lamballe Hats from the average Mollies, what will be the average remainder? It is an anxious question for a bachelor deeply conscious of his ignorance and defenceless condition. Who will answer it?—*Nation*.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT MADE A NOBLE.—The saving of the life of the emperor of Russia seems likely to result in the spoiling of a very respectable young peasant, a hatter by trade, who had the honor to jog the would be assassin's arm, and so direct the pistol ball wide of the imperial mark. He is wholly uneducated, and therefore unfit for the cultivated society into which his lot is now cast, through the gratitude of Alexander; and Gen. Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, has undertaken the task of imparting the needed instruction. The name of this person is the terrible one of Joseph Kommissaroff Kostromski. His patent of nobility has been published, and a correspondent writes of him that "he is absolutely a martyr to public feeling, and has no doubt many a time wished himself back at hat-making." He was made hereditary noble by the Emperor. St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kostroma elected him member of their corporations: two landed proprietors of the latter place gave him immense tracts of land; a banker of Moscow begged him to accept a large sum to enable him to support his new condition in life; a national subscription has purchased for him a magnificent house in Moscow; the municipality of St. Petersburg by decree have conferred upon him the title of the "First Citizen of St. Petersburg," and he has been elected honorary member of all the clubs in Russia. Louis Napoleon has conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Emperor of Austria has sent him the Commander's Cross of the Franz Joseph Order, and he is hereafter to be known as "Kostromsky of Koztroma." On his first appearance at the theatre he was obliged to appear, accompanied by his wife, on the stage, when he was the recipient of an ovation which is indescribable.

Not content with giving him ovations at theatres, poor Kommissaroff has had to eat and drink with all sorts and conditions of men, from the artisan to the prince. At a dinner given by the nobles at St. Petersburg to the deputies from Moscow and other places who have come with addresses to the emperor, Kommissaroff sat next to Count Orloff Davydoff, who was in the chair. There was the unfortunate Kommissaroff going through his second dinner that day, dressed for the first time in the stuffy uniform of a nobleman, and wiping his honest hot face with the trusty right hand that shoved Karakoff's elbow. His health was drunk amidst cheers that might be compared to the roar of artillery, and he returned thanks in words that did not reach either his neighbors or the reporters, on account of the enthusiastic uproar which his presence created. How Mrs. Kommissaroff passes her time is not so well known, for her husband's popularity is but little reflected on her. She appears, however, by his side in a photograph which meets with an immense sale in the streets of the capital. But, of course, she will come in for some of the good things that are lavished on her husband.

THE FRIGHTFUL WHITE MAN.—There must be something (says Dr. Livingstone) in the appearance of white men frightfully repulsive to the unsophisticated natives of Africa; for, on entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if we met a child coming quietly and unsuspectingly towards us, the moment he raised his eyes and saw the men in "bags" he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British Museum. Alarmed by the child's wild outcries, the mother rushes out of her hut, but darts back again at the first glimpse of the same fearful apparition. The dogs turn tail, and scour off in dismay; hens, abandoning their chickens, fly screaming to the tops of their houses. The so lately peaceful village becomes a scene of confusion and hubub until calmed by the laughing assurance of our men that white people do not eat black folks; a joke having oftentimes greater influence in Africa than solemn assertions. Some of our young swells, on entering an African village, might experience a collapse of self-inflation at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them as from some hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into public hobgoblins, the mammas holding naughty children away from them, and saying: "Be good, or I shall call the white man to bite you."

A TRAVELLER wishes to know what sense there is just now in the term "Railroad securities," seeing there is no security any of the railroads.

A MALAY TRADITION.—On the western entrance of the mouth of the Singapore river, near that portion which is now built over Fort Fullerton, stood, as late as 1835, a large stone, with some strange characters carved or impressed on it, the deciphering of which had defied the utmost ingenuity. Sir Stamford Raffles was so much occupied with the desire to learn the meaning of these hieroglyphics, that he caused, it is said, an abundant supply of muriatic acid to be poured over the stone, with the view to clear off any crustaceous matter that might have accumulated on it, and bring out more clearly the characters it bore. Unfortunately the experiment failed, as has every more recent attempt either to decipher the letters, or arrive, through them, at a true knowledge of the date of their inscription; and we are still left to the old legend regarding them. It has been differently told, but the most common account is, that a powerful chief—of what country is not very clear—coming to attack the Malays shortly after they had formed their settlement at Singhapura, landed at this point of the island, and proceeded up the hill to the Malay encampment. He was met, it appears, on his approach, by the greatest Sampson among the Malays, named Badang; and, after some altercation, it was agreed that, instead of engaging in a general combat, a trial of strength between the foreign chief and the Malay Sampson should decide the fate of the invasion. A large piece of rock was lying close at hand, and it was decided that whoever could handle this stone with the greatest ease was to be the victor. The invader tried first, and he succeeded in raising the stone as high as his knees, and then let it fall; on which the Malay, seizing it in one hand, balanced it high in the air, took a steady aim, and shot it right out to the mouth of the river, crushing to pieces the boat from which the invader had landed. Others maintain that instead of the stone, the Malay giant seized the invading chief himself, and hurled him back upon his boat, and that the stone was afterward conveyed there to commemorate the deed. In any case, the invading force, fearing that they would be immolated if they had to combat with a race of men like Badang, beat a precipitate retreat.

MRS. CARLYLE, the wife of the celebrated author, has met her death in London under very peculiar circumstances. She was taking her usual drive in Hyde Park about four o'clock, when her little favorite dog, which was running by the side of the brougham, was run over by the carriage. She was greatly alarmed, though the dog was not seriously hurt. She lifted the dog into the carriage, and the man drove on. Not receiving any call or direction from his mistress, as was usual, he stopped the carriage, and discovered her, as he thought, in a fit or ill, and drove to St. George's Hospital, which was near at hand. When there it was discovered that she must have been dead some little time. Mrs. Carlyle's health had been for several months feeble, but not in a state to excite anxiety or alarm. Mr. Carlyle was in Scotland at the time of his wife's death.

The late Mrs. Carlyle was a woman of much intelligence and culture, and in her earlier days was a writer of much promise, and a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. She, as well as her husband, corresponded with Gœthe and other foreign authors of renown. In the full collection of Gœthe's poems will be found two or three poetical scraps addressed to "Madame Carlyle, Scotland." One of these was originally written on a visiting card, which Gœthe sent to the wife of his friend and admirer, and the lines, roughly translated, run somewhat in this fashion:

> "Messengers like this we send
> To tell the coming of a friend;
> This poor card can only say
> That the friend is far away."

LIFE'S FANTASIES.—A curious German cartoon represents an "Idyllic landscape," a pretty cottage, with romantic gables, balconies overgrown with luxuriant creepers, and trellised summer houses at the side. But when you look closer, you see that the life of the cottage is anything rather than idyllic; one half of the inmates are turning out the other half, there is a fight with pitchforks, brooms and beer-jugs; hats are flying off, or their owners are bonneted with them; dogs bark and cocks crow; one woman belabors her husband with a water-jug, and another empties another jug from the vine-clad window upon the combatants below.

COTTON spinning was known to the ancients, and more than a thousand years before the Christian era cotton cloth was made in India. Muslins take their name from Mosul, a town in Mesopotamia, and the cloth made by the natives of Dacca is of such fineness that a single pound of cotton is spun by them into a thread 250 miles long. This fineness has been exceeded by British manufacturers, however, who have succeeded in spinning a pound of cotton into a thread nearly 400 miles long.

A GENTLEMAN praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, his friend asked him—"Why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" asked the former. "Every right by the law of nations," replied the other, "you being the *first discoverer*."

NOTICE.

The publication of " The Californian *" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.

Full volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

THE "MONADNOCK."

VERY few of us give to contemporary events the thought and attention they deserve. Kingdoms may be destroyed or created; a race, which has been from time immemorial held in abject bondage, may be emancipated and raised to the rank of freemen; electoral reform may be wrung from the most oligarchical caste in the world; science may discover new planets, lay bare the mysterious principle of light, reveal new truths in geology, and make aerial navigation practical and real; but, except to the few whose occupations are given to explorations in physics, great truths of daily development come as mere matters of news, exciting but common remark and then are almost forgotten.

Of the many who gathered on the wharves within the past few days to gaze at the *Monadnock*, or, who circumnavigated her in steamboats, what proportion was there who felt or were governed by any other impulse than mere idle curiosity? Indeed, we fancy, that with the mass, it was the publicity given to her voyage by the recent bombardment of Valparaiso rather than anything else which attracted crowds to look at her; and yet part of the motive of the visit was to see an odd sort of thing—swimming its bulk below waves—leaving nothing above water except a pair of strange sort of fins; a new sort of arm of warfare—not a ship—nor a raft; but an indefinable something between torpedo and submarine armor that had played an important part in the late war. How many looked beyond the black deck and turrets of this monster to the triumph of a voyage of more than seventeen thousand miles, successfully accomplishing an experiment which we verily believe will, independent of its effect on the science and art of marine architecture, materially influence and govern cabinets to a policy of peace among maritime countries, at least with a nation of inventors and mechanics of warlike tastes and habits such as the United States is? And from the mere mobile mass of iron of which the *Monadnock* is constructed, how many of these gazers saw and reflected on the advances made in the science of projectiles as shown by the huge cannon which frown from the turrets of this monitor? advances which have had such weight with councils of State and admiralty boards, as to provoke from them the declaration that the American people are the first and strongest nation of the world in the theory and art of war. The recent bloody contest through which we have passed has taught us this truth, and sad and costly has been the lesson.

As one goes back to the day when the frail fleet of Columbus floated on to the new world, amid the gloom and superstition of that age, and contrasts that expedition with that of the *Monadnock*; he will be struck with the similarity of many of the features of both, and amazed when he reflects on the changes made during the past four centuries, not only in marine architecture, but in the application of such agents of motion as steam and caloric. As one accompanies the *Monadnock* in her long wanderings, sees her boldly push out to sea, beyond the headlands, the scenes of her prowess; watches her wrestling with wind and wave, at times lost amid the tempest's foam and spray; daring that cape, around which sweep the Antarctic storms, and where floats the dread iceberg; as one sees these things in his fancy, he will be struck with wonder at the boldness of the experiment of that voyage, and the daring skill and dexterity it developed. All praise, then, to the gallant men who have perlormed this bold undertaking! Yet, while we so picture, it is with regret that, to these triumphs of human ingenuity and skill, we cannot congratulate our iron-clad on the farther one of having saved the capital of a free, but defenceless, nation from the incendiary shell of a brutal foe.

Acknowledgments.—An invitation to attend a dramatic entertainment by the pupils of the University School, on Post street, on Friday evening 29th inst. Also a ticket from the St. Andrews Society for their ball on the 3d prox., at Platt's Hall.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A. ROMAN & CO., 417 and 419 Montgomery street, have supplied our table with the following works received by last steamer:

Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America. By Benson J. Lossing. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

The author of the *Field-Book of the Revolution* needs no introduction to the general reader as a graceful, entertaining, and instructive writer. Yet in the present volume he appears in the much more ambitious character of historian of one of the greatest struggles of ancient or modern days. While it is a matter of grave doubt whether we are yet sufficiently far removed from the event to judge of its general aspect; whether we are yet able to accurately define and settle the relations of the chief actors to the different epochs of this history, Mr. Lossing has endeavored to avoid the retrospective and reflective air of the historian, and places his book before the public, asking for it "no higher consideration than that of a faithful *Chronicle* having the form of history, and aspiring to perform its highest duty, namely: to inspire mankind with a love of justice, and hatred of its opposite and of everything that impedes the onward and upward march of humanity." To achieve this Mr. Lossing relies on facts—on the rhetoric of events, chronologically and consecutively arranged and proceeding steadily to that culmination with which we are all familiar. When we add that these facts are given greater prominence by pictorial illustration, it will be readily seen that the book moves forward like the unrolling of a vast panorama of the Rebellion, with Mr. Lossing as the clever and entertaining exhibitor and lecturer.

It is a volume that will make itself a necessity in every American household, if it be even to the exclusion of a more careful and elaborate history. It contains the everyday story of the war narrated in that graphic reportorial style which is much more fascinating to the average reader than the classic elegance of the historian, and is perhaps better fitted to this comparatively recent chronicle. The illustrations, over 600 in number, comprise all objects and incidents peculiar to the struggle, and form a running pictorial commentary. Whenever the eye can assist the reader to a completer understanding of the text, we have a drawing. Weapons of war, maps, and plans of battle-grounds, forts, and fleets and arsenals, medals of honor, costumes of soldiers, flags, banners, badges, etc., follow each other in picturesque succession. From these illustrations alone, a child could gather a fair idea of the object of the book and the subject treated, while the details themselves are sufficiently accurate, and their arrangement sufficiently harmonious to engage the attention of the most cultivated reader.

The volume is handsomely gotten up, with fair type and broad pages, and makes a reputable appearance on any library or centre-table. A. Roman & Co., of San Francisco, are the agents, and as it is proposed to sell the work by subscription, the reading public would do well to apply to them early.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

In this solid and somewhat too plethoric volume, are crowded all the poems contained in the English (Moxon's) collection of Hood's humorous and sentimental verse, as well as in the four volumes of Messrs. Little & Brown's series of the British Poets. It is called the "People's Edition"—but as all of Hood's poems really belong to this edition, the title is not distinctive. We have here the noble "Plea for the Midsummer Fairies," "Hero and Leander," "Rath," and "Lycus the Centaur"—the more ambitious and glowing epics of those days when our author dreamed of fame, and before the sad, practical experiences of life evolved from his deeper consciousness the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." Here, too, are those mirth-provoking and irresistible ballads—the "Waterloo Ballad," "Ben Battle," "The Duel," "Lieutenant Luff;" here, too, the familiar songs in which the tear and smile oddly mingle—"I Remember, I Remember," "O when I was a Tiny Boy;" and those rarer and more sustained efforts—"Miss Kilmansegg" which has enjoyed the sincerest flattery of having been unconsciously imitated by all succeeding comic poets, the satirical "Tale of a Trumpet," and the capital Spenserian story of "Love and Lunacy." The "nuco good" will learn something by reading the "Ode to Rae Wilson Esq.," and the most rigid Sabbatarian must unbend and relax before the humorous protest against shutting up the Zoological Gardens as shown in "An Open Question," where he is told that

"Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday."

Hood has been recognized as the Laureate of the Lowly, as the Philantrophist and Reformer, purely on the merit of his more serious pieces, yet his most humorous poems, written often with aching heart and brain, and with no greater apparent motive than that of earning his daily bread, are full of a satirical wisdom and moral truth far beyond their superficial show. The book is prefaced by a brief memoir of the man whose ashes lie in the modest sepulchre at Kensal Green, but whose immortal and imperishable remains are embalmed in the leaves before us.

Hand and Glove. By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The clever authoress of *Miss Carew*—that admirable collection of short stories which has not been yet surpassed—does not seem to be as happy in her longer and more ambitious novels. *Half a Million of Money*, though good, was not worthy of the hand that drew those fascinating sketches which won the heart of the "adorable *Miss Carew*." *Hand and Glove* is a "governess" story, with a slight leaning toward Bronteism, and a prominent character whose manners are a pleasing mixture of Rochester and M. Paul Emanuel. A fascinating adventurer, nominally a Protestant Episcopal minister but really an escaped convict, is the hero. One of his hands is branded, but always gloved; hence the typical significance of the title. The story is well written, and some of the descriptions of the scenery and customs of southern France where the plot is laid, are excellently drawn.

Chandos. By the author of *Strathmore*, etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Hidden Depths. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Love's Conflict. By Florence Marryat. Boston: Loring, Publisher.

NOTE FROM "EMSTADT."

San Francisco, June 29, 1866.

EDITOR Californian: Your order for "Sundries" was received, but I am indisposed—as regards writing—and shall therefore ask a postponement. Meanwhile, if the enclosed "Reminiscence" is required to fill some obscure corner, let it fill. I suppose you might call it "One-Half," as it relates to a Fourth long since gone by, and the Fourth which will greet us next Wednesday.

As I write, a "thing" occurs to me which might furnish you the basis of two or three conundrums. You are welcome to its use, editorially. [We beg to decline adapting "Emstadt's" "sudden inspiration" to the purposes of a leader. —Ed. Cal.] You see, I was debating whether to cut this note short with a "Yours Truly," or to imperil my life—pay or no pay—as Miss Rosa Celeste did at the Cliff last Sunday, by taking a little more rope, when, looking from my window, I perceived a street car, an "opposition" omnibus, a carpet wagon, and a pet poodle, coming up street abreast, occupying the entire width of the highway. Public convenience and private economy, thought I, demand that they be consolidated. This can be done easily, thus: Put the poodle in the car, and there you have your *car* and *pet* (carpet,) which may be placed in the wagon. As to the omnibus, that is peculiarly a car pet, and can go on top of the other one. (If you lay this to me, please send a ticket-of-leave, as I shall deem it prudent to retire to the country for a few days. Tickets can be procured, "four for a quarter," at "all respectable drug stores.") But I promised you

A REMINISCENCE.

The "Coming Fourth" is the absorbing topic to-day. A stranger to our customs might enquire *who* is expected to come forth, since so much preparation is being made for a public reception. Certainly, not another Lazarus—he would be rather "slow" for our times. But, if that whilom heavy slamberer have no lineal descendent or namesake to whom a command to come forth may be addressed, there is in every man's breast some sleeping memory that will be awakened and called up by the noises and smells which herald the day's approach. One of *my* recollections, which is regularly revived by the recurrence of patriotic "leaders," fire-crackers, and the tramping of our bold militia, is of an act of extraordinary generosity whereof I was the recipient. I had nearly completed my first year's apprenticeship at a business which has since then taken turns with me in supporting each other, when the "Glorious Fourth" made its advent according to its usual practice. As I was not in receipt of any other salary than board (save and except lectures, prayers, and grace at meat, the which I was graceless enough to term "bored gratis,") I was in some doubt as to how my Fourth would go off. My employer's liberality was of that quiet cast which seldom pained the eye with its glitter. However, after breakfast, and after all the offerings appropriate to the occasion had been made at the family altar, my fears were dissipated—the only dissipation my tender years would warrant. The booming of cannon, the rattling of cider and cake wagons o'er the stony street, the shouts of playmates on their way to "the Fourth," mingled with the welcome tones of my kind "old boss," as he opened: "Well, Emstadt, you know you have holiday—you need not go to the shop—merely saw up wood enough to last a couple of days, and then you can go and celebrate." I informed him that I had done the "fiddling" the night previous. "Ah! then, I suppose, your are waiting for some spending money?" "Yes, sir, if you please." "Well, well; you have been a good boy, and deserve encouragement. Here's a sixpence. Take it—spend it freely—it's all yours; but, Emstadt, for your own good, let me caution you on one point: Don't overload your stomach with trash!"

Emstadt.

INIGOINGS.

CHAMPLAIN, May 30, 1866.

WHEN I think where I am and remember where I was, I start in surprise and say to myself, Can I indeed be here?

It seems but yesterday that I sat in that dark and dingy office, over whose walls it might "surely" be written that there is a vein for the slivers and a place for dust where they find it; and now, behold, I am five or six thousand miles away. Not being the Persian prince of the Arabian Nights story, who had nothing to do but to seat himself on a piece of carpet and wish himself there when he wanted to be anywhere, it is little wonder that now and then I look around like the puzzled country fellow in the familiar rhyme, asking

"Be I Giles Jones, or be I not?"

For indeed "if I be he I've lost" a newspaper; "if not I've found" a farm.

I like farms. The breath of the cows is so sweet, and milk rattles so merrily in the pails of mornings. "So, so, Boss," I hear the dairy-maid say under my window. The cow never says much in reply, but as I have never yet seen her sow, and put no faith in her reaping, I've an idea she minds the dairy-maid's words less than she does the flies, for the latter she switches away from her ears with her tail.

Her claim to the title of "Boss" she emphatically asserted the other morning, by kicking both dairy-maid and pail over and charging wildly about the lawn, to the confusion of the clothes that lay there bleaching.

I've an idea that the lawn dresses of the feminine element of the household will all be "gored" after the latest pattern. If any of my new shirts come in from the green with either bosoms or tails cut *a la vache*, I have a presentiment that a considerable quantity of beef will be thrown on the market very suddenly.

The weather is scarcely what I expected to find. "It is delightful," wrote my sister. "We have had warm refreshing rains, and everything is green."

I was green enough to leave New York and venture up here in the country upon that artful recommendation. "Warm rains," indeed! Often as they tell about warm rains, I've never seen one yet, and only remember one as being authentically recorded in history—the rain that fell on Sodom and Gomorrah. It has rained every day since I arrived here, and the drops are as cold as hailstones and as big and heavy as grindstones. To-day's papers never get here till to-morrow, and the only regular amusement is a circus, which comes round every Fourth of July. This year the programme has been slightly varied by a panorama of Paradise Lost.

Eve was represented *en grand tenue* dress *decollotée*, a *chaine Benoitoni* about her waist, a parasol over her head, and immense quantities of back hair. This leads me to imagine that the first Fall was a Waterfall.

Adam was not so well treated. The artist had only given him corduroy breeches and a red flannel shirt—as for coat, he had to be satisfied with a coat of paint. In the second scene he was represented with a wheelbarrow, picking up chips for a living.

The serpent, wound spirally round a pole, bore great resemblance to a hoop-skirt, and I do not know but that the artist had the modern temptation of dress in his mind when he sat at his easel.

On the whole, the impression left upon my mind by that Paradise is one of pleasure that it was Lost, and a sincere hope that it may never again be Found.

Seriously, though, I am having a very good time of it. This is a dear, quiet, pleasant little place, nestled down on the banks of a beautiful river at the foot of smiling green-clad hills—and on one of these hills the Chateau de Inigo stands. There are trout in the streams, partridges in the woods and pretty girls in the village. Having a mother and sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews and cousins without number, I am strong in the circle of my fortifications. Moreover, it is my early home, and all the village seems glad to see me. This, perhaps, is the advantage of having always lived abroad.

How curious it is to return to one's old home and find the old landmarks and old people all unchanged—the young ones so wonderfully changed. Little girls, for instance, that a few years ago I trotted on my knee, are young ladies now, and would scarcely accept that substitute for a horse. The old church looks the same as ever, and I am confident that the hands of the clock which graces its tower have not moved during my absence. The stone schoolhouse is gone, having given place to a structure of red brick, with gothic windows, two doors, and a "primary department." If I remember rightly it was all one in my day, and little Goody Twoshoes spelled out her alphabet at one end of a bench, while her oldest brother solved some elegant problem in vulgar fractions at the other.

But oh, this wretched, wretched weather! A party was planned to visit Chataquay Lake this morning, but with a deluge falling about one's ears, why go seek a lake?

Chataquay Lake is about forty-five miles from this place; it long was celebrated for the fishing and hunting which its waters and banks afforded, and of late, since the completion of the Ogdensburg railroad, near the line of which it is located, it has been a great resort for sportsmen. Years ago we used to start out in parties of four or five, taking a lumber wagon, provisions, and all the *materiale* for a camp. And then for weeks we remained embowered in the woods, bagging pigeons and partridges, stalking deer, and whipping the still waters with our home-made flies. Now city sportsmen make their haunt there, bringing out with them no end of patent rods and reels and lines and fancy guns, but getting few fish and very little game. Probably the sport is not so good as formerly, but still it is reported as being excellent, and parties of ladies and gentlemen go thither and have fine times. A friend managed to fan me into a fever of excitement yesterday by the story of a ten-pound trout that he took trolling there last summer; and now, when a campaign had been planned, it rains and seems to have set in for a week. Of course this materially interferes with our plans, for it is well known that trout will not rise to a fly in a shower. Probably they are afraid of getting wet.

Nevertheless, unpleasant though the weather be, and monotonous as life in a country village always is, one has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he has done the correct thing in coming up here. For outside relatives, like mothers, sisters, etc., have a certain claim upon one's politeness, and should be visited occasionally, if only for form's sake.

Great excitement has been produced this afternoon by the coming of a troupe of minstrels. They marched into the village as a brass band—

"Sonorous music blowing martial sounds—"

each member wearing a red cap upon his head. As the unusual sounds were heard, windows went up and wondering faces looked out; old and young ran into the street, and speculation was rife among the old ladies as to what the demonstration meant. At first I think the minstrels were mistaken for Fenians—this is near the Canada border, you must know—and it was supposed that an immediate invasion of the Provinces was contemplated.

(*Apropos* of the Fenians: I saw the great Head Centre in New York, and was introduced to him. He seemed quite delighted on being told that "Wearin' the Green" was the popular air in San Francisco. I much regretted that Setchell was not along with me, to sing "The Eatin' of the Greens" for his edification.)

It suddenly occurs to me that I have told you little or nothing of the trip after leaving Panama. It can all be summed up in a very few words: Delightful weather, splendid steamer, and a nifty old time generally. At Aspinwall we took passage on the *New York* for New York, and a few of our passengers kept crying "New York" until we reached that city. For a minute description of the balance of the voyage behold, is it not all embodied in a "screed" which "the Governor" thought "too long for the *Times*," though "very amusing," which I accordingly carried out into Egypt and sold to the Bedouins. It should be published by this time, and if it be and should turn up among any of your exchanges, for want of less interesting matter you can transfer it to your columns. [Extracts from the article to which "Inigo" here refers will be found on our 12th page.]

I never write the name New York without regret—that is, when away from it. And yet, when there, it scarcely fills my idea of happiness. There is so much of it! The city has grown in my absence. On first landing I felt strange and lonely, and actually looked San Francisco-wards with regret. The streets seemed full of strangers. I wondered what had become of all the friends I left behind me. Turn which way I would in my first walk of a dozen blocks, not a familiar face greeted me. And this is the feeling of all Californians on first landing. But at the "Metropolitan" we all found chums. First in the proprietors—whose name should be *Legion* instead of *Leland*, for they man the hotel, fore and aft, from their own family. Besides the hotel seems to be the headquarters of all Californians. Let me try and tell you whom I met there the morning and evening of my arrival: A. A. Sclover, James Street, John Perry Jr., Harry Platt, Sherry Corbyn, Billy Birch, Charley Backus, Dave Wambold, Mulf Nickerson, John Leach, Tom Fiske, Abe Holstead, Jo Anderson, Michel Angelo—not Michel, perhaps, but an Angelo at any rate who is publishing pen pictures of Idaho—Elisha Teakle, George Alexander, Bob Morrow, Jim Eoff, Johnny Wilson—but I haven't time to call over all the roll. Besides a goodly lot of our passengers were housed there. My old friend G. K. Fitch and family, L. R. Townsend and wife, Mr. Swift and family, Emily Thorne, Mrs. and Miss Ferris, Jim Moore, Mr. Shiels, Mr. Moore, Mr. Wheeler, Col. Benjamin, Paymaster Boggs—and many others too numerous to mention. There was quite a family of us, though I regret to say that by this time the family is about as widely scattered as it could have been had a package of nitro-glycerine been tamped and fired in the centre of the circle.

We found the weather quite cold and unpleasant, but after a day or two it warmed up, the sun shone, and those who had credit with tailors were enabled to display their good clothes on the street. Pretty prices they charge for clothes now-a-days, too! One hundred dollars for a not very swell suit, and a hundred dollars a dozen for shirts; twelve dollars for Oxford-tie shoes: twenty dollars for boots. Blessed indeed are the clothes makers in these times. How I congratulated myself on the far-sighted policy which has always prompted me to make punctual payments to tailors *et id genus omne*. For verily Porter persisted in dressing me like a prince and as yet has not sent in any bill: Who disputes the eternal truth that Honesty *is* the best policy? Surely no one will who has tried both.

I witnessed the burning of the Academy of Music in New York. The opera was that incomparably slow one of Halevy's—*La Juive*—and I had sat it through faithfully. The Jewess fell into the cauldron and the curtain upon the stage simultaneously at about twenty-five minutes to twelve. Turnbull and I had just got comfortably seated at the Metropolitan, cigars lighted and our feet considerably above our heads—an American idea of bliss which I was endeavoring to impress upon that obdurate Englishman—when the alarm struck. Seeing the glare of the flames on the stores opposite we turned out, and ran with the machines. Judge of our surprise on finding that the Academy to whose brilliancy we had so lately contributed the light of our presence was on fire. All efforts to save it were vain—our firemen could find excellent situations in New York I think—and slowly but surely it burned away. It was a good fire while it lasted, and it lasted until morning was bright. And both my companion and myself got wet through by the bursting of a hose—he enjoying the additional fortune of being kicked in the stomach by an angry and rather drunken fireman—catching severe colds which, like the scent of the roses to the shattered vase, "cling to us still."

I had a few other things to write—many other, in fact—intending to tell you of the excitement which a monkey and parroquet that I brought from the Isthmus have made in the village. As yet I am unable to decide whether the many calls with which the Chatean de Inigo is honored are meant for me or for the monkey. With my native modesty, I am content to divide the odd trick, and call the honors easy. The odd trick by right should belong to him, for he certainly has more odd tricks than any other animal that ever before fell under my observation. My little niece does not like the new pet at all. She had a world of pets before—white rabbits with pink eyes, kittens, canary birds, and all that and those. Mr. monkey has pulled out what little stumps of tails the rabbits had, and has snatched the kitten bald-headed, while the parroquet has made it very warm for the canary birds. Fanny says she hopes Uncle Charlie won't ever come home again bringing *such* pets. If the monkey would but die from a fit of indigestion, consequent upon eating the parrot, I think that Fanny's cup of happiness would be complete.

If I had time, I'd tell you how Bret and Mark Twain are appreciated in New York, and what a warm welcome and open field await those two worthies whenever they choose to effect a change of base and transfer their lines of communication to this coast. I could tell you what THE CALIFORNIAN is thought of in the metropolis, how several authorities declare both orally and in print that it is the best literary journal on the continent, and advise its transfer to New York. But modesty checks me, as usual. However, you will have already seen what the *Boudoir* says of Mr. Iris Miller's articles upon flowers and gardening. And now, dear CALIFORNIAN *au revoir*. When I next write you, it will be from Gotham.

INIGO.

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—We are pleased to know that the Board of Supervisors, in the exercise of their customary courtesy, have tendered to the latest distinguished visitors to California—the officers of the war vessels, *Vanderbilt* and *Monadnock*—the "Freedom of the City." From eminent strangers to whom this somewhat vague compliment has been offered heretofore, we are informed that it entitles the persons so favored to lodge at the best hotels, sup at the best restaurants, drive the best horses, and enjoy oneself absolutely according to the best opportunities presented in the vicinity, providing always that the party so enjoying duly meet his obligations and keep the peace. To inquisitive persons who wish to know in what consists the difference between this high compliment as extended by cities of Europe to distinguished guests and as proffered by this city, we have to say, that in the old cities of the old world, the "Freedom of the City" is extended generally in a gold snuff-box, but in San Francisco it is extended in a horn.

THE "Fourth" is to be thoroughly celebrated in this city. All the civic and military associations have tendered a prompt acceptance of the invitation to join in the celebration. The route of the procession, which will be much shorter than usual, will terminate at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Montgomery street, where following exercises will be held:

1. Prayer—By Rev. H. Goodwin.
2. Reading the Declaration of Independence—By Nathan Porter, Esq.
3. Oration—By A. L. Stone, D. D.
4. Poem—By Mr. W. A. Kendall.

In the evening, the grand pyrotechnic exhibition, got up by Church & Clark, will take place at the junction of Market, Seventh and McAllister streets.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
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For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
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For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of admiuistration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

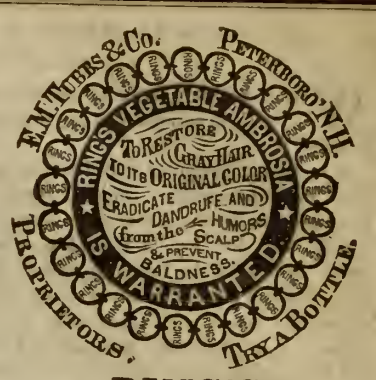
MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.



RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN F. SNOW,
Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 24 Post street,
je23 San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S *Through Line to New York.*

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JUNE 30th, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Watkins.
(Connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 9, 1866.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, held on the 5th inst., it was resolved to increase the Capital Stock of the corporation to $5,000,000, gold, to take effect on

THE FIRST DAY OF JULY NEXT,

and the President and Cashier were authorized to receive subscriptions for $2,000,000 of said capital stock. Parties desirous of subscribing will make application at the Bank, either personally or by letter, when further details will be given. D. O. MILLS, President.
my20-1m W. C. RALSTON, Cashier.

BEER AND WINE SALOON.

Faust Cellar.

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets.

A. L. THIELE.....Proprietor

WESTPHALIA HAMS, RUSSIAN CAVIAR, SARDINES, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, etc.; the finest Brands of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, and Seltzer Water, Wholesale and Retail.

☞ Fishing and Hunting Parties fitted out at the shortest notice. 1y24

OCCIDENTAL *INSURANCE COMPANY,*

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late ex. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

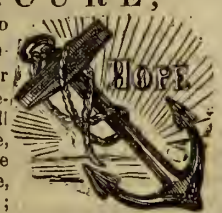
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

AYER'S AGUE CURE,



FOR THE SPEEDY AND Certain Cure of Intermittent Fever or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Ague medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
my26-2m and all Dealers.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

ON SATURDAY, - - - JULY 14TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,



530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 18,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. mar15 3m

COME AND SEE ME!



DR. JOHN HEALD, DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED TO THE

CORNER KEARNY AND CALIFORNIA STS,

Where he will be pleased to see all old friends, and plenty of new ones. Every variety of Dental Operations performed in the best manner, and at prices that shall suit all persons. ☞ ENTRANCE ON CALIFORNIA SREET. ap28 3m

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of

THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street.
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. my5 3m

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - Petaluma.
mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERSON, Proprietors.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK  HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - - MARCH 3

BY

McGANN & CO.,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

Cor. Sansome and California streets, San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcoms the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
my11-6m San Francisco

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

FURNITURE AND *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 *and* 202 *Montgomery street,*
Corner of Bush, - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison.)

Printers and Electrotypers,

413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome.)
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.

Stamps of all kinds made to order.

Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. my3-3m

SMOKE THE PATENT RUSSIAN *CIGARETTES,*



MANUFACTURED BY

GIBB & STAHL,
S.W. COR. KEARNY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ For sale at all Cigar Stores. ap28 3m

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK.

["Inigo," in his letters to The Californian, from Acapulco and Panama, has given our readers a racy—and no donbt graphic—account of a portion of his journey homeward. The following extracts from a contribution to the New York *Leader* will enable the reader to follow "Inigo" to the metropolis. Elsewhere we publish a letter written from the "home of his boyhood," Champlain, N. Y.]

PERHAPS some one would like to know something abont the railroad across the Isthmns. If so, they mnst make the trip, for it is quite enongh to ride over it without writing about it. I suppose, in any event, the company don't much care what is said abont their road, there being no rival ronte. The seenery I cannot deseribe, as a youug lady was resting her lovely head npon my shoulder in innocent slumber all the way over, and I could not turn my head without disturbing her. Contrary to the general idea, we were not distnrbed by parrots flying in at the windows, nor by monkeys climbing over the roofs of the cars The only thiug in the menagerie line visible was seen at the depot at Panama. There birds were hawked about and monkeys went begging. I purchased a couple of parroquets in an improvised bamboo-cage, for four dollars, and very soon afterwards had the satisfaction of seeiug four, in a magnificent tin cage, sold by the same man to a gentleman in my immediate vicinity for one dollar and a half. However, I am firmly persnaded that mine are the best birds—else why was the greater price asked for them?

* * * * * * *

At Aspinwall we fonnd the steamer *New York* awaiting us. Bless her dear heart—heart of oak—light as a feather, bnoyant as a dnck, comfortable as a cottage on the Hudson, and steady as a cathedral—I'm in love with her every timber. Little did I think, though, on my first introduction, that ever I wonld be thus writing in her praise. She was not qnite ready on our arrival at Aspinwall, and we had to await for an hour or two the firing of the gun which is the signal to come on board. Not being in mnch of a hurry, I did the town pretty thoronghly and then blundered on board quite late at night, thoroughly tired ont, aud barely able to prop my eyes open by pntting little pieces of bamboo between the lids. Into my state-room I groped and very soon was sleeping the sleep of the just—thongh the nnjust, I snppose, sleep jnst as well. Both portholes were open, and all was cool and comfortable. How was I to know that the room was planted right alongside the starboard wheel, and that that starboard wheel, when the steamer got under weigh, was going to dash in the water at the open portholes with as little regard for my comfort as though I were a dnck or any other waterfowl? It is a compliment to my conscieuce to say that I slept through it all. Trne, I may have dreamed of Niagara Falls, or a swimming bath at North Beach, but nothing beyond. In the morning I awoke a wiser and a wetter man. There were three inches of water in my birth, six upon the floor. My clothes, out from which I always crawl on going to bed as a crab does from its shell, leaving it huddled upon the beach, lay on the floor soaked aud sodden through. There was a situation for you! Five o'clock in the morning, and not a clean stitch or change of clothes in my valise, and the bag gage room not opened until eleven o'clock! When you can do nothing else it is sometimes very well to make a noise. So I shonted. Very soon there were three men pumping the water out of the room—six swabbing up the floor. But that was not all: I wanted clothes. So sent for Fuller and commanded him to get up my trunk at once. He laughed. *Per contra*, I swore, but that bettered the situatiou not at all. The hottest oaths that ever the army in Flanders swore were perfectly incompetent to dry so much even as a shirt collar. I found fault with the company. Fuller to me:

"Why did you not shut up the portholes?"

I to Fuller: "Who the devil knew I was stuck under a water-wheel?"

"Why did-you not have a change in your valise?"

"You unmitigated son of a sea cook! Why didn't I have a life-preserver strapped on? Who expects to be shipwrecked in one's own berth?"

And if the villain had not got beyond my reach, I do thiuk the winds and waves would now have been howling his dirge, for I had a wet boot in my hand, and was on the point of firing it.

By and by he returned with a shirt and pair of stockings he had borrowed from the doctor. There was a quarter-deck costume for you! Man may want but little clothes below, but he certainly wants those little cut after a longer pattern than most shirts are. Menken is complained of, and yet her costnme were cnmbersome compared to that which I was expected to go to breakfast in. Let Greeley denounce compromises as much as he pleases—in this case a compromise was my salvation. I borrowed a hat and a very long overcoat from a roommate. You would have thought me a grandee of Spain or a Field Marshal of France. The overcoat came down to my heels, and I had on a pair of gold-embroidered slippers that Jim Moore lent me. The main trouble lay with the doctor's shirt. That buttoned behind, and I'm not accustomed to that style. The consequeuce was I canght a cold in the back. But, on the whole, everything turned ont much better than I expected. My trunk was got up in good time, I became a successfnl candidate for a "new birth," and now I have chronicled the only discomfort that befell me on the voyage.

* * * * * * *

My chief amnsement was with the monkeys. Of these there were two—one a lively, jolly fellow, that seemed to think every day the Fonrth of July, and celebrated it by one constant jollification. The other was sullen and morose, appearing to view every one that approached him as an enemy and look npon the world generally as something against which he entertained a bitter grudge. The treatment he got from the sailors may have had something to do with framing for him this morose turn of mind. For it certainly could not conduce much to his amiability to have tobacco juice sqnirted into his eyes, while his neighbor was feted with oranges and bananas. On the whole, though, I fancy he was naturally an "unhappy cuss." I've seen some pietists of whom he reminded me strongly. Judge of my surprise when, on arriving in this harbor, the owner of that morose monkey led him up to me by a chain nnd formally presented me with him. He had perhaps noticed me watching the animal with contemplative eyes, and had fancied that there was some sympatnetic feeling between ns. You have heard of the man with the elephant! Well, you should have seen me bringing that monkey ashore. He jumped upon the head of the Custom-House officer who stood at the gangway, nearly knocking that sedate official into the river. Being actually afraid to trust myself alone in a carriage with the animal, I tucked him under my coat and started for the hotel. He availed himself of the situation by biting my legs and tearing my trowsers. By way of mild reproof, I boxed his ears. He revenged himself by yelling like a copper-colored Indian, leading the police to believe that I was kidnapping a child, and biting my fingers to the bone. That was piling Ossa upon Pelion with a vengeance; so, finding he wouldn't be carried and refused to be led, I finally compromised matters by artistically kicking him to the hotel. He is now in charge of the colored attaches of the establishment, among whom he seems to feel himself perfectly at home, evidently considering himself a member of the Freedmen's Bureau Association, entitled to all the benefits of the Civil Rights Bill, and under the immediate protection of Congress.

But we had more fnn over a bird that wasn't brought aboard than over any monkey that was. An Englishman fresh from the colonies bought a very small bird, scarcely the size of a tomtit, at the Isthmus. He purchased a cage nearly as large as a hen-coop, and put the bird in at the door. I have an idea that originally the cage was intended for a turkey-buzzard. On being put in at the door on one side, the little bird very sensibly walked out between the slats on the other. All unknowing of the escape that had been made, the Englishman brought the cage on board the ship. At snpper-time he stuffed enough yams and potatoes in it to feed an ox, and set a small bucket of water down by the door. At night he took the cage into his state-room, and hung a blanket over it. In the morning he brought it out and aired it. Thinking to amuse himself with the captive, he chirruped at the door and thrust in his finger, but no bird perched thereon. The look of blank amazement on his face when, after peering in every corner of the cage—he was very near-sighted and used eye-glases—he found no bird there, was very comical indeed.

* * * * * * *

If any one doesn't think that New York harbor looks smiling and cheerful when one enters it after a four years' absence, he can get many a bet out of me! The pleasant little conntry seats that dot the shores, the green terraces, and the waving shade-trees, all offer a marked contrast to the sand-hills that greet the stranger on gliding within our Golden Gate. Reaching the wharf, one finds a familiar feature in the hackmen—hackmen, I fancy, are the same all the world over. But how the city and the people seem to have changed! One feels himself alone in what has been his home for years. Some way, the old faces seem to be gone and new ones to have taken their places. And I can now understand the feeling of discontent which the Californian experiences when he walks up Broadway without meeting a soul who takes him by the hand and expresses pleasnre at seeing him. Though tolerably well "fixed" for friends in this city, I experienced at first landing sufficient of the feeling to sympathize a little with the many who loudly express their disgust at the size of the city and the way in which a man finds his individnality merged in the mass and gone, while they sigh for San Francisco. But I cannot indorse to the full the generally expressed opinion that San Francisco can discount New York on everything. Jim Moore, for instance, has written to a friend in San Francisco that the Academy of Music doesn't begin with Maguire's Opera House, and that Pat Gallagher is a better dressed man than can be found on Broadway. And Jack Stratman, on being taken out to the Central Park, looked contemptnously round:

"And this is Central Park, is it?"

"Yes."

"The h-ll you say! You should see Hayes' Park once!"

Suggestions to the Ladies.—Very few people give themselves the trouble to nnderstand the rules of color. They consider them as belonging to an abstruse science. The principles, which are supposed to be too much wrapped in mystery to be worth the trouble of acquiring by any but professional persons, are those comprehended in the laws of contrast of color and contrast of tone.

First, as regards contrast of color. There are three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow. From these every other color is formed, and each has its perfect harmony in its contrasting or complimentary color. The complimentary of each color is formed by the union of the other two, (and is therefore called the secondary.) that is, green, being the mixture of blue and yellow is complimentary to red; violet, being formed of red and blue, is complimentary to yellow; and orange, a compound of red and yellow, to blue.

Each of these colors, when placed near its complimentary, intensifies its effect. Green causes red to appear redder, blue adds a brighter tint to orange, and yellow enhances the color of violet. In other words, every color looks its purest and best when it is beside its complimentary.

By means of the simple law of contrast, therefore, we have the power of imparting any tint that we choose to the complexion, and of rendering our costume agreeable to the eye by the harmony produced by properly contrasted colors: and we may learn to avoid increasing the undesirable tints of a sallow complexion by the jnxtaposition of blue or violet, or rendering a florid complexion still more highly-colored by contrasting it with green. On the other hand, ladies with golden hair and clear complexions will see that they should wear blue in prefereuce to any other color, harmonizing agreeably as it does, with the former, without exercising any ill-effect on the latter.

The new Opposition steamer, the *S. M. Whipple*, is to make her trial trip to-day, and will be placed on the Sacramento route next week. She is not so large as the Navigation Company's Sacramento boats, but her friends claim that she will be very apt to come in winner in the contest for speed with some of them. At all events she is in fast hands.

Herr Grosse, a publisher of Berlin, was lately sentenced to a month's imprisonment for publishing a novel directed against the French Emperor. Its title was *Louis Napoleon; or, the Struggle Between Destiny and the Imperial Crown.*

Mr. Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, translated into German from time to time, as the volumes originally appeared, has been successful enough to jnstify two editions, which are published at Berlin—a library edition and a people's edition.

M. Bismark's name has added a new word to the French language, *bismarquer* being now used therein as the synonym of *tricher*, to cheat.

Facts vs. Theories.—"Give me a place to rest my lever on, says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pnre and unadulterated drugs," says Medicus, of the oldea time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their lever on, either to move the world or cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was bnt another name for sorcery, and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms of the "evil eye," etc.

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting place for it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand ever ready to serve them at his beck.

Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magical effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think Maggiel's Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.* c14

We refer our readers to the advertisement of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., who publish in our advertising columns a list nearly as long as an auctioneer's catalogue of their extensive varieties of Cottons, Linens, Dress Goods, Shawls, Lace and Muslin Goods, Hosiery, Flannels, etc., which they are now selling at reduced rates. This mammoth Dry Goods House is the most enterprising establishment in this city, and does business on the "nimble sixpence" order of quick sales and light profits, by the aid of liberal advertising, to the amount of thousands of dollars per day. They are spoken of among the trade as the "Stewards of the Pacific Coast"—a very delicate way of acknowledging their business standing.

No Lady of Fashion thinks of going to a party or making a morning call without first adorning and beautifying her complexion and skin with that elegant, innocent and fragrant, toilet article—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all Druggists.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavins, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 615 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. *J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.*
Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church Forty second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Co Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
NEW YORK.

je2-4m

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

ap7-3m

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BATHS.
Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery.

AUCTIONEERS.
Olney & Co., removed to 418 Montgomery street.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.
S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgomery st.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Cosmopolitan, White & Lafferty, Cosmopolitan Hotel.
Wholers & Steil. Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Bigelow & Bro., N.W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

COLLECTOR.
B. Pulverman, 614 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COPPER CRUSHER AND SAMPLER.
S. W. Howland, 24 California street, (at Thomas' Mill.)

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Poirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J. J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Nohle & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE.
Fifteen-dollar lots for sale by H. S. Brown, S.E. corner of Battery and Commercial streets.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one-half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled.
WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street.

je30-3m

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for hooks.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

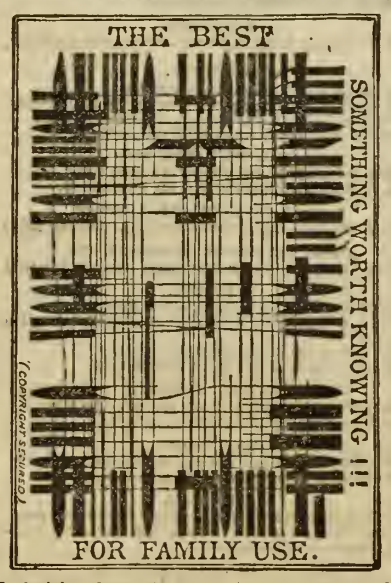
No package will he forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE



AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*
AT THE
State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MAchine within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent,
111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the
AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,
1865.

my10-3m

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Confectioners,
111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. my24-3m

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,



IMPORTERS OF

Drugs, Chemicals, Herbs,

PATENT MEDICINES,

PAINTS, VARNISHES,

ACIDS, DYE STUFFS,

OILS, PERFUMERIES,

TOILET ARTICLES,

BRUSHES.

We are just receiving, direct from Spain, a complete assortment of

CORKS! CORKS! CORKS

which we offer at lower prices than usual

DUSTING, PAINT, VARNISH, SHOE, SCRUB, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES:

We have a splendid stock, which we offer at extremely low prices.

HERBS.

We have received, direct from the Shakers, all kinds of fresh Herbs, and intend to keep every article used of this description.

TILDEN'S SOLID AND FLUID EXTRACTS, PILLS, AND CONCENTRATED PREPARATIONS.

We have on hand, and shall keep a full assortment of the above celebrated preparations, which we offer to the trade at such prices as will defy competition.

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

A great variety, not to be equalled in the market as to quality and price.

Parties about purchasing would do well to give us a call and examine prices and goods before purchasing elsewhere.



PLAIN
AND
GUM TEETH.



We have the largest assortment of any house on the Pacific coast.

GOLD FOIL.

We are manufacturing Foil which we can recommend to the profession as being a superior article. We also have on hand a full assortment, of all the various makers

VULCANIZERS,

DENTAL CHAIRS AND LATHES

FILES,

VULCANITE AND GUTTA PERCHA,

FORCEPS,

BURRS, DRILLS AND EXCAVATORS,

MIRRORS, ETC.

We have, besides the above, every article used by the Dentist, and are daily in receipt of all the new inventions in use.

Dentists will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDonald & Co.,

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.
AND
J STREET - - SACRAMENTO.

ap28-3m

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUNDS.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diurrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

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A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,

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THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract.

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial. Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
W. S Davis,	J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gumble,
A. C. Knox	J. W. Miller,
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FOURTH OF JULY, 1866.
NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed Grand Marshal of the Ceremonies for the coming Anniversary of the Independence of the United States, hereby respectfully invites the different Military, Fireman and Civic Societies in this city to participate in the celebration, and requests the officers of the same to send immediate notice of acceptance to the office of the Marshal, Nos. 25 and 26 Montgomery Block.
The proposed celebration is intended to be one of the grandest ever held in San Francisco, and, in view of the peculiar circumstances attending the present Anniversary, it is hoped that a full representation of the above-mentioned societies will assist in giving honor to the day.
As peace has again visited our Nation it is especially appropriate that the whole people should unite in publicly showing their gratitude and joy on the occasion referred to; and a demonstration such as intended to be made will go far toward showing the patriotism which still endears the memory of the Birthday of America.
je23-2t WILLIAM G. BADGER, Grand Marshal.

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All at Reduced Prices.

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 7. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 7, 1866.

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Climatic Peculiarities of California
A People too Busy to Read.
The Brothers.
A London Hospital.

POETRY:

Cheated.—By Emilie Lawson.
Ode (July 4, 1866).—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

[For the Californian.]

ODE.

WE know what awful pangs and throes
Of birth were ours when first arose
The child that was to be
Our Goddess—Liberty.

'Twas fitting from such travail-pains
Should spring an idol for our fanes,
And stars not too mean
For a right royal queen.

Then we did robe her as we might
In graceful skirts of red and white,
And to those fair bright bars
Drew down God's burning stars.

She cheered us on the far blue main,
She nursed us on the battle-plain;
For her we armed and fought,
The deadliest danger sought.

With blazing stars more heavenly bright
In deeper red and purer white,
Did royal liberty
Proclaim our victory.

We will not strive to deck her more
In gaudy colors, but adore
Our Vestal in her gown
As chastely white as down.

She who is modest and yet bold,
As firm as steel—honest as gold—
Now does she preach to us
In deeds magnanimous,

And waves her olive-bough of peace.
O! boastful drums and trumpets cease!
Protect her from all taints—
Go throne her with the saints!

JULY 4, 1866. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

STILL ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.—A newspaper correspondent at Winterhock writes the following story: "A large snake of the cobra tribe, about 4 feet 6 inches long, got unseen into a farmer's house, it is supposed on the Saturday afternoon, and concealed himself. On the Sunday afternoon, the farmer and his wife were quietly enjoying themselves reading, when the snake crawled out, got, unperceived, under the good woman's crinoline, and twisted itself around her leg from the ankle to the knee, which position it kept for upwards of half an hour. The farmer's wife, all the while thinking it was her favorite kitten, took no notice of it, until at length, wishing to eject the intruder, she slightly raised her dress for the purpose. Judge of her surprise on finding so deadly a creature twisted round her leg. She sat perfectly still, not even looking at her husband lest he should disturb the reptile. At last it uncoiled itself, and then twisted itself about her foot. The shoe fitted loosely, and she softly withdrew her foot, made one bound across the room, and called her husband's attention to the cause of the disturbance. The savage creature now charged the wife, and was only kept off by the husband with his Sunday coat. It at length retreated into the bedroom, and was there killed."—*Australian paper.*

HORNE TOOKE returned his income at sixty pounds a year; the commissioners said they were not satisfied. Horne Tooke in reply, said he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had.

[For the Californian.]

THE FOURTH IN THE SUBURBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SUBURBAN RESIDENCE."

IN independence of all civic celebration and display, I have been spending the Fourth of July at my suburban residence. Let not the incautious reader suppose that my pleasures were purely bucolic or rural. I have not been unfamiliar with those ingenious contrivances which my youngest boy, in the imperfect orthœpy of youth, denominates as "fire-wax." Even as I write, a subtle, sulphurous flavor pervades the house; the garden walks are strewn with fragmentary and exploded crackers, whose red outer wrappings rustle in the breeze, as though they were the autumnal leaves of that Tree of Liberty which flourishes so pre-eminently at this season. The fences are blackened, remarkable blisters appear upon the white paint of the verandah, and the hand that records these experiences is grimy and black with powder.

The celebration of the day was opened with cheerful energy by a neighbor with a four-pounder. Apparently under the impression that his remoteness from the city limits justified him in an extra vigor of expression, he for a long time held a terrible pre-eminence in the neighborhood, dominating over all other sounds to that extent that the Chinese crackers of my children, albeit they were extra size, sank into puerile insignificance. He kept up this system of brain-shattering explosions, until I hit upon the expedient of upsetting at regular intervals a pile of clap-boards which stood conveniently in my back-yard, and which I am gratified to state produced a concussion, not only equal in intensity, but far superior in the matter of duration. This, or want of powder, silenced him eventually. My Newfoundland dog rendered me valuable assistance during the controversy by barking furiously, and charging the enemy's cannon violently, after each discharge.

In fact I had matured a plan of celebration of my own, with which this self asserting character of my neighbor's somewhat interfered. My eldest boy had been presented with a model of a Monitor, which had a practicable turret that moved by machinery, and I wished to turn the occasion to account. I accordingly constructed on the banks of a little pond in the rear of my lot, a small fortress, which I mounted with miniature practicable cannon, and garrisoned with a company of stolid and inflexible wooden soldiers, borrowed for the occasion from the nursery. A little distance from this frowning fortress I laid a mine, with a slow match. A few feet from the fort floated a model ship-of war with a fine broadside (also practicable) of four guns. The fort bore a rebel flag, the ship-of-war carried the stars and stripes. When I state that I christened the fort, Fort Fisher, the reader will understand how my object was to combine instruction and patriotism, and to endeavor to exhibit to my children in mimic detail the events of that memorable engagement. The Monitor, which also mounted a small cannon in its turret, it is needless to say was kept in reserve until the proper moment.

With the exception of some slight incongruities, the effect of these details when completed was very fine. The fact that the rebel garrison was composed of giants—who might have been, in comparison with the size of the Union ship, roughly estimated at fifteen feet high—lent an additional moral effect to the victory which was to be achieved over them. At exactly twelve the ship of war was placed into position, with her guns covering the fort, and the slow matches lighted. An interval of breathless suspense followed. The audience, consisting of my two children, and a select deputation of young people from the neighboring houses, fairly trembled with excitement.

Bang!—the first gun from the ship. A cheer from the juveniles. No visible effect on the fort, but a decided splash in the water on the opposite side of the ship. On examination one gun was missing from her deck. General depression—with the exception of my youngest, who then and thereafter wildly cheered everything in a most extravagant manner.

The second gun was very appropriately fired from the fort. But, while it resembled the first in its harmlessness toward the object against which it was directed, it was attended by disastrous consequences within. The whole garrison instantly fell stiffly and immovably on their faces, with the exception of the rebel commander, who, being placed for greater prominence on the parapet, calmly dropped over the wall, and remained standing on his head, with his inflexible legs in the air, coolly surveying the enemy during the rest of the engagement. The quiet unconcern he exhibited might have been the effect of discipline, or the conscious security of his position, for the next movement of the ship was to yaw and discharge with extreme rapidity the rest of her broadside into my party, who retired with some precipitation.

On returning to the scene of conflict, it was discovered that one of the rebel sentries had deliberately rolled down the bank into the water and was just then floating in a peculiarly imbecile and stiff legged manner in the pond. A disagreeable smell of burning paint which was occasionally wafted from the fort, was found to proceed from another sentry who had been ignited by some burning wadding and was slowly being consumed from his legs upward, without any visible alteration in his military bearing or movement of his inflexible features. It was evident that the critical moment had come—the hour for decisive action had arrived. The rebel fort was already in a defenceless condition, but for the matter of that the Union war vessel was also in distress, with her shrouds on fire. I rapidly wound up the Monitor, set a slow match to her two redoubtable cannon, and amid the intensest excitement shoved her off. She proceeded toward Fort Fisher finely—although perhaps her turret revolved a little too rapidly to be consistent with the best facilities for aiming—until she arrived directly opposite, and then without the slightest apparent reason changed her course and threw herself with a fearful clicking of wheels full against the hapless Union vessel. Totally disregarding her duty to save the ship at all hazards, she deliberately bore her unfortunate ally to the opposite bank and discharged with frightful rapidity her two cannon, raking the deck of the defenceless vessel and blowing the remaining guns overboard. A thrill of horror ran through the spectators. But at this moment the sagacity of my noble Newfoundland dog who had been barking furiously at the whole proceeding, changed the aspect of affairs. Disregarding the fire of Fort Fisher, he sprang into the pond, sunk the Union vessel with one stroke of his paw, seized the Monitor whose turret still revolved frantically, and brought the vessel dripping to my feet. As a matter of course the mine, till then forgotten, took that opportunity to explode directly under one of the interested spectators.

The infelicities of the morning were repeated in the evening celebration. The exhibition of fire-works was remarkable, and some novel effects were introduced, but, on the whole, it could hardly be called successful. A thick fog enveloped the house, the wind blew chilly from the west, and the moisture dripped incessantly from the foliage. Some of the rockets sulked; those that were successfully ignited were completely controlled by the wind and took one uniform direction and angle in their flight. After I had despatched half a dozen, I received a courteous, but firm remonstrance from one of my neighbors, who informed me that, as their ultimate destination appeared to be his attic windows, he would like some explanation. His statement seemed credible from the fact that the rockets were lost in the fog almost as quickly as they rose. I sent by way of reply another, which I have since learned overtook the messenger, and fixed itself on the verandah, where, for some time, it played like a fiery hose over his garden bed. The Catherine wheels, after one or two revolutions, remained fixed, and derisively hissed at the spectators. A star mine, which had persistently refused to ignite, after having been returned to the parlor, suddenly sprang into fearful activity, sent up a brilliant and variously-tinted shower of sparks into the chandelier, and finally had to be quenched ignominiously by the garden hose. Only the Bengola Lights acted consistently. *They* burned steadily, with a baleful and peculiarly wicked glare, lighting up the disastrous scene, apparently enjoying the discomfiture of my audience, and investing them with a ghastly solemnity. They burned long after the entertainment was concluded, and one of them, fixed upon the fence, still lends its ominous light as I write these experiences.

THE BALL OF FIRE.

ONE evening towards the close of the last century, two persons were walking arm-in-arm in a shady walk in Hyde Park. One was a soldier, young, good-looking, and apparently in the strongest health; and his companion, a neatly dressed woman, younger than himself, with a gentle, pleasing expression of countenance, fair hair, and a good, though somewhat pale complexion. They were walking quickly, and it was evident from the snatches of their conversation which a passer-by might have caught, that she was anxious to be home by a certain hour, while he endeavored to prolong the walk, and the pleasure which it gave him. Their conversation turned chiefly on the future—the future which they hoped to spend together—for they were engaged—and, though the period of their marriage was uncertain, neither of them entertained doubt or fear on the subject, so constant, deep, and sincere was the affection which subsisted between them. Their walk was not so hurried but that they had time to appoint an hour on the morrow, on which to resume their walk and conversation on the subject of their arrangements and plans for the future; so, when they parted, it was with that feeling of temporary sorrow which is called up by a separation of a few hours only, with a certainty, humanly speaking, of a speedy meeting again.

Truly, they but little knew how uncertain that meeting was! The young man was a private in the ——th Regiment, where he bore the highest character for steadiness and regular conduct, and in a short time he was to obtain a step in rank, which he trusted would enable him to maintain as his wife, this girl, to whom he had long been attached. They were natives of the same country village, and chance had brought them into close contact in London, for she lived as maid to an excellent mistress in Bryanstone Square, and his barracks were but a five minutes' walk distant. The acquaintance was gladly renewed, and soon ripened into the warmest love, and, with the full consent of her mistress and her relations, she engaged herself to him.

She hurried home now to attend to her mistress's dressing, and to be ready to resume her accustomed occupation of reading aloud to her of an evening; for Mrs. Howard was an invalid, and the careful attention of her maid, Jane Irvine, had induced her for many months to treat her more as a companion than as a servant—a distinction which her good education fully warranted.

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Howard to her, soon after she came in, "I hope you had a pleasant walk with James; and have you settled anything definitely with him?"

"No, ma'am, we can arrange nothing with certainty till he knows when he shall get his promotion; and he has advised me to ask you to be good enough to let me remain with you for some little time yet, as we can hardly marry, so as to be comfortable, for some weeks after that."

"By all means," was Mrs. Howard's ready answer; "I shall be very glad for you to stay as long as it suits you. Now, give me my handkerchief, and after dinner, towards ten o'clock, come to the drawing-room and read to me."

Mrs. Howard went to dinner; Jane, no doubt, to supper. Meantime, the sun had set with brilliancy, and to-night there were no apparent signs of the thunderstorms which had been so frequent of late. The sky was clear and cloudless, and the rich golden light which gleamed over it, tempted one to quarrel with Byron's depreciation of English sunsets as compared with those of more southern lands:

> Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun—
> Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But one unclouded blaze of living light.

But it sank down and was gone, and with it went, though as yet they knew it not, the happiness of those two loving hearts.

The hour came at which Jane was to bring her book, and continue the history which so much interested Mrs. Howard. When she came down, she found, as was often the case, that the party was joined by a young man, her mistress's son, who, having his home in another part of London, often came to dine and spend the evening with his mother. However, the reading was not on that account abandoned, but the young man, William Howard, sitting down in an arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, proposed to listen to it with as much attention as his mother, who sat opposite to him: while Jane Irvine took her place at the table, having the door of the room on her right hand, and her mistress on her left, between herself and the fire place; where, of course, being summer time, there was no fire, but the two arm-chairs retained their position all the year round, and, from force of habit, Mrs. Howard and her son sat in them summer and winter alike. In front of Jane, and shedding their light on her book, were two candles, and there was no other light in the room, as Mrs. Howard had weak eyes, and did not generally occupy herself with any work while the reading was going on.

Suddenly, as Jane Irvine was raising her hand to snuff one of the candles, a scream from her mistress caused her accidentally to put it out, and she echoed herself a piercing scream as a flaming globe of fire roll'ed along the floor, touching the edge of her dress as it passed! A perfect ball of fire, larger than a cricket ball, lighting up the room with a flash for an instant, which then seemed to relapse into utter darkness, so dazzling was its effect!

What was it? Whence could it have come! It had come from the fire-place side, but, as we know, there was no fire there, and had gone—whither? The door was shut, and the window also. The three people were almost paralyzed for a moment, but William Howard was the first to recover himself, and to perceive that his mother was fainting.

"Quick, Jane!" he cried; "bring some water! she is fainting; she is dying! Oh! mother——"

Jane Irvine controlled her own feelings in anxiety for her mistress, for she knew that her constitution could little bear such a shock, and it was not for some time that she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak. Her first words were—

"I shall die, I shall die within the month."

"No, no, my dear mother; why should you think so? Do not talk like that, I beg of you."

"Yes, William, I shall die. It touched me, and I know that was my summons."

"That is mere superstition," he said; "don't let that weigh with you."

"But it does, William. I cannot help it. I cannot disbelieve it. All whom that fearful messenger touches will leave this world within a month."

Jane shuddered. Had not the messenger touched her, too? William did not leave the house that night, nor did Jane Irvine quit her mistress's side. She spoke very little, and when she did it was with the words of one whose hours are numbered. She told her son where her will would be found; mentioned that she had made in it a provision for her faithful attendant, amongst other small legacies, which she begged her son to see duly paid. This he promised, but added—

"But, my dear mother, don't talk like this. I do trust you will shake off the impression which this has made on your mind. Take a simple explanation of what you saw, and believe that it was one of the curious effects of electricity or some other natural phenomenon. Don't let superstition have such a strong hold upon you."

"You saw it, William, though?" she asked. "You saw it yourself, and it did not touch you?" she added eagerly.

"No, it did not touch me; but I saw it plainly, and Jane saw it, too."

"Yes, and it touched me," said Jane, in a low tone, not too low, though, for it to reach Mrs. Howard's ear, who, raising herself in bed with a look of horror, almost sternly asked, "Did you say it touched *you*, too? Then you will die."

Jane Irvine shuddered again, and turned away, but was recalled by an exclamation from William. His mother, after uttering those words with an air of prophetic conviction, fell back in a fit. The doctors came, but their skill was of little avail. She never rallied. Jane Irvine was most unremitting in her care, and for days never left her mistress's side; attending to all her wants, and watching most anxiously for a gleam of consciousness, a glance of recognition. All in vain. At night she slept in the same room, and by day she could not be persuaded to leave her, for however short a time. So firmly did she cling to the idea that her beloved mistress would wake once more, and revoke the fatal words, which she felt had cast a sort of spell over her. Why should she die? Life was strong within her—happiness before her. She was not superstitious; she would shake off these gloomy ideas. Mrs. Howard, she could not but believe, would die, but what had that to do with the ball of fire? She had long been an invalid, and her health for the last year had been daily growing more and more feeble, and she was not likely to be able to stand any shock, however slight. Very naturally, with her temperament, the ball of fire had shattered her nerves, already so weak; and had accelerated, though not absolutely caused, the paralysis, which so often strikes down the aged—those who have fought the battle of life and have no strength left to struggle. But with herself the case was widely different. Young, strong, with sound nerves, and not easily frightened, she still admitted that what she had seen on that particular evening had certainly, for the time, alarmed her beyond anything she had ever felt before; but now that was over. These things could be explained by science. Electricity, a power she could not understand, but others did—was that more wonderful than the shooting stars she had so often watched streaming over the sky on a clear November's night? But those words, "Then you will die!"—clear and distinct as her mistress had spoken them, they rang in her ears. "But I will not believe it," she resolutely said, "let me think of other things. Poor James, I have not been able to see or hear of him for some days, but he will have called and have heard of our misfortune. I will write and tell him how ill Mrs. Howard is. I wonder they have not told me of his coming, for he is sure to have asked to see me. I will tell him to call again to-morrow, and I could just see him for five minutes in the hall."

So she wrote, and sent her note, and returned to mount guard by Mrs. Howard. That night there was a change, and before morning Mrs. Howard was a corpse!

So she was dead before the month was out!

Jane Irvine got no answer to her note. To explain why, we must go back to that hot summer's evening, when she and he had, as it proved, taken their last walk together. Near Mrs. Howard's house, on the same side of the square, there was, at that time, a public institution, guarded by a sentry day and night. On the night in question it was the turn of James Radstock, who marched cheerfully to the spot where his watch was to be kept, thinking in his heart that he should in a manner stand sentry over his beloved also. The temptation to look up at the window, and if possible, discover, from the flickering shadows on the blinds, what Jane Irvine was doing—also, perhaps, with a latent hope that he might see a window open, and a smile from her come down to him through the summer night, induced him to extend his walk beyond the regular beat which the national service for the safety of the institution demanded, and more than once he had advanced as far as Mrs. Howard's door, and had then retraced his steps to advance again and again with the same hope. But no Jane was to be seen; only a shadow on the blind, which might or might not be hers. Backwards and forwards he walked, till the night grew dark, and on a sudden he stopped and fell, lifeless apparently, on the pavement—just him, touching his boot, had rolled that ball of fire!

There he lay, and by-and-by there he was seen, senseless and motionless on the pavement. "Drunk," said a passer-by, and moved carelessly on. "Drunk on duty," said a corporal of his regiment, as he found him there; "I should not have thought it of James, though. I don't know a steadier fellow. But that's no good now. Drunk on duty, and *so* drunk, too," he added, as the men with him tried to raise their comrade, who lay in their arms like a sack; "this won't be passed over in a hurry. Take him home, men," he continued; "we must report him in the morning."

Next morning James recovered so far as to be able to speak, but he seemed to have lost his senses, for all he could say was, "I've seen it—it touched me."

"Seen what, lad," asked the soldier, who was bringing him some breakfast, "your own ghost?"

"That ball of fire; it touched me!"

"Fire-water, I expect it was. And it certainly touched you, or you touched it; for you were as drunk as you could be, last night."

"No, no," James answered, "I wasn't drunk. I tell you, I saw it as plain as I see you now."

"No doubt you did, my good fellow, lots of it."

"I shall die; it touched me here," he went on, pointing to his foot.

"You've got into a scrape, anyhow," his sympathizing friend answered; "but I don't know about dying."

"I must die within the month! Oh, poor Jane, poor Jane!"

"I can't make you out, unless you're drunk still; but why you should be so bent on dying, I don't see."

"I saw it," James went on. "It came straight towards me, and touched my foot, and then vanished. Oh! it was horrible. I must die; I know it."

"Never fear, man," said the other; "you're a little cracked, I do believe; but here's your breakfast, and you had better eat it; it may do you good." Poor James! His trial came on, and the evidence went to prove that he was drunk on duty. He persisted in every word of his story, that he had seen a great ball of fire, that it had rolled along the pavement towards him, had passed over his boot, and then vanished. Never in all the cross questioning did he vary a hair's breadth from his statement, adding that after that he was totally unconscious of anything till he found himself next morning in the lock up of his barracks, on, as he was told, a charge of drunkenness. All this he maintained, but who would believe such an unnatural story on the strength of his unsupported word? On a sudden there was a mention of a new witness in the prisoner's favor, and Mr. William Howard appeared, and gave such clear evidence of the appearance of the ball of fire, further explaining that it might well have passed out of his door to the feet of the sentry who had extended his beat, that the whole face of the charge against him changed, and by comparing notes as to the time at which these appearances had been made to both parties, it was evident that the statement of the soldier was wholly true, and he was fully acquitted.

After the trial, Mr. Howard joined James to congratulate him on his escape, which was unquestionably a very narrow one. James expressed his gratitude to him for having stepped in in time to save his character—beyond that he had neither care nor hope.

"Why?" asked Mr. Howard, surprised at the continued gloom which oppressed the man, instead of the cheerfulness which he expected him to feel at the result of the trial.

"It's of no use, sir," was the only answer.

"How do you mean, of no use?" said Mr. Howard. "It's all right enough now."

"I am a dead man, sir. No man can live a month who has been touched by that ball of fire."

Mr. Howard was struck. Those were the very words used by his mother, who was now hovering between life and death. He had not the heart to argue about it then; but merely tell

ing the man that his mother was ill, which was the reason Jane Irvine could not see him at present, he went to his own house, where business called him. When he came back to his mother's house next morning, it was to hear that she had breathed her last. In a few minutes a messenger came hurrying in to say that James Radstock had just been found dead in his bed. On looking round at Jane Irvine, he saw her grow deadly pale, and in an instant she fell back—fainting.

He thought she was dead, and for a moment his strong mind yielded to the influence of superstition; he thought that she, too, had in reality been called away by the fiery messenger! But it was not so; by degrees the color returned to her cheek, and life reanimated her pulses; but the shock had been so great, that even her strong nerves gave way in some degree, and a long and serious illness followed. When she recovered, it was to contemplate an altered and lonely future. Her mistress was dead, and her tryst with James would be held in heaven, never on earth. To that she must look forward, and, faithful to the one idea of happiness at last, she pursued a useful and contented life on earth, cheering those around with kindness and sympathy, doing good to the small circle in which she lived, but never giving up her heart to another (though many a one beat warmly when her name was spoken;) for it was wholly wrapped up in the great love she had borne for James on earth, and as fully belonged to him in Heaven.

Never to her latest day did she forget that fatal evening, though, as years passed on, she learned to look back upon it with calmness, and at length regarded it, as indeed it was, as a coincidence, rather than a cause.—*Once a Week.*

COOKERY LECTURES AT "THE HUB."

PROFESSOR BLOT is the hero of the hour. He has taken Boston by storm, and the whole city is at his feet. To mention his name is to excite immediately the most lively interest, and it is only necessary to say that one has been to Blot's lectures to become at once the centre of curiosity and attraction. Emerson, the Allston club exhibition, the new pictures at Doll & Richardson's in Summer street, the picnic of the bears at Childs & Jenks', plans for the summer, etc., are totally insignificant topics compared with the one engrossing subject of Blot and his system of cookery. The daily papers devote columns to reports of his lectures, and, as to the *Transcript*, it may safely be said to have "Blot on the brain," for, not content with very clever and full reports of the doings of the famous professor, it considers it a duty to perpetrate daily some witticisms over the subject, which, if they do not end in driving the perpetrators thereof to distraction, certainly will the public. It has been wittily said that if Shakspeare had not killed Mercutio, Mercutio would have killed Shakspeare. Very much of the same serious result is to be anticipated if our indispensable companion of the tea-table continue to give us a daily dish of Blot, flavored with "sauce piquante." For if the jocose author of these continual pleasantries himself survive, as by a miracle, can the public stand it? For the sake of others, then, if not for himself, let him profit by Dr. Holmes' advice, and never try to "be funny as he can."

But to return to the professor and his mission. Surely it is a benevolent one, and, if he succeeds in delivering American housekeepers from the dominion of the cooks, who now reign supreme, he will be entitled to the nation's everlasting gratitude, and ought to have a monument raised in his honor bigger than the one to be erected to the discoverer of ether. One thing is certain, that the ladies who attend his lectures catch the professor's enthusiasm for his art, and return to their homes with the full and sincere intention of testing for themselves his very fascinating receipts. Whether this enthusiasm will be lasting is another question, that, however, is not the professor's duty to solve. He does his part well, at all events. He not only understands himself thoroughly, but has a remarkable faculty of imparting information. His explanations are so full and clear that it seems scarcely necessary to ask him any questions, though he is continually plied with them, questions in many cases so idle and childish that his patience at times must be sorely tried. It is a singular fact that questions of this character are mostly asked by old ladies, who, judging from their interrogations, are entirely devoid of the power of comprehending the simplest details. Several of these well-dressed and important dowagers hover around the platform at every lecture, and appear plentifully supplied with curiosity, if not with brains. But nothing disturbs the professor's equanimity. He is never flurried. He answers all questions politely, but as concisely as possible, and proceeds with his explanations.

The first thing on the programme is writing the bill-of-fare on the black-board. When this is copied by his audience, his assistant proceeds quietly, quickly, and neatly to cook the dinner, while he stands by and explains. Besides giving the receipts for the different dishes under preparation, the professor throws out hints with regard to the proper order of the various courses. Thus melons, he asserts, should not make part of the dessert, but be served after the soup, or if there is no soup they should form the first course. Raw oysters at dinner is against all principles of gastronomy. If served before the soup they spoil its taste; if after, they neutralize its effects. They should therefore be reserved for breakfasts, lunches, or suppers. The daily papers have been so free in their reports, it seems scarcely worth while to repeat what they have already given so well, but for the information of those readers of your paper who are yet uninformed as to the professor's system of cooking, I give one bill-of-fare in its order, with the receipts of its various dishes:

Potage a la Julienne.
Fish, with Genevoise sauce.
Beef, baked, with sauce piquante.
Cotellettes jardiniere—Croquettes.
Spinach, au gres.
Smelts, fried.
Petites bouchees a la creme.
Pie.

Potage a la Julienne for eight persons: Slice two carrots and two turnips in fine fillets, melt a small tablespoon of butter in a sauce pan, stir in the carrot and turnip and keep stirring until they are partly fried; add a small leek cut fine, not chopped; pour two quarts of broth, strained, on the vegetables, cover and put on the corner of the fire to simmer until the vegetables are perfectly done.

Fish, with Genevoisse sauce: Put a two pound bass in a pan and nearly cover it with cold water, with a few slices of carrot and onion, two stalks of parsley and thyme; boil it ten minutes, add a tablespoonful of vinegar to each pound of fish. Genevoise sauce: Melt two tablespoons of butter with a little onion and a teaspoonful of flour; stir until brown, add a gill of the water in which the fish was cooked, half a gill of white wine, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a few preserved or fresh mushrooms cut in pieces.

Beef, baked, with sauce piquante: Put the beef in a bake-pan with salt and pepper on the top and a little butter; pretty warm oven, not very quick; mix the gravy with the sauce. Sauce piquante: One-half tablespoonful of butter, a little piece of onion chopped fine, one teaspoon of flour; stir until brown; two tablespoonsful of vinegar, two of broth; just before serving a little chopped parsley; if too thick, add broth.

Cotellettes jardiniere: Cover a carrot and turnip with water, add a pinch of salt; boil until tender, then put them through a colllender; put a little piece of butter in a pan, when melted put in six chops, turn both sides until half done; take them out, put in the pan a teaspoonful of flour and stir until the flour is turning brown, then add nearly a gill of broth; put the chops back and add the carrot and turnip.

Veal croquettes: One pound of cold veal, without any fat: chop it very fine, melt half a tablespoonful of butter over the fire, put in a little piece of onion chopped fine, stir it until fried, add half a tablespoonful of flour; then put in the meat and stir, add salt and pepper, and one and a half gills of broth, three stalks of parsley chopped fine; stir all the time it is on the fire. Stir in fast two eggs, and then take it out of the pan to cool; when cold, spread flour on the paste-board, roll the croquettes in it, then dip each in egg, and roll them in bread crumbs; put butter in the saucepan, and stir in pepper and salt and a little nutmeg; as soon as vapor rises, they are done.

Spinach au gres: Throw the spinach when washed and picked into boiling water with a little salt; boil three or four minutes, turn it into a cullender und press it; chop it, melt a small teaspoonful of butter in a saucepan, put in spinach with salt and pepper, a little grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of flour, stir well, and add a gill of broth. This dish is worthy of great commendation, and is to be especially recommended to all those unfortunates who, not liking spinach the way it is usually prepared, have been condemned in early spring to do without the only fresh vegetable to be had. For if hitherto they have regarded spinach with even as much dislike as poor Goldsmith did tripe and bacon—

> "Now, my lord, as for tripe, 'tis my utter aversion,
> And bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian,"

They will become at once converted, and own that thus prepared spinach is very palatable, or as the professor says, "most excellent."

Fried smelts: Roll in flour, and string them on a skewer and put them, skewer and all, into boiling fat: sprinkle them with salt when done, strain the fat, put it away in a stone jar and use it again.

Petites bouchees a la creme: Sift one half pound of flour on the paste-board, make a hole in the middle, put in a pinch of salt and one gill of cold water, and mix it well with the hand, roll out the paste one-fourth of an inch thick, spread over it the whole quantity of butter, previously worked in cold water to get out the salt, fold the paste in four, then roll it, fold it again in four, roll it out four or six times; keep it very cool; cut into shapes, put on with a brush yolk of egg and water; bake in a quick oven and do not open the door for ten minutes or the cakes will fall. Fill them with either prepared creams or sweatmeats.

The pie is made in the same manner but with a plainer under-crust.

After the dinner is cooked comes the tasting, which is attended with some difficulties. The ladies on the front seats have a great advantage. They can look and taste at their ease, but for those further off, it requires either a great deal of impudence in the way of elbowing and pushing, or else an illimitable share of patience. The tasting, upon the whole, seems very satisfactory, still if the truth must be told in regard to a few of the dishes some of the ladies had more confidence and enthusiasm for the professor before than after the tasting. But is perfect success possible in this world even in the noble science of gastronomy?

This dinner took over two hours and a half to prepare, on account of the puff paste, but the lectures generally are two hours in length, and are held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at eleven o'clock. The course is to consist of fourteen, three of which have been already given. They are extremely well attended, the class increasing at each lecture. It is composed chiefly of ladies of all ages, from the experienced matron to the housekeeper in prospective. It is amusing to watch the looks of the ladies as they enter. Some come in with a doubting, half-laughing expression, as though they thought the whole thing a good joke; others have a most business-like, enthusiastic air, and some, among whom are the dowagers mentioned above, regard the whole assembly, including the professor, assistants, gas, cooking-stove, table, etc., with an air of mild patronage and benevolent superiority truly edifying to witness. Many of the ladies who listened to Prof. Blot at eleven on Friday were seen at Emerson's lecture at twelve on Saturday. When one of the number was asked from which she had derived the greatest good, mentally and morally, she unhesitatingly gave the palm to the French professor. Is this a humiliating or encouraging sign of the times?—*Boston Correspondence Springfield Republican.*

College "Commons."—When our fathers were in college, the public table at which all the students were required to take their meals was prolific in trouble. "Bread and Butter Rebellions" succeeded one another with almost as much regularity as the fruits in their season. Poor food, bad cooking, and no choice but Hobson's choice of horses, "Take this or go without," led to constant quarrels between the students and the faculty, in which, according to the judgment of the latter, the complainants were always wrong and the steward was always right. In time "commons" disappeared in almost every college, and for a quarter of a century private boarding houses and dinner clubs have provided "rations" according to the taste or purse of each student. Thus the only remaining traces of that English institution, the college hall, with its well served roasts of beef and mutton, have the occasional public dinners at Commencement and other festive times, with the "tongue" and "pie," *horresco referens*, on which the academic appetites have been regaled. But now a curious change is in progress. "Commons" are coming back, not with all the objectionable features of the old *régime*, but in a sensible form which gives general satisfaction. The authorities of our oldest colleges are providing halls and table furniture, making purchases of provisions and of fuel at wholesale prices, and offering board to students at prices much lower than it can be obtained for in the private clubs. A committee of those students who come to the common table is chosen to superintend its management and suggest improvements. The actual expense of the establishment is divided up in equal proportions among those who share in the advantages. None are required to come to the college table; any one may. Thus many of the benefits of a college dining hall are secured and most of the evils are avoided. Good board at low prices is secured, and a wholesome check is put upon the exorbitance of private boarding-houses. Harvard, we believe, is entitled to the credit of devising this new fashion. The experiment has there been tried so thoroughly that it is no longer an experiment. It is a success. Perhaps two hundred students voluntarily avail themselves of the proffered privilege. Not only do they receive board at a low rate, but the price of board in other places is decidedly lessened. Yale College is following the example of Harvard. A college boarding house has just been opened on the plan we have indicated and is very popular. Other colleges are likely to pursue a similar course. By and by we expect to see the college "buttery" or "butlery" re-established—a plain refreshment room from which the students may procure their breakfast and tea at reasonable rates. Some place within the college walls from which the occasional invalids may be served, and to which the belated and the busy may resort, would be very popular. Many persons, indeed, if the fashion were once introduced, would like, as a general rule, the European way of breakfasting in one's room and dining at a public table. It is both economical and convenient. *Nation.*

At Adrian, Michigan, a lady saw an engine house with a steeple, and innocently asked a gentleman attendant, "What church is that?" The gentleman, after reading the sign "Deluge No. 3," replied: "I guess it must be the Third Baptist."

CHEATED.

THE dusky clouds of evening flee,
The darksome night broods dismally,
The fog's white fingers dimly grope
Abont the far hill's fading slope—
I watch the gathering shadows fall,
The dreariest shadow of them all.

My mother sang the sorriest songs,
My baby-dreams were of her wrongs;
Then came a glimpse of life complete,
One brief sweet dream—a lovely cheat!
And then the shadows one by one,
Shut out the glory of the sun.

How often in the April day
When clouds flew darkly o'er my way,
I've tried to reach some spot of blue—
The rift the sunbeam glimmered through—
Only to find the clouds could fly
As fast as I—as fast as I.

And when the Summer clothed the wood,
Within its leafy solitude,
Chilled by the thick glooms, I have crept
Where, here and there, a sun-gleam stept,
The leaves o'er head would interlace,
And drop their shadows on my face.

And even in my very dreams
I wander by the shadiest streams;
Nor buttercups the meadows gild,
Nor robin-redbreasts sing nor build,
Nor lovers tell their tender vows
Under the wailing hemlock boughs.

And now, I hear the eerie Sea
Call from its caverns mournfully;
Lost in the blackness of the night
The winds are sobbing with affright;
And dolefully upon the pane,
Drift the first dull drops of the rain.

New York Evening Post.] EMILIE LAWSON.

A STRANGE DREAM.

BY MARK TWAIN.

VOLCANO HOUSE, CRATER OF "KILAUEA,"
Sandwich Islands, April 1, 1866.

ALL day long I have sat apart and pondered over the mysterious occurrences of last night. * * There is no link lacking in the chain of incidents—my memory presents each in its proper order with perfect distinctness, but still—

However, never mind these reflections—I will drop them and proceed to make a simple statement of the facts.

Towards eleven o'clock, it was suggested that the character of the night was peculiarly suited to viewing the mightiest active volcano on the earth's surface in its most impressive sublimity. There was no light of moon or star in the inky heavens to mar the effect of the crater's gorgeous pyrotechnics.

In due time I stood, with my companion, on the wall of the vast cauldron which the natives, ages ago, named *Hale mau mau*—the abyss wherein they were wont to throw the remains of their chiefs, to the end that vulgar feet might never tread above them. We stood there, at dead of night, a mile above the level of the sea, and looked down a thousand feet upon a boiling, surging, roaring ocean of fire!—shaded our eyes from the blinding glare, and gazed far away over the crimson waves with a vague notion that a supernatural fleet, manned by demons and freighted with the damned, might presently sail up out of the remote distance; started when tremendous thunder-bursts shook the earth, and followed with fascinated eyes the grand jets of molten lava that sprang high up toward the zenith and exploded in a world of fiery spray that lit up the sombre heavens with an infernal splendor.

"What is your little bonfire of Vesuvius to this?"

My ejaculation roused my companion from his reverie, and we fell into a conversation appropriate to the occasion and the surroundings. We came at last to speak of the ancient custom of casting the bodies of dead chieftains into this fearful cauldron, and my comrade, who is of the blood royal, mentioned that the founder of his race, old King Kamehameha the First—that invincible old pagan Alexander—had found other sepulture than the burning depths of the *Hale mau mau*. I grew interested at once: I knew that the mystery of what became of the corpse of the warrior King had never been fathomed; I was aware that there was a legend connected with this matter, and I felt as if there could be no more fitting time to listen to it than the present. The descendant of the Kamehamehas said:

"The dead king was brought in royal state down the long, winding road that descends from the rim of the crater to the scorched and chasm-riven plain that lies between the *Hale mau mau* and those beetling walls yonder in the distance. The guards were set and the troops of mourners began the weird wail for the departed. In the middle of the night came a sound of innumerable voices in the air, and the rush of invisible wings; the funeral torches wavered, burned blue, and went out! The mourners and watchers fell to the ground paralyzed by fright, and many minutes elapsed before any one dared to move or speak, for they believed that the phantom messengers of the dread Goddess of Fire had been in their midst. When at last a torch was lighted, the bier was vacant—the dead monarch had been spirited away! Consternation seized upon all, and they fled out of the crater. When day dawned, the multitude returned, and began the search for the corpse. But not a footprint, not a sign, was ever found. Day after day the search was continued, and every cave in the great walls, and every chasm in the plain, for miles around, was examined, but all to no purpose—and from that day to this the resting-place of the lion king's bones is an unsolved mystery. But years afterward, when the grim prophetess Wiahowakawak lay on her deathbed, the goddess *Pele* appeared to her in a vision and told her that eventually the secret would be revealed, and in a remarkable manner, but not until the great *Kauhuhu*, the Shark God, should desert the sacred cavern *Aua Puhi*, in the Island of Molokai, and the waters of the sea should no more visit it, and its floors should become dry. Ever since that time, the simple, confiding natives have watched for the sign. And now, after many and many a summer has come and gone, and they who were in the flower of youth then have waxed old and died, the day is at hand! The great Shark God has deserted the *Aua Puhi*: a month ago, for the first time within the records of the ancient legends, the waters of the sea ceased to flow into the cavern, and its stony pavement is become dry! As you may easily believe, the news of this event spread like wild fire through the islands, and now the natives are looking every hour for the miracle, which is to unveil the mystery, and reveal the secret grave of the dead hero.

—

After I had gone to bed, I got to thinking of the volcanic magnificence we had witnessed, and could not go to sleep. I hunted up a book and concluded to pass the time in reading. The first chapter I came upon related several instances of remarkable revelations, made to men through the agency of dreams—of roads and houses, trees, fences and all manner of landmarks, shown in visions and recognized afterwards in waking hours, and which served to point the way to some dark mystery or other.

At length I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was abroad in the great plain that skirts the *Hale mau mau*. I stood in a sort of twilight which softened the outlines of surrounding objects, but still left them tolerably distinct. A gaunt, naked figure stepped out from the shadow of a rude column of lava, and moved away with a slow and measured step, beckoning me to follow. I did so. I marched down, down, down, hundreds of feet, upon a narrow trail which wound its tortuous course through piles and pyramids of seamed and blackened lava, and under overhanging masses of sulphur formed by the artist-hand of Nature into an infinitude of fanciful shapes. The thought crossed my mind that possibly my phantom guide might lead me down among the bowels of the crater, and then disappear and leave me to grope my way through its mazes, and work out my deliverance as best I might, and so, with an eye to such a contingency, I picked up a stone, and "blazed" my course by breaking off a projecting corner, occasionally, from lava walls and festoons of sulphur. Finally we turned into a cleft in the crater's side, and pursued our way through its intricate windings for many a fathom down toward the home of the subterranean fires, our course lighted all the while by a ruddy glow which filtered up through innumerable cracks and crevices, and which afforded me occasional glimpses of the flood of molten fire boiling and hissing in the profound depths beneath us. The heat was intense, and the sulphurous atmosphere suffocating, but I toiled on in the footsteps of my stately guide, and uttered no complaint. At last we came to a sort of rugged chamber whose sombre and blistered walls spake with mute eloquence of some fiery tempest that had spent its fury here in a bygone age. The spectre pointed to a great boulder at the farther extremity—stood and pointed, silent and motionless, for a few fleeting moments, and then disappeared! "The grave of the last Kamehameha!" The words swept mournfully by, from unknown source, and died away in the distant corridors of my prison-house, and I was alone in the bowels of the earth, in the home of desolation, in the presence of death!

My first frightened impulse was to fly, but a stronger impulse arrested me and impelled me to approach the massive boulder the spectre had pointed at. With hesitating step I went forward and stood beside it—nothing there; I grew bolder, and walked around and about it, peering shrewdly into the shadowy half light that surrounded it—still nothing. I paused to consider what to do next. While I stood irresolute, I chanced to brush the ponderous stone with my elbow, and lo! it vibrated to my touch! I would as soon have thought of starting a kiln of bricks with my feeble hand. My curiosity was excited. I bore against the boulder, and it still yielded—I gave a sudden push with my whole strength, and it toppled from its foundation with a crash that sent the echoes thundering down the avenues and passages of the dismal cavern! And there, in a shallow excavation over which it had rested, lay the crumbling skeleton of King Kamehameha the Great, thus sepulchred in long years, by supernatural hands! The bones could be none other, for with them lay the rare and priceless crown of *pulamalama* coral, sacred to royalty, and *tabu* to all else beside. A hollow human groan issued out of the——

I woke up. How glad I was to know it was all a dream! "This comes of listening to the legend of the noble lord—of reading of those lying dream revelations—of allowing myself to be carried away by the wild beauty of old *Kileana* at midnight—of gorging too much pork and beans for supper!" And so I turned over, and fell asleep again. And dreamed the same dream precisely as before; followed the phantom—"blazed" my course—arrived at the grim chamber—heard the sad spirit voice—overturned the massy stone—beheld the regal crown and the decaying bones of the great king!

I woke up, and reflected long upon the curious and singularly vivid dream, and finally muttered to myself, "This—this is becoming serious!"

I fell asleep again, and again I dreamed the same dream, without a single variation! I slept no more, but tossed restlessly in bed, and longed for daylight. And when it came I wandered forth, and descended to the wide plain in the crater. I said to myself, "I am not superstitious, but if there is anything in that dying woman's prophecy, I am the instrument appointed to uncurtain this ancient mystery." As I walked along, I even half expected to see my solemn guide step out from some nook in the lofty wall, and beckon me to come on. At last when I reached the place where I had first seen him in my dream, I recognized every surrounding object, and there, winding down among the blocks and fragments of lava, I saw the very trail I had traversed in my vision! I resolved to traverse it again, come what might. I wondered if, in my unreal journey, I had "blazed" my way, so that it would stand the test of stern reality; and thus wondering, a chill went to my heart when I came to the first stony projection I had broken off in my dream, and saw the fresh new fracture, and the dismembered fragment lying on the ground! My curiosity rose up, and banished all fear, and I hurried along as fast as the rugged road would allow me. I looked for my other "blazes," and found them; found the cleft in the wall; recognized all its turnings; walked in the light that ascended from the glowing furnaces visible far below; sweated in the close, hot atmosphere, and breathed the sulphurous smoke—and at last I stood hundreds of feet beneath the peaks of *Kileana* in the ruined chamber, and in the presence of the mysterious boulder!

"This is no dream," I said; "this is a revelation from the realm of the supernatural; and it becomes not me to longer reason, conjecture, suspect, but blindly to obey the impulses given me by the unseen power that guides me."

I moved with slow and reverent step toward the stone and bore against it. It yielded perceptibly to the pressure. I brought my full weight and strength to bear, and surged against it. It yielded again, but I was so enfeebled by my toilsome journey that I could not overthrow it. I rested a little, and then raised an edge of the boulder by a strong, steady push, and placed a small stone under it to keep it from sinking back to its place. I rested again, and then repeated the process. Before long, I had added a third prop, and had got the edge of the boulder considerably elevated. The labor and the close atmosphere together were so exhausting, however, that I was obliged to lie down, then, and recuperate my strength by a longer season of rest. And so, hour after hour I labored, growing more and more weary, but still upheld by a fascination which I felt was infused into me by the invisible powers whose will I was working. At last I concentrated my strength in a final effort, and the stone rolled from its position.

I can never forget the overpowering sense of awe that sank down like a great darkness upon my spirit at that moment. After a solemn pause to prepare myself, with bowed form and uncovered head, I slowly turned my gaze till it rested upon the spot where the great stone had lain.

There wasn't any bones there.

* * * * * * *

I just said to myself, "Well, if this ain't the blastedest infernalest humbug that ever I've come across yet, I wish I may never!"

And then I scratched out of there, and marched up here to the Volcano House, and got out my old raw-boned fool of a horse, "Oahu," and "lammed" him till he couldn't stand up without leaning against something.

You cannot bet anything on dreams. MARK TWAIN.

N. Y. Saturday Press.]

THE Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science is open every day and evening, and every Sunday from two o'clock in the afternoon till ten in the evening. Dr. Jordan's Sunday evening lectures to young men, illustrative of the anatomical models and scientific charts on exhibition, are full of valuable information and scientific research.

A CORRESPONDENT of a western religious paper knows of a preacher in one of the Southern States who has charge of four churches, edits a newspaper, is president of a female college, runs several pedlar wagons, keeps up a farm, and owns several patent rights which he farms out.

CLIMATIC PECULIARITIES OF CALIFORNIA.

JUST at this time, when all the world has its attention occupied by details of approaching or prevailing cholera, and the citizens of this coast have been questioning whether the dreadful epidemic is to make its appearance among us, a brief reference to the peculiarities of our climate, in reference to its health-giving propensities, will be received with interest. Probably in no part of the world were so many diversities of atmospheric condition ever found so curiously commingled at one and the same moment. Much of this is due to local configuration. Thus we find, according to the statistics of Dr. Logan (see his *Report on the Medical Topography and Epidemics of California,*) in the western slope of the Coast Range, between Point Conception and Cape Mendocino, a multiplicity and confusion of climates almost indescribable. South of Point Conception quite a different kind of climate is noticeable, and in the elevated Sierra Nevada and Klamath basins and plateaus a similar change is observed in the climatic features. Again, the climate of the Great Basin of Utah and of the Colorado Desert are as distinct from each other as they are from all the rest. The atmosphere at San Francisco is favorably affected by its position, being in close vicinity to the pass known as the Golden Gate, which allows free access to the sea winds and attendant mists and fogs, while the smaller valleys opening into the larger valley of the Bay, as well as most of the valleys embosomed in the Coast Range, though having each a peculiarly modified climate of its own, and productions corresponding, all partake more or less of the characteristics of the climate of San Francisco—the shades of difference being caused by the great equalizing power of the ocean, and the greater or less exposure to it. The Pacific winds are the great barometer by which the degrees of health are determined. The nearer the Pacific the denser and more frequent the fog, the stronger the winds, the warmer the winters, the cooler the summers. Every degree of temperature can be found in close juxtaposition near the level of the sea—from the heat of a torrid zone to a chilling cold. The climate of various places is graduated in the summer by their comparative distance from the ocean—Sacramento being eighty miles direct, Benicia forty, Napa thirty-five, Sonoma thirty, Petaluma twenty, San Rafael ten. At Sacramento the influence of the sea-breeze is sometimes wanting and the heat oppressive, but Sonoma valley, while far enough off from the ocean to escape the fogs and cold blasts which prevail at San Francisco, enjoys just enough of the sea-breeze to temper the heat of every summer day to the right standard for comfort. Apparent inversions of latitude perplex the visitor. In the region about Marysville the stranger finds himself in April enveloped in a fierce sweltering heat, and scarce hears the song of a bird. Passing by steamer *via* San Francisco to San José, a distance of more than two hundred miles, he finds a cool, spring-like freshness in the air and the singing of innumerable birds—being as if he passed out of a tropical into a temperate climate, when, in fact, he is due south of Marysville by the whole route passed over.

The Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys may be called a single valley, the meteoric condition of which varies as little as its geographical formation. The exposure, according to Logan's tables, is locally over low plains, with much surface water, in the centre of the wide interior valley. The climatic condition ranges from 46.9 up to 72.9—the mean for the whole year being 60.05. This is the approximate estimate at this city for nine years. The free movement of the aerial mass is interrupted by the frequent ranges of mountains imparting a tropical feature. The mean successive daily range of barometre here, in summer, frequently does not amount to more than the ninety-four thousandth part of an inch. During the past year Sacramento has been subjected to an unusually severe winter, followed by much rain, and a sudden change from cold to heat. Yet, withal, it is quite as healthy as any portion of the State. The diseases are the usual order, including epidemics, contagious, infections, and meteoric. The contagious embrace variola, scarlatina, and rubeola; the infectious—typhoid, typhus, and spotted fevers; and the meteoric—influenza and diptheria. The persons most affected are usually the native Mexicans or the mixed races, whether of Mexico or California, the lower foreign population, and the Indian tribes. Fevers are occasional. We may add, while on this subject, that the meteoric conditions of the climate this year do not promise any consequences more pernicious to health than have been manifested in our healthiest periods—*Bee.*

THE New York *Atlas* says: Nature in her most benignant mood never fashioned a more kindly or a milder-mannered man than the facetious Mark Twain, yet he can't stand mosquitoes. Mosquitoes cause him to take gloomy views of human life and human nature. Mosquitoes make him positively bloodthirsty. In a letter from Honolulu to the Sacramento *Union* he pensively and pathetically remarks: "There are a good many mosquitoes around to-night, and they are rather troublesome; but it is a source of unalloyed satisfaction to me to know that the two millions I sat down on a minute ago will never sing again."

A LONDON HOSPITAL.

ON the blackboard by the door of a London hospital there is attached by four wafers a simple announcement. Simple as it looks, it meets with very great notice, for as the students keep dropping in, some in little knots, others singly, a good many in pairs, the first thing they look at is the little sheet of paper, with but few words in print and fewer in writing upon it. "Has it begun?" "Is Mr. —— here yet?" are the constant questions addressed to the important man with the red collar on his coat of blue. The functionary is the porter, whose chief business consists in keeping order among the crowd of people in the out-patients' room, and in letting up and down a wooden bar to allow them, as their turn arrives, access to the celebrities that they have come to consult. Let us follow the students as they pass through the various passages and corridors of the building. The out-patients' practice has no charm for the students to-day. The physicians are going their rounds alone; for, however often the the ry may be enunciated that in rank the practice of physic takes precedence of the practice of surgery, yet the fact remains patent that a brilliant operator creates more enthusiasm than the best physician, his test-tubes, stethoscope and microscope notwithstanding. Passing up a narrow staircase, we find ourselves at the top of a tier of steps, at the bottom of which is the room proper. The bright rays of the sun pass through the ample skylight, and discover a densely packed mass of people filling the round gallery.

We are in the operating theatre of the hospital. Around us we see, set into the walls, medallions of the great surgeons of the old times—the apostles of the art, whose names are held in veneration by their clever, eager followers of to-day. Here and there among the students we have pale-faced, anxious-looking men, who have called in during their round of so-called "general practice." They have come to see their former master operate—the surgeon who is at the pinnacle of the profession, and who has fame, wealth, and now a title, by his talent, and who has been the instrument in God's hands of alleviating much human suffering and distress. In the area of the theatre there are signs of approaching operations. There is the peculiar table, that can extend and fold in all directions, with its straps and appendages. There are the cans of hot and cold water, the basins, the sponges, and many other things. The surgical dressers flit about, anxious that nothing shall be forgotten, and the house-surgeon, with ligatures ready in the button-hole of his coat, is examining for the last time the glittering array of knives and other instruments, preserved in a case as delicately lined as a lady's jewel-box. By degrees the minor luminaries of the medical and surgical staff of the hospital arrive, and the students ranged above, so noisy at their college in awarding approval to their favorite teachers, only show here by a half-stifled buzz their recognition.

At last the lion of the hour arrives, a strong, stalwart man, placid, cool and smiling, the least anxious of the whole assembly. A smothered roar of approbation meets him as he lifts his eyes and nods to the assembled crowd. A gesture of his hand checks any unseemly noise, for now the patient is being carried in and laid with great tenderness on the cushioned table.

The latter gives a sharp, half-frightened glance above at the dense mass of hushed, eager and expectant students. The time has at last arrived which has been in his thoughts for days and weeks, aye, may be for months. It is a moment of agony for the poor man, in spite of all the care and kindness shown him. The great surgeon whispers in his ear and pats his shoulder kindly. The patient grasps the hand of his friend, and instantly another medical man fits the apparatus for the inhalation of chloroform. Soon he is wandering in his talk, he gesticulates with his hands, but soon he drops off like a sleeping child. Quietly turning up his cuffs and giving a scrutinizing glance through the gleaming instruments on the white-clothed tray, the surgeon turns to the diseased limb. There is a dead stillness through the theatre as with a steady hand the operator coolly and rapidly proceeds.

His knife is crimson, and the warm red blood wells up and spirts around. The saw is quickly used, and a few more dexterous movements with the knife complete the operation. All the pumping arteries are caught and tied, and the still unconscious patient is carried off to awake in his bed and find himself surrounded by all that skill, ingenuity and wealth can bring to bear for suffering man.

BOUQUET HOLDER AND WAIST CLASP.—An elegant and handsome waist clasp has made its appearance. The buckle is made of gold, and not only performs the functions that usually devolve on this article of dress, but is also intended to hold (in a little glass receptacle bound with the same metal as the buckle) a flower, such as a camellia or rose-bud. Altogether, it is the most elegant and chaste article of its kind that we have seen for some time, and deserves, as no doubt it will, to become very popular among the ladies.—*Boudoir.*

A WAG wrote on the back of a fat Alderman, "Widened at the expense of the corporation."

SANTA ANNA.—Few men have experienced so many ups and downs in life as Santa Anna, who is now quietly sojourning at Elizabethport, New Jersey, where he arrived, recently, from St. Thomas. He was born at Jalapa, Mexico, in 1798, and is therefore 68 years old. No one man living has mingled so freely in the scores of revolutions and political changes which have taken place in Mexico since that time. He first came into public notice during the war for Mexican independence in 1821, and was given command of Vera Cruz in the following year, after expelling the royalists from the city. Yturbide, who had proclaimed himself emperor, soon deposed him, but Santa Anna, in true Mexican style, turned about and deposed Yturbide. In the numerous revolutions subsequent Santa Anna played a prominent part, being made commander-in-chief of one of the armies in 1829. In 1832 he headed another insurrection, and in 1835, after completely defeating the opposing army, killing 2,000 and taking 2,700 prisoners, he was named dictator. An insurrection broke out, the following year, in Texas, then under Mexican control, and heading an army of 6,000 men in person to suppress it, he was taken prisoner. He was set at liberty in 1837. His services were soon called to the defence of Vera Cruz, where he defeated the French and lost a leg. From 1841 till 1844 he was virtually dictator of Mexico, with the title of president, but was deposed by a revolution in 1845 and banished for ten years. He went to Cuba, but in a year was recalled and through the connivance of our government, which supposed him favorable to peace, reached Mexico in safety. In December, 1846, he was made provisional president, and immediately headed 20,000 men and attacked General Taylor, with 5,000 men, at Buena Vista, Santa Anna being badly beaten. He led the Mexican troops in all the great battles of the Mexican war. Discouraged at defeat, he left Mexico in 1848 for Jamaica, where he spent several years. He returned to Mexico in 1853, was appointed president for one year, appointed himself president for life, ruled with great rigor, and was obliged to sign his abdication in 1855. Most of the time since, he has lived at St. Thomas. On Maximilian's advent he declared for him, but now comes out for Juarez and proposes to fight for him.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT JERUSALEM.—The *Tyroler Stimmen* contains an account of the recent discovery of a subterranean chapel, near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is the one often mentioned by ancient writers as that of Maria Minor, founded during the reign of Charlemagne, and to which was attached a convent for Benedictine nuns, and a residence for female pilgrims. It had often been searched for, but always in vain. The present discovery is entirely due to the energetic researches of Signor Carlo Guarmani, director of the French post-office at Jerusalem. The church contains three aisles, separated by rows of pillars, and terminating in seperate apsides. The centre is spanned by a dome, under which are still visible the oratories of the nuns. Though entirely covered by the soil, which has now been carefully removed, the building has suffered no injury to any extent, and is still nearly perfect.—*Builder.*

AN interesting relic has recently been acquired by the Academy of Sciences. It consists of a copy of the *Memoirs of Lagrange*, in eight volumes, which belonged to D'Alembert, by whom it was given to Condorcet. It next passed into the hands of Biot, who, in 1856, presented the volumes to M. Bour, Professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, a rising mathematician, whose death was lately announced. M. Bour, fearing lest a work which had been successively identified with such illustrious names should be lost, requested, during his last illness, that it should be placed at the disposal of the Academy of Sciences.

THE abbe-pianist, Liszt, has been to Amsterdam to have his 13th Psalm played, and has been crowned and glorified without stint. Moreover, his Mass, a favorite with the Hollanders, has also been performed, and renewed the sensation created on seven or eight former occasions. Liszt was accompanied by his son-in-law, M. de Bulow.

AT Vienna, notwithstanding the rumors of war with Italy, the Italian singers are as popular as ever. In Leipsic, on the contrary, there has been a disturbance, and the police have interfered to protect the Italians from insults in the streets.

IT is said that the British Government, as a measure against Fenianism, intend to abolish the use of the shillaly in Ireland, as its use is considered dangerous to the security of the *crown.*

WE refer our readers to the advertisement of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., who publish in our advertising columns a list nearly as long as an auctioneer's catalogue of their extensive varieties of Cottons, Linens, Dress Goods, Shawls, Lace and Muslin Goods, Hosiery, Flannels, etc., which they are now selling at reduced rates. This mammoth Dry Goods House is the most enterprising establishment in this city, and does business on the "nimble sixpence" order of quick sales and light profits, by the aid of liberal advertising, to the amount of thousands of dollars per day. They are spoken of among the trade as the "Stewarts of the Pacific Coast"—a very delicate way of acknowledging their business standing.

ODD PEOPLE.

MEN have, in most times, withdrawn themselves from the world and taken up their abode in caverns or ruins, or whatever shelter they could find, and lived on herbs, roots, coarse bread and water. In many cases, such persons have deemed these austerities as acceptable to God, and this has become one of the rudest forms of monastic life. It is not from this class of persons that we propose to introduce a few portraits of hermit life, but rather to those whose peculiarities have taken a more eccentric turn, almost in our own time.

The Hon. Charles Hamilton, in the reign of George II., proprietor of Pain's Hill, near Cobham, in Surrey, built a hermitage upon a steep brow in the grounds of that beautiful seat. Of this hermitage Horace Walpole remarks that it is a sort of ornament whose merit soonest fades, it being almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. There is an upper apartment, supported in part by contorted logs and roots of trees, which form the entrance to the cell, but the unfurnished and neglected state of the whole proves the justness of Walpole's observation. Mr. Hamilton advertised for a person who was willing to become a hermit in that beautiful retreat of his. The conditions were that he was to continue in the hermitage seven years, where he should be provided with a Bible, optical glasses, a mat for his bed, a hassock for his pillow, an hour-glass for his time-piece, water for his beverage, food from the house, but never to exchange a syllable with the servant. He was to wear a camlet robe, never to cut his beard or nails, nor ever to stray beyond the limits of the grounds. If he lived there, under all these restrictions, till the end of the term, he was to receive seven hundred guineas. But on breach of any of them, or if he quitted the place any time previous to that term, the whole was to be forfeited. One person attempted it, but a three weeks' trial cured him.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* describes a gentleman near Preston, Lancashire, as more successful in the above eccentricity. He advertised a reward of £50 a year for life to any man who would undertake to live seven years underground, without seeing anything human; and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions served from his own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any convenience he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and actually stayed in it, observing the required conditions for four years.

BURIAL REQUESTS.

In June, 1864, there died at Drogheda one Miss Hardman, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. She was buried in the family vault in Peter's Protestant Church. The funeral took place on the eighth day of her decease. It is not usual in Ireland to allow so long an interval to elapse between the time of a person's death and burial; in this instance it was owing to the expressed wish of the deceased, and this originated in a very curious piece of family and local history. Everybody has heard of the lady who was buried, being supposed dead, and who bearing with her to the tomb, on her finger, a ring of rare price, this was the means of her being rescued from her charnel prison-house. A butler in the family of the lady, having his cupidity excited, entered the vault at midnight in order to possess himself of the ring, and in removing it from the finger the lady was restored to consciousness and made her way in her grave-clothes to her mansion. She lived many years afterwards before she was finally consigned to the vault. The heroine of the story was a member of the Hardman family—in fact the late Miss Hardman's mother, and the vault in Peter's Church was the locality where the startling revival scene took place.

The story is commonly told in explanation of a monument in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, which is commemorative of Constance Whitney, and represents a female rising from a coffin. "This," says Mr. Godwin, in his interesting history of the *Churches of London*, "has been erroneously supposed to commemorate a lady who, having been buried in a trance, was restored to life through the cupidity of the sexton, which induced him to dig up the body to obtain possession of a ring." The female rising from the coffin is undoubtedly emblematic of the Resurrection, and may have been repeated upon other monuments elsewhere; but there is no such monument at Drogheda, which as above is claimed as the actual locality.

Mr. Guy was possessed of considerable property, and was a native of Gloucestershire. His grave and coffin were made under his directions more than a twelvemonth previous to his death; he wrote the inscriptions, he gave the orders for his funeral, and wrapped in separate pieces of paper five shillings for each of the bearers. The coffin was very neatly made, and looked more like a piece of cabinet-work for a drawing-room than a receptacle for the dead.

Dr. Fidge, a physician of the old school, who in early days had accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) when a midshipman, as medical attendant, possessed a favorite boat; and upon his retirement from Portsmouth Dockyard, where he held an appointment, had this boat converted into a coffin, with the sternpiece fixed at its head. This coffin he kept under his bed for many years.

The circumstances of his death were very remarkable. Feeling his end approaching, and desiring to add a codicil to his will, he sent for his solicitor. On entering his chamber he found him suffering from a paroxysm of pain, but which soon ceased; availing himself of the temporary ease to ask him how he felt, he replied, smiling, "I feel as easy as an old shoe," and looking towards the nurse in attendance, said, "Just pull my legs straight, and place me as a dead man; it will save you trouble shortly;" words which he had scarcely uttered before he calmly died.

THE ECCENTRIC MISS BANKS.

Oddities of dress were half a century ago much oftener to be seen than in the present day; or, rather, their singularities were more grotesque than the peculiarities of the present day. John Thomas Smith, writing in 1818, says: "It is scarcely possible for any person possessing the smallest share of common observation to pass through the streets in London without noticing what is generally denominated *a character*, either in dress, walk, pursuits, or propensities." At the head of his remarks on the eccentricity of some of their dresses he places Miss Sophia Banks, Sarah, the sister of Sir Joseph, who was looked after by the eye of astonishment wherever she went, and in whatever situation she appeared. Her dress was that of the *Old School;* her Barcelona quilted petticoat had a hole on either side for the convenience of rumaging two immense pockets, stuffed with books of all sizes. This petticoat was covered with a deep stomachered gown, sometimes obscuring the pocket-holes, similar to many of the ladies of Bunbury's time, which he has introduced into his prints.

In this dress she might frequently be seen walking, followed by a six-foot servant, with a cane almost as tall as himself. Miss Banks, for so that lady was called for many years, was frequently heard to relate the following curious anecdote of herself: "After making repeated inquiries of the wall-vendors of hall-penny ballads for a particular one which she wanted, she was informed by the claret-faced woman, who strung up her stock by Middlesex Hospital gates, that if she went to a printer's in Long Lane, Smithfield, probably he might supply her ladyship with what her ladyship wanted. Away trudged Miss Banks through Smithfield; but before she entered Mr. Thompson's shop she desired her man to wait for her at the corner, by the plum-pudding stall. 'Yes, we have it,' was the printer's answer to her interrogative. He then gave Miss Banks what is called a book, consisting of many songs. Upon her expressing her surprise when the man returned her eightpence from her shilling, and the great quantity of songs he had given her, when she only wanted one—'What, then!' observed the man, 'are you not one of our characters? I beg your pardon.'"

This lady and Lady Banks, out of compliment to Sir Joseph, who had been deeply engaged in the production of wool, had their riding-habits made of his produce, in which dresses the two ladies at one period on all occasions appeared. Indeed, so delighted was Miss Banks with this *overall* covering, that she actually gave the habit-maker orders for three at a time, and they were called "Hightum," "Tightum," and "Scrub." The first was her best, the second her second best, and the third her everyday one.

Once when Miss Banks and her sister in-law visited a friend with whom they were to stay several days, on the evening of their arrival they sat down to dinner in their riding habits. Their friend had a large party after dinner to meet them, and they entered the drawing-room in their riding-habits. On the following morning they again appeared in their riding habits; and so on, to the astonishment of every one till the conclusion of their visit.

Although Miss Banks paid great attention to many persons, there were others to whom she was wanting in civility. A great genius, who had arrived a quarter of an hour before the time specified on the card for dinner, was shown into the drawing-room, where Miss Banks was putting away what are sometimes called *rattletraps*. When the visitor observed, "It is a fine day, ma'am," she replied: "I know nothing at all about it. You must speak to my brother upon that subject when you are at dinner." Notwithstanding the very singular appearance of Miss Banks, she was, when in the prime of life, a fashionable whip, and drove four-in-hand. Miss Banks died in 1818.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In the year 1824, their savage Majesties of the Sandwich Islands visited England. They were seen by Miss Berry, who has thus graphically described their visit:

"At half past ten o'clock, I went with the Prince and Princess Lowenstein, their son, and my sister, to Mr. Canning's, the Secretary of State, who received for the first time the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. They arrived in the midst of a numerous assembly of all the best society, and all *en grande toilette* for a large assembly given at Northumberland House. Mr. Canning entered, giving his hand to a large black woman more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, muffled up in a striped gauze dress with short sleeves, leaving uncovered enormous black arms, half covered again with white gloves; an enormous gauze turban upon her head; black hair, not curled, but very short; a small bag in her hand, and I do not know what upon her neck, where there was no gauze. It was with difficulty that the Minister and his company could preserve a proper gravity for the occasion. The Queen was followed by a lady in waiting as tall as herself, and with a gayer and more intelligent countenance. Then came the King, accompanied by three of his subjects, all dressed, like him, in European costume; and a fourth, whose office I did not know, but he wore over his ordinary coat a scarlet and yellow feather cloak, and a helmet covered with the same material on his head. The King was shorter than his four courtiers, but they all looked very strong, and, except the King, all taller than the majority of those who surrounded them. The two ladies were seated before the fire in the gallery for some time.

"Mrs. Canning was presented first to them, and then the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Prince Leopold. The Queen took the Duchess of Gloucester by the arm and shook it. One should have pitied them for the way in which all eyes were turned upon them, and for all the observations they occasioned; but it seemed to me that their minds are not sufficiently opened, and that they are not civilized enough, to notice or to suffer from it. From the gallery Mr. Canning, still holding the Queen's hand, conducted them through the apartment and under the verandah of the garden, where the band of the Guards' regiment, in their full uniform was playing military airs. Her savage Majesty appeared much more occupied by the red-plumed hats of the musicians than by the music. She ought to have been pleased to see that the officers' helmet of her Court surpassed them as to color. From there they were conducted into the dining room, where there was a fine collation. The two ladies were seated alone at a table placed across the room, and ate some cake and drank wine. They appeared awkward in all their movements, and particularly embarrased in their walk; there was nothing of the free step of the savage, being probably embarrassed by the folds of the European dress."

The King and Queen and their suite were wantonly charged with gluttony and drunkenness by persons who ought to have known better. "It is true," observes Lord Byron, in his "Voyage to the Sandwich Islands," "that, unaccustomed to our habits, they little regarded regular hours for meals, and that they liked to eat frequently, though not to excess. Their greatest luxury was oysters, of which they were particularly fond; and one day, some of the chiefs having been out to walk, and seeing a gray mullet, instantly seized it and carried it home, to the great delight of the whole party; who, on recognizing the native fish of their own seas, could scarcely believe that it had not swum hither on purpose for them, or be persuaded to wait till it was cooked before they ate it." The best proof of their moderation, is however, that the charge at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi, during their residence there, amounted to no greater an average than seventeen shillings a head per day for their table; as they ate little or no butcher's meat, but lived chiefly on fish, poultry, and fruit, by no means the cheapest articles in London, their gluttony could not have been great. So far from their always preferring the strongest liquors, their favorite beverage was some cider, with which they had been presented by Mr. Canning.

The popular comic song of "The King of the Cannibal Islands" was written *apropos* to the royal visit.

A COUNTRYMAN recently visited Paris, and had his pocket picked. This so annoyed him, (he was a Norman, the "Yankee" of France,) he determined to punish the next pickpocket who robbed him. He contrived a sort of slip-knot, which should arrest the thief's hand. Whilst visiting the Louvre, he felt a pickpocket's hand in his pocket, and saw that he had caught the thief. He determined to enjoy his vengeance before delivering the rogue to the police. So he quietly walked from picture to picture, dragging the pickpocket after him, for the thief did not say a word. He had enjoyed the rogue's torments for an hour, when he determined to deliver him to a policeman about thirty yards off. When he got near the policeman, he turned round to collar his prisoner—there was nobody! The robber had cut the Norman's whole coat-tail and made off with it.

THE New Bedford *Mercury* tells a story of a witty "Colonel B——," who, when on his death-bed, and near his demise, assured his friends that he could not possibly survive many hours. "Nonsense! Colonel," encouragingly remarked one; "your feet are warm, and no one ever died till the extremities became cold." "Don't tell me that," squealed out the sufferer; "do you think John Rogers' feet were cold just before he died?"

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is about to have his choice sayings served up under the head of *Anecdotes and Stories*.

A LEGEND FOR SWEARERS.

GREAT excitement has been caused, both in strongly religious and strongly cursing and swearing circles, by the report of a very remarkable incident alleged to have taken place at Brightou last Sunday but one. Indeed, nothing so remarkable has taken place since the famous death of Earl Godwin, who, having exclaimed to King Edward, "If I contributed even indirectly to your brother's death, may the God of heaven grant that this piece of bread may choke me," put the bread into his mouth, and immediately fell back, strangled. "The vengeance of the Almighty," the report began, with an excess of dramatic power, "was visited in the most awful and sudden manner on a youth named Richards."

The reader's interest is for a moment stayed until the author of the legend has given an elaborate account of the game of "cat and dog"—"a game in which a piece of wood pointed at both ends and called a cat is tipped by a short, stout stick, and while in the air is knocked away by the stick." After some further details have been supplied of the laws and regulations of "cat and dog," we are introduced to the youth named Richards, quarrelling with his companions. "High words and bad language were freely used on both sides. Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at length Richards, failing to convince his companion of the truthfulness of his statement, flew into a violent rage, and emphatically shouted, 'May God strike me blind if I haven't made more than twenty.'"

A paltry verbal critic would detect a slight discrepancy to begin with. The narrative first depicts Richards as contending with a multitude of "opponents," and then in the next sentence reduces them to one: "Each accused the other"—"his companion." But, in the face of a marvellous and striking manifestation of this kind, verbal criticism is evidently out of place. We must look at such events in a large and liberal way. On such occasions the hair-splitting German rationalist is a nuisance. Richards "had scarcely uttered the adjuration before he let the 'dog' fall out of his hands, and, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, 'Oh dear, I can't see.'" His companions ran up to him, and, finding that what he said was true, took him home, "when it was found that a thick film had overspread each of his eyes."

The sensation caused by such an appalling and instantaneous infliction of the Divine vengeance as this may be imagined. Habitual cursers of the profane kind were struck with awe and terror. Even the cursers of the religious kind, who only call for vengeance upon their neighbors, felt a vague uneasiness. The Sabbatarians were in ecstacies. A boy had been struck blind for playing "cat" on the Sabbath day, and had thus confirmed the solemn lesson of the immortal young lady who, being guilty of sewing on a Sunday, pricked her finger, and died the very same evening. A niche was prepared in Sabbatarian households for the reception of the youth Richards, close to that where the young lady has been installed these many years. And he might perhaps in time have put the young lady's nose out. The wicked rationalists of the nursery want details, and there are none about the pricked finger. But, in the new case, we know the boy's name. And, moreover, people *have seen the very place* where he was playing. You cannot have better evidence than that.

Besides the Sabbatarians, hosts of popular and unpopular preachers were filled with a lively delight. Here was a mighty stick with which to hurl the pipe out of the mouth of that grotesque and inhuman Aunt Sally whom they set up in their pulpits every other Sunday, and label the Skeptic or the Atheist. A boy had called upon God to strike him blind, and God had forthwith struck him blind. In the hundreds of sermons which are probably being prepared to improve the occasion, one can imagine the diverse but powerful styles in which it will be handled.

One preacher will begin with a florid picture of a summer morning, and will recount how from the azure sky the sun shot down his brightest rays over God's earth, and shone upon fields clad in their robe of grassy verdure or yellow with the golden waving corn; how the dewdrop trembled on the spray, and the voices of a thousand birds exulted in the gladness of the earth. It may be noticed cursorily that, as a matter of fact, on the day in question there was no sunshine at all, and there was an uncommonly cold and cutting wind, and further, that the corn is neither very golden nor very waving at present.

We should have scrupulously refrained from this slight critism if there had been any chance of its interfering with the oratorical effect. But the charm of this kind of oratory is, that utter discrepancy with fact is no drawback at all in the eyes of the people who are partial to it. Provided the language is lovely and poetic, the most appalling defects of applicability are not worth noticing. Perhaps, as the scene of the legend is laid at Brighton, the clerical scene-painter will not bring his golden corn and grassy verdure into the foreground, but will talk instead of the blue ripplings of the wave, or the booming thunders of the abysmal deep. He will ask whether the man who has lived all his life within sight and sound of the eternal ocean, "on whose brow time writes no wrinkle," without believing that it had a Creator, will persist in his wickedness in the face of the youth Richards and his frightful fate.

Of course there is nobody at Brighton who has any disbelief of the kind, but it is a customary thing to assume that the world is entirely made up of such dreadful people. The more reasonable kind of preacher will argue, and, if the circumstances were other than they are, might argue with fair plausibility, that such an extraordinary event cannot be a mere coincidence, and that it is easier to believe in the special and miraculous interference of Providence in mortal affairs than that a child should have actually been struck at the moment, by mere chance and accident, with the curse which he had blasphemously called down upon himself. A philosopher would probably in no case have been shaken from his conviction that the Creator of the universe works by general laws, which are not to be suspended because a little boy uses bad language. He would have begun by investigating the testimony on which the story had been received, and, if the story had proved true, would still have found consolation in reflecting how many thousands of persons every day call the divine vengeance upon themselves without being immediately taken at their word.

If all the people who invoke mischief upon their eyes, in less solemn phrase than that of the supposed boy Richards, were to get what they ask, the blind asylums would have to be considerably enlarged. But though the philosopher would not have allowed both the teaching of common sense and a high conception of the nature of the working of Providence to be overthrown by a single coincidence, a good many people would have been shaken and made exceedingly uncomfortable.

Fortunately, however, the human testimony to the miracle breaks down. The youth Richards who was dramatically introduced to us in connection with "the vengeance of the Almighty" does not exist. The game of cat unhappily does exist, and is very likely to be made the instrument of people being struck blind—simply, however, on the most natural and intelligible principles. But nobody who played at cat at Brighton on the Sunday in question is known to have been struck blind, or to have seen anybody else struck blind, either by a cat or by the divine vengeance. Indeed, there is no evidence that the sun shone upon any cat-playing at all in Brighton that Sunday morning, or that the dog was uplifted within earshot of the booming of the abysmal deep. The miraculous legend is simply a lie, but, like all miraculous legends, and a good many lies, is not without a little germ of truth. There is no Richards, no "cat and dog," no quarrel with companions, no imprecation to God, no being struck blind. But there is a boy who went out from Brighton with his comrades on the Sunday, on a bird-nesting expedition. They walked about all day, when the boy Jeffery—the imaginary "youth Richards" of the legend—complained that he could not see, and apparently he could not. His friends took him to an inn, where he stayed till he was put in the train for Brighton, quite blind. Of course, the Sabbatarian breaks in; he was struck blind, not for cursing, but for bird-nesting and travelling by rail on the Sabbath day. Possibly; only his punishment was scarcely worth inflicting, because, by the time he got to Brighton, he could see as clearly and distinctly as anybody else. He can see now perfectly. The legend emerged fatherless out of a chaos, and first appeared in the Brighton *Gazette*. The Brighton *Times* copies it. The Brighton *Observer*, with sweet fidelity, copies it. The London papers, with amiable credulity, copy it from the Brighton *Observer*. Preachers and moralists are copying it out of the London papers into their sermons and their note-books. And it is a simple fable all the time. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still, and people who use bad language, let them use bad language still. Swearers are rehabilitated—unless, indeed, "the youth Richards," though acquitted, and even dissolved into space, is warned that, if he is innocent this time, he must be careful not to do it again.

We are not sure that the public exposure of this legend will not be deplored by many people as rather a mistake. If the story was not true, at least it was *ben trovato*. It would have made an unspeakably useful bugbear for domestic and religious purposes, and in a sceptical age we cannot afford to lose a handy bugbear of this sort. How many little boys might have been deterred from bad language and Sabbath-breaking, and even playing at cat, by the fate of the youth Richards! How many grown-up men might have been converted to righteousness, and a belief that the world is really under moral government, by this incident of swift vengeance! It is more than doubtful, by the way, whether men's sense of justice would not have been revolted, rather than their good opinion of the government of the universe conciliated, by the fearful punishment of one little boy who had never been taught any better, while so many people in purple and fine linen are allowed to go on cursing with impunity. Apart from this, the people who use bugbears with which to terrify their neighbors into being good have such an abundant supply already that they ought not to grudge the sacrifice of this little one to the cause of plain truth and fact. As Mr. Carlyle says of a larger myth, "The thing a Lie wants, and solicits from all men, is not a correct natural history of it, but the swiftest possible extinction of it, followed by entire silence concerning it."

SKETCH OF EDWIN FORREST.

[The Philadelphia correspondent of the *Round Table* furnishes the following interesting sketch of the great actor now in our city.]

EDWIN FORREST, the actor, according to all biographical notices, was born on March 9, 1806, and therefore is (or should be) little more than a sexagenarian now. He is an instance of the "fatal facility" with which the public get impressed with the idea that a man must be very old because they recollect him a great many years. There are many playgoers who say of Forrest, "Looks well for his age. Must be seventy, at least, for I recollect his acting forty-five years ago." All this is very true. Forrest is only sixty, but made his actual *début* at a small theatre in South street, Philadelphia, as far back as 1818, being then twelve years old. He then performed *female* parts, but was advanced to male parts in the following year. His actual first appearance on the boards of a regular theatre was in November, 1820—he playe the character of 'Young Norval" in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*, the same part in which, exactly seven years later, Charles Kean made his *début* in Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Forrest appeared in the Walnut street Theatre, then managed by Wood & Warren—the present house, corner of Walnut and Ninth streets, originally built with a view to circus purposes, but adapted to theatrical performances in consequence of the destruction (April, 1820) of the original Walnut street Theatre by fire. Mr. Wood, in his autobiography, has recorded with what difficulty Forrest's family consented to his becoming an actor, adding that though he played well—successively as "Young Norval," "Frederic" (in *Lover's Vows*,) and "Octavian" in *The Mountaineers*—the public did not think so, while the principal actors did. He went to the West to obtain that stage-practice which is indispensable to success, and after six years of this apprenticeship successfully returned as a "star," first in Philadelphia and then in New York—his great fame being created, still later, by his creation of the parts of "Metamora" and "Spartacus." In England, where he first played thirty years ago, it was as "Othello" and not as "Spartacus" that he obtained greatest renown. To this day, "Othello" is by far his best Shakspearian character.

Little is known of Forrest's career during the five or six years he was in the West. In *Sol. Smith's Theatrical Apprenticeship*, published in 1848, there is a whole chapter on "The Early Days of Edwin Forrest." In 1822, at which time Edwin Forrest would have been only *sixteen* if born in 1806, he was a member of the stock company at the Cincinnati theatre, and played "Young Malfort," in *The Soldier's Daughter*, on the opening night of the season. The character is slight enough, but was well played, and Sol. Smith predicted Forrest's future greatness from the ability which he exhibited as "Richard," for his own benefit. That year Forrest played "Othello" and some other leading characters, for the first time; but, Smith says, "with scarcely any knowledge of the text—his taste leading him to prefer the low comedy characters! I recollect seeing him play 'Blaise' and 'Lubin'—and very well he played them, too." At Cincinnati, Forrest played the part of a negro in a farce called *The Tailor in Distress*, and the part of a dandy in a petit comedy called *Modern Fashions*. In the concluding pantomime he appeared as "Sancho Panza"—three parts in one night, "all for the sum of two dollars!" Mr. Smith, who records the fact and the payment, shrewdly adds, "He has learned how to charge for his services since." The same authority says that though soon after engaged by Mr. Caldwell, the New Orleans manager, Forrest was loth to leave the West, and actually engaged with the proprietors of a circus "to go with them as a rider and a tumbler for a year," at the rate of $12 a week. He was induced to go to New Orleans, from which time his celebrity begins to date.

I have been seduced into all this gossip about Edwin Forrest by seeing it noticed in the newspapers that he had arrived in California—of course to play there, though not money nor "the fleeting breath of popular applause," but pursuit of health, was the object of his journey thither. This is his first visit to the land of gold, though he has had splendid offers, over and over again. Mr. Forrest has been the victim, for several years, of rheumatic gout, and though when acting his intense will subdues the physical pain and keeps the nerves and muscles under entire command, he is often helpless as childhood or advanced age, at other times—literally unable to move a limb without pain, which sometimes rises to the heighth of torture.

Attached to his mansion in Broad street (Philadelphia's "Fifth Avenue,") is a beautiful little theater, in which it is Mr. Forrest's intention to have acting regularly taught, by himself and other competent persons, to a certain number of the youth of both sexes, who exhibit talent and taste for the stage. Not long ago, Mr. Forrest, who is very wealthy, purchased a fine landed estate, in the northern part of the city, on the banks of the Delaware. It is said that his purpose is to establish and endow, in that locality, a home for retired actors. It is doubtful whether Mr. Forrest will ever again study a new character; if he should, let me predict that it will be "Timon," in *Timon of Athens*, with the concluding portion altered so as to make it a better acting play, or in *Cromwell*, a new tragedy, written for him in America by a very able and practiced dramatist. R. S. M.

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1866.

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THE RECENT CELEBRATION.

THE celebration of the Fourth of July is generally distinguished by petty spites arising from a struggle for precedence. These usually are very harmless, and are soon forgotten. But the recent anniversary of our nation's birthday, was marked by dissensions and jealousies of more than usual gravity. The war and Congressional action have introduced this year new causes of dispute and ill feeling; mere personalities are lost in serious controversies of caste, and the claims of a recently servile race to mix with the dominant and governing class, are made with an energy and persistenee, as if there existed a constitutional provision giving to all colors the right to a share in all public parades. The Civil Rights law is all well enough so far as it proposes to protect the black man from spoliation and oppression. Practically such a law was perhaps necessary. It was the inevitable result of the contest which has just closed, being indispensable in view of the cruel excesses engendered by the circumstance of war, and the utter impossibility of reconciling those who had never known any other relation than that of master and slave, and the influence of which must continue for generations to come. This remark is equally true of all classes in the whole country; for with the exception of the visionaries of the Sumner school and those who are infected with absurd and impossible theories of political equality, they will not accept the colored race as comparable to themselves in the moral or intellectual qualities. The bayonet and legislation extend to the negro the rights of protection and redress: they may even admit him to the polls; give him a place in the jury box, and make him eligible to public office; but beyond these, law and steel are inoperative; they will not in this century or perhaps in a half dozen, destroy the Helotism which has separated the two races in all historic times. Independent of prejudice and hereditary antagonism, nature has made the white man the superior of the negro, and this inequality is not simply true as an ethnological fact, but since the foundation of our government has been an element in our political and social organization. These we conceive to be facts of impossible denial; they are obvious as matters of history and universal experience.

But a little more than a year has elapsed—a period too minute for measurement in the advance of civilization—since the rebellion ended. The laws of war unfettered those slaves found within the circumvallation of our camps; but, as slavery was recognized by the fundamental law, nothing short of constitutional inhibition could destroy the relation of master and slave. This was done, and man ceased to exist as a chattel only on the adoption of the constitutional amendment. The true friends of humanity and progress should have been satisfied with this civil triumph, taken in connection with the laws passed to protect the negro; they should have been content to let the freedmen advance only, as all progress is made, through an enlightened opinion, and that conscience which is the unerring concomitant of a high civilization. They should teach him that the eradication of prejudice is the growth of years, and that a semi-barbarous negro race could not ask equality from a white civilization to which it had not only contributed nothing, but was unable to appreciate, much less aid in exalting. In one word, he should be taught that when he equalled the white man, then and only then could he claim political equality, for we conceive an equal social freedom and intercourse to be impossible in this country. Without appreciation of his true position, believing that the moment his shackles were riven, he was *eo instante* not only free, but by some peculiar process raised morally and intellectually to the plane of the whites; confirmed in his belief by the impolitic, injurious, and insincere conduct and declarations of bigots and theorists, the negro has, since the close of the war, by acts and speech, asserted an equality, if not superiority, which will not only retard the advancement of the colored race, but positively make his political elevation impossible. There are other probabilities growing out of this condition of things, which conservative men see and fear. With prejudices lying too deep for eradication while this generation lasts, passions inflamed by the imprudent assumptions and conduct of the negro, and the antagonisms arising from the present and previous condition of the two races—in all these premonitions the keen vision of thinkers sees, on the political and social horizons, gathering clouds, which portend a storm. Will the negro patiently labor to fit himself for the privileges he asks—fit himself for them by moral and intellectual culture—or will he impatiently attempt to seize them by force, from an extravagant and presumptious estimate of his position and capacity? In this question lies the future of the African race in this country. If its white advisers are wise and patriotic, and itself as loyal as its leaders claim it to be, then will it wait with patient fortitude for the coming of that tranquil, but irresistible Right, which is ever moving the world forward to a condition of final happiness, and which sooner or later corrects error, and vindicates good, whether of races or individuals.

INIGOINGS.

New York, June 2, 1866.

IS anybody surprised at hearing from me here? perhaps I should say in this quarter of this hemisphere? Surely no one need be, for San Francisco is but a step from anywhere. From the Golden Gate to Hurlgate the voyage is as easy as sliding down hill. And what magnificent sleds those steamers of the Pacific Mail line are! Coasting along—the smooth-keeled *Sacramento*—a conviction comes to one that she is furnished with runners instead of wheels, and that those runners are greased.

But it was nothing about the trip home that I started out to write. That chronicle is already written and published at such length that my sympathies lie with those condemned to read it—few, fortunately, for the proof-reader and myself probably constitute the entire number. It is only of New York that I purpose to write. It is simply my intention to give the impressions of a new-comer on first landing, contrasting the new New York with the old one of a former resident's recollections.

Present friends and former fellow-citizens were surprised when I said to them, with uplifted hands, How New York has changed! In like manner when I remarked to an aunt: How Bella has grown! No one could see that she had until I attempted to kiss the young lady, and she drew back with the conservatism of sixteen—widely different from the radicalism of eleven when she always had her arms round my neck. So with New York: those who have been living all this while in the family do not notice its stature and *embonpoint*, nor can one who has been absent for the past four or five years appreciate the change until he undertakes to embrace her. Take a carriage, for instance, and skirt about Central Park. You find one solid wall of masonry and brick where then was only empty lots or unsightly excavations. "Up town" now means any street this side of Harlem. It seems as though all the houses that formerly were headed off by 42d street, had suddenly taken up a line of march and crowded and jostled each other as far out into the country as they could, without actually trespassing upon the lines of another city. Ten thousand dollars invested five years ago anywhere between Central Park and Harlem would have made a man independently rich, did he avail himself at the present time of the ruling prices of property. and if he "held in" for five years to come, and property still advanced in the same ratio, he would have to get a mining secretary or two from your country to enable him to count his money or even to estimate his wealth.

Sometimes I ask myself, in the silence of the night: Why did I not invest there? And in the gray of the morning the answer comes, a small, still voice replying: Because, my dear fellow, you had nothing to invest.

To guard homeward-bound Californians against being unduly surprised. Let me tell them that the New York which they will find is not at all the New York which they are looking for, and is the most different thing in the world from the New York they left. Everything has gone up—even some of the heaviest mercantile houses—and the cost of living is doubled, tripled. Hotel fare, for instance, five dollars a day. The same rooms that I once had for ten dollars a week now twenty-five. Drinks—formerly three for a quarter—now twenty cents each; for old brandy, not particularly good, forty cents a "nip." As for cigars, nothing smokeable is obtained at a less price than "four for a dollar." A box that I brought from the Isthmus caused my room to be in a state of siege until the last one was gone. A friend told me of a place where very good ones could be had, "three for a half." We walked around to explore: Locality, the beginning of the Bowery. Biting off the end of one, I soon discovered that my mouth was filled with chips. They were actually stuffed like sausages, pine shavings and small shreds of boot-legs taking the place of forced-meats, while a wrapper of cabbage leaf did duty for the envelope of the genuine Bologna. House-rent—mention it not! Furnished houses range from four hundred to a thousand dollars a month; at less than the former rate nothing decent can be had, and the latter one by no means brings a house any too good to live in.

Yet, with all this, people do live and laugh and grow fat. Indeed, they seem to be doing better than ever. Friends of mine who formerly thought they were doing a generous thing by asking you into a cheap saloon to "lager" at four cents a glass, now invite you to their rooms and open a bottle of champagne—and nothing but Napoleon, Cabinet, Carte d' Or, or Green Seal, serves to content their vinous ambition. I ask them why is this thus, and whence cometh such muchness, and by way of answer get a nod and a wink, and a mysterious intimation that there is some balm in Gilead and much corn in Egypt, and that I must not think of returning to California. Not think of it—indeed, it requires an income of a hundred dollars a minute to live here; and to go to Saratoga this season, or to the sea side, one would want about that amount every breath he drew. The law of compensation, however, asserts itself in some degree, for, on settling up with a journal for which I had done a good deal of corresponding, ten dollars a column was paid me, five formerly being the maximum. But what puzzles me through it all, is how the price of gold affects not the prices of commodities at all. Gold, as you know, has been as high as two hundred and eighty during the war. On my landing in New York it was only at thirty premium, and yet the prices of everything are about as high as they have ever been. Manufacturers explain this on the score of the high rates of labor, scarcity of material, etc. But their favorite excuse is "duties." The principal duty they seem to adhere to, is that of tacking on the most exorbitant price to everything that the range of figures will allow. It is unfortunate for us Californians that we had not struck this side when gold was better appreciated. for, at two hundred and eighty, a suit of clothes would only have cost some thirty-five dollars against the seventy-eight that it stands one in now.

At the present writing gold is up to forty—consequent upon the news of a panic in England and a fall of consols. If I *had* had any gold to sell when I came on here, and *had* sold it at twenty-eight—the rate on the day of my arrival—how chagrined I should *now* feel! On the whole I'm glad I didn't have any to sell, for certainly I should have sold with my usual luck, and my present feeling would be one of intense mortification. I hear people talk of "selling short." Some day I intend to go down into Wall street and try my hand at it, for, if you hear me, I'm a little shorter and willing to sell more of it than any other man in the country. Were I only as tall as I'm short, I'd be another Anak.

One thing that troubles one here is the currency. It is fearful. They wad out your pockets with paper representative of all values between three cents and the moiety of a dollar. Bad enough when they are clean, they become perfectly disgusting after having been in circulation a year or two. Talk of "shin plasters"—these in the course of time come to look like plasters from the shins of the scurvy *lazaroni* of Naples or St. Giles. Inconceivably filthy, carrying disease from hand to hand; I do not see why government doesn't issue ivory chips like a decent dealer, if it wants to play on credit. Pewter medals, tin tokens, brass checks—anything would be preferable to these torn, dirty, stinking substitutes for money. They are the cause of unbounded extravagance with us who are accustomed to a different currency. Tired of carting them around, wearied of their grease and exhalations, and not able to realize that they have indeed a *value*, and are to all intents and purposes *money*, one gives them away and throws them away, rather glad to get rid of them than otherwise. If you attempt to pay your fare with them in an omnibus the chances are that a whole hatful blows out of the window.

Apropos of omnibuses, fare in these wooden inconveniences, formerly six cents, is now raised to ten, and it is "Pay immediately on entering." You get in and sit in quiet unconcern, wondering what the driver keeps ringing his bell and looking down for, until some mild-mannered, benevolent-looking old gentleman explains to you that Jehu wants you to pass up your postage stamps, for that is the *costumbre del pais*. In the cars the fare is six cents—what do the opponents of an increase of fare in San Francisco city railways say to that? And, in addition to oats and hay, and drivers' and conductors' wages, being cheaper here than in San Francisco, the travel is immense—the cars running full, day and night. "Don Guzman," on taking her first omnibus ride, tells me that she was as much opposed to an increase of fare as ever the Bay *Bulletin* was. The driver charged her ten cents; she remembered what the price of a ride was before the war, and felt highly indignant that they should attempt to play a Californienne for a Chinaman. So she pulled the check-strap and got out, threatening to report the driver to the "office of the company," and he not stopping quite so soon as she wished, she gave the strap another jerk that nearly pulled him through the little hole at which the fare is passed up. It is surprising, though, how far one can ride for a little money. From Fulton Ferry to Central Park cannot be less than five or six miles, and you can have it all for six cents. Riding at that rate is so much cheaper than taking lodgings, that I wonder people don't ride up and down in the cars all night.

Another thing that I didn't like in New York is the exhibit that ladies make of their legs. A little leg now and then does well enough, but there is such a thing as crowding the

mourners. And the last thing in hoops seems specially contrived for making an exhibit. It is bell-shaped—little at the top and big at the bottom. Leaning over and looking into a shop window at the wonders there displayed, more of the stern realities of feminine life are revealed than is either modest or proper—I am sorry I cannot say "more than the law allows," but, unfortunately, this same law of ours, which strains at a gnat of impropriety, stands with mouth agape to swallow a whole camel of indecency. Indeceney! the word is not a harsh one, for none other is fitting. At every tilt which the dress makes against a passer-by, up flies the hoop like the lid of a box, showing precisely the things which it is commonly thought clothes are worn to conceal. Young men were formerly fond of such exhibitions, but now their taste is satiated. Enough, besides being always as good as a feast, is sometimes a great deal better. There is such a thing as glutting the market. The ladies are perfectly well aware of the exposures that are made, for the comic papers have been caricaturing the new fashion ever since it came in, and papas, husbands and brothers are candid and familiar enough to advise. But still the mania rules. If it be the intention of the ladies to captivate swains and secure husbands by such displays, they certainly show a singular lack of judgment. For the proprietor of a caravan is not accustomed to exhibit his principal animals outside the tent, when he wishes persons to step in; nor does the fruit merchant chuck cherries gratis down the throats of passers-by, if he is anxious to secure paying customers.

The style of bonnets, too, is another absurdity, to call it by nothing worse. Bonnets, did I say? The bonnet is an institution of the past; it is no longer known, it is no longer worn—and would not be recognized if it were. The most fashionable substitute at present is a plait of straw, felt—or something which ought to be felt, inasmuch as it can scarcely be seen—looking like a pancake, and lying flat upon the top of the head, precisely like that griddle accompaniment to a well-ordered breakfast. It has neither grace, sense, nor economy to recommend it; for a duck's foot in the mud would make quite as pleasant an impression on the observer; it offers no shade from the sun, and costs quite as much as a full-grown bonnet. What girls wear such things for, unless they want young men to pour a little molasses on their heads and swallow them without butter, like veritable slap-jacks, I do not see!

My letter has already reached a length which may be wearisome to the reader, however pleasant the task of composition to my accustomed pen. But I cannot close without saying something further about the recent great fire, to which I alluded in my last letter to THE CALIFORNIAN. The *Saturday Press* says it was then and there demonstrated how well firemen can "play on a piano."

Curiously enough, the flames leaped over a block and a half, and caught the steeple of St. James' English Evangelical Lutheran Church, on East Fifteenth street, completely gutting the whole edifice. In like manner the church of the Rev. Stephen Tyng, not very distant, was served in November last. Mr. Tyng's church was completely riddled, but, viewing it from the Park, one would not know that any change had come over it, for there stand the walls, solid as ever, the steeple tall and defiant, the clock pointing to the hour at which the fire occurred; but an approach to the side reveals all, the sashless, paneless windows, the absence of a roof, and the emptiness and blackness of the charred interior speak of destruction. When a church burns, I always think of the Dutchman who, having subscribed handsomely to build a church, was asked to contribute to buying a lightning-rod. "No, no," said Hans, "I have pay to build a house for te Lord, and now, if he knock it town, tat is his own lookout!"

During the progress of the fire I looked around, half expecting to see Maratzek and Grau emulate Nero, by ordering out their orchestras to play an accompaniment to the roar of the flames. But no fiddling was done in Irving Place that night. Grau looked disconsolate and distressed, and Maratzek appeared far from memory.

Well, it was not much of a joke for either of these two gentlemen, nor is it probable that many of the employées of the concern will see the fun, for all their occupations are gone for a season—certainly for the present season. Grau, however, promises to be in the field soon again, and Muratzek advertises that all his contracts and engagements with artists for the coming season hold good.

Manager Platt, of San Francisco, who, as you already knew is bringing the Buislay troupe here under an expensive engagement, is out and injured decidedly, as he had engaged the Academy for sixty nights, and some portion of the wardrobe of the troupe was already stored there. The loss of the latter is a small item, but the loss of a place to play in is a very different affair, for theatres are not picked up now like potatoes. I have not seen him since the accident, and so cannot speak by the card, but the only theatre I know of open for lease is the Lucy Rushton one, and that is dark, dingy, and unpropitious to a degree. He may get the Winter Garden, for that is not doing a very lucrative business just now, they say. After all, the fire may have been a good thing for Mr Platt, for the Academy was very large, a terribly expensive place to run; the opening, fixed for the 11th of June, was between seasons—so, taking all in all, I do not know but that the California manager has cause to congratulate himself, rather than otherwise.

And, were it not for the four gallant lives—firemen—lost in the building, New York would not have much cause to regret the burning of the Academy. For it was unmistakably a failure for the purpose for which it was built. It only accommodated about half the persons it was intended to seat, and not more than half of them could see the stage. Accoustically the Academy was a success, but optically it was a failure. Three hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars was a good deal to lay out on an experiment, but from this deduct the value of the ground, which fortunately did not burn, the insurance upon the building of $150,000, and the rents that have been received, and the loss, I apprehend, will be found to be but trifling. The directors will do better next time. The principal sufferers, aside from the impressarios and the employées, are those of the public who will be at a loss where to spend their evenings. Fitz James Augustus can no more lounge indolently in of evenings, suck his cane in the lobbies, and *lorgne* the dress circle from the balconies. And Araminta Wilhelmina Japonica Brownstoneica will have to display her languid eyes, superb bust and shoulder, and overpowering back hair, in some other temple of fashion and art. But the *jeunesse dorée* and the *vieillesse adorée* must stand it for a time—I don't see as any other alternative is open to them—and await that good time coming, when another Academy shall be built, surpassing in greatness, adaptedness, and everything else in which an Academy should excel, the one on Irving Place, of which ashes and blackened walls now alone remain.

It is said that the fire was the work of an incendiary. More, the *World* hints that James Gordon Bennett, editor of the *Herald*, was at the bottom of it, and throws out mysterious hints about a cock-eyed man with a cloth cap on, and a carpet-bag (supposed to contain phosphorous or nitroglyceriue) in his hand, being seen in the vicinity immediately before the alarm was given. But this scandal is not believed by

INIGO.

[For the Californian.]

SUNDRIES.

GIVING alms, regularly and systematically, is part of the duty one owes, if success attend him, his less fortunate fellows; and far be it from me to question motives where want is actually relieved. It is, therefore, with a view merely to illustrate how literally children construe promises made them, that I mention an impression made upon my mind by reading in a school-book, years ago, "The Old Man's Prayer":

> "O! give relief, if but the shortest span,
> Give relief, and Heaven will bless your *store*."

I at once determined that if ever I should attain the proud position of merchant, Heaven's blessing—in the shape of a rushing business—should be fully and fairly earned by devoting a certain proportion of the profits of my "store" to "relief" purposes. I did not add the clause—"even if the expenses of some of my best customers should be increased thereby," until a much more mature period.

IT must be quite a honor to lodge in the seventh story of one of our high-toned hotels. The cream of society is, of course, always on top.

THE editor of a paper a long way from San Francisco received a communication some parts of which were rather indelicate. The writer apologized for its length, which he feared would cause it to be rejected. In returning the MS., the editor remarked that it was fully as broad as it was long, and must therefore be declined.

THE *Evening Tribune* and many other journals have copied "Silent Wooing," a poem by "Clytie," without crediting THE CALIFORNIAN. Credit in such cases is capital, gentlemen.

An English punster once asked his servant, "Which one of my puns do you consider the best?" "The pun' ye gave me last birthday," was the reply.

A CARELESS friend of mine who always has an excuse ready for not fulfilling his engagements, had promised me an article of jewelry which was in a bureau at his house. "Why don't you bring it up?" I asked, after long waiting. "I haven't had time yet to make an overhaul of the drawers," he answered. I gave up all hope of ever seeing the trinket, for how *can* a man make an over'all of a smaller garment?

A NEW language has sprung into existence, and to our city belongs the honor of its paternity. A few days ago a beggar asked me to give him "sometings for charity." I inquired if he had been to the office of the San Francisco Benevolent Association, on Pine street. "No," said he, "me no speak San Francisk Benevolensashun language."

AS "TOASTS" usually accompany regrets sent for inability to attend banquets, a student of domestic economy asks if it would not be well for committees to honor with invitations a great number of people obviously unable to be present. The same practically-inclined young man also thinks something might be saved by bottling the w(h)ines of those who are not invited.

"As busy as an old hen with one chicken," may still do duty elsewhere as a simile; but in this city we may change it slightly, thus:—"As busy as one chicken with a dozen old hens." The game young *Chronicle* seems to think itself equal to the task of managing a whole hennery—hence, perhaps, its continued attentions to the absent Charles Henry, of THE CALIFORNIAN. "'Tis said that absence conquers love," but the cordial affection born of literary intercourse in San Francisco is apparently proof against the obliterating influence of time and distance.

MARK TWAIN'S "steed Oahu" (Waw-hoo) bids fair to become as famous as "Old Whitey." Should the Humorist bring "Oahu" with him from the Islands, we may have another "woolly-horse" exhibition, for Mark is continually "lamming" the beast.

ACCOUNTS which reach us from Europe indicate that Austria and Prussia will accept no arbitration but that of the sword. A friend of peace tells me he has but one hope left, viz., that the "accounts" are "overdrawn." His banker assures him that such a thing is possible.

"BE kind to the brute—he is feeble—the weight of 'ears is upon him," said a bystander to a cartman who was giving an obstinate, though not unmusical, animal a severe beating.

A MAN on Battery street recently broke several panes of glass by throwing stones at the window of a liquor saloon. When remonstrated with, he said he had attended the "Public Roll Call" of the Temperance Legion, and had heard dramshops called cradles of vice; as he hadn't "rocked" a cradle for a long time, he thought he would try his hand on that one.

EMSTADT.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE new attractions at the Opera House—Miss Kate Denin and Mr. John Wilson—made their first appearance on Monday evening, as the Japonica-loving heroine, and the Camille-loving Armand, of that most Frenchy of all French plays—*Camille*. Miss Denin possesses a fine stage presence, with a natural and graceful style of acting; a full, clear voice, almost too masculine in its volume, but capable of yielding to the various intonations of modulated passion and pathos; and a manner of reading quite emotional and impressive, without being exaggerated. The lady withal has excellent taste, as displayed in her make-up and the half-dozen dresses worn as "Camille," who is as exacting in the way of dress as Miss Flora McFlimsey, and, doubtless, causes as many reiterations of "I've nothing to wear!" when the part is cast. With such qualities, Miss Denin could not fail to make a very favorable impression, which has not been weakened by her subsequent impersonations of "Julia" in *The Hunchback*, "Rosalind" in *As You Like It*, and "Lady Isabel," in *East Lynne*.

Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, lacks the requirements of a star actor, in the parts in which we have seen him, which were of a sentimental character. He appears young to the stage, and is still crude in his acting and reading. We judge, from the delivery of some of his vehement passages, that he has considerable ability in the melo-dramatic line, and would appear to advantage in the delineation of passionate characters. For instance, as "Armand," in the fourth act of *Camille*, where that young Frenchman foolishly showers money and curses at the same time on the head of the girl that has jilted him, he was quite dramatic and effective, and warmed the audience up to general applause. The gentleman evidently possesses power, but is lacking in polish.

Courtaine's "Gaston" and Mrs. Judah's hungry "Madame Prudence"—both proverbially good—lost nothing by their representations on this occasion. Mr. McCullough played "Master Walter" to Miss Denin's "Julia," in *The Hunchback*, on Tuesday evening, very effectively. Mrs. Jackson's "Helen" was particularly good, and was ably seconded by the "Harry Modus" of the bashful Courtaine.

The attendance has improved with the week's progression. *East Lynne*, on Thursday, drew a regular Forrest house. The play will be repeated this afternoon. This evening *Oliver Twist* will be given, for the first time in a long period. Brougham's sparkling burlesque of *Pocahontas*, and Charles Read's dramatic version of his novel, *Never Too Late to Mend*, are in rehearsal, and will probably form the attractions for the coming week.

THE new opera season, by the Howson Troupe, will open on Monday evening at the Academy of Music, with every prospect of success. Bellini's charming opera of *La Sonnambula* will constitute the opening attraction, to be followed on Thursday evening by Wallace's *Maritana*, and by Gounod's grand opera of *Faust* on the Monday evening succeeding, to be given in English for the first time in the United States. The operas have been in preparation and rehearsal for more than a week past, and all the aid that scenery and choral effects can render to their successful representation will be secured. The ladies of the troupe are said to be young, *petite* and pretty, and gifted with musical qualifications of a high order.

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MARY SMITH, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty six.

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By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. jc30 3m

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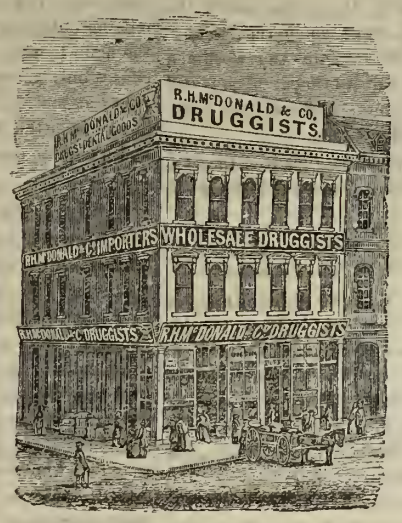
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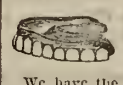
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THE BROTHERS.

FEW who make any prolonged stay at Spa, a watering-place in Belgium, fail to visit the grotto of Remouchamps. On the roadside, about half a mile beyond the grotto, may be seen the Church of Dieupart, the architecture of which is superior to that of most of the country churches in that district. The following legend is connected with its erection about five hundred years ago:

At that time there stood upon a height above where the church is now seen, a chateau, the lord of which, at the date of our story, was a bold and wicked man, the terror of the neighborhood. He had lived for about fifteen years with his wife, who had borne him no offspring, and who had come with him from some foreign land, where he had spent his youth, rumor said, in a most disreputable manner. One day there came to the chateau a youthful Minnesinger, one of those minstrels who passed from town to town, from castle to castle, delighting the ears of their denizens with romantic ballads, sung to the accompaniment of the harp, and receiving in return bed and board for a short time, and wherewithal to support them on their journey to their next halting-place. He was admitted to the presence of the lord and lady of the castle, and forthwith began his lay. At the first stanza a deadly palor overspread the features of the baroness, and with a trembling voice she demanded whence he came, and from whom he had learned that ballad.

"I come from Trieves," was the reply, "and the ballad was taught me by an aged man with whom I dwelt, and who, when I was sufficiently well skilled in the art of music, sent me forth and bade me sing it in every town and castle which I should enter."

The seigneur of Monjardin, observing that his wife's agitation was becoming more and more visible and intense, ordered the minstrel to quit the chamber, but to await in the castle his farther orders. When he was gone, the baroness exclaimed:

"Those words! that air!-methought they were known but to myself and to my father."

"The minstrel is without doubt a spy," said the suspicious baron, "whose object is to discover our abode, and give information thereof to some enemies; but he shall not return to give intelligence to those who have sent him."

"Oh! slay him not," said the baroness; "add not the murder of this innocent youth to a list of crimes already too long."

"Well, well," answered the baron, "I shall not deprive him of life, but it were dangerous to give him his liberty; I will confine him in one of the chambers of the castle."

So saying he went forth to execute his design, but the Minnesinger had disappeared, and could not be found. A few days elapsed, and the young minstrel again appeared at the castle. He was taken by the baron to a secret chamber known only to himself, in a remote part of the castle.

"Now," asked the baron, "tell me wherefore thou hast come to this castle? I know well, thou art here on some secret errand, and if it be not revealed, thy days are numbered."

But the minstrel gave no other answer than that which he had given before.

"Thou art obstinate, then! 'Tis well that thou shouldst know what punishment awaits thee; neither food nor drink shall pass thy lips until thou shalt tell me all I desire to know. The place whence thou comest, the ballad thou hast sung, are tokens that some hidden design brings thee here; 'tis my will that thou disclose it. I will return to-morrow and give thee one more chance for life; if thou art still obstinate, I will leave thee here to perish."

The baron then departed, carefully fastening the door of the chamber.

The next day found the brave minstrel as determined as before to make no further revelations, and so the cruel baron left him to his fate, informing his wife that he was merely keeping him in custody, as he was more than ever convinced that the minstrel plotted mischief.

Three days had elapsed since he was imprisoned, when an aged man arrived at the chateau, wearied and footsore, and having craved and obtained an audience of the baron, demanded if he knew aught of a youthful minstrel, who, he heard, was last seen at the castle.

"Thou dost not remember me," continued the stranger: "I am thy wife's father. Thou didst carry off, at the head of thy robber band, my daughter from her home at Trieves, and ever since I have made fruitless effort to discover thine abode. At length I bethought me of a means which has proved successful; I knew a sweet ballad which my daughter had composed in her youth; this I taught to a boy, who, neglected from his infancy by his own relatives, lived under my care. Him I bade go forth, and sing this lay in every town and castle until he should find my daughter, and then send me intelligence where she was, that I might see her ere I die. This youth came here; thou didst not recognize him, doubtless; he is thy brother——"

The baron stayed to hear no more; he hastened in an agony of terror to the secret chamber, flung open the door, and beheld extended on the ground the body of his brother. He caught up the lifeless form in his arms, intending to convey it where remedies might be applied; but—horror!—in his confusion he had closed the door, and it could be opened only from without. His cries were unavailing; none knew of the secret chamber but himself.

For some time the disappearance of the baron caused the greatest excitement; but at length, while some repairs were being executed in the masonry of the castle, the workmen discovered the secret chamber, the half worm-eaten, yet still recognizable, corpses of the two brothers, and a written document containing the confession of the baron.

The lady of Monjardin, struck with horror, caused the chateau to be pulled down, and the present Church of Dieupart to be built with its stones.

A PEOPLE TOO BUSY TO READ.

THERE are signs not a few in the world of literature—or at least in that portion of it which belongs to this country—which are ominous. Once we promised to be a nation of book-buyers and book-readers. The sale of standard works was steady and very large. Publishers dared to attempt great ventures, sure of finding patrons and ample support. Professional men everywhere welcomed a scholarly publication as conferring honor upon the country. Then Irving and Cooper were greater favorites than Josh Billings and Mrs. Southworth. In fact it was disreputable for a publisher to lend his name to a sensation work of any kind. But since the war the bright promise of a dignified and well-sustained literature has been gradually but rapidly vanishing. Books are not bought as they were. The people do not read as they did. Libraries are freely offered for sale, and, what is most significant of all, the leading publishers complain that the demand for really sterling books is constantly diminishing. We hear every week of one or more most worthy literary ventures which publishers refuse to undertake, simply because they have lost their faith in the willingness of the people to support an honorable literature. Hence discreditable books are on nearly every bookseller's counter, and American publishers are content that English houses should bring in their long lists and offer fine editions of standard works at prices less than they can afford them. We say these signs are ominous—portending the greatest evil.

We believe the secret of the whole matter to be simply that our people are too busy with money-making to read books that require any application. The disturbance and excitement of the war disarranged habits of study and quiet, and finally the universal mania for speculation—for making speedy fortunes—intruded upon almost every household in the land. Our people are money mad. Extravagance is the watchword of the hour, and while this fever is raging it is in vain to hope for a healthier literary tone. Probably there are many of our own readers who will appreciate the change to which we refer. Once they found it comparatively easy to devote at least a portion of their time to quiet reading. They felt a pride, too, in sustaining good works. When a publisher announced a book of permanent value they felt it to be their duty to encourage it by actual support. They would no more think of selling their libraries than they would of pawning their clothes. Nor would they allow a silly, sensation story to be placed upon their table. But the wild rush of war and all its excitements have swept away too many good things. The cry for money has swallowed up every other, and the publishers look on with wonder and disgust as the old-time taste and scholarly aspiration seem abandoned at the altars of Moloch and Mammon. The country is full of opportunities for acquiring wealth, and now that the red hand of speculation has swept down in all its infernal power, the old paths are too narrow—the old ways too slow. Who would be poring over books when there are chances to be millionaires?

Of course, there are some good and true who do not yield to the fascinations of the hour. There are book publishers who can recite their names with no hesitation—so prompt and faithful are they in maintaining whatever is good. These men read. If all the fortunes of the world were at their disposal, they would shut to their library doors and give themselves to study. Such names are honored indeed. The publishers of critical journals know them well. What little money they have is given to the liberal and hearty support of good books, good papers, and good scholars. But the rich men of the land, where are they? Building palatial houses, founding erratic institutions, giving themselves to everything and anything but to the generous support of an honorable literature. That which should be their pride is utterly neglected by them. Nor books nor papers get much aid from their abundance. They will give largely to build a public edifice, but will not think that with a mere bagatelle they may aid in giving to a whole nation a book that will be valuable for all time. Surely their neglect must be from forgetfulness—we cannot think that it arises from pure lack of appreciation or disregard of a national literary reputation.

While we have no great hope for the immediate future in regard to this matter, yet something can surely be done for the correction of the evil. Not only can wealthy gentlemen aid materially, but those of small means who love good books and who once found time for reading can do a vast deal by betaking themselves to quiet study again. Women, too, can do much by making an effort to check the extravagance of the hour, which, it must be said, is largely inspired by their demands. The publishers can also help in the matter by permitting only good books to go forth with their names. But the main trouble is in the wild recklessness of the times, which causes only unrest, and unfits for reading. We are rushing ahead at too high speed, and from present appearances shall awake from the dream to find our national literature despoiled and our taste degenerated.—*Round Table.*

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.—*Exchange.*

A YOUNG man who has great respect for the revenue laws, and aspires to be a leader of fashion, has introduced a new and decidedly nobby style of collar in Poughkeepsie—a two-cent revenue stamp being pasted on each of the long corners.

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Maggiel is the founder of a new medical system. The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach and paralyze the bowels, must give precedence to the man who restores health and appetite with from one or two of his extraordinary pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of his wonderful and all-healing salve. These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superseding all the stereotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the so-called remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dozen, and of which every boxfull taken creates an absolute necessity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffice to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits light and buoyant. There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected, its functions are restored, and if the nervous system is feeble it is invigorated. This last quality makes the medicines very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfectant power of Maggiel's salve. In fact, it is here announced that *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic and Diarrhea Pills* cure where all others fail. While, for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGIEL, No. 11 Pine street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box. R. H. McDonald & Co., Agents for Pacific coast, corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco. e14

TROUBLE WITH TURKEY.—A serious embroglio in our relations with the Divan has arisen, as follows: Sarkis Minasian, who has for many years acted as the resident agent in Turkey for the sale of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s medicines, driven by the increase of his business to a necessity for more room, built his warehouse in Constantinople several stories higher, after having obtained the necessary permit from the authorities. The Imans of a neighboring mosque, which overlooked the premises, demanded a large present in money, which was refused. They then applied to the Grand Vizier for the enforcement of an obsolete law, which had been disregarded two hundred years, requiring him to take down the building to eighteen feet, which was granted, and they commenced the work of demolition. Minasian then applied to the American Minister, who notified the Sublime Porte that American property could not be thus trifled with, and that the demolition must cease. Then commenced the usual course of Mussulman prevarication and promises, but no real redress. Finally, Minister Morris informed them that if their depredations continued, he should order the U. S. ships of war to enter the Bosphorus and Messrs. Ayers' medical warehouse would not be alone roofless. A stroke of his pen could have laid the whole city under the sweep of American cannon, backed by men who are not schooled in the lessons of fear. This brought them to their senses and speedy redress. Minasian has now arrived in this country, to present the case to our State Department for indemnity. At length it is something to say among the peoples of the earth, "I am an American citizen!"—]Columbia Republican

A YOUNG and lovely daughter of a distinguished gentleman of this city acknowledges that for embellishing the complexion and skin, Davidson's Circassian Bloom, is by far the most excellent in perfume, innocent in effects, and gives a more heightened lustre to the toilet, than other preparation of the kind in use.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skiu soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headuche, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedeuted. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold hy all dealers, at $1.00 in large hottles, and hy DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Ageuts.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," und the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache und inflammatiou, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery und upon the toilet sideboard. It can be ohned everywhere at oue dollar per hottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that cuu he relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we cun save the *bites* and hills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and hearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are au antidote to chauge of water and diet.
They streugthen the system and enliven the miud.
They prevent miasmatic and intermitteut fevers.
They purify the hreath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia und Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Heudache.

They are the hest Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Culisaya Bark, roots and herhs, and are taken with the pleasure of u heveruge, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulaut. Sold hy ull Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered hy our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled hottles.

D. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded my self very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unhearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, und left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liuiment will do. It is iuvaluahle in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, hruises, spavins, etc., either upon man or heast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, hearing the signature of G. W. Westhrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morhus, &c., where a wurming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparatiou and entire purity make it a cheup and reliahle article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy hecame unfortuuate, und could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other compauies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is hecoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, hut without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, hecause the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is ahle to do, hecause he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on ohedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E. GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some heautiful new style Garihaldis und Zouave Jackets, that for taste and stylo ure particularly worthy of the atteution of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of huttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured hy the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given helow, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, hy an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it hy three stout men, and was hy them lifted into the hath, yet, on coming out of the hath I was ahle to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the hath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve haths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the dainticst work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, hetween Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, hreastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We wit uessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tahles and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade und die away from the surface of the hody, hut it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death he the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilhlains, Cuts, and all ahrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold hy J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per hox.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

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Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN, D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
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Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church Forty second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Co. Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

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HALL & RUCKEL,
NEW YORK.
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HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all thers now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked hy the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to he replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may he easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.

The peculiar construction of this superior machine admits of its heing worked with a much smaller charge of quick ilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, hy allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is construeted without dies or mullers, hut simply with arms to act as stirrers, to he used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the hody of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

W. D. FARRAND

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

Pacific Business College,
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(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

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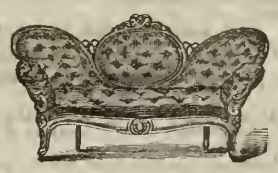
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The Best Workmanship,
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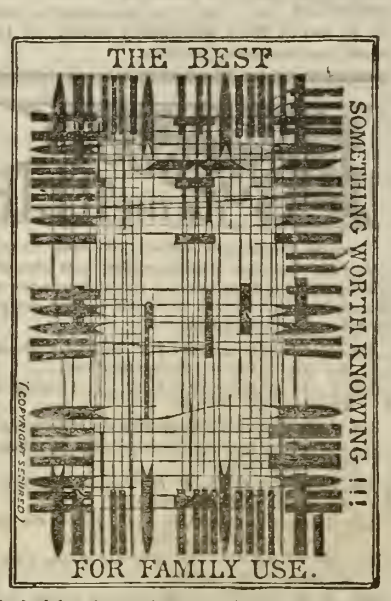
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SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.
CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.
McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.
Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters, 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.
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Capital, - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

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TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS
And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of
THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,
With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of
THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximillan, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company setling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.
Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.
For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay ont a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.
A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.
Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.
The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.
For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Beige's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.
☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

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San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24

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AGUE CURE,
FOR THE SPEEDY AND



Certain Cure of Intermittent Fever or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Ague medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.
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SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.
GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA,
ON SATURDAY, - - JULY 14TH,
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ap28 3m.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

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PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fractional part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs..... 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

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JULY 10th, - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain J. M. Cavarly,
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Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

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Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

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INSURANCE COMPANY,

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HOMESTEAD
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OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,600.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

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NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
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Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
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FURNISHING GOODS,
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SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 7, 1866.

Miss Kate Denin

AND

Mr. John Wilson

SUPPORTED BY THE OPERA HOUSE COMPANY,
will appear in the play of

EAST LYNNE.

SATURDAY EVENING:
MISS KATE DENIN,
MR. JOHN WILSON,
AND
THE OPERA HOUSE COMPANY,
IN
Oliver Twist.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - - 25

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - - - Sole Proprietor and Manager.
CHARLES TIBBETTS, - - - - - - Stage Manager.
J. B. MARSHALL, - - - - - - - - - Treasurer.

MONDAY EVENING.....JULY 9TH,
FIRST APPEARANCE OF
The Howson English and
Italian Opera Troupe,
In Bellini's Grand Opera in English, entitled
LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina.....Miss Emma Howson
Lisa.....Miss Clelia Howson
Elvino.....Mr. Henri Herberte
Count Rodolpho.....Mr. Frank Howson
Conductor.....Mr. F. A. Howson

Enlarged Chorus and Orchestra. New Scenery painted by Mr. A. Torning.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 12—
Wallace's Great Opera of
MARITANA.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 16—
First time in the United States of the English version of Gounod's great opera of
FAUST.

☞ Box Office now open. Seats may be secured for the week. Books of the Opera for sale at the Box Office.

Dress Circle and Orchestra.....$1 00
Reserved Seats.....50 cents extra
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
Private Boxes.....$10 and $5

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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

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SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AUCTIONEERS.
Olney & Co., removed to 418 Montgomery street.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.
S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgomery st.

BATHS.
Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st

COLLECTOR.
B. Pulverman, 614 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COPPER CRUSHER AND SAMPLER.
S. W. Howland, 24 California street, (at Thomas' Mil,)

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J. J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Notting & Spragen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Bosson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S. Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. ' . Browo, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

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Masonville Mills Bleached Muslins;
Lonsdale and Slater's Bleached Muslins;
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All at Reduced Prices.

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Pillow and shirting Linens, Diapers, Lawns;
Towels and Towelings of every description;
Napkins, Doylies, etc., etc.;
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☞ ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

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Poplins, Mohairs, Melange, Cashmeres, Barege de Laines, Empress Cloth, Prints, Lawns, Organdies, Alpacas, Linseys, Winseys, Black and Colored silks.

☞ ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

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India Cashmere Shawls;
French Cashmere shawls;
Paisley Cashmere shawls;
Broché and Plaid Wool shawls;
Black Embroidered Cashmere shawls;
Chantilly and Lama Lace shawls;
Cloaks, Basques, saques, Talmas;

☞ ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

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Ladies', Children's and Gentlemen's Hose and Half Hose, in Cotton, Merino and Lambs' Wool;
Children's and Gentlemen's Under-garments, in Merino, Silk and Lambs' Wool.

☞ ALL AT REDUCED PRICES.

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Welsh, English, and American Flannels;

All at Reduced Prices.

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LICK BLOCK.

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107 BATTERY ST., BET. PINE AND CALIFORNIA.

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The Game of Familiar Quotations;
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The Game of Courtship and Marriage;
The Shakspearian Game;
The Game of Battlefields of our Fathers;
The Game of Young Peddlers;
The Laughable Game of Red, White and Blue;
The Game of School in an Uproar;
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NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tj between California and Pine.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 8. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 14, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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A GOLDEN WEDDING.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE NUPTIALS OF BISHOP HOPKINS, OF VERMONT.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 7, 1866.

IN an age in which iron and brass so closely meet and blend that it is almost impossible to tell where the one ends and the other begins, a bid to any golden wedding is not to be slighted. And you may be sure that an invitation to attend the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the nuptials of Right Rev. J. H. Hopkins, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont, did not in my case fall upon sluggish ears.

(In conformity with established usage and in deference to a certain formality generally expected in print, I bestow upon the Bishop all the titles which are his of right, though under the more familiar address of "Bishop Hopkins," a man eminent not only as a scholar and divine, but also combining in himself the accomplishments of the poet, the painter, the musician, the orator, and the architect, he is widely known and quite as widely esteemed and beloved.)

The occasion promised to be an eminently interesting one. The Bishop has resided at Burlington—the pleasantest little city in Vermont—for many years, and his house has been, in a measure, the Mecca of travellers. It is beautifully situated, overlooking the bright blue waters of the beautiful bay, dotted with the white sails of passing vessels. Married in Old Harmony, Batter County, Penn., May 8, 1816, thirteen children—nine boys and four girls—have been born to the Bishop, nine of whom are now living. And so with grand-children and great grand-children there was enough material for a capital celebration, even shutting out the world outside his own hearthstone, but the Bishop issued a general invitation to his parish, and a multitude of friends availed themselves of the opportunity to pay their respects to the venerable bride and bridegroom of fifty years ago, hale and vigorous enough in their green old age to inspire the hope that both may be spared to celebrate in another golden wedding, the happiest epoch of their lives.

The annual Convention of the Diocese of Vermont being now assembled in Burlington, the most distinguished clergymen of the Episcopal Church were present, and besides these visitors came from San Francisco, New Orleans, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Boston, New York, and many other distant cities. At a meeting of the clergy of the diocese on the morning of the 6th, the usual routine was broken by the presentation of a pastoral staff or "crook"—emblematical of his office as shepherd of the fold—to the Bishop. This was of oak, beautifully carved, and seven feet in length. Near the middle of the staff there was an ornamental knob of silver, the panels of which contained pictures representing the five wounds of Christ, St. Paul, Archbishops, and Bishop White, who confirmed Bishop Hopkins—an idea of the Apostolic succession. The crook at the end of the staff was elegantly carved and gilded, the centre containing a statuette in gold of the good shepherd, with lambs in his arms, surrounded by sheep in silver. The cost of the staff was $300. It was presented by Rev. Mr. Hale, Rector of Arlington, with an appropriate address.

In accordance with the rule of the week it commenced showering in the morning, and the drops seemed to grow with the day, until in the afternoon their size and volume assumed proportions almost phenomenal. For nigh upon two hours the rain fell in a perfect sheet of water—bringing to mind that "wet sheet" of which the song makes mention, while in the streets surged and swelled the "flowing sea" of lyric memory. Nevertheless, the Bishop's house was thronged throughout the day by callers who availed themselves of the privileges of old friends, setting aside the fact that the invitations were issued for 7:30 in the evening, in their desire to evade the crowd which they expected would then have possession of the house. Evening found the house full at the appointed hour—not unpleasantly so, however. The dampness of the grass cheated those who expected a dance on the lawn, but the grounds laid out under the guidance of the Bishop's own exquisite taste—with all his gettings he has got a thorough knowledge of landscape gardening—showed to excellent advantage, the shrubbery and flowers coming up all the greener in leaf and brighter in blossom for their great *douché*. As the evening grew darker and the winding paths became indistinct to the unassisted eye, lanterns were suspended in the trees, while several large locomotive lamps, sifting their powerful light through the grounds, made them so light that guests were not at all inconvenienced in going to and from their carriages. Over the front door, in quaint old letters of variously colored lights, this legend was blazoned, or rather blazed, "Golden Wedding." The large drawing-room and three large rooms adjoining, the walls covered with paintings from the Bishop's brush and decorated with evergreens and flowers, were thrown open for the reception of guests. At one end of the drawing-room the wall bore a large cross, in evergreen, with the legend "1816 and 1866;" beneath sat the Bishop and she who half a century ago became his bride. It was a beautiful sight, and if any one doubted that a well-spent life brings its certain and sure reward, certainly that doubt must have been dispelled. Most of the sons and daughters living, thirty grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren, were present. The days of the patriarchs seemed revived, and in the venerable bishop we beheld a Jacob—a Jacob untroubled by the memories of a brother Esau unkindly dealt with. At 8 o'clock the cadets of the Vermont Episcopal Institute marched in, led by their officers, and accompanied by the Rev. Theodore A. Hopkins, President of the Institute, and the assistant teachers. Standing in the centre of the room, they sung a song, "The Golden Thread," the words and music written by Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr., several years ago. The cadets made a fine appearance in their neat and well-fitting uniforms of gray, acquitting themselves musically as well as manfully. The next song was a great surprise to the Bishop and Mrs. Hopkins, who looked wonderingly at each other as its chorus rose and swelled, as though to ask how it could be, or how it came to be, composed and rehearsed without their knowledge. This was "The Golden Wedding Song," the composition (both words and music) of the first-born son, John Henry. Sung by the whole family standing around the two from whom all had sprung, it may well be imagined that it brought tears to the eyes of those to whom it was addressed, while the assembled company could but share in the emotion. This was the chorus:

"At home, Father! home, Mother!
All, all at home!"

Several other songs, of the Bishop's own composition, were sung, the Bishop and Mrs. Hopkins uniting in the choruses. The former aged 74 and the latter 71, their voices show still fewer wrinkles than their brows, seeming to have mellowed rather than hardened and cracked with age.

On or near a table in an adjoining parlor the presents were displayed, and this table naturally was one of the chief centres of attraction during the evening, drawing crowds only rivalled by the one which thronged around the Bishop and Mrs. Hopkins. I was never very good at enumeration, but allow me to tell as nearly as I can what these presents were: First, there was a new carpet, costing $300, presented by the lady members of St. Paul's Church. (The carpet, however, was on the floor, and not upon the table.) A silver pitcher, salver and goblet, from the older members of the Institute. About $350 from the laity of the diocese, and a few others. I am sorry to say that all of this was not in gold. The Rev. Dr. Balch, canon of the Montreal Cathedral, gave a fine oaken prayer desk and several large pictures. Members of the family contributed every little article that affection could prompt. For the Bishop—oh, ye condemners of the Virginian weed, hold up your hands in horror, for know that he smokes—there was tobacco and a magnificent meerschaum pipe, mounted in gold. A gold watch and chain. There was also a gold watch and chain for Mrs. Hopkins. And as I can no longer pretend to distinguish or remember for which of the parents the presents were, let me tell them off all together: Lace curtains, lace shawl and set, a case of Farina cologne, a large afghan, a set of furs, a silver caster, cups, cigar holders, portmonnaies, pipes, gold pencils, brooches and sleeve buttons, silver knives, china ware, toilette vessels, a silver card case, worsted lamp mats, a tete-a-tete for tea, gold thimbles, inkstands, a large picture of the Bishop on porcelain, a carved book rack, two large easy chairs, and many other articles of comfortable furniture, and a large family Bible—one of the *chef d'œuvres* of the English press, costing $100. My attention was particularly attracted by a chain, made from the Bishop's hair, for Mrs. Hopkins. It was white as silver. And I fancy that what the mother will value quite as much as any other of the treasures given her is a necklace of all her children's hair, beautifully braided and studded with gold.

Refreshments were served during the evening, and in social converse and the exchange of congratulations appropriate to the occasion the hours wore away. At about 10 o'clock the whole company sang the Evening Hymn, the Bishop pronounced the benediction, and the company began to disperse. Probably many who read this article have seen the Bishop pronounce the blessing in church, and will remember his appearance as he stands in his robes, with uplifted hands, the softened sunbeams streaming through the richly-stained glass of the great window, and falling upon his head—a blessing from Heaven upon the blesser. Those who have will little wonder that among the other Bishops he is called "the Apostle," for certainly there never was on earth, in human form, a nearer approach to the ideal Apostolic appearance. But never, even when surrounded with all the accessories of office, have I heard the benediction so affectingly spoken as by that white haired Priest of God, in the bosom of his own family, his children, his grandchildren, his great-grandchildren, the clergy, members of his parish, and friends among whom so many years of his life and labors have been passed, standing around him as he implored for all present "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." And by his side stood the partner of so many years of joy—for, looking upon the placid, contented countenances of both, it is impossible to realize that either has known sorrows—still able to sing and play upon organ, harp and piano. To-day, the family united in a dinner at the Bishop's house, on which occasion the Bishop presented each member with his *Autobiography in verse*—one hundred copies of which were printed for the family only. Thirty or forty sat down to dinner. To-morrow they all partake of the Holy Communion together—and so will end the most interesting and impressive family reunion ever I witnessed, or in all probability ever shall see.

New York Times.] C. H. WEBB.

HIS Majesty the King of Bavaria, instead of attending to the increase of his army, and signing important orders, rode *incognito* with his groom to Zurich and celebrated Richard Wagner's birthday at the composer's house, while his ministers were almost in despair to know where their beloved king was. It is stated that the President of the Cabinet, Von der Pfordten, and also the celebrated Pfistermeister intend to resign their offices in consequence of this occurrence.

OLE BULL has been giving concerts in Russia, with great success, at the time when he was deplored as having died at Quebec.

MRS. BROWN COMING HOME FROM THE DERBY.

WELL, I says to Mrs. Maddick, I certainly should like to see 'em a-comin' home, as is a fine sight, with their shay carts, po' shays, four in hands, and all manner; but as to them parties as throws the flour and eggs, if they comes my way I'll settle their 'ash, pretty quick, with the perlice, for I'm sure the sight as I were through a standiu' by Mile End Gate five year ago, to see them a-comin' back from Fairlop Fair, I never shall forget. I was whiteuin' and heggs from top to toe, and everythin' I had on regularly spoiled, as was a lovely black welvet bonnet trimmed with red ribbons, as looked that cheerful in the morning, and was batter puddiug at night, and a new shawl, leastways as good as new, through 'avin' been cleaned, as brought the colors out as fresh as paint, as were orange and green, with a mauve ground.

Well, it was agreed as I should go and take tea with Mrs. Maddick, as lived just agin "The Swan," at Stockwell, as were a bit of a country inn, when I was a gal, but now swep away into a fine lookin' house, but not like the old place a bit.

A kinder creature than Mrs. Maddick never drew breath, though a woman as has her faults, for she will let her tongue run that fast, as carries her off her legs, as the sayin' is, and the things as she told me about that young Bartleman a carryin' on with Lucy Bond a knowin' him to be a married man, and yet a dancin' and a flirtiu' with him, as is goiu's on as I don't hold with, and so I said, but when she come to say a lot more about everybody, a runnin' down one and takiu' up another, till at last I says, "Mrs. Maddick, mum, excuse me, but, I says, 'the dog as can fetch can carry,' as the sayin' is, and I don't see as we're doing any good to ourselves uor anybody else for that matter in talkin' about their faults, as p'raps had better look at home as there's none of us as is without faults ourselves."

She says, "If you're a talkin' about me in speaking of faults, I certainly never had uone like them as I'm speakin on."

"Well, then," I says, "I dare say you'd others, as is p'raps as bad."

She was up in a minnit and asks me what I means a talkin' like that to her, and we was driftiu' into words, as the sayin' is, when Mr. Maddick he come in, and so the subject dropped, and we had tea quite early for to be ready to set out for Clapham Common, as Maddick said was the best place for to see the company.

Of all the rough characters as I ever see out of town it was along that road. Aud the scrougin' and the pushin' as there was, made it very unpleasant, particular to me as had a pair of shoes that big that they wouldn't keep on comfortable, and Maddick is a man as walks like a railway, and all up-hill was tryin' to the breath, and boys comin' along a shovin' and a drivin' till at last I was obliged for to stop and put my back agiu some railins, for to recover my breath and pull my shoes on proper.

Well, I was a takin' on it easy, when all of a sudden I gets a drive from behind as ketched me in the bend of the knees, and down I sat, as anyone nat'rally would, and it's a mercy as it were a prambulator caught me, though I did sit on the children's legs as didn't hurt them, though nat'rally terrified. But of all the low-lived costers as was drivin' that prambulator I never did see, and the female as was with him the abuse as they gave into.

"Come out of the prambulator," hollers he; "you'll smash the kids!"

I says, "It was you as throwed me on 'em, as ought to be ashamed on yourself, a-acting that serreptitious behind my back, as might have ended serious through me a fallin' 'eavy."

Says the female, for a woman I won't call her, "It's my belief as you sit down malicious, a-thinkin' for to get taken up the 'ill."

"What," I says, "me ride in your rubbishin' prambulator as yo've made out of a old dust cart, by the look on it," for it wasn't a regular prambulator, but a rough handbarrow like. So says he:

"It's lucky as it's pretty tough, or you'd have smashed it, and I'd a made you pay; as ought to stand a pot as it is."

Well, Maddick come up aud took me away just then as they was a-gettin' downright nasty over it, and the children a-roarin' like bulls though not hurt, as how should they be, me only just a-settin' light by their feet, as whipped up again in no time by their mother as strong as a horse, as the sayin' is.

I was glad when we got to the Common, though crowded up a good deal. I'm sure the shay-carts as was overtook in liquor was enough to make any one stare, with parties dressed out in 'em, as you might have expected carriages aud pairs at the very least.

I'm sure them Greenwood gals looked that bold in their father's cart, with the name in gold letters, as I would not have gone out in myself, and a-drinking ale at a public house door with their clothes reg'lar ruined with dust and their hair regularly powdered. And as to old Greenwood, as is a butcher, he couldn't set straight though a holdin' the reins as was a downright farce, not as the horse was likely to run away, for if ever I see a animal dead beat, as the sayin' is, he was standin' in them shafts as the weight behind made stick up to above his head, and seemed to be a-liftin' him off his legs.

We was a-standin' quiet a-lookin' at the four-horse coaches and other conveniences as was comin' ou that thick as soon made 'em pull up, and the way parties was a-goin' ou made me downright stare, with wails over their 'ats and little Dutch dolls stuck in 'em.

Well, there was a large party in a open carriage as was stopped, a-laughin' rather wild, aud I must say, though dressed elegant seemed to me a little on. I was a-standin' on a heap by the roadside as brought me on a level with that carriage.

"I'm sure they've 'ad enough," I says in a whisper to Mrs. Maddick, as couldn't 'ave been laudable in their ears, when I see them take more wine out of a basket and begin to drink free. So says a bold gal, "You'd like a drop, wouldn't you?"

I didu't make no answer, but only give her a look as made her burst out a-laughin', and speak to one of the men as was with her. So he looks at me and says, "Rather! Why she's a reg'ral old woodcock for suction." I couldu't stand that, so I says, "You may jeer, but," I says, "when I do want to drink I can get it, and houest too."

I hadn't hardly got the words out when I got a shower of peas right in my face as thick as hail peltin'. I was blinded for the moment, but soon recovered my presence of mind so as to see the fellow as had done it and was up in the dickey. So I nps with my umbreller and give him one for hisself as sent him sprawlin' over, and just then all the carriages began to move on. Of all the shriekin' as ever you heard it was downright drownin' to the senses, and I'm sure I screamed as loud as any through 'avin' been the cause; but, bless you, he'd fell light, as them in liquor always does, and Maddick he caught hold of me and hurried me away, a-sayin,' "'Pon my life, Mrs. Brown, you'll get yourself into serious trouble if you will make that free with your umbrella." I says, "Do you think as I'm a-goin' to be insulted like that, and no one to take my part, as if I'd had a man with me would a done it."

"Who are you a-sayin' is no man?" says Mrs. Maddick, a-bristliu' up.

I says, "Never you mind what I'm a-sayin,' as dou't concern you," and turus away from her.

I'm sure the dust and the noise was that unpleasant as I wished myself home, and bein' hurt with the Maddicks' remarks I walks on by myself, and who should come up but Barnes and Jane, as is Brown's sister, in a four-wheeled shay.

"Who'd a-thought of seein' you here?" says they, "as we were a-goiu' to call ou in our way home, through 'avin' lots of cold meat in the basket, and thought as we'd take supper with you." Well, I was that hurt with the way as the Maddicks had treated me that I says, "Do so."

"Well, theu," says they, "you'd better get into the seat behind."

I was that tired as I wasn't sorry for the chance. So in I got, though dreadful squeezy work, through the basket not a-leavin' room for my legs, aud the seat that was small as I were more outside than in. If I'd had the least cousumption of what I should have had to suffer, nothin' in this world would have got me into the back of that shay; for, bless you, what, with the boys a-flickin' at me with whips, a-jumpin' up behiud and a-bonnetin' me, and rough characters a-peltin' at me, I never had such a ride. My bonnet was reg'lar smashed, I was hollered at and pelted shameful, parties a-shoutin' out as I should be the death of the horse. One fellow bawls out, "Here's a sack of fat." Another says to Barnes, "Hold hard, there's the back of your shay a-comin' off," as he treated derisive, when just then if the pole of a carriage didn't come right over my shoulder. I gives a wioleut wrench for to save myself, and the seat give such a crack as made me ketch hold of Barnes' coat collar, and pulled him sudden, as made the horse back on to some roughs in a tilt cart, as whipped their horse and got locked in our wheel, and in tryin' to extricate it took the wheel cleau off. I felt I was a-goiu' gradual, and screamed for help through bein' that terrified as I should have the shay on me, as the basket was quite enough of a good thing ou my chest, particularly as the bottles had broke, and I felt all the liquor ruunin' over me. They picked me up, but really Jane and Barnes was that unpleasant as when on my legs I walked myself home, as wasn't far off, and haven't seen nothin' of Barnes and Jane since, nor yet spoke to Mrs. Maddick, as was offended in me a-goin' away, not as I considers her conduct friendly, and the best way for them as can't agree is to keep separate, aud such is my intention, for the world's wide euough for us all, as the sayiu' is.—*London Fun.*

THE THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—An excellent turn was made a few days since at dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, too good to be lost.

A gentleman remarked that ——, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect.

"Yes," replied Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is tryiug to get honest."

THE FACTS IN REGARD TO "LOCKSLEY HALL."

["COUSIN AMY" contributes to London *Fun* the following amusing explanation of Tennyson's well-known poem. It is worthy of Thackeray:]

I MAY as well begin by telling you that I never cared very much for Alfred; except, of course, as a cousin. Our mode of living at Locksley Hall was now and then a trifle dull, you see; and I found it a pleasant relief to get verses written in my album, or to have the leaves of my music-book turned over when I chose to play the "Harmonious Blacksmith with Variations," the march in *Blue Beard*, and the *Minuet de la Cour*. At the age of sixteen I could perform these three pieces with great fluency and expression; it was, therefore, much to be regretted that I could perform no others. The composition of the "Harmouious Blacksmith" has been attributed, by the general voice of mankind, to Handel; and that of the march in *Blue Beard* is assigned, with equal unanimity, to Michael Kelly; but the authorship of the "Court Minuet" remains veiled in the mists of obscurity. But I will now resume the history of my unfortunate misunderstanding with young Alfred, beginning at the beginning:

This poor boy's father was killed in the Mahratta war; and my beloved parents—the kindest parents that ever breathed—took charge of the orphan. It was no easy task, I should think, to superintend the education of such a vain, forward, self-willed, aud passionate child. The earliest thing I remember about him is that he caught a severe iufluenza through standing at the open staircase window several nights in succession, to watch the great Orion sloping slowly to the west. Nobody with a grain of common sense would have selected for these nocturnal experiments a coustellation which is only visible duriug the coldest months in the whole year. My cousin's temper was not improved by illness, as you may imagine and it was upon my devoted head that his displays of petulance usually fell. I persevered in my attentions to the wayward invalid nevertheless; and ultimately had the satisfaction of seeing him arrowrooted into health again.

Years rolled by in alternate quarrels aud reconciliations, until I reached the age of seventeen. My cousin Alfred was about a twelvemonth older; it was consequently high time that he should select some trade or profession. Any lad with an atom of spirit would, long before that age, have preferred earning an honest livelihood by his own exertions to living in dependence upon his relatives; bnt the notion of hard work was distasteful to this impetuous youth. He must needs become a poet—a resolve which was confirmed by my thoughtless approval of some verses he had lately written. I could scarcely help laughing outright on his confessing to me that he entertained serious hopes of being made Poet-Laureate after the death of Mr. Wordsworth. Such presumptiou would have beeu inexpressibly comical had it not beeu inexpressibly painful. Auother proof of this young man's modesty may be found in the fact of his proposing that I should become his wife. Excessively probable, forsooth, that Miss Amy Locksley, the future *chatelaine* of Locksley Hall, would unite her destiny to that of a penniless and obscure scribbler! I returned an evasive answer, which saved me, I have no doubt, from a terrific outburst of abuse and vituperation. Certainly I told no falsehood in saying that I loved him; for I *did* love him—as a cousin. Anything beyoud that was, of course, entirely out of the question.

About a month after this occurrence, Alfred went up to Londou to seek his fortune at the poiut of his pen. I need hardly say that his matrimonial intentions had not been confided to my parents. With all his faults (and they were many) my cousin was not sufficiently heartless to inflict *that* pang upon his benefactors; and the love-passages between us were kept a profouud secret. We corresponded regularly for some time; but our letters very soou began to decrease in length and interest. Alfred was evidently absorbed in the society of artists, musicians, and men of letters; and I was equally absorbed in preparations for my approaching marriage. The match was in every respect a good one, and I have never yet found cause in it for one moment's regret, after twenty-five years of unalloyed happiness. My dear husband's tastes are simple; and his chief interests, apart from those which concern my own comfort and the education of our children, appear to be centred in his dog and his horse. I am thankful that my father and mother were spared to witness our domestic felicity before they were borne away to sleep their last sleep in the family vault of the Locksleys.

Of Alfred I have seen and heard nothing since a year after my marriage. At that period he was discovered prowling about our park by one of the footmen. On being invited by the man to step into the servants' hall and take some refreshment, he angrily declined. He was shortly afterwards seen at the Locksley Arms, down in the village, in the company of several dissolute authors, who amused themselves by blowing on the bugle-horn, and drinking considerably more than was good for them.

By the way, I have heard it vaguely rumored that my cousin has lately thought proper to publish a tissue of misrepresentations and calumuies respectiug myself, my parents,

and my husband. I can assure him that he is at liberty to make whatever use he pleases of our names; and, at the same time, I regret that he is unable to earn a dinner by more honest and reputable means. My intimate friend, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, has informed me that I am not the only sufferer from these vindictive attacks. Should their author ever attain, as he once fondly hoped, the dignity of the Laureateship, I trust that he will, at least, pay to the highest lady in the land the compliment of confining his personalities in future to offenders of his own sex.

SUMMER HEAD-DRESSES.

CORDONS of flowers are the newest style of head-dresses, and are extremely pretty for youthful wearers, and those who possess an abundance of hair. Very small flowers only are used for this purpose. We will suppose that the wreath was of apple blossoms, the flowers would be arranged with a leaf or two each at intervals on a thick green stem composed of India-rubber, which renders it pliant and elastic. The length is about a yard, and is placed once round the head, and then arranged round the *chignon* in loops, or it may be adjusted as three bands *a la Grecque*. In fact, almost any fancy may be carried out by the cordon, which is arranged at will, and simply fastened by hair-pins. Another cordon may be of gold or silver, with *pompon* roses arranged at distances. Tiny scarlet carnations, japonicas, jessamines, etc., are used. Other cordons, composed of lilies of the valley or forget-me-nots, or any minute blossom, are arranged with the flowers close together, all round the stem and the entire length, like a cowslip chain.

A charming set of wreaths for the drawing-room has been lately prepared. The set consisted of a sheperdess wreath for the head; a chatelaine ending in a ring wreath, and commencing in a bouquet, for the petticoat; a bouquet for the *berthe*, and twenty-four tiny ring wreaths to be arranged round the tulle *bouillonnés*, which trimmed the train of white silk. The flowers were all apple blossoms, with their pale green leaves.

A pretty trimming for an evening dress is composed of the flowers of the stephanotis and a scarlet berry resembling branches of coral. The wreath is Spanish, with a white feather in front. On either side of the skirt three crescents of flowers, graduated in size, are arranged. The *berthe* is distinguished by a large crescent, and two very small ones in the shoulder knots.

Many of the cordons for the hair have a raised bouquet in the centre, which can be adjusted over the forehead or on one side of the *chignon*, and the end of the cordon can be placed *a la Benoiton*. Most wreaths now have the Bénoiton chain in flowers appended; but though very fashionable, it is not indispensable. Coronets and combs in gilt metal with Benoiton chains attached are in vogue.

A very new-shaped wreath resembles the tiny bonnets which are now so fashionable. It is round, converging from a centre like a palm-leaf, and a Benoiton chain hangs beneath the chin, attached on either side to the flat bouquet at the top. A head of endives spread out exactly gives the form of these. They are not at all unbecoming to many faces. One for a bride, formed of white lilac with orange blossom in the centre, and the chain composed of white lilac flowers studded closely together, is effective; and it would look well with a veil.

A very tasty shepherdess wreath was composed of turquoise blue velvet, and silver chains; the ends were of velvet, and a white feather rested over the forehead of the wearer.

A different style of head-dress, and suited for a less youthful face, was a double flat band of gold mingled with a few fern leaves, and having a feather butterfly at the side.

Another head-dress consists of a bandeau of pink velvet crossed behind, and ornamented with tufts of white marabout feathers, and chains of pearl, not Benoiton, but looped round.

A pretty head-dress, with long Bénoiton chains of pearl, was simply composed of blue ribbon.

Among many pretty novelties for the hair are a pair of silver daggers as pins for the *chignon*, with a long chain of gold and coral pendent behind. The dagger heads are also of coral. A smaller chain of fine silver hangs above the coral. Round silver pins, with fine silver chains, ornamented with filigree silver nobs are pretty. Combs of silver and pearl, and others with cameos, are very new. A pretty kind of hair net is made of broad stripes of ribbon velvet, scarlet or blue, linked together with open work of gold beads.—*Boudoir*.

An unusual number of female violin-players have of late been heard; and two of these, Mdlle. Lebouys and Mdlle. Castellan, have been among the late givers of concerts. M. Léonard, the Belgian violinist, is about to settle in Paris. From every side, rumors reach us of the present unsatisfactory state of the *Conservatoire* Concerts, M. George Hainl, the new conductor, being, unless report be more scandalous than usual, unequal to his position. The post is one to which M. Berlioz might fairly have succeeded—did appointments, in this vale of tears, go by merit.—*Review*.

CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPES.

IN one of his later letters from California, Bayard Taylor observed that monotony was characteristic of the landscape in this State. The eminent word painter, of whom Humboldt remarked that he had travelled further and seen less than any man he ever knew, came as near the truth in this instance as the susceptible Tupper did when he described the scenery of Niagara Falls as "pastoral." Let a man plant himself on a ranch on the interior plains and there await the circling of the year, and he will undoubtedly have good reason to condemn the sameness of both climate and scenery. If an Eastern man, he will miss the "frolic architecture of the snow," spring's awakening of nature from a frosty shroud, the rich bloom of June and the pomp of October woods, as well as the varied prospect of hill and dale, meadow and grove. And if he should then sit down to describe the climate and landscapes of the Golden State, he would convey as correct an impression of both as the fast traveller whose books are multiplied more rapidly than his facts. The truth is that the scenery, like the climate of California, is more diversified than that of any other section of the American Union. As was said of the charms of the Egyptian Queen,

> Age cannot wither, nor custom stale,
> Her infinite variety.

While almost every feature of Eastern landscapes has its counterpart somewhere within our borders, there is much beyond of beauty and sublimity which vainly challenges rivalry. If one objects to sun-scorched plains, and yearns, like Captain Hall's Esquimaux, for the chill enjoyment of wintry scenes, he has not very far to journey to find himself among a Canadian expanse of snow, trees decorated with frostwork, and ice that will bear a skater. If the images of verdant valleys, purling brooks and wood-crowned uplands about an Eastern home haunt his memory, and the white oak and the cottonwood offend his taste, a day's travel will carry him among scenes which will match those he regrets, and trees of such variety, symmetry and height as he has not known before. If he remember Lake George and Winnipiseogee, he will be consoled by Lake Tahoe and Clear Lake. If he thought the White Hills sublime, will he feel no enthusiasm when the white cone of Shasta looms up before his vision? If he admired the wild beauty of the Adirondacks, can he fail to find their parallel in the middle ridges of the Sierra? Artists have been employed to paint the lovely landscapes and mountain views at famous points on the New York and Erie, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio railroads, and their pictures adorn the Eastern galleries, inviting tourists to visit those attractive scenes. But are there no features of scenery on the route of the Central Pacific railway surpassing in sensational charm the most celebrated of the railway attractions in the Atlantic States?

In order to appreciate the "monotony" of our landscapes we have but to follow the path of the iron horse from Sacramento to his temporary stopping-place three thousand feet above. Speeding away at sunrise, we leave the shady avenues and blooming gardens of the City of the Plains, which contrast refreshingly with the tawny desert beyond. We cross the American, meekest of rivers now, with a terrible power in reserve, and soon pass out upon the prairie, not long since carpeted with flowers, now a brown, scorched, cheerless waste, bordered by gnarled and wierd-looking white oak. Here is a fat soil, capable of yielding many a golden harvest, but the eager vegetation withers and dies because there is no Moses to smite the rock and call forth a fertilizing stream, and also because there is no rock to smite. Leaving the verdureless plain, we enter park-like groves of oak, with no underwood, and note the gradual heaving of the earth like the first swells that precede the mountain waves. Then comes a gently rolling country, studded with pleasant sites for the villas of the future; and still further on, real rocks, shaded by the spreading boughs of the nut pine and bordered by the thick-growing buckeye. In the cool shade of the foliage are some of the wild flowers which the sun banished from the Plains in May.

At Newcastle Gap we are fairly in the foothills of the Sierra, with deserted diggings on either hand—whose treasures are in the vaults of foreign banks—miners' cabins, ditches full of muddy but precious water, vineyards and orchards on the hillsides, marking the transition period of industry in this region. And here there is a grand view of the Sacramento Valley, the "meeting of the waters" at the City of the Plains, the western wall called the Coast Range—a view of immense breadth and varied interest on a clear day. Here, also, is seen the beginning of the real work of railroad building in the Sierra, for we have ascended a thousand feet without any noteworthy effort. Hence to the summit of the snowy range, making a railway means blasting out "deep cuts," building huge embankments of the scrapings of a shallow soil, bridging ravines with lofty trestle-work, skirting high, precipitous knobs, and finding a way to cross great chasms a thousand feet in depth! Continuing to ascend—and the peculiar feature of this railroad route is that it is always going up, in spite of some awful descents in the formation of the country—we meet the black oak, the live oak, the cedar, the sugar-pine—king of the mountain forests—and the purple-boughed manzanita. On the slopes we see flowers growing in wild luxuriance that are treasured in Eastern gardens, such as the tiger-lily and the larkspur. The frequent gaps open a series of mountain views as charming as any that may be seen in the Alleghanies or the Blue Ridge. And yet "the blasted heath" of the plains, the slimy slough, the cottonwood, and the white oak are hardly three hours behind!

We remember having been impressed with the grandeur of the view at the Horseshoe Bend of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, on the Alleghany Mountains. At that point the road curves round a ravine, perhaps three hundred feet in depth, and about five miles of rugged, woody wilderness is seen from the track. The citizen of the Keystone State who is awed by that tremendous union of art and nature should see Cape Horn and die.

When the locomotive reached Colfax, it appeared to persons who were not familiar with the located line that there the track must end. Directly in front yawned Long Ravine, about twelve hundred feet in depth, the north fork of the American river flowing at the bottom, while on either side of this chasm towered steep hills—mountains they would be called in the Atlantic States. But the eye of the engineer had detected the single point at which the ravine could be passed by a trestle-work one hundred and fifteen feet high, and then, by curving round the rugged eminence christened Cape Horn, and building a road on its precipitous side, he found he could reach a point two miles above Colfax. This work is thus far the chief wonder of the route.

In going "round the Horn," the traveller may look down twelve hundred feet, while above the train the rock rises quite three hundred feet. There could be no more thrilling sensation in running along the edge of the cliffs of Dover. The American river, far below, is dwarfed to the size of a mining ditch. The bridge spanning the river is as small as a cigar-box. The road winding up the steep sides of the hills on the other side of the ravine looks like a little garden path, and a man on a mule seems to be a native of Lilliput. The sight of a train passing round the Horn, from the bridge below, gives even a more striking impression of the grandeur of this work than can be obtained on the road itself. From this point to the summit the mountain scenery along the route of the railway will excite the admiration of thousands of tourists in the future, and after journeying from the Sacramento to the region of summer snows, we fancy there will be few to deny that the landscapes of California are as infinitely varied as they are affluent in sublimity and beauty.—*Union*.

OVERWORKED AMERICANS.—The *Round Table* thus discourses: "As a people we try to do too much. There is one constant strain and effort to go higher—further, to be greater—richer. Young men are brought forward into places of responsibility that are too much for them. Their ambition is excited by every possible motive, and they grow gray and old when they ought to be fresh and light-hearted. Young women are hurried into society and to the use of its wretched artifices long before they are ready to sustain so much care and anxiety. Instead of freshness and buoyancy, they are weighed down with discontent and peevish repining, and they are old five years before they ought to have any place in society. And not only is this contagion of work and progress the curse of the young, but it bears down with intensified force upon those who have been longer in the harness. The struggle is to get rich at thirty-five and then "retire." So far in this country those men who have "retired" early have generally carried with them a broken-down constitution, a disarranged physical condition which no rest, no money, can repair.

The remedy for this state of things is the suggestion of plainest sense. The English have learned it most fully, and, as a consequence, they live better, longer, and happier. What is needed is more moderation in work, and more intermingling of daily labor with pleasant recreation. The physical part of our being must be attended to as we go along, not once in a year at some resort of fashion. We must be satisfied with less, and thus shall we have more real happiness. We need more quiet, less chafing and worry. In this way will all the forces of life have a better opportunity to perform their varied functions, and we shall be a nation of happier, healthier, and more buoyant men and women. There may not be so many societies for the diffusion of universal knowledge, but there will be a better development of the individual."

FASHION is never over-fastidious, or, at least, has not been so in this day and generation, but she has laws that her true votaries never violate. As regards the revealing of bust and arms, she prohibits it at night, in the morning, and in public places; hence, night dresses, toilet robes, morning dresses, and suits for promenade, are always high-necked and long-sleeved.—*Boudoir*.

A CLERGYMAN, on reading the 27th verse of the 18th chapter of the First Kings, incorrectly placed the emphasis, rendering the verse an absurdity. "And he spake to his sons, saying, saddle *me* the *ass*, and they saddled *him*."

[For the Californian.]

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

WHAT does it matter, dear, though I go soon,
Before the golden cups are gathered all;
Before the burning heat of Summer noon,
Or the cold storm of Autumn-time shall fall;
What does it matter? If I sooner go
Wearing unfaded violets on my breast,
With loaded wains, the reapers, tired and slow,
Will sighing pass the grasses o'er my rest,
And sighing, drop a tear—
What will it matter, dear?

What will it matter, sweet, if I grow old,
And Summer's pleasant fields grow black and bare;
A few brief days of sunshine or of cold,
A few short hours of pleasure or of care?
What will it matter if I wearier stay
To reap the fruitage of the sober Fall,
To put the earlier gathered flowers away;
What is the gain or loss, if after all,
A little longer stray my feet—
What will it matter, sweet?

What matters it, dear heart, if far or near,
Waits the Death-Angel—noiselessly and dumb;
For if I stay, love-fetters bind me here,
And if I go, dear voices whisper, Come!
Though dark and thick the shadows intervene,
The clouds are sometimes rifted, and I see
The beautiful dim vale, that lies between
The world that is, and that which is to be—
Only a step apart—
What matters it, dear heart?

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.

[A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* gives the following description of the house in which Charles Lamb died, and the tomb where he now lies:]

EDMONTON is about ten miles out of London, lying on the southeast; you reach it by the Great Eastern Railway, starting from Shoreditch. A journey, mostly over the housetops of a dingy neighborhood, brings you through the outskirts of the giant metropolis and heterogeneous blending of town and country common to all suburbs, to fields and the little town in question; the "station" where one alights being partly over "the wash," or pond, celebrated in Cowper's immortal ballad of "John Gilpin." Church lane, leading to the churchyard, is close behind; five minutes will bring you to the latter. I inquired my way of a fellow-traveller, who resembled a retired military officer, wearing the cap, beard, and moustache appropriate to one. He professed himself an inhabitant of Edmonton and civilly asked me if he could be of any service in directing me more minutely, when I told him my object. "Charles Lamb!" said he, "I recollect the old gentleman very well! I helped to bury him." I stared and questioned him, when he proved to be the sexton of the place. He could give me no *live* memoranda of Elia, beyond the fact that "he always dressed in black" (which I knew before) but pointed out the house where he died—we were close to it—and subsequently guided me to the grave. I shall speak of the house first: it has not been described in any of the publications about Lamb, nor, so far as I am aware of, been put in print at all.

It is in Church lane, and known as Bay Cottage (then as now,) a modest little tenement, approached by a narrow strip of garden, and shouldered into the background by more pretentious neighbors—one a "villa," with a lion ramping in stone, or at least in plaster, on each side of the carriage entrance. Down this strip runs a central grass-plot, margined by trim flower fleds, a walk of neat whitened flagstones leading to the low, old-fashioned door. The house is a decidedly small one, two stories in height, evidently of brick, plastered, with warm yellow-brown stains upon it, a blue slate roof, of two different angles, divided by a horizontal line. The adjoining houses rise above it, as well as squeeze it into the rear. One old-fashioned window, opening centrally, with sixteen small panes of glass to it, affords light to the ground floor; there are two above. In this upper room Charles Lamb died. The neatest, humblest, quietest of retiring places, Bay Cottage—it may take its name from a clump of greenery near the door—must have looked just the same during his residence as it does now—as it did on the mild, dull April afternoon that I stood gazing through the rails at it, listening to the reedy thrill of a thrush singing in the trees next door, and fancying that "quaint figure in black" emerging over the threshold, and coming with "a bland sweet smile" toward me.

A very brief space brought us to the churchyard. It is a large, irregular-shaped one, with many perpendicular white tombstones in it, fewer flat ones, and numerous green mounds of the ordinary form; there are trees environing it. The church, built of white stone, with some handsome windows of the "decorated" and "perpeudicular" styles, and here and there well massed with ivy, is above the average. Lamb's grave lies away to the left, as you enter from Church lane, between two gravel paths, not far from the tarred fence of a large garden, which makes a sharp angle in the churchyard. It has a tallish stone at the head, with the inscription and well-known lines written by "Dante" Carey, cut entirely in Italic capital letters (two lines overrunning, the redundaut words are inserted below on the *right-hand side* of the stone like a refrain,) and a small one at the foot containing simply the initials of those beneath. Betwcen is a neatly, and, I think, newly-turfed mound. The adjaccnt monament of "Gideon Rippon of Eagle House, Edmonton, and the Bank of England," on the right, is not a "hideous erection of the fluted order of village nrchitecture," invidiously described in the *Saturday Review* four years ago, but a peatish tomb of the modern Greek style, with quadrupled pedimeut, Soaneau ornaments and a low iron rail surrounding it.

Neither is Lamb's grave *now* "overgrown with nettles and long grass," as then was probably the disgraceful truth (though, by the way, the sexton denied it,) for one could see by the discoleration of the headstone that at least one foot niue inches of earth had, not very long ago, bcen removed from it; while that at the foot must have needed all but excavation. At present the grave and its belongings look decent enough—thanks, perhaps, to that irascible Saturday reviewer. It was no less than sixteen feet deep—on the sexton's authority, corroborated by that epithet applied to it by Talfourd. He also confirmed the biographer's statement that, wheu the grave was re-opened to admit the body of Mary—thirteen years after that "afternoon wintry walk, on which about a fortnight before his death he had pointed out to his sister the place where he wished to be buried"—the coffin of Charles Lamb appeared quite sound. "So dry," says Talfourd, "is the soil of the quiet churchyard, that the excavated earth left perfect walls of stiff clay, and permitted us just to catch a glimpse of the still untarnished edges of the coffin in which all the mortal part of one of the most delightful persons who ever lived, was contained, and on which the remains of her he had loved with love 'passing the love of womau' were henceforth to rest. They were lovely in their lives, aud in death they are not divided.

MEN IN ARMOR.—Buckstone, the London comedian and manager, at a recent theatrical gathering, gave the following account of an embarrassing situation in which his company were one placed:

I had once occasion to represent "Richard the Third" at the Haymarket Theatre, but being unaccustomed at the house to warlike tragedies, we had no suits of mail to engage the captains and soldiers of York and Lancaster. In this difficulty, I applied to the manager of Astley's Amphitheatre for the loan of some armor, when almost immediately afterward a van-load arrived at my stage door. I sent my thanks to the manager for his kind and prompt compliance with my request, and experienced to him an indescribable feeling of friendship, mingled with gratitude. The only drawback to this generous action was that the armor was very dirty, and required cleaning. To accomplish this my men were occupied for two or three days in brightening it up.

The night came for the performance of *Richard the Third*. The armor was donned by the actors, who went into the battle certainly, but under difficulty. My "Earl of Richmond," on lifting up his arm to strike at "Richard" could not get it down again, but continued in that striking attitude to the end of the play. "Catesby" and "Ratcliffe" wandered about like two animated Dutch ovens, and being unable to see through their vizors where they were going, came into collision with each other; some of the helmets having been forced on the heads of some of the soldiers, could not be got off again till long after the tragedy was over; while one disgusted super, who had been laughed at by the audience, and had also experienced a tumble or two, was heard to say, "If this armor dodge goes on I shall leave the profession."

THE LAST AIR SHIP.—The experiments which have been made by Dr. Solomon Andrews at New York and his aerial voyage recently, have aroused fresh interest in aerial navigation. The doctor makes no prediction, which is a favorable portent, but he is sanguine that, with the lengthening and some modifications of his machine, he will be able to steer it with certainty. His air ship is thus described:

"The ærostal of the apparatus, instead of being pear-shaped, like that of the common balloon, more resembles a long lemon terminating in a sharp point at either end. This floats horizontally in the air, and by means of a strong netting passing over the whole bag, supports the car, shaped like a cradle, of wicker-work, about eight feet in length by two in width. A strong leather strap passing along the top and bottom of the balloon, and drawn together by cords, forms a deep groove in the upper and under sides. The principle of its operation is that, owing to its peculiar form, it will move much more easily in the direction of its length than in any other, and consequently when it is rising through the air or sinking toward the earth, if one of its points be turned partially in the direction in which it is pointed, and thus by alternately rising and sinking in slanting directions, the machine will be propelled ahead. Dr. Andrews' present ship is about 86 feet in extreme length and 42 feet in diameter in the middle. It contains, when fully inflated, about 60,000 cubic feet of gas, and is estimated to be able to sustain a burden of 1,800 pounds"

AMUSEMENTS.

CHARLES MATHEWS' lively little two act combination of farce and comedy, under the queer title of *Who Killed Cock Robin?* was produced very successfully at the Opera House on Tuesday evening. Though it has but four characters and but slight material for plot, yet the piece is so full of fun, sparkle, and action, and the dialogue so clever and amusing, it is no wonder that it should make a hit, and be the theatre-talk of the town—especially when its chief parts were so ably represented as in the present case. The plot has been printed and reprinted in the dailies—which must serve as an excuse for our not repeating it here.

The two principal characters, "Satanella" and "Jack Ragget," were taken by Miss Kate Denin and Harry Courtaine, and were both capitally given. Miss Denin's acting of her part was very artistic; the rendering of the mock heroic portion of it was a gem in its way. Courtaine's "Jack Ragget" was very Courtainish, indeed too much so. This excellent actor's tendency to exaggeration is a growing fault. If "Jack Raggett" had not been made so extremely nervous and flighty he would have presented his points more effectively. It does not need a constant strain of nerve and muscle, and the throwing of salient points—like those which enliven this piece—nt the audience, to make them catch them—a quiet and artistic toss would serve better. Mr. Courtaine's ability and versatility have gained him a just popularity, and if he will but study a more calm and composed manner of rendering even eccentric characters, we are sure it will tend to his present, and more particularly to his ultimate advantage. Fred Franks as the "father" of the piece, acted his little part notably well.

Pocahontas, introduced with local hits, accompanied *Who Killed Cock Robin?* on Thursday's and Friday's bill. Both pieces will be played again this afternoon and evening. "The Sphinx," a clever little piece of optical illusion, has shown its head on the stage, apparently without any body, and talked, smoked, and drank, to the wonderment of the uninitiated. This feat of jugglery will be added to this afternoon and evening's bill.

THE BIANCHI ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.—The new artists engaged to complete this troupe having arrived yesterday, on the *Golden Age*, the season will be inaugurated at the Metropolitan theatre with Verdi's favorite opera of *Ernani*, on Tuesday evening next. The merits of the resident members of this company, Signor and Signora Bianchi and Signorina Brambilla, are well known to our readers. The stranger artists are not unknown to fame. Signor J. Mancusi, has ranked as Primo Baritone at the La Scala of Milan, and at El Liceo of Barcelona; which is a sufficient guarantee of musical and vocal ability of high order. Signor S. Milleri was Primo Basso of her Majesty's Theatre, London, and held the same position at the Tacon Theatre, Havana, during the last winter. He made his *dèbut* at the Academy of Music, New York, on May 10th, and we clip two notices from the New York press as the most satisfactory way of placing his qualifications before the public. The New York *Tribune* of May 11th, in a *critique* on *Faust*, says: "The *débutante* basso, Milleri, effected by his 'Gold Song' and serenade a positive control of his first public here." And adds: "There is material in that basso for a grand dramatic singer." The New York *Times*, of the same date, says: "Signor Milleri was the Mephistopheles, making his *début* in that trying *role*. The gentleman has a fine bass voice, particularly clear and ringing in the upper register. He made a highly favorable impression." About a week subsequently, the New York Academy burnt down, and his next *début* will be before a San Francisco audience as "Silva," on Tuesday evening next.

The new season opens very propitiously. The box sheet is fast filling up. The operas will be produced with excellent leading artists, large and efficient chorus, and a full orchestra under the leadership of Mr. R. Herold; and are pledged to be placed very effectively on the stage. A new drop scene for the theatre has been painted, representing the famed Bay of Naples, and Mount Vesuvius in eruption.

THE Howson Opera Troupe, at the Academy of Music, did not escape the usual penalty of unacclimated singing birds. They were rendered incapable of singing their parts by hoarseness early in the week, after giving two performances. The Misses Howson suffered quite severely from attacks of influenza upon encountering our summer winds after a three-month voyage through the tropics. These drawbacks materially affected their success in the rendering of *La Sonnambula*, and the house was necessarily closed. But antidotes and steam baths have conquered in the interval, and to-night the troupe essay *Maritana* with clear voices and unfettered throats. We think Wallace's opera, being an English one, will be very effectively rendered.

THE bath for beauty is an application of that elegant, innocent, and delightful toilet gem—Davidson's Circassian Bloom. It is far above all other dressings, so nicely does it adapt itself to every skin. It never injures or roughens the complexion.

DUST TO DUST.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

We copy the following sketch—written by an occasional contributor to The Californian—from the Philadelphia *Saturday Night*.]

When the wheels, whose tireless beat brought us to these Pacific shores, made their first plunge in the brine, and for the last time flung from their floats the spray of the noble Delaware, how much of life and hope did our little barque contain—what bright pictures were painted for the future! We were nearly all young, and looked to our voyage as a pleasure excursion. That which alone is certain has already come to many—in battle or storm, by the Indian arrow, or by fell disease, death has called; yet for the first that went we grieved the most, and there were circumstances connected with his death and burial that none of us will ever forget.

We had lived through the northwester off Hatteras, when many a stout barque went down; we had entered three fever ports unscathed, but as we steamed past the Sugarloaf and bade the beautiful bay of Rio farewell, we knew there was one on board who had not begun the voyage with us—a frightful shipmate, the scourge of the tropics, the personified demon of the sailor—"Yellow Jack."

And of all that crew, the one whose hopes seemed brightest, whose prospects in life were most to be envied, seemed marked by the destroyer. This young fellow, scarce twenty-one, the son of a man of wealth and high position who could help him over the most difficult rounds of the ladder; with every promise of a bright career, and all that nature and fortune could give to make life desirable, lingered while others recovered. Fore and aft, he was loved by all for his genial nature and generous spirit, and anxiously we watched and prayed for his recovery. The crisis seemed past, and if his strength would only last until he neared the Cape, all would be well.

Our prow pointed to the cool south, to the path of the breezes of life. Every plunge of our wheels sent us farther from the sun. Each night we watched the Southern Cross take a higher station, as the returning voyager, who has doubled the great capes, watches the rise of the Dipper and North Star, and the familiar constellations that deck the heavens of his home. The majestic sweep of the albatross on the horizon we would have greeted as the bird of promise, and the furious wind of the Southern ocean would have been welcome as the soft breeze of spring in the frozen Arctic. We hoped for the best, yet those who were superstitious shook their heads, as before us, day by day, in the clear blue water underneath our bows swam the striped pilot-fish, and now and again above our seething track the fin of the following shark might be seen to rise. Only one port remained to be passed before we would hail the rain and fog, and strengthening winds—Montevideo. But when we entered that great basin, more sea than river, the mighty La Plata, on which the city is situated, young N—— was dying.

Slowly his life ebbed away, and the scene, as he breathed his last, I shall never forget. On our right were the low hills of the shore, to the left only the broad expanse of the river. The wild sky, the black clouds seemed big with the dreaded pampero; the wind whistled past, the waves dashed in foam. On board stood hushed and waiting, for we knew a soul was parting. There was a stir at the cabin hatchway, a sailor man came up, his face covered with his hands—we knew all was over. Then at that instant, as, spite of belief and education, a prayer for the freed soul rose from our hearts, the black clouds opened in a perfect circle, out streamed the light of the sun upon the heaving water and wild scene, and, as if against the darkness, the bow of everlasting promise sprang into the sky.

For some time, in intervals of consciousness, young N—— had been aware of his approaching end, and the only thing that seemed to trouble him was the idea of dying so far from home he loved, and of being buried where affection might never mark his resting-place. It was his last and earnest request, that his grave might be made on shore, where his friends could be recognized by his friends, and not committed to the waves; and though it was very doubtful if the privilege would be granted, yet the captain resolved to take the ship into the harbor, and try to obtain permission to bury it there.

And when night came, sadly we talked in little groups upon the deck, while the sound of hammer and plane from the gangway told that the "last house" of one of us was being built. Though no star shed its light, still it was not all blackness. The "river of silver" beamed with a lustre of its own. Not only the furrows our prow threw aside, or the broad wake we left behind, but the whole surface of the water glowed with phosphorescent brightness, and we seemed to force our way through a sheet of molten silver.

All night long we steamed up the river, and when the sun rose it showed us the harbor of Montevideo. Out before the other shipping lay a stately frigate, the Stars and Stripes of the great republic streaming from her peak in the morning breeze—the old *St. Lawrence*, flagship of the squadron. She was the first national vessel we had seen since leaving our own shores, and as we neared her we gazed with pride upon her trim aspect and noble proportions. We were bringing them news and letters from home, and every port of the great ship was thronged with faces eager to see the comer from the land they loved. Running up under her quarter we were hailed and answered, and after the usual inquiries, our captain mentioned the death of young N——, and his wish to have him buried on shore; but was told that it was impossible; that we would infringe the quarantine rules by even entering the port with the corpse; and was directed to steam back some miles and commit the body to the waves, before entering the harbor.

The shrill whistle of the boatswain sounded; a boat dropped from the frigate's davits, reached our side, took letters and papers, and our little steamer turned slowly round to retrace her path. We had felt sad while coming up, but a darker gloom hung over all while going down the river. It seemed so hard that the last and only request of the poor boy could not be complied with.

But swiftly down the current, in the bright, fresh morning, dashed our little boat, and when the lofty frigate was hull down behind us, we turned and stopped for the last sad rites.

Upon the quarter-deck, in reverential silence, all hands were gathered. The large box-like coffin, in which we had hoped to commit our dead to mother earth, bored full of holes, and filled up with heavy materials, was placed by the side, covered with the flag. The beautiful burial service was commenced, its solemn sentences sounding doubly solemn under such mournful circumstances—there was a pause—a voice that I know, years afterwards, sounded clear and full through the death storm of the Mississippi forts, trembled and faltered a moment—then came the words, "We, therefore, commit his body to the deep!" and with a surge the waves closed above the dead.

Hardly a word was spoken as the wheels again took up their task, and we began to ascend the river, but every eye was fixed on the spot we were leaving, and at the same instant an exclamation sprang from every lip as the coffin was seen to rise! The engine was quickly stopped, a boat lowered, and taking a small anchor and some heavy chain, started to secure and sink the box. But it was no easy task in the fresh breeze and short, chopping sea, and the coffin seemed almost instinct with life and striving to elude their efforts. Again and again they were foiled in their attempt to fasten the weights, but were at last successful, and once more the water closed above the corpse.

After waiting some time, to make sure that it could not float again, we started once more up the river, and this time awe was mingled with our grief. Most men who follow the sea have a touch of superstition; there is something in the vastness with which Nature presents herself upon the great waters which influences in this direction even minds otherwise sceptical, and as we steamed up the river, it was more than hinted by many among us that the strong desire of the dying man had something to do with the difficulty of sinking his body.

This time we passed the frigate, saluting, but not stopping, and entered the port. It was war time; on the Pampas some phase of the interminable quarrels of this Southern federation was being fought out, and the harbor was crowded with men-of-war. Nearly all the Brazilian navy was there, watching the progress of events; and besides these, and the numerous merchantmen, the ensign of almost every nation was displayed above some armed vessel. By direction of the officer who boarded us, we proceeded past them all, to the farther side of the harbor, where we were ordered to lay in quarantine seven days before being allowed to coal.

The new scene, the various objects of interest around, and the duties of clearing up, conspired to make us forget the events of the morning, but the sun was yet some distance above the western horizon when a startling circumstance occurred to recall them to our minds.

Nearly all hands were busily engaged below, only two or three loitering around the deck, when the quartermaster, sweeping the harbor with his glass, noticed something floating in, which riveted his attention. Again and again he looked at it; then, with surprise and dismay in his face, called the officer of the deck. The whisper spread through the ship, and in a few minutes all were watching in silence the object that seemed drifting toward us. Onward it came, through all the vessels that lay beyond us—now lost to our view, now coming in sight again—turning and tacking as though piloted by life, and steadily holding its course for our steamer. It passed the last ship, and came straight for us. It came closer, and every doubt was dispelled—it was, indeed, the coffin! A thrill of awe passed through every heart as the fact became assured.

Right under our bows came the box; it touched our side; halted a moment, as if claiming recognition, and then drifted slowly past us towards the shore.

There was an excited murmur forward, a whispered consultation in the knot of officers aft; then one advanced—"Man the quarter boat, boys; take picks and spades; tow the coffin ashore, and bury the body!"

It was the work of a moment—the boat shot like an arrow from our side, the ashen oars bending with the energy of the stroke. Reverently and gently they secured the box, and with slow, solemn strokes towed it to the foot of the desolate-looking hill that skirts the bay. There, breaking it open, they bore the corpse, covered with the flag, a little distance up the hillside, and, making in the twilight a grave among the chaparral, laid it to rest, marking the spot with a rude cross, which, concealed from observation by the bushes, would yet serve as a mark of recognition, and secure the grave, should it be noticed, from the intrusion of vandal hands.

And so, spite of all, that dying wish was gratified, and the body which the waters refused to receive was laid to rest in its mother earth.

[For the Californian.]

LINES.

BY A PRACTICAL SENTIMENTALIST.

Sometimes at eve, when the lamp burns low,
And Day recedes, and Night with its flow
Comes bitter and black about me,
I see the lights in the city wake,
And moved by the night-wind shiver and shake
With a tremor that seems to flout me.

But I watch and wait through the twilight gray,
Till the lamps are lit in the Milky Way
And the golden squares of the Lion,
Till the keys of the Lyre sparkle fair
And the tremulous, misty moonlit air
Is faint with the glow of Orion.

Then the dreams of my youth before me pass
And the cherished visions and hopes, alas!
And the words that were gaily spoken,
And the forms I loved that are gone away,
And the kindly hearts that are turned to clay,
And the vows that are long since broken.

Then I rise and enter a secret door,
As marshalled by one who had gone before
With a dim and ghostly truncheon;
And, finding pickles, and beer, and cheese—
Through filled with unutterable thoughts like these—
I eat my midnight luncheon.

Exciting Scene at Wombwell's Menagerie.—The Dundee (Scotland) *Courier*, of May 18, says: On Saturday night an alarming incident occurred at Wombwell's menagerie, which is now visiting Dundee. The place was crowded to excess by visitors. During one of the performances, while the keeper, Mr. Mack, was causing the leopards and panthers, which are confined in one large caravan, to go through various evolutions, a large male panther suddenly showed unmistakable signs of insubordination. With the rest of his companions he was ordered by the keeper to leap through a large brass ring held up for that purpose. Instead, however, of doing this, the animal suddenly turned upon Mr. Mack, and, throwing his powerful paw on the head of the latter, produced a deep scalp wound, from which the blood instantly began to flow profusely, covering the face and clothes of the daring keeper with a crimson stream. Mr. Mack was completely taken by surprise, as this was the first occasion on which the panther had dared to make an open attack; but, quickly recovering his self possession, he struck his infuriated assailant several severe blows with the butt end of the heavy whip he usually carries about with him when going through his dangerous performances. Blinded and maddened with the blows of the whip, the panther let go his hold and bounded round the cage in a frantic manner, then, retiring to the further corner, crouched down as if preparing for a spring, while his gleaming eyes and gaping jaws, from which he emitted the most terrible growls, showed plainly enough that, had he been allowed to make his leap, it would have closed forever the career of the fearless lion-tamer. But, happily, the latter followed up his advantage with energy and promptitude, and gave the animal such an unmerciful beating as fairly to cow him into an unwilling and threatening submission. He compelled him to finish the performance so unexpectedly interrupted, and was loudly applauded by the audience on making his exit from the exciting scene in which he had showed so much cool daring and decision. It may be readily supposed that the visitors were wrought to the highest pitch during the time the affair lasted.

A picture in *Punch* called "Rather Cute," represents a man at a ticket office. "Look here!" he says, "you didn't give the right change just now!" Clerk—"Too late, sir. You should have spoken when you took your ticket!" Passenger—"Should I? Well, it's of no consequence to me; but you gave me a half-sovereign too much!" Exit.

Suggestive.—The Napa *Register* suggests that the cars running from Napa to the landing below town be provided with cow-catchers behind as well as in front, as there is nothing to prevent cows from running into the cars from the rear, while in motion. Very good.—*Cal.*

THE STEWARD'S STORY.

ABOUT twelve years ago, I was steward of the *Dryad*, Robert Harrison, commander. She was a fine fast little ship of four hundred and fifty tons, and bound from Shanghai to London, with a cargo of teas and silk. A Clyde-built ship, called the *Planet*, a great favorite in the trade, completed her loading at the same time that we did, so we sailed together and passed through the Straits of Sunda in company.

Now, you must know, that to bring the first of the season's teas into market, was then, and is now, a very great object; and of course there is considerable rivalry among the first ships loaded. Moreover, part of our cargo was on account of the owner of the ship, which made Captain Harrison doubly anxious to make a rapid passage. I do not know whether he understood he was to receive a present in case the *Dryad* should be the first ship into London, though that is likely enough; but I *do* know that he had made a bet of five-and-twenty pounds with the captain of the *Planet*, for I heard the bet made one day when old Sandilands was taking tiffin on board our ship.

Well, we parted company off Java Head, and you may depend that there was not much rest for the officers and crew of either ship from that time forward—at least, I know that there was none on board our ship. Our skipper carried sail on her very hard, day and night the same: indeed, he would be on deck at all hours of the night, not that he need have been afraid of either of the mates taking in canvas before they were absolutely compelled; for though they were perhaps not so much concerned personally in the matter of a smart passage as he was, yet they seemed to consider it for the credit of the ship that she should beat the *Planet*, and carried sail as hard as was safe, and occasionally a good deal harder than was pleasant. A pretty general average they made among my crockery, to be sure, when we had some tolerably heavy weather coming round the Cape. However, we weathered it handsomely, for a stun'sail boom or two, and a split top-gallant sail don't count for much when a ship is bound to make a fast run, and in 27 degrees south we were going free at a great rate with a fine fresh breeze on the quarter, and the skipper and mates were in high glee, for they made certain we were beating the *Planet;* though, not having seen that ship since leaving Java Head, it was impossible for any one to know anything for certain about the matter.

However, there was no mistake about the fair wind, and the *Dryad* walked along in great style, bowling off her ten and eleven knots an hour, when one evening when we were getting somewhere to about 26 degrees south latitude, one of our youngsters, who was up in the main-top, stowing away a stun'sail, sang out, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" called out Captain Harrison and our chief mate both together. You see they fancied that it might be the *Planet*, and were all alive.

"Right abeam of us to leeward, sir!" answered the lad.

"What do you make her out to be?" again sung out the captain. "Here, Mr. Monsell, he continued, addressing the second mate, "take your glass into the top, and see what she is like."

Up ran Monsell, and in less than a minute hailed the deck with, "She is a large dismasted ship, sir, waterlogged, I think, but you may be able to see her from the deck, right over our lee quarter."

You see, at the rate we were going, we were dropping her fast. At this intelligence Captain Harrison looked very much disturbed and annoyed, and walked the deck for a minute or two, without speaking. Then he called down the companion-hatch for me to bring his glasss, which I did pretty quickly, for, to tell the truth, I was standing with it in my hand at the foot of the stairs, listening to what was going on. Now, I heard what Monsell had said when he hailed from the main-top; so when I came on deck I looked over the quarter. There, sure enough, I picked her out at once with my naked eye, not very plain, to be sure, but plain enough to see that she was a large ship, very deep, rolling heavily. She seemed to have a main-royal or a mizzen-top-gallant sail set on a jury-mast rigged forward. As I could make out all this, you may imagine I was much astonished by hearing the captain say to the first mate, "I can't see her, Mr. Gilbert; I think it must be Mousell's fancy!"

When he said this, I looked round, and was surprised to see he had his glass directed to a point or so abaft the beam. No wonder he didn't see her for the *Dryad* had not been idle all this time, and we were leaving the wreck well astern; the breeze, too, was freshening into a smart capful of wind. Upon hearing the skipper's remark, the first mate said:

"Bring me up my night-glass, will you, Stedman?"

"And get supper ready, Stedman," added the captain, in a way that sounded like, "What are *you* doing on deck, when you are not wanted?"

Of course I took the hint, but what with going between the cabin and the galley, and listening at the foot of the companion, I heard and saw all that passed. Mr. Gilbert took the glass, and walking right aft, looked over the taffrail a little to leward. Presently he said:

"I see her quite distinctly, sir—a heavy ship, from Bombay or Calcutta, most likely; rolling very deep, sprung a bad leak, I should say, sir; shouldn't wonder if one of her masts, when they went overboard, had started a butt."

And this Mr. Gilbert said without removing the glass from his eye.

"She's abandoned, I suppose, Mr. Gilbert," said the captain, in a tone which he tried to make unconcerned, and without looking in the direction of the wreck.

"Well, no, sir, I should say not," replied the mate decidedly, as he turned round and looked at his superior with some surprise. "I should say that there were some hands on board of her, if not all the crew; they have rigged that jury mast with that rag of sail forward, and they manage to keep her before the wind pretty well, considering."

"Ah, well, well, Mr. Gilbert, she'll do all right enough; she has a fair wind for St. Helena, and she can fetch that easily, I dare say, if the worst comes to the worst: besides, she is in the regular track of the homeward-bounders, and some ship or other will be sure to pick her up. Whether or no, I can't put the ship's head round now and beat up to windward to her for three or four hours, and then find, after all, that she does not require our assistance. Perhaps the *Planet* may fall in with her to-morrow or next day—ha! ha!"

This he said with a forced laugh, but neither of the mates seemed disposed to join him in his merriment. On the contrary, they both looked very gloomy, and I can't say that I thought it a subject to be joked about, nor, I dare say, did the crew. Indeed, our captain's behavior surprised me a good deal; for, though he was generally considered a taut hand, and very strict in his notions of duty and discipline, no one on board had ever regarded him as a cruel or bad-hearted man. But, you understand, the Devil was at his elbow in two or three shapes. He was anxious to bring in the first cargo of tea—he was anxious to do well for his owner—he took a pride in the fast passage his ship was making, and then there was his confounded bet with Captain Sandilands, of the *Planet*.

But it is not for *me* to judge him, and, what's more, no one on board, officers or men, presumed to express their opinion, whatever they may have thought; only I heard Mr. Gilbert, who went into his cabin shortly after eight bells had struck, muttering something to himself about, "a nice entry to make in the log-book!" It was the second mate's watch from eight to twelve, but Captain Harrison remained walking the deck; and when I announced to him that supper was ready, he sent Mr. Monsell down, saying that he would keep the watch in the meantime. And when Monsell returned on deck, there he still remained, silently pacing fore and aft, and occasionally stopping to look over the taffrail. The moon rose at four bells or thereabouts, and soon afterwards I heard the skipper say:

"Turn the hands up, Mr. Monsell—in stun'sails!"

Upon this, up jumped Mr. Gilbert with "What is the old man up to now?" He was on deck pretty sharply, and I could hear him forward, singing out for his watch.

Then it was—"In main-top-mast and top-gallant stun'sails; fore top-mast and lower stun'sails; and then single reefs in the top sails, fore and aft." Then, "Hands by the braces!" and as the helm was put hard to port, the fore-sheet was dragged aft, the fore-tack boarded, the yards were braced sharp up, and the ship hauled to the wind as close as she would lay.

Then we knew what our captain had been thinking about, while he had been pacing the deck so silently during the last two or three hours; and I, for one, didn't envy him his reflections.

What he could have done a few hours before, very easily, he was going to do now, when it would not only be difficult, but would cause great loss of time into the bargain. Ay, and what was worse, it would probably be too late. For when we first sighted the vessel in distress there was no more than a fresh breeze, and very little sea; now there was a considerable sea running, and the wind had freshened, so that, as we worked to windward, it was like half a gale; and under the canvas we were carrying, our good ship heeled over to it handsomely, and took the seas over her in great style.

Nevertheless, we did not make much way, or at least that was our captain's opinion, for when we were ship at six bells, he said to the mate, "We will get the mainsail on her, Mr. Gilbert."

"Upon my word, sir, she has got as much as she can stagger under, and I don't think she can bear it," replied the mate; the first time I think that I ever heard him offer a remonstrance.

"She *must* bear it, sir!" was the reply. "Send the people aft to the mainsheet, and let some good hands tend the buntlines."

Well, when she had got the sheet aft and the tack down, I hoped he was satisfied. The ship certainly went faster through the water, and held a better wind, but she careened over, so that our lee chains were under water, and she trembled all over as the seas struck and deluged her deck, fore and aft. Thus we kept carrying on all night, wearing ship about every two hours or so, and mostly with all hands on deck.

The night was tolerably bright, except when the heavy clouds drove across the face of the moon; but no ship did we see. At seven bells in the morning watch, the wind had risen so much that Captain Harrison very unwillingly gave orders to hand topgallant-sails, double reef the topsails, and haul up the mainsail. Under this shortened canvas we still kept beating to windward, and I knew by the constant, anxious look-out kept by the mates, that they calculated we were somewhere near the spot where the distressed ship was last seen; but no, the day dawned, the sun rose, but the clear expanse all around was unbroken. *The ship was gone!* Without orders, Mr. Monsell took his telescope up into the main-top-mast cross-trees, and there he stayed for a quarter of an hour or more. When he came down, Captain Harrison asked him no questions. There was no need: the grave look of his face told its own story.

All that forenoon we kept stretching to windward, though every soul on board, not excepting the captain, must have known that it was too late; but about mid-day Captain Harrison said to the first mate (and his voice seemed hoarse and strange,) "You can put the helm up, Mr. Gilbert, square the yards, shake out the reefs, and keep her away on her course." With that he came down below, and went, without speaking, into the after-cabin. At first I did not venture to disturb him, but after waiting about a quarter of an hour I fancied that I heard him groan; so, by way of an excuse for intruding upon him, I got him wine, and taking it into the cabin, asked him to take some, saying that I knew he must feel in want of some refreshment. He was sitting with his elbows resting upon the table, and his face hidden between his hands.

When I spoke to him he looked up and stared at me as if he did not rightly understand what I said, and then dropped his head between his hands again; so I laid the wine in the swinging tray and left the cabin. Upon my life I pitied him. A man may make a mistake and rectify it—he may commit a fault and atone for it; but Captain Harrison's case was a terrible one. He had left undone what he ought to have done; and in beating his ship to windward under a dangerous press of sail, we all had witnessed his desperate endeavors to set right what he had left wrong; but who can describe the depth of his sorrow, and the bitterness of his self-reproach, when he found that those efforts were made in vain? Too late! Ah, it is a bitter word to say.

Homeward sailed the *Dryad*, with tolerable weather and fair winds, and everything on board went on pretty smoothly as before; but the mates began to perceive something peculiar in the captain's conduct. He was usually a very reserved and silent man, and after what had happened it was only natural to suppose that he should be less lively and talkative than usual; but now he scarcely ever spoke to any one. He never had been what is called "a jolly skipper," that is, he never cared much about good eating and drinking, but now he would hardly taste food oftener than once in the twenty-four hours. And from a few slight expressions I heard let fall between the officers, I concluded that they thought their superior was light-headed, or not quite right in his mind.

They might easily consider so, for his conduct was certainly strange. He would be on deck all day, and great part of the night also, his glass always in his hand. This he was constantly using, looking to windward, just as he did when we were working up to the spot where we considered the dismasted ship to be. This, at first, did not attract much attention, but when it became his constant practice all day long, the officers—ay, and the men, too—began to guess how it was. Indeed, Mr. Gilbert, to try him, one day said to him, in a cheery sort of voice, "I don't think you need look out for the *Planet*, Captain Harrison! Bless your life, sir, she hasn't got legs to travel with us!"

"*Planet!* what *Planet?*" asked the poor man, in a bewildered way. It was not the *Planet* he was looking for: it was the foundering ship, which should never see harbor more, that was constantly floating before his diseased imagination. Did he not fear that, on that day "when the sea shall give up her dead," the lost crew would appear to plead against him before the great judgment-seat?

His grief and remorse had fairly turned his brain. He now never attempted to interfere in the navigation or working of the ship; but the mates did not require his assistance in any way, nor did they trouble him at all beyond occasionally consulting him for form's sake; they were both first-rate seamen, and Mr. Gilbert, as became his position as first officer, was a good navigator, almost as good, it was considered, as the captain himself. But a first mate in Gilbert's situation, with an incapable commander, is decidedly in a false position; he has all the responsibility on his shoulders without being legally in charge of the ship.

So far, however, all had gone on very well, and we hoped that we were going to make a smart passage, and be the first ship of the season, notwithstanding our unhappy delay. But our good fortune was coming to a close. When we were somewhere about 36 degrees north latitude it came on to blow very heavily from the west, and the weather was thick, with a good deal of rain. I know that this made Mr. Gilbert very uneasy, for we were getting close upon the Western

Islands, and I had heard him talking to Mr. Monsell about sighting them, and "taking a fresh departure." But in the thick weather and strong westerly gales, there was nothing for it, he considered, but giving them a wide berth, and intended to keep well to windward of Flores. And this, I presume, he considered he had succeeded in doing, for the night after I heard his conversation with Monsell, they both came down below together, to look at the chart.

They had not much opportunity for taking observations, but I suppose Gilbert was satisfied that we had weathered the island, for after pricking off the ship on the chart, he decided on altering her course two points or so, rounding in the weather braces, and shaking a reef out of the topsails. This alteration in our course made almost a fair wind for us, and as we had been hammering away for the last two or three days close-hauled under short canvas in dirty weather, it was good news to all on board. But we were rather premature in our rejoicing. That very night, just as the first mate was turning in (for he had not been in his berth during the last two nights, and now that his mind was at ease he resolved to have four hours' sleep) the lookout on the forecastle shouted, "Breakers ahead!"

Mr. Gilbert was on deck in an instant, and gave his orders promptly and coolly. "Down with the helm, raise tacks and sheets!" But it was too late; the only difference was, that the ship went crashing broadside on to the reef, instead of bows on. A choice of two evils with a vengeance. As she struck, the foremast went over the side at once, dragging with it the main-topmast, and there lay the bonny *Dryad* almost on her beam-ends, smashing and tearing herself to pieces on a reef off the shore of the island which poor Gilbert had flattered himself he had weathered so cleverly. The ship continued beating very heavily, and the sea broke clean over her waist; but though there was not much shelter anywhere, the quarter-deck was comparatively secure, and there we all, officers and men, hetook ourselves. As she lay with her deck towards the shore, she made a lee for us on that side, and that, so far, was a fortunate circumstance.

To our surprise, the captain seemed to have completely recovered his senses; he was perfectly cool and collected. He blamed himself and no one else, for the loss of the ship, and consulted with the mates as to whether the cutters could swim in the sea that was running, and whether they would be sufficient to hold all the people. It was extremely doubtful whether they would do either one thing or the other; but he ordered them to be seen clear, all ready for lowering, and then said: "My lads, the ship will no doubt stick together until daybreak. If we can manage to hold on till then, we shall have a better chance of getting ashore; by that time, too, the weather may have moderated. It would be more dangerous to attempt to land now than it is to stay by the ship." He then ordered me to go down with the mates into the cabin, to try to lay our hands upon the blue-lights, also some cartridges for two small swivels, which we had on the taffrail. Moreover, he directed me to bring up some wine or spirits, to serve out to the crew. This I managed to effect with some difficulty; and very useful the allowance was to the wet and shivering men. We learned afterwards that our blue-lights and guns certainly gave notice to the people on the island of our whereabouts, but produced no other effect; nor, indeed, did we look for much assistance from shore.

A dreary night we passed, nor when day broke was the prospect much more inspiriting; but that our commander's advice was good in urging the men not to take to the boats during the night was evident, as we could now perceive, what we should probably have missed in the dark, that there was a short stretch of sand and shingly beach, where we might have some chance of running the boats ashore, and even of saving our lives if they chanced to be rolled over in the heavy surf, which we could not help considering was more likely than not. Be that as might happen, the trial was to be made; and Captain Harrison proceeded to tell off the crew of the first cutter, which he placed under the charge of Mr. Monsell. With him she would carry twelve in all. This divided the crew and officers equally between the two boats, with the exception of the captain, who made one over the complement for the second cutter.

This having been arranged, we lowered away the boat, with two hands in her tending the falls, and, thanks to the shelter afforded by the position of the ship, we managed pretty well, and got the people into her without accident. But she swum very deep, even dangerously so. As long as she was under the lee of the wreck, this was not a matter of so much consequence, but it was a ticklish moment when they let go the painter, and put her head round for the shore. We watched her progress for a minute or two, and proceeded to lower the second cutter, the captain saying, "Now, Gilbert, it is your turn."

The boat was successfully lowered, and the hands passed safely over the side, leaving Captain Harrison, Mr. Gilbert, and myself. Then the captain addressed the mate, and said, "Gilbert, I must be the last man on board, step over the side. Stedman, fetch me my glass; it lies on the companion hatch."

I brought it to him, and he ordered me to get into the boat. As he followed me to the ship's bulwarks, I, of course, obeyed him, never dreaming of anything but that he should follow me. But when he saw that I was safe on board the boat, he called out, to the surprise of all:

"Thirteen is an unlucky number, Gilbert; you are too deep as it is, and will do better without me. I shall stay on board to take care of the ship. Give way, my lads!"

Take care of the ship, indeed! God help him! the ship was breaking up fast, and the cargo coming up alongside.

As he spoke, he cast off the end of the painter where it was made fast on board, and we were at once swept twelve or fifteen feet from the wreck, and, if we had not pulled the cutter's bow round, should have been capsized instantly.

We could not have returned to the ship now if we had risked our lives to the utmost in attempting to do so. Had we been able to accomplish it, we most certainly should have been compelled to use force to remove the captain. We saw him wave his hand to us, and walk deliberately to the weather quarter, where he crouched down, and, levelling his glass, looked out to windward.

You see, although he was so cool in taking command when the ship struck, and in arranging for the safety of the men, yet, as soon as the first great excitement was over, his ideas went back to their former channel.

He had no care now for his wrecked ship, for his good men in extreme danger, or even for his own life, fast drawing to a close. No—no; his thoughts were fifteen hundred miles away, with a deserted ship and a lost crew whom he would have given his life to rescue, and for whom he would look until his last hour, and look in vain!

My story is nearly told.

The second mate managed to beach his boat very cleverly, and well for us in the second cutter that he did so; for we were not so lucky. When within three boats' length from the shore, a heavy roller took the cutter under the counter and turned her over, sweeping us, along with the capsized boat, bruised and half-drowned. So that if Monsell's crew and the people on shore had not been on the look-out for us, and ventured boldly into the surf to our assistance, we should inevitably have been carried back by the returning sea, and, in our injured and helpless state, most probably have perished. But, thank God, we were rescued, though not without some casualties.

Among other trifles, Mr. Gilbert dislocated his shoulder, and two of my ribs were broken. Indeed, the whole of us had suffered more or less, and our boat lay on the beach, keel uppermost, and useless for the present. The first cutter, however, was in pretty good order, and the mates consulted together on the possibility of reaching the wreck, and bringing off their commander, whether he would or no. If they had considered it at all feasible, they could have raised half a dozen volunteers in a minute; but it was too clearly a sheer impossibility to launch any boat through the surf which was then on the beach. We hoped, however, against our better judgment, that the *Dryad* would hold together until the weather moderated.

In the mean while, we were all kindly treated and cared for, and an account of our misfortune was to be conveyed to the British consul, at Fayal, as soon as the weather would permit. I may as well mention here, that by that gentleman we were furnished with needful supplies, and eventually sent home to England by a large steamer that called at Fayal.

When the next morning dawned, however, our hopes as to the weather and the wreck were doomed to disappointment. The *Dryad* was gone! And what had been only thirty-six hours before a smart, well-built ship was nothing but a mass of smashed and twisted timber, driven about like straw by the breakers, and hove upon the beach. And there we found *him!* He had lashed himself to the quarter-deck bulwarks, where we had last seen him, and apparently in that position awaited his doom; for he had evidently made no efforts to save himself, either by the hencoops or loose spars which came ashore, and most probably must have been floating alongside. We dug his grave and laid him down with all decency and respect; ay, with sorrowing hearts, too; for to us he had always behaved as a good and just man; and if, in the lamentable instance I have related, he had greatly erred, so also most bitterly he had repented.

One of the peculiarities of the great International Exhibition to be held in Paris next year will be a grand restaurant, or rather series of restaurants, each one to represent the *cuisine* of a different nationality, and in which the waiters are to have the distinct costume of the country represented. A correspondent, speculating upon these different refreshment rooms, says: "The Englishman will expect to have his roast beef and ale; the Yankee his pork and beans, buckwheat cakes, and green corn; the Dutchman his *sauerkraut;* the Spaniard his *olla caldo* and *dulces;* the Italian his maccaroni; the Esquimaux his blubber; and the Chinaman his rice and bird's nests—perhaps, in a quiet way, a rat or so. As a large space will be devoted to the Polynesians, some very curious culinary preparations from that quarter of the globe may be looked for."—*London Review.*

[For the Californian.]

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

[BY OUR RELIABLE CORRESPONDENT.]

MEADOW LAKE, Nevada County, Cal., July 4, 1866.

LAST March, Hon. N. W. Winston, Capt. Martin White and myself found ourselves at Heaton's station, now Cisco, on the Dutch Flat and Virginia road. We had travelled thus far by stage, but at this point the beauty of the scenery enticed us from this mode of conveyance, and we determined to complete our journey to Meadow Lake on foot, in order that we might have more leisure for observation. We put on overcoats, to protect us from being blistered by the fervid rays of the sun, and covered our boots with barley sacks, which we wound around and tied on to prevent the mosquitoes from biting through the leather into our feet, that insect being of extraordinary size and fierceness in this region.

Indeed, many kinds of animal life seem to be exaggerated into wonderful proportions by hare association with the gigantic mountains. We had cakes for breakfast at Heaton's, and used sugar on them, some of which may have stuck in our whiskers, for we were suddenly attacked by a flock of humming-birds, of such monstrous size that nothing but a vigorous use of our sticks saved us from being knocked down the side of the mountain by their wings, the swift flapping of which resembled the noise made by a hundred-stamp quartz mill.

We noticed many fine varieties of flowers, trees and shades, the like of which we had never seen before, during our walk up the side of Red Mountain, so called because it is composed entirely of copper, with just soil enough over it to support the garden through which we passed. To step half way up and gaze upon the view was delightful. A man would probably climb such a mountain not more than once in his lifetime. Once while we were sitting on the side of the road, enjoying the scene, Pat. Lannan, of Virginia, came down on a cloud. Petrified clouds are much used in the mountains for the conveyance of passengers. There is a certain place on the mountains known only to a few who profit by the secret, where, when the clouds become entangled in the trees, they assume almost immediately a condition of petrifaction, changing into a substance which is hard and firm, but floats in the air in the same manner that another kind of stone called pumice-stone, floats on the water. The parties who collect these singular vehicles, fasten ropes to them before releasing them from the trees, to prevent them from sailing away, and also to lead and guide them down and up the mountain trail. The cause of this peculiar change in the character of the clouds has never been satisfactorily explained, but it is supposed to be owing to some peculiarity in the earth or its exhalations in the particular spot where the phenomenon occurs. Another peculiarity is that all the colors the cloud may have had immediately before the change takes place, remain indelibly fixed. It thus happens that some times these cloud carriages present the brilliant beauties of drab, purple and gold, and all the other sunset hues at once. For a ride on these an extra price is charged. The handsomest one I saw had, in addition to these colors, several very lively rainbows, which had been caught at sunset. Owing to their buoyancy, they can only be taken half-way down the mountain; the balance of the trip is made on mules or on foot. We continued our journey on foot, being unwilling to trust the clouds, as an accident had occurred shortly before; a rope having broken, the passenger was carried to unknown regions, and has never been heard from since.

We continued up the mountain till we arrived at Fredonia, which, in the language of the inhabitants, means enchantment A high, white wall, had been built around the place. From the top of this we descended by a flight of steps, whiter than any marble, into a room in which we found no living soul visible; but a fire was on the hearth, which we suppose it kept perpetually burning, as a part of some ancient superstition or ceremony. Though no hands could be seen, there instantly appeared a table loaded with viands of the utmost variety and most delicious taste, all of which soon disappeared as mysteriously as it came, and was replaced in greater variety and with more abundance than before. We could hear the rattle of the dishes, and see them descend upon the table, but hand or person we could not see. Startled at these phenomena, we re-ascended the steps, but, before leaving the place, visited the wind factory. This is necessary because the wind never blows there, and this establishment was therefore built to supply the demand. When manufactured, it is kept for use in a large reservoir called a blacksmith's bellows. Finding ourselves among the clouds, I tore a strip of "silver lining" from one, and brought it along with me. It is a great curiosity.

From Fredonia we passed on to Enterprise, so called on account of a gigantic project originated and successfully put in operation by its founder, about which I will inform you in my next.

J. JACKSON JONES.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 14. 1866.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

HOME CHARITIES.

THE meeting recently held for the relief of the Portland sufferers, was characterized by a show of caution, reserve, and prudence quite in contrast to the usual spontaneous enthusiasm and display of previous California meetings for similar purposes. The speakers wanted to know the exact condition of the sufferers; whether the aid of San Francisco was imperatively required; whether temporary relief was only asked; whether the destitution was such as authorized a claim upon the charity of so remote a city. Some thought the condition of the Portland people no worse than that of our own citizens after the great conflagrations of '52 and '54, and, arguing from the fact that we had not received charity from Eastern cities, questioned their right to claim assistance from us. It was urged that, having ourselves recuperated and recovered from the disastrous Sacramento flood which left so many thousand homeless without receiving help beyond the borders of our own State, the like energy might be reasonably expected of an older community. And one gentleman, whose prominent connection with most of the charitable organizations of this city entitle his remarks to some weight, asserted that the number of destitute and suffering people in this city was about equal to that of Portland!

It is to the last statement that we wish to call the attention of the reader, and which we take as the text of this article. The previous arguments, it is unnecessary to say, have no weight with a liberal and enlightened people, or with any community that believes charity to be something more than the hope of reciprocation. But it is certainly worth our serious consideration if a destitute man is more likely to receive our sympathy when in Portland than when in San Francisco, or that the crippled soldier to whose wants—through the Sanitary Commission—we contributed so liberally, is likely to starve to death when he makes a personal appeal on our streets for aid. The fact is that there has been an unpleasant odor of ostentation about most of our popular movements in the way of benevolence and charity, and a disposition to make not only the right hand know what the left had done, but to generally take the rest of the body into the secret. It was pleasant to listen to the trumpetlike praise with which Dr. Bellows spread our munificence throughout the land; it was exceeding good to hear ourselves spoken of as the "wealthy and large-hearted sons of California." There was a reckless and barbaric opulence in our gifts, an unreasoning liberality that had about as much significance as the largess scattered by some tipsy reveller. With this reputation for generosity, there has been more real suffering and unrelieved destitution in this State than in any other community of the same size. With this monument to our liberality, erected by the United States Sanitary Commission, we have not been able to build an alms-house!

The reader who doubts the extent of poverty and suffering in California, has but to reflect upon the thousand predisposing causes which give an epidemic and local character to this form of social complaint. To many who arrive on this coast, California is the *dernier resort*—the last hope of a luckless and ill-considered life. People forget that here, energy, application, and intelligence are as essential if not really more important to success than elsewhere. The factitious glow given to California life and business by ignorant scribblers and wandering travellers intoxicated by new scenery and people; the enchanting and seductive pictures painted by self interested speculators, attract many here who are unfitted for the harsh realities of our life, and who exhaust their total capital in the attempt to reach these shores. The perils of an adventurous and speculative trade; the sudden reverses of fortune peculiar to the legalized gambling which we call stock-brokering; the mischance of flood, fire, and robbery (greater than in older communities;) and the reckless extravagance of expenditure, make poverty and distress more frequent than competence and wealth. It is time to look to our own poor. While it is true that charity which begins at home often ends there, we believe in applying our generosity, intelligently and mercifully, in relieving those distresses which can be most easily and readily relieved, whether they be in Portland or San Francisco.

OUR BOOK-TABLE.

AMONG the works recently sent us we select the following for notice at this time. Others will receive attention next week:

Clarke's New School Geography; forming the Third Part of Bancroft's Geographical and Historical Series. By Chas. Russell Clarke, A. M. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

The characteristics of this work, which are urged as its claim to superiority over ordinary text-books, are—First, the prominence given to the Pacific group of the United States; and, second, a habit of instruction through *a priori* and *a posteriori* induction. In regard to the first, it is questionable whether in the abstract the best interests and purposes of the geographical study are served by allotting so much space and discussion to a locality which is comparatively unimportant in the general sweep of geographical survey. It is quite as important that California youth should learn something of the power and magnitude of older civilizations and countries as to be taught the subdivisions of townships in their own county. The practical advantage of this local information is overbalanced by the loss of that comparative knowledge which experience shows liberalizes and enlightens the understanding. The second characteristic of Mr. Clarke's work is certainly ingenious and of considerable practical utility, although it is somewhat too material, and leads the author often into amusing statements. Thus we are told (page 29.) that "Santa Clara is situated four miles from San José, and is the seat of the University of the Pacific and the Female Collegiate Institute under Protestant control, and of Santa Clara College, under Catholic supervision, and the importance of these places to one another"—here we have the *a priori* deduction—"has led to the construction between them of a fine causeway, shaded with beautiful trees." Here Mr. Clarke's haste to get to his favorite conclusion leads him to unintentional misstatement. While it is not clearly proven why Santa Clara, even with its formidable array of learning, should be so important to San Jose as to justify the making of the causeway with its beautiful trees the *real* fact, with its far greater historical significance, viz: that the road called "the Alameda" was built and the trees planted by Jesuit Fathers over fifty years ago and before these colleges were in existence is completely lost sight of. Again, in reference to Benicia we are told that "it enjoys a high degree of accessibility from every quarter. This circumstance fits it to serve as an educational centre, in which character accordingly it is well known"—*quod erat demonstrandum.* "And the fact that distribution can be easily effected from this point fits it to be the seat of a United States Arsenal which accordingly it possesses." Q. E. D. This remarkable bleuding of ideas we fear will only produce in the youthful mind a cloudy impression that arsenals and educational centres are a good deal alike, and that Benicia enjoys a capacity for being doubly offensive, which certainly entitles her to some distinction. In speaking of the Russian settlement in Sonoma, our author has a clever idea. He tells us that the Greek and Roman Catholic churches, after many centuries divergence, here finally met. The point of nearest approximation was singularly enough at Pluto or Devil's lake, on what might be termed a brimstone basis. Our author evidently lost a fine opportunity for orthodox illustration in his own peculiar manner. "Hence, the sulphurous odor, etc."

The volume has been adopted by the Board of Education as a text-book for the public schools, and has received the general commendation of the teachers.

Shakspeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility and Suicide. By A. O. Kellogg, M. D., Assistant Physician State Lunatic Asylum, Utica, N. Y. New York: Hurd & Houghton. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Another tribute to the universal genius of Shakspeare. It is a series of essays written "at various intervals between 1859 and 1864." The author intimates, in his preliminary notice, that in the light of his professional education he had written certain strictures upon the apparent errors of Shakspeare in the delineation of several characters in his dramas, and now with great frankness confesses that "a better acquaintance with the delicate shades of mental disease, as seen in the wards of a large hospital for the insane, has tended to modify the earlier views of the writer respecting some of Shakspeare's insane characters, and enabled him better to appreciate the fidelity of the great dramatist's delineations."

The volume is one of very considerable interest to the student of Shakspeare, in that it is the free and generous testimony of a medical student to the truth of the delineations of those very characters which in life it is his constant labor to observe and minister unto. He is singularly outspoken in his admiration and wonder at the extent and accuracy of the medical, physiological and psychological knowledge displayed in the works of the dramatist. He testifies to Shakspeare's information in regard to those subjects which "are regarded as strictly professional and special," and attributes it solely to the peculiar force of his great genius, its power of "close observation, and an acute perception of the nature and relations of all things which come up before the eye and mind," and "of calling up at will from the recesses of the memory, with great distictness, every perception there recorded;" for the knowledge he displays is very far in advance of that of his age, and "was not possessed by any one in his time, however eminent in any special department of science to which he might be devoting himself." In regarding the singular degree of intelligence displayed in the departments of physiology and psychology, Dr. Kellogg enthusiastically remarks: "In fact, we believe a very complete physiological and psychological system could be educed from the writings of Shakspeare—a system in complete accordance, in almost every essential particular, with that which we now possess, as the result of the scientific research and experience of the last two centuries." The author passes in brief review the display of the poet's knowledge in these two departments of science; takes "a cursory view of some of the conflicting physiological doctrines maintained by eminent physicians not only of Shakspeare's time, but long after, even down to the present century, when they were overthrown by modern scientific research;" declares that Shakspeare contended for "truth, not for the establishment of a moral theory," and could have derived no assistance from the physiology of his own times; that, "after two centuries and a half, we have little to add to what Shakspeare appears to have known of these intricate subjects," and that "there is scarcely a department of scientific knowledge that he has not enriched." He asserts, in illustration of the great knowledge displayed, that, in spite of the credit having been given to Harvey of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, "many passages from his dramas seem to indicate a pre-exisient knowlege on the part of the writer of this great physiological fact," and quotes Falstaff, who, speaking of the influence of a good "sherris-sack" upon the blood, says:

"The second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and *makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme.*"

The author of this volume treats in his first essays upon the characters of Lear, Macbeth, and Lady Macbeth, and afterwards, separately, upon Hamlet, Ophelia, Jaques, and Cordelia, the characters laboring especially under the infirmity of mental aberration, though in different manifestations. He treads here upon ground that has been trodden over many times during the last century, and will doubtless meet with critics who, while giving him great credit for an impartial and learned investigation, in the light of his professional knowledge, into the mental characteristics of each, will nevertheless be loth to yield their early interpretations in favor of his. This will apply especially to the character of Hamlet, over which learned critics have differed essentially. He believes that, with his professional study and experience, he can and does herein solve that which "some of the most profound critics of the last century, and down to the present time, have found an enigma which they have by no means been able to solve, and which has been to them a stumbling-block and perpetual rock of offence." He cites the remarks of Schlegel, "one of Shakspeare's most able critics," concerning "this enigmatical work," as Schlegel calls it, in order to "illustrate how vain are all efforts to solve the 'enigma,' and to unlock the profound mystery with which the poet has surrounded the character of his hero, without the true key, which is at once furnished by the supposition of the *real* madness of Hamlet, which to the experienced medical psychologist is quite as evident, notwithstanding what he himself says about 'putting on an antic disposition,' as that of Ophelia or Lear."

Part Second of the volume is taken up with essays upon the Imbeciles of the Dramatist, specifying Bottom, Dogberry, Elbow, Shallow, Malvolio, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, Launce and Caliban. There follows a single essay upon Shakspeare's suicides, as illustrated by Othello, "the noble Moor."

In his essays upon such characters as are afflicted with mania, and are subject to medical treatment, the author is learnedly critical and persuasive, and sheds the light of a valuable experience upon the delineations of the dramatist in illustration and confirmation of the poet's wonderful truth to nature. In the essays upon those whom he calls Imbeciles, not diseased in mind, but afflicted only with natural infirmity of the brain, and not the subjects of curative remedies, Dr. Kellogg appears as a less learned and able critic, and being not so much under the criticism of the professional reader, is less dignified and sober in his style and treatment. In his interpretation of the character and final action of "Othello," he will find perhaps the most severe, though perhaps not the most intelligent opponents, in those who believe there is no question existing whether that state of mind is "healthy and normal or unhealthy and abnormal," which leads an individual to the commission of self-murder, and who always render, in the case of suicides, the stereotyped verdict, "committed when in a state of mental derangement."

The volume is a pleasingly attractive one, and will prove a valuable addition to Shakspearian literature.

[A notice of the *Poems of Sarah E. Carmichael* will be found on the 12th page.]

[For the Californian.]

TO AND FRO.

NUMBER ONE.

I AM in the employ of the house of B. C. & Co. I have been with them since '54, and as I have honestly tried to do my duty, I now sit on a higher stool than any of my associate clerks. This firm is not on Front street, neither does its business justify any one of the partners renting a house on Taylor street or making annual trips to Europe. It is not a wholesale concern, and yet its retail trade is steady and, in a certain way, lucrative. My employers are modest men, whose names are never seen on committees or complimentary benefit cards; they stick closely to their business; they are regularly patented as voters on the "Great Register;" and they attend church every Dominical day. If the occasion should arise which, Heaven forbid! when they would find it necessary to ask "accommodation of the Bank of California," the shrewd cashier—a fellow who seems to know all the contents of the "Hall of Records," and the extent of the collaterals of every impecunious loan solicitor—would certainly have to go to the directory to find the names of my employers. And he would require responsible signatures on the back of their paper.

Counting the errand boy, there are three of us in our store—two behind the counter, the other, seated on a high revolving stool, in a sort of pilot-house, whose days are passed in the mysteries of stock books and ledger—is myself. I am on very good terms with my co-employes; my situation and seniority, as well as being the confidence man of the partners, accredit me with an influence which loses nothing, I can say it with a pardonable pride, taken in connection with my personal character. I am in the receipt of a moderate salary, on which I manage to support my family and to pay a small sum for the tuition of my eldest boy. Yet I am sometimes, particularly when the foot of the surgeon is heard in my little hall, pushed to saddest alternatives to make my mouthy stipend cover ordinary and extraordinary expenses. Before my last boy was born, my wife Betty and I had a little margin from which we sometimes had a frolic—say a picnic, and again we could be seen on extraordinary nights enjoying a back seat at the Opera House—crying over *Colleen Bawn* or hysterical with laughing at the *Bull in a China Shop*. I enjoy a good play, I love music too, and amiable as I am I cannot at times but feel a grudge at that aforesaid boy that he didn't delay his coming some few years later, at least until Forrest is out of the way. I shall always remind him, when he is older, of his inopportune advent, and of the hundred little disappointments he has caused Betty and me. But as I have good reason to anticipate an increase of salary on my next birthday, I may yet forgive baby—we call him baby yet, although he will be seven next September—all these annoyances. My employers instead of keeping their clerks beyond hours, frequently, when business will permit it, send us off by turns before the usual time of closing. They honestly act on the good principle of creating and fostering with their clerks an attachment to their interests and persons; and while they require on our part steadiness, punctuality, and alacrity, they, at the same time, by kindness and by honest inquiries and inquisition into our welfare, excite and keep warm with each of us not only zeal in business matters, but an honest affection for them individually.

I thought it but fair to give this little history of myself by way of prologue; that is, some account of my circumstances of life, so that I will seem not entirely a stranger to my reader.

A day or two before the Fourth I held a family council at which the single question was discussed, whether we should remain in town to see the procession, or take stage, boat or car and have a rural feast in some place where trees can be found. As at councils of war, the junior was called upon first for his vote—a small, plump, big-headed youngster; one of those slow but sure fellows who rarely exhibit an impulse; reflective for his years, and at times philosophical even. He was in favor of the country, stating at the same time he didn't believe the procession would be such a great thing, as he heard that the soldiers with the bare legs had gone to Sacramento. "I think it will be jolly," said he, "to lie under the big trees and roll on the grass—*if there is any.*" These last words had an interrogative deflection, for, young as he is, he knows the summers in California are dry and arid, and that, instead of green verdure and flowers, we have a cracked and adobe soil; when the grass is seen in tufts—yellow and gone into hay. He turned and examined me as to physical characteristics of the country where I was going; and when I described the live oaks which grow about San Mateo and beyond, bearded with moss, and full of shining leaves; at this season of the year all hung with little balls; that sometimes, too, he could see the bright-eyed lizards warming themselves on the fallen trees or gliding among the fallen leaves; and if we stayed over night could see the glimmer of the glow-worm in the tufts of grass; and that we could get a horse and ride over the foot-hills of the Coast Range of mountains, and from there could gaze on the broad bay and watch the white-winged vessels glide along—when I told him of these things, he voted for the country—at the same time shying his straw hat within an inch of my new spectacles that Lawrence had extolled as not only excellent in quality but really becoming to me, giving me quite a noticeable air—"decidedly," said he, stammering a little, from modesty, I am sure, "decidedly like a professor—indeed, I may say with strong points of resemblance to that clever scholar, Dr. Wadsworth." Now, I am susceptible to flattery—rather, to such fair words as my optician had used—perhaps I may say quite feminine in this weakness. I cannot exactly say I would esteem a compliment sincere that meant to convey the idea that I am good looking; but when one ingenuously suggests that I have the mien of one of that respectable class of divines who deliver anniversary orations and such Christian addresses as I hear every Sunday, and whose lives are in such humble imitation of the "Son of Man," I am sure to be touched. I know no class of citizens who are so polite and truthful as shop-keepers. Let me add, lest any of my readers should expect here scholarly pretensions—Latin, Greek and Irish quotations—that I am one who is compelled to labor hard at the store, except on holidays of admitted universality, or the half days B. C. & Co. sometimes give me, and that it is not until I get home and the children have been tucked away in cradle and crib, I can give any time to books. My library is not extensive: it contains not above twenty volumes; and yet, as my and Betty's intellectual wants go beyond our literary possessions, we are compelled to go to Boyd's Circulating Library, where, for a small consideration, we get the last new novel—a year old. I cannot afford the luxury of the Mercantile Library, in view of the fact of coming taxation to build and support the new edifice proposed; and, besides, I am not a merchant. It is true I saw that *Lawyer* Barnes was elected President—defeating a genuine descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a merchant withal; and then I wondered, and Betty wondered, too, at the incongruity of an attorney being the head of a mercantile library. This town is full of eccentricities and oddities, and I suppose I must accept these things as singular only because I am a quiet man, and all unused to the ways of the world.

The elder of my two boys is far beyond his brother in educational acquirements—indeed, I might with propriety say that he is in advance of myself. In statistics of population, staples, names of capitals of States, height of mountains and length of rivers, and in his Latin studies, why, bless me! he can pose his less fortunate parent. When I was a boy, there were no Nivinses, over whose epitaph pundits quarreled and grew wroth; no Peltons and learned Educational Boards; no Knowltons who educated muscle with brain; no such school houses as this city erects in every district; no Sunday schools, where young and pretty misses taught the catechism and the twelve commandments, and who read to us the tale of the luckless, lucky Joseph with just enough vibration of tone and moisture of the eye to give piquancy and authenticity to the narrative. Ah! with all these advantages—with red lips, and peach blossoms on the cheek, black orbs with moistened lashes, and youth, girl youth in its most splendid and endearing phase—no wonder the boys of to-day are brimful of knowledge; are so jaunty and beauish; so wise in all worldly ways, and so economical of papa's means. Let me, right here, while I am reminded of it, ask why it is one never sees, now-a-days, boys in jackets and neat turn-over collars? Is there a generation lost from this town? The question is appropriate and suggestive, and can be asked only in the United States—for elsewhere the parlor lies beyond the nursery, with school house and college between.

The elder boy is a strange and alarming contrast to his brother—impetuous, thoughtless, and quick-brained. With these qualities are the kindred ones of generosity and frankness. As I look along the future—away into the strange days which are coming to us—I feel much solicitude as to these two boys, so opposite in all their physical and intellectual qualities. Reverently and hopefully do I look up to the Power which lights both glowworm and star, and ask its blessing on both the hairns.

While my council swayed and was agitated with the importance of the matter before it, Betty kept silent—whether because she was indifferent where we spent the Fourth, or from the conscious power of the veto she alone exercised in the family congress, I cannot say. I only know that, as she sat in the corner of the chamber of our little home, darning a sock, and singing a sweet old air which seemed to come up from the past, half sadly, half merrily, she gave no sign of her interest in our discussion, and yet she must have seen how impatiently we watched for some expression of her preference. I was too wise to press her on to speech. I have been taught patience by rubs and disappointments, and while I am naturally impulsive, yet twelve years on one counting room stool, and immeasurable goings backwards and forwards over ledger and stock books, have taught me calmness. But soon Betty ceased her self-lullaby, and dropped her darned sock. I knew then—the children, too, educated in all the habits of the maternal ways, through a rough discipline of boxings and spankings, knew—that the time had arrived for speech. "I," said she—her *I* is the most inclusive term in the world, comprehending me, the children, Biddy and the dog Joe—"will spend the Fourth at Menlo Park. We will go by the 5 o'clock train on Tuesday." Our family constitution provides for no action beyond her approval or veto but obedience. The children, and even I, the man by sacred authority set up as the head of the household, would just as soon have thought of protest or remonstrance as a Turk would dare to deny a *firman*, even though it was to bowstring him, and so the family accepted Betty's imperialism as irrevocable and unchangeable.

At 4:30 P. M., although the train was advertised to start at five o'clock, we reached the depot. Betty took charge of the two boys, while I perspired under the burden of a carpet-bag, a basket of cold meats and homemade gingerbread, and a big blanket shawl. Betty is an excellent woman. She is and has been a true and good wife to me; but, somehow, when she starts on these semi-annual excursions, she does all the dignity of the family establishment—I am the useful member, the work-horse of the concern—the fellow who has to carry all the packages. And it is I who have to get up first in the morning, to bed last, up when the children cry, and at bed-time it is I who collect the few pieces of silver we have, hide them away; look under the beds, in the closets, and up the chimney for trespassers. I have been doing these things for so many years, and they have become so much a matter of habit, that, indeed, if Betty were less infirm than she is, and even willing to put these tasks on herself, I should not be satisfied with it. Besides, I have begun to believe that it is I alone who can save the silver from jeopardy, and, if any other hands than my own attempted to put them away, I verily believe it would cost me the night's sleep. No, I shall pursue these habitual ways until— Well, well, I am not appalled as I see at the end of the road the mattock and the bier.

This reminds me of Accidental Life Insurances, which I think capital *post obits* for the benefit of widows and orphans in view of the not infrequent accidents and risks peculiar to our American life. When one remembers that our people are most fertile in expedients for breaking necks, conservative folks—those who are foolish and peculiar enough to desire a peaceful going out in a natural way—had better avoid travelling by railroad; or, if this impossible, let them take out a life policy in an Accidental Insurance Company. As the train started, I felt an irresistible impulse to get out and find my friend A. D. Smith and have my life insured for at least one thousand dollars. This I thought would be a nice little sum for Betty to start life with anew in the event of my being thrown down a fifty-feet embankment or dashed with the velocity of an eight-inch shell through a car window. I have a strangely neglectful way in too frequently putting off matters of a personal or household nature; and half of my domestic infelicities arise from Betty's scoldings on the occasion of any such default. I tell her—at least I have told her—that I have graver thoughts to occupy me than in remembering that the coffee-pot is to go to the tin-shop, or that the glazier must be sent for to put in a pane of glass. This and lectures on my extravagance are the only true sources of my sometimes depression of mind. Sometimes I stop at the fruit-stands and get strawberries when perhaps they are forty cents per pound; and then again on my way home from the store—for with me sentiment has the floor oftener than prudence—I pause at the basket of an itinerant *bouquiste* and invest two dimes in a gleaming parcel of rosebuds. Once I had the temerity—it was on the anniversary of our wedding day, and I was going along thinking of the time when, years ago, Betty laid her hand in mine, her blue eyes placid with her quiet trust and love; her head adorned with a wreath of rosebuds, for we were too poor for orange blossoms—I say with all these dear memories in my head, the dearer as I grow older—I met a flower-girl who, under the influence of some acute perception of my thoughts, thrust before me a half-blown camelia, framed in violets. They looked my thoughts, the very shape and purity they would assume if they could take form and expression; and so, without thinking that the very money I had in my pocket was to pay the butcher's bill, I bought the bouquet, and when I reached home I laid it on Betty's bosom while I kissed her with humid eyes.

Five o'clock came; there was a cry of "All on board!" then a puff, and we moved slowly away. KUZZ'LBASH.

CURIOUS ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.—There are many traits of character and custom in which the Arabs and Turks are our antipodes. They shave the head, but not the chin, and we the reverse. With us the uncovering of the head in the presence of another is a mark of respect; with them a mark of disrespect. When they go into a place of worship, they keep on the hat and take off the shoes and slippers; we do the opposite. They mount on the right side of a horse, and we on the left. They write from right to left, and we from left to right. We show our good breeding by taking the outside when we pass persons on the street; they by passing nearest to the wall. They do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; we serve ourselves last. If a friend inquires after your wife, you regard it as a compliment; to inquire after theirs is an insult. Their morning dress is white; ours black. They finish their wooden houses from the top downward; and we from the foundation up. The men wear frocks and the women pantaloons. We wash the hands by dipping them in water; they by having water poured upon them.—*Bausman's Siani and Zion.*

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As Amended March 3, 1865.

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On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR JULY:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

JULY 19th, - - - - GOLDEN AGE,
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Bradbury.)
Captain W. F. Lapidge,

JULY 30th, - - - - CONSTITUTION,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth,
(Connecting with the *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.



RING'S

VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN F. SNOW,
Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 24 Post street,
je23 San Francisco.

THE PACIFIC

INSURANCE COMPANY,

HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my5 3m

OCCIDENTAL

HOMESTEAD

Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,000.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 499, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
ja1 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

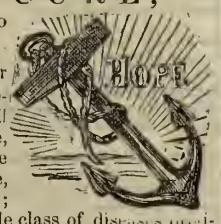
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

AYER'S AGUE CURE,



FOR THE SPEEDY AND Certain Cure of Intermittent Fever or Chills and Fever, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Bilious Headache, and Bilious Fevers; indeed, for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the malaria of miasmatic countries.

This remedy has rarely failed to cure the severest cases of Chills and Fever, and it has this great advantage over other Ague medicines, that it subdues the complaint without injury to the patient. It contains no quinine or other deleterious substance, nor does it produce quinism or any injurious effect whatever. Shaking brothers of the army and the West, try it and you will endorse these assertions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO, Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
my26 2m and all Dealers.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

ON SATURDAY, - - JULY 14TH,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,



530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 18,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. mar15 3m

COME AND SEE ME!



DR. JOHN HEALD,
DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED TO THE
CORNER KEARNY AND CALIFORNIA STS,

Where he will be pleased to see all old friends, and plenty of new ones. Every variety of Dental Operations performed in the best manner, and at prices that shall suit all persons. ☞ENTRANCE ON CALIFORNIA SREET.
ap28 3m

TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares,* (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

S. R. Kettlewell, Blacksmith, 264 First street.
W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Dulf, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Clay street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
M. M. Baldwin, Jeweller, 433 Montgomery-st.
S. Baysen, Hatter, No. 346 Kearny street.
Mathew McCloskey, 644 Howard street.

San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. my5 3m

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petaluma.
mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE

SILK  HAT,

1866,

INTRODUCED - - - - - - - MARCH 3

BY

McGANN & CO.,
FASHIONABLE HATTERS,
No. 654 Washington street,
Two doors below Kearny.

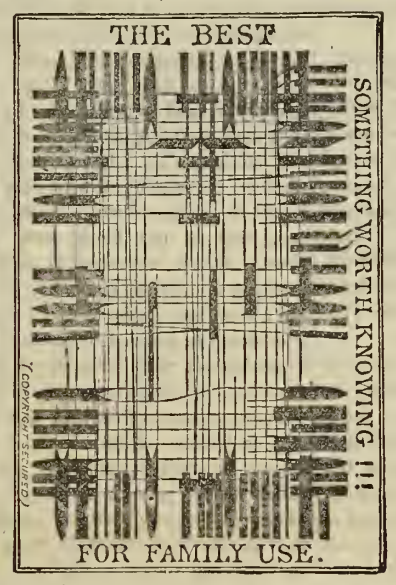
SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.—Silk, Felt, Beaver, and other HATS for sale at the lowest prices.

CAPS of every description, suitable for all ages, made to order.

McGANN & CO., being experienced and skilled in all the branches of the manufacture of Hats, feel confident of giving entire satisfaction to their patrons. Every description of Hats and Caps made to order.

Remember, McGANN & CO., Practical Hatters. 654 Washington street, two doors below the Plaza.

☞ New Goods by every steamer. mar10



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
Cor. Sansome and California streets, San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....	CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.	CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....	
" CORNELIA....	CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....	CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

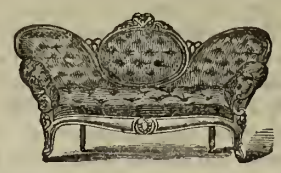
One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY,* (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE,* and *SENATOR,* leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

FURNITURE AND *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 *and* 202 *Montgomery street,*
Corner of Bush, - - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison.)

Printers and Electrotypers,

413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.

ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.

Stamps of all kinds made to order.

Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.

A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. my3-3m

SMOKE THE PATENT RUSSIAN *CIGARETTES,*



MANUFACTURED BY

GIBB & STAHL,
S.W. COR. KEARNY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ For sale at all Cigar Stores. ap28 3m

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,

53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

DRESDEN CHINA.

THE time spent by the tourist in Germany in an excursion to the little town of Meissen is time well spent. Not only is there to be seen along the Elbe from Dresden the finest scenery north of the Alps—the "Saxon Switzerland," it is called—but there is also at Meissen itself the highest development of the potter's art outside of the Orient, perhaps in the world, the manufactory of the famous Dresden china.

At an early hour in the morning one takes a boat at Dresden, a queer, narrow, sharp affair, such as ply in these swift, crooked streams, and in two hours reaches his destination. The boats on the Elbe are like our American canal-boats, only much longer and modelled after a pike instead of a perch. They shoot through the water at an amazing rate. As in so many other instances, here also the Germans entirely reverse the American methods, and unlade and receive passengers and freight aft instead of forward, landing with the bow out in the stream.

We are reminded here, as on all German rivers, that James Watt was an Englishman, and that England has dominion over steam as well as over water. Hear the words of command which the captain sends down through the speaking-trumpet to the engineer: "Vorwarts," "Stoppe," "Backwarts," "Halte." These are the stock forms of command, two of them German and two of them unmistakably English, learned from English engineers sent here to teach the use of the engine years ago, and handed down by constant use almost unchanged.

We meet and overtake scores of long scows heavily loaded with timber and produce, tediously propelled by poles, with the aid of occasional flurries of wind. One huge vessel ascending the stream is pulled by a rope attached to its mainmast, seventy-five feet above the water, and reaching eight hundred feet up stream. Ten men are tugging at it, each leaning heavily against a wide band that passes over one shoulder and under the other, keeping time together in a lazy swing back and forth, supporting themselves by a stick held in both hands. Put an ass in their place with a crabbed curmudgeon for a driver, and we should have looked on the scow for Horace going to Brundusium. The spectacle is a common one.

The buildings in which the famous porcelain is made are situated in a narrow, deep valley, a hundred rods from the Elbe, and are built in the form of a quadrangle, and finely stuccoed. You register your name not far beneath that of George B. McClellan, and pay thirty cents admission fee, which procures you a guide who speaks indifferent English.

The porcelain earth is found in mines near Meissen, and is called kaolin. It is of dingy white color, and contains seventy-five per cent of sand, which has all to be washed out. The earth is mixed with water and passes through numerous vats, sieves, and troughs in which the sand is precipitated, the water containing the pure earth in solution being drained off, and the earth settling to the bottom. It is then packed in small sacks and slightly pressed until it hardens somewhat, when the sacks are removed and the lumps thrown into large boxes, where they must remain six months. It is then ready to be mixed with the other ingredients. These are a pure quality of quartz from Bohemia and feldspar from Norway, which are ground many times under water to reduce them to perfect fineness. Ask the guide in what proportions these are mixed with the earth, he gives his shoulders the peculiar German shrug, and solemnly informs you that it is a profound secret. It is the only secret in the whole process. When the doughty mass is ready to be moulded, it is singularly tough, and is of a light dun color, which disappears entirely under a white heat.

Most solid articles, such as busts, crucifixes, animals, shrubs and leaves are cast in ordinary moulds of plaster of Paris. The minuteness of the division of the pieces is very great; for instance, to cast a statue, each arm, hand, leg, foot, and the head must be a separate casting. There are moulds accumulated in the buildings to the weight of thousands of tons. Round dishes are turned on an ordinary wheel; all other articles are moulded by hand. Lace and filigree work is made by girls, and is formed drop by drop from a pointed stick, each drop being no larger than half a pin-head. The articles are baked in pans of fire-clay, in huge ovens three stories in height. In the first baking, they are set in the second and third stories, which are brought only to a red heat; afterwards in the lower one, where the heat is white. Every baking lasts twenty-four hours. After the first baking, all the parts of the vessels that are to be blue or green are painted with preparations of cobalt and chrome green respectively. They are then dipped in the glazing, which is a thin solution of feldspar, quartz, lime, and old china ground fine. So porous is the material that in two seconds after it is out of the liquid it is dry, though a sufficient deposit has been left to conceal all the painting, which only reappears after the second baking. Those portions of "biscuit china" which are unglazed are covered, when dipped in the liquid, with a paint which prevents the glazing from adhering, but remains colorless.

After the second baking all those vessels that are simple in their decorations and require few colors, receive their finishing coats, and are baked a third and last time. Others, more elegant and more complicated, are baked a fourth, fifth, and even sixth time, not to harden the vessel still more, but to melt the paints and allow the artist to give it additional finishing touches. All the paints are made of metals dissolved in their respective chemical solvents, and applied with ordinary fine brushes. The yellow, for instance, is produced by gold which is twenty-four carats fine, made of ducats, and dissolved in the sulphate of iron. The heat of the furnace is so intense as to melt all these metals and give them a lustre, except gold and silver, which come forth dull as they entered, and are polished with agates. If the article has escaped cracking by heat, it is now finished and ready for market.

The loss from cracking is very great. Three-fifths of all the vessels are spoiled in the baking, many of them splitting in the fifth and sixth heating, after a vast amount of labor has been expended on them. This adds much to the cost of porcelain. Every piece shrinks one-fifth in heating, and yet remains of the same weight throughout. All the laborers work by the piece, so that whatever is broken after the first heating they receive no pay for unless it is broken in heating.

There are over four hundred workmen employed in the establishment, among whom are a large number of girls and women. Great steadiness of nerve and accuracy of sight are required, quite incompatible with drinking habits. In every department except that where the glazing is conducted, the workmen are not exposed to injurious vapors, and consequently have good health and look fresh. At least one-fifth of them have impaired their eyes; though they do no work after night, they are obliged to use shades or glasses. The greatest quietness prevails throughout, amid perfect cheerfulness and apparent contentment. Every workman is allowed a whole window, to which he sits very close, and you will not notice a window whether belonging to man or woman, that is not filled with pot-plants or climbing vines. Every workman is first drilled three years in exercises of drawing, moulding, and a general study of forms and colors, then passes through an apprenticeship of six years, after which he proceeds by gradual promotion from the lowest to the highest grade in his department. Promotions are not made from one department to another, each one giving his exclusive attention from first to last either to painting, moulding, or baking. Even the best artists get no more than seventy-five thalers per month (about the same number of dollars in our present currency.) There are painters here whose talent is manifestly of a high order. Passing through their rooms we see the walls hung with classical engravings, and scattered about are portfolios of the same, from Italy, from France, from all parts of Germany, ancient and modern, and after the greatest masters, such as Raphael, Guido, Durer, Holbein, Cranach, etc. Debate with them about the proper form of Nereids, the length of Neptune's trident, the breadth of Achilles' beard, or the folds of Tully's toga, and they may put us to confusion. Their workmanship, too, bespeaks a skill of no mean sort; as every one knows who has seen the exquisite portraits and the delicate, almost gossamer, tracery of the Dresden china.

There are now in preparation, and have been for months, several magnificent vases and some representations of ancient mythology and Grecian history for the approaching World's Fair at Paris. One beautiful vase, on which one of the best artists had labored five months, perfecting a series of portraits representing a triumphal march of Alexander the Great, was broken by the heat. With indefatigable perseverance he has begun another and brought it within two perilous months of completion. In the most favorable conditions the length of time required to complete the finest work is very great. First, the clay lies in lumps, "fermenting" six months; then a fine vase will require seven weeks in which to be moulded, to which add four months for baking and painting. *The Nation.*

SWINBURNE.—The Springfield *Republican* says: We get from Mr. M. D. Conway, who seems to have found his true field of labor in a literary life in England—writing of American things in British magazines and journals, and of English literature and litteratcurs for American journals, with lecturing some, and preaching in independent British Unitarian pulpits occasionally—this sketch of the new British poet: "It was enough to see Swinburne's face—especially with his cheek and eye kindled—and I shall never forget it. A small, young, even boyish man; with handsome, regular features and smooth skin; with eyes that glitter; with thin flexible lips, whose coldness is in strange contrast to the passionate intensity of his eyes; with a great deal of reddish hair that surrounds his face like a halo—he seemed to me like some wild bird of rare and beautiful plumage which has alighted in our uncongenial climate, and who is likely to die before it is acclimatized. No one who has ever looked upon Algernon Swinburne's face would ever doubt but that he is a man of genius. As to the poet, his vices no less than his splendors attest the fact that he is the latest inheritor in England of that high laureateship of genius which only the gods can bestow."

POEMS BY SARAH E. CARMICHAEL.

WE learn by the title-page that this charming little sheaf of poems claims the kind indulgence that belongs to a volume intended only for private circulation. But it deserves a broader and more public approbation than is modestly asked. To say that it is clever for the locality is but cheap praise; it is creditable to an older and higher civilization than that in which the lot of the fair authoress is cast. Like her California sisters in song, Miss Carmichael is not dependent for inspiration upon an uninspiring and material climate and society; her verse is mostly introspective and retrospective in character. When local scenery becomes her theme, she clothes it with an imagery and suggestion which, while it lacks the simplicity and naturalness that belong to immediate inspiration, has all the grace and dignity of experience and innate refinement. This is by no means a peculiarity of Miss Carmichael; it is the attribute of the best verse written on this side of the continent. The following poem, of which we have omitted the introduction, is a fair example of the poetic insight and felicity of expression which distinguishes her genius, and is the best allegorical fancy of the origin of gold that we have ever met:

The Fallen looked ton the world and sneered;
"I guess," he mutered, "why God is feared;
For eyes of mortals are fain to shun
The midnight heaven, that hath no sun.
I will stand on the height of the hills and wait
Where the day goes out at the western gate,
And reaching up to its crown will tear
From its plumes of glory the brightest there;
With the stolen ray I will light the sod,
And turn the eyes of the world from God."

He stood on the height when the sun went down—
He tore one plume from the day's bright crown;
The proud orb stooped till he touched its brow,
And the marks of that touch are on it now,
And the flush of its anger forever more
Burns red when it passes the western door!
The broken feather above him whirled,
In flames of torture around him curled,
And he dashed it down from the snowy height
In broken masses of quivering light.

Ah! more than terrible was the shock
Where the burning splinters struck wave and rock;
The green earth shuddered, and shrank, and paled,
The wave sprang up and the mountain quailed.
Look on the hills—let the scars they bear
Measure the pain of that hour's despair.

The Fallen watched while the whirlwind fanned
The pulsing splinters that ploughed the sand;
Sullen he watched, while the hissing waves
Bore them away to the ocean caves;
Sullen he watched while the shining rills
Throbbed through the hearts of the rocky hills;
Loudly he laughed: "Is the world not mine?
Proudly the links of its chain shall shine;
Lighted with gems shall its dungeons be;
But the pride of its beauty shall kneel to me!"
That splintered light in the earth grew cold,
And the diction of mortals hath called it 'GOLD!'"

The volume is prettily gotten up by Towne & Bacon, somewhat in the style of Whittier's *Snow-Bound.*

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Maggiel is the founder of a new medical system. The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach and paralyze the bowels, must give precedence to the man who restores health and appetite with from one or two of his extraordinary pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of his wonderful and all-healing salve. These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superseding all the stereotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the so-called remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dozen, and of which every boxfull taken creates an absolute necessity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffice to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits light and buoyant. There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected, its functions are restored, and if the nervous system is feeble it is invigorated. This last quality makes the medicines very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfectant power of Maggiel's salve. In fact, it is here announced that *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic and Diarrhea Pills* cure where all others fail. While, for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGIEL, No. 11 Pine street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box. R. H. McDonald & Co., Agents for Pacific coast, corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco. c14

TROUBLE WITH TURKEY.—A serious embroglio in our relations with the Divan has arisen, as follows: Sarkis Minasian, who has for many years acted as the resident agent in Turkey for the sale of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s medicines, driven by the increase of his business to a necessity for more room, built his warehouse in Constantinople several stories higher, after having obtained the necessary permit from the authorities. The Imams of a neighboring mosque, which overlooked the premises, demanded a large present in money, which was refused. They then applied to the Grand Vizier for the enforcement of an obsolete law, which had been disregarded two hundred years, requiring him to take down the building to eighteen feet, which was granted, and they commenced the work of demolition. Minasian then applied to the American Minister, who notified the Sublime Porte that American property could not be thus trifled with, and that the demolition must cease. Then commenced the usual course of Mussulman prevarication and promises, but no real redress. Finally, Minister Morris informed them that if their depredations continued, he should order the U. S. ships of war to enter the Bosphorus and Messrs. Ayers' medical warehouse would not be alone roofless. A stroke of his pen could have laid the whole city under the sweep of American cannon, backed by men who are not schooled in the lessons of fear. This brought them to their senses and speedy redress. Minasian has now arrived in this country, to present the case to our State Department for indemnity. At length it is something to say among the peoples of the earth, "I am an American citizen!"

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all cases of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavins etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

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Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
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Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
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HALL & RUCKEL,
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HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.

The peculiar construction of this superior machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

W. D. FARRAND

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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
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The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
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An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

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REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

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should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other important and interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, President
fe17 Business College, San Francisco.

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All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

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Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

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Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

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They are the
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Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

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N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. my24-3m

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MARY SMITH, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

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SHORT RATIONS.

"MARK TWAIN," in a graphic letter to the Sacramento *Union*, describes the sufferings of the shipwrecked crew of the *Hornet*. Yet he manages now and then to relieve the pathos and dramatic intensity of his narrative by a gleam of his peculiar humor:

On Monday, the thirty-eighth day after the disaster, "we had nothing left," said the third mate, "but a pound and a half of ham—the bone was a good deal the heaviest part of it—and one soup-and-bully tin." These things were divided among the fifteen men, and they ate it all—two ounces of food to each man. I do not count the ham bone, as that was saved for next day. For some time, now, the poor wretches had been cutting their old boots into small pieces and eating them. They would also pound wet rags to a sort of pulp and eat them.

On the thirty-ninth day the ham bone was divided up into rations, and scraped with knives and eaten. I said: "You say the two sick men remained sick all through, and after awhile two or three had to be relieved from standing watch; how did you get along without medicines?"

The reply was: "Oh, we couldn't have kept them if we'd had them; if we'd had boxes of pills, or anything like that, we'd have eaten them. It was just as well—we couldn't have kept them, and we couldn't have given them to the sick men alone—we'd have shared them around all alike, I guess." It was said rather in jest, but it was a pretty true jest, no doubt.

After apportioning the ham bone, the captain cut the canvas cover that had been around the ham into fifteen equal pieces, and each man took his portion. This was the last division of food the captain made. The men broke up the small oaken butter tub and divided the staves among themselves, and gnawed them up. The shell of a little green turtle was scraped with knives and eaten to the last shaving. The third mate chewed pieces of boots and spit them out, but ate nothing except the soft straps of two pairs of boots—ate three on the thirty-ninth day and saved one for the fortieth.

The men seem to have thought in their own minds of the shipwrecked mariner's last dreadful resort—cannibalism; but they do not appear to have conversed about it. They only thought of the casting lots and killing one of their number as a possibility; but even when they were eating rags, and bone, and boots, and shell, and hard oak wood, they seem to have still had a notion that it was remote. They felt that some one of the company must die soon—which one they well knew; and during the last three or four days of their terrible voyage they were patiently but hungrily waiting for him. I wonder if the subject of these anticipations knew what they were thinking of? He must have known it—he must have felt it. They had even calculated how long he would last; they said to themselves, but not to each other, I think they said, "He will die Saturday—and then!"

There was one exception to the spirit of delicacy I have mentioned—a Frenchman, who kept an eye of strong personal interest upon the sinking man and noted his failing strength with untiring care and some degree of cheerfulness. He frequently said to Thomas: "I think he will go off pretty soon, now, sir. And then we'll eat him!" This is very sad.

Thomas and also several of the men state that the sick "Portyghee," during the five days that they were entirely out of provisions, actually eat two silk handkerchiefs and a couple of cotton shirts, besides his share of the boots, and bones, and lumber.

Captain Mitchell was fifty-six years old on the 12th of June—the fortieth day after the burning of the ship and the third day before the boat's crew reached land. He said it looked somewhat as if it might be the last one he was going to enjoy. He had no birthday feast except some bits of ham-canvas—no luxury but this, and no substantials save the leather and oaken bucket staves.

Speaking of the leather diet, one of the men told me he was obliged to eat a pair of boots which were so old and rotten that they were full of holes; and then he smiled gently and said he didn't know, though, but what the holes tasted about as good as the balance of the boot. This man was very feeble, and after saying this he went to bed.

A NECROMANCER IN PARIS.

AMONG the strangest of the many strange people who successively "turn up" in this city is a certain M. de Caston, a man of good family and great acquirements, who came hither from his provincial home about six years ago, and has worked his way from poverty and obscurity to a lucrative profession, and an acquaintance with everybody worth knowing in the capital, by the aid of talent for wonder-working that leaves all rivals in the shade. His feats of prestidigitation are equal to those of the most renowned professors of the art; and in one department, that of tricks performed with a pack of cards, he far surpasses anything accomplished by them.

But the most astonishing of his feats are of an entirely different order, and such as no other wizard ever attempted. For instance, his head tied up in a couple of towels, and then covered with a paletot, he will require one of the audience to go to the farther corner of the room, and there to write on a sheet of paper a mass of cipher arranged in parallel columns, and go through the most complicated operations with them, subtracting, multiplying, dividing, stating the square of such a cipher, and so on—playing as it were with figures written on paper, and apparently reading them as soon as written. At one of his *seances* he threw a folded paper to a lady friend of mine, who had never seen him, requesting her not to open it, but to at once put it in her pocket, and keep it there until he should ask for it; which the lady accordingly did.

Absorbed in watching the marvelous things done by the performer, the lady had quite forgotten the paper in her pocket when de Caston, turning to her, requested her to name one of the three kingdoms of nature. Thus interrogated, and feeling rather nervous at seeing the eyes of the assembly fixed upon her, the lady hurriedly named the vegetable kingdom. De Caston thereupon singled out another lady with his eyes, requested her to name a class of objects belonging to the vegetable kingdom. "Flowers," replied the lady addressed. Turning to a third lady, the wizard asked her to name a flower. "The rose," said the lady.

Turning to my friend, he requested her to read the contents of the paper in her pocket; on doing so, she found these words: "The Vegetable Kingdom. Flowers. The Rose."

A man of great literary acquirements and reputation here, being invited to a private performance of de Caston's, at which he answered every question written by the persons present, performed the most astounding feats of divination of numbers, stated the events that occurred at an immense number of dates written by them—each paper being folded and held by the writer—went away very much disgusted, regarding the whole affair as a series of tricks produced by the collusion of the parties present.

"How very imprudent," said the gentleman to himself, "a company of thirteen respectable-looking, gentlemanly, and intelligent men, all in league with a charlatan!" A day or two afterwards, he received a note from de Caston, saying that he should do himself the honor of calling on him in the course of a day or two, in order to give him a specimen of his powers in his own house. M. L—— G—— accordingly, being determined to baffle his visitor, got down some rare old historian from one of the shelves of his library, and picked out about twenty dates of little known historic facts, in the annals of several countries, and remote ages. He drew up his paper with great internal satisfaction, feeling sure that he had provided a poser for de Caston, folded it, and put it away in his waistcoat pocket, not showing it to any one, and awaited his visitor. The latter arrived next day, and was shown at once to the study where M. G—— was writing an article for some newspaper.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," said de Caston on entering, "keep your seat and let me place myself here;" and drawing a chair to the opposite side of the table, he took a folded paper from his pocket and gave it to M. G——. "Don't open it until I ask you to do so," said de Caston; and M. G—— placed it unopened in his pocket.

"Have you a pack of cards and a box of dominoes?" demanded the visitor.

"Here are dominoes," replied M. G——, taking a box out of one of the table drawers, and handing it to de Caston, "as for cards, I don't think there are any in the house; but I'll ring for my servant and send for a pack."

"Do nothing of the kind," replied de Caston; "we can do just as well without cards as with them. Now," he continued, holding out his hand, "just imagine I am offering you a pack of cards, of which you select four."

M. G—— extended his hand in turn, feigned to draw four cards, and to place them before himself on the table.

"Be good enough to write on a paper what cards you have chosen, and fold it up as soon as written."

M. G—— did as requested.

"You have chosen the ace of spades, the king of clubs, the knave of diamonds, and the queen of hearts," quietly remarked the wizard, as M. G—— finished folding his paper. Those being the cards of which M. G—— had just written down the names.

After performing several feats, equally inexplicable, with the imaginary cards, and with the dominoes, which came into play next, de Caston asked M. G—— to write a number of historical dates on a piece of paper, fold it up and hold it in his hand.

"I have my list already!" cried M. G—— triumphantly, and produced the paper he had prepared the day before.

"Very good," replied de Caston, with a smile and a bow. "Be so kind as to open the paper I gave you on entering your study."

"Judge of my stupefaction," said M. G——, on recounting this little scene to your correspondent, "when I found that the paper he had given me, on coming into the room, contained an exact duplicate of my list, not one being changed or missing, and the dates following each other in exactly the same order as in mine!"

Now, Sol., said Simon Suggs to Sol. Smith, his intimate friend, I will tell you how the lovely Julia treated me, if you will faithfully promise not to tell it to any person alive. You promise—do you? Well, I had been courting Julia assiduously for a year or more past, and never would bring matters to a close, so I determined to pluck up courage, and have my fate decided at once. I therefore decked myself in my best bib and tucker, had my hair cut, my beard and moustaches trimmed, and called on my dear Julia one bright morning in May, and, after much cooing, I was very desirous of biling, but my heart failed me to make the attempt. I placed my hand on her shoulder, and said, Widow, this is the softest place I ever put my hand in the course of my life. Indeed, Mr. Suggs, said she, I will put it on a softer place, and Sol., now you promise you won't tell anybody. She took my hand from her shoulder in her own soft, delicate, plump little hand, and put it right on the top of my head.

We acknowledge an invitation to the Literary and Social Reunion of the "Hebrew Youths' Literary Association," to be held at Pickwick Hall, Fourth street, on Thursday evening next. This society, formed mostly of Hebrew pupils and graduates of the High School of this city, has already a library of 130 volumes, and it is for the laudable purpose of increasing its library that the association will make an appeal to the public on this occasion.

THE MOLÉSON.

YOU will probably ask. Baedeker, the best tourists' guide to Switzerland (who leads you step by step, over hill and dale, by paths which he has explored himself, and who keeps innkeepers a little in check by the mention he makes of their various prices,) replies in these laconic terms:

"The Moléson (6,172 feet,) a continuation of the Jaman, the most advanced summit of the plateau, the Rigi of western Switzerland, an exceedingly abrupt cone in every direction, surrounded by numerous pastures and forests, possesses a flora of peculiar richness. No habitations are to be found on this eminence, except a few wretched hovels a leagne from the top. Extensive panorama. The paths are impracticable for horses. At Albenve, gnides may be obtained at moderate charges." A more recent edition (the sixth) adds, "The ascent is nsnally made by starting from Bulle (four hours,) from Gruyere (three hours,) from Semsales or from Vandrúz on the western slope (three to three and one-half hours.) We by no means recommend this latter path; because, at the outset, you pass over another steep mountain, which you have to redescend, solely to reach the foot of the Moleson. Refreshments, and four (?) beds, at the chalet Plane, one hour from the summit."

I had already seen a portion of Switzerland. From Zurich I had crossed the Albis, my first and facile acquaintance with mountains. From Zug and Arth I had performed the splendid and comfortable ascent of the Rigi, with beaten paths from the base to the kulm, liberally garnished with chalets, inns, and hotels, offering every necessary and almost every luxury. I had gone over the Brunig (before the carriage road was open,) reached the pure blue glacier of Roseuluui, and yet remained utterly ignorant of the Moléson. As some excuse, allow me to state that, before venturing alone into Switzerland, I had consulted sundry special itineraries, drawn up by experienced hands for the use of persons wanting to see the greatest possible number of remarkable objects in the shortest possible space of time. In none of these was the Moléson even mentioned.

But on the 29th of July, 1861, while travelling by rail from Berne to Fribourg, I had not reached the first station before I found myself conversing with a Fribourg notary. What better companion can you have than a notary, to give you a complete inventory of all and everythiug? It is proverbial that, in diligences, people make acquaintance rapidly; in a railway carriage the same thing is effected still more speedily, because yon understand that you have not a minute to spare, if you want to pick up a little local information. Our conversation, therefore, for me, was both interesting and interested.

As to Fribourg itself, I knew very well what I wanted to see there; so I inquired for no more than the name of the hotel the most advantageous in all respects. But I insisted about the environs worth visiting.

"As you are going to Vevey," he said, "it is quite out of the question that you should omit making the ascent of our beautiful and beloved Fribourgiau mountain, the Rigi of occidental Switzerland,"—you see he talked like Baedaker's book —"and at least the rival, as far as the view is concerned, of the other Rigi, which is so much cried up." And theu he enumerated, with the complacency of a person thoroughly lull of his subject, the long list of his Moleson's merits, until he brought the water into my mouth. But what gave me one of those longings, which lay hold of you aud pursue you wherever you go until they are fully satisfied, was his peroration overflowing with Swiss sincerity.

"I must tell you, however, that my mountain is both steep and savage; that the only shelter it affords are dingy chalets; that the entire ascent must be made on loot; that there is no beaten track to the top, which is somewhat difficult to reach, and may even offer a certain amount of danger, uuless your head is steady and your step sure. But you will be abundantly recompensed at the summit, especially if the sun allows you to witness his levee; besides which you will gather the rarest flowers—pleasure denied by the Rigi's sterile ridge, in spite of its inlerior elevation."

We arrived early at Fribourg, distant only an hour by rail from Berne. We reached the town by the grand suspension-bridge, from which you step almost immediately into the Zahringen hotel. There I took leave of my amiable fellow-traveller. He told me his name; bnt the weakness of my niemory, not the ingratitude of my heart, has caused me to forget it. Immediately on entering the house I begged the landlord, Mr. Russler, to find me up some excursionists bound to the famous Fribourgian hill, whose strongly-marked features I first caught sight of from the Pont de Gotteron, a structure even higher and bolder than the Grand Bridge itself.

On returning to the hotel, mine host presented me to M. Mauron, one of the Cantonal Councillors of State, and to M. Vogt, organist to the cathedral. The former had expressed his intention of scaling the Moleson the following day; the latter was going to perform, that evening, on Aloys Moser's celebrated organ. The artist was worthy of his instrument; he moved his audience even to tears. Nothing but the sacredness of the spot prevented outbursts of applause.

On returning to the inn, the morrow's excursion was our principal topic of conversation; and M. Mauron told me that he would provide not only a guide, but a whole heap of useless articles—a telescope, a map—not to mention provisions. The prospect was all the more delightful, that Councillor Mauron was a highly-educated man, with a lively imagination, an original turn of mind, and, in spite of some sixty years, still in possession of excellent legs. I was, therefore, not surprised to learn that he had been tntor to Prince Nicholas Youssoupoff, a Russiau grandee, immensely rich.

We separated rather late in the evening, intending to meet next morning, the 30th of July, at half-past seven; to breakfast together, and start, at nine, for the little town of Bulle, at the foot of the Moleson. Notwithstanding the latigues of the day, I slept but little that night. The ascension which I was about to make had taken a strange hold on my faucy. And I was much surprised at the circumstance, being now no longer a uovice to the impressions of mountain scenery.

At five in the morniug I wus awake and stirring, and in another hour ready to depart. At half-past seven, as no M. Mauron appeared, I resolved to go and meet him, to calm my impatience. As I went on and on, and at last reached his residence without catching sight of him, I began to feel some apprehensions, which very soon were justified. I found him in bed, with his head tied up in a bandage stained with spots of blood. He had met with an unlucky fall overnight. He was in a fever; his doctor had forbiddeu him to leave the house.

He expressed his deep and sincere regret; I expressed mine with no less depth and sincerity, and returned to the hotel quite taken aback. At a quarter to niue I had finished my sad and solitary breakfast; mine host hud presented his bill "received with thanks" (the accustomed formula of politeness here;) and at nine I mounted the conveyauce for Bulle, determined to venture up the Moléson alone, if needs must, although a little agitated by the thought, I hardly know why.

The road is intoresting all the way to Bulle. From time to time the eye plunges into the valley, through which the Sarine flows tranquilly enough in his broad stony bed. About half-way they point out to you the suspension-bridge of Posieux (one of the countless "Devil's bridges,") thrown with Alpine boldness over a black and frightful ravine; but ever before you, awaiting your attack, stands the giant mountain, with his long and narrow ridge showing itself more and more distinctly conspicuous. At noon, under a scorching sun, I was at Bulle, the depot of the well-known Gruyere cheeses, which, as is less well known, are almost all made at Gessenay. I went to the inn called the Hotel de Ville, and, feeling thoroughly exhausted, threw myself on a bed without undressing, begging them to wake me at three o'clock, or earlier, if any pilgrims to the Moleson should come.

At three precisely my slumbers were interrupted by good news in duplicate: three travellers had arrived, intendiug to start for the Moléson at four, and had ordered a dinner, which dinner was served.

I jumped off the bed and hurried down stairs. In presence of the strangers, already at table, I unhesitatingly solicited the honor and happiness of sharing their repast and their excursion.

My frank request, expressed in few words, was immediately granted with the best grace in the world. They were a Frenchman and two gentlemen of Fribourg, speaking our language (French) perfectly. I did not learn their names and qualities (nor did they mine) till afterwards; but I soon discovered that I was in company with three young and generous spirits.

A bottle of Yvorne, coffee, and kirsch affixed the seal to our engagement. At four we were ready. As we were to return to dine at the hotel next day, we left all of our luggage there which we did not absolutely want, and set off with the brightest of possible skies, restored strength, aud in the best of spirits.

By the route we took, we hud four and a half hours' up-hill walk before reaching the top. But as the afternoon was already too far advanced to complete the ascent that same day, it was agreed that we should make a halt, at rather more than two thirds of the distance, in a chalet known to the two Fribourgians, who had been up the mountain before; that we should spend the early portion of the night there, and theu proceed to reach the summit a little before sunrise—a moment which, amongst the hills, often brings disappointment with it, like many other things in this world. Alas that it should be so!

Each of the Swiss excursionists carried a long and strong alpenstock; my French companion had nothing but a switch; I had only a short and light walking-stick, terminating, however, in an iron point. The long and heavy alpenstocks which I had seen during the course of my journey often appeared a useless piece of affectation, in the hands of either sex, on level ground, and I had taken a dislike to them. I refused to make use of them to the very last, sticking faithfully to my cherry-tree wand, and making it the bearer of the local brands which are a *testimonium presentiæ* at remarkable spots. I regretted the alpenstock only once; namely, while descending the Moléson: but then, indeed, I *did* regret it.

We arrived at the lower margin of the wooded belt which surrounds the hill. A stream of water, clear and peaceful (the latter a rare quality with streams in Switzerland,) was the boundary which separated us from the forest. We easily crossed it by means of stepping-stones which reared their mossy heads above the surface of the brook. Deciduous and resinous trees sheltered us from the heat of the sun, which had caused us no little inconvenience. The ascent was already begun.

After walking for nearly an hour, sometimes in the checkered shade, but more frequently across the rich pastures, where the narrow and not always visible path scarcely served to guide us on the way, we reached without difficulty (the slope having hitherto been gentle) a vast extent of buildings, screened by a semi-transparent girdle of trees and hedges. It was La Part-Dieu, a religious house founded in 1307 and suppressed in 1847. To the convent (to which I paid little attention, by reason of its nude and insignificant architecture,) is annexed a farm, which scarcely interested me more; because, in this grand solitude, it was inhabited—nay, all alive with cackling poultry and sturdy children, dirty and wild to your heart's content, and miserably kept.

We did not remain at La Part-Dieu more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and started again, but this time more slowly and with greater fatigue. The ascent became more and more steep, more and more difficult. Sometimes we had to cross soft and spongy bogs, hidden beneath rank herbage, and made just passable by round stumps of firwood placed close to each other, and forming, after all, a very unstable and wearying causeway.

We were in the region of pines. Not a breath of wind whispered amongst the branches; not a bird twittered or fluttered beneath the foliage; [there are no birds in Switzerland; it is one harmony the less in the grand concert of nature;] only from distance to distance was heard the tinkling of the bell hanging at the neck of a goat or cow, themselves invisible, and the continuous murmur of the waters running along their pebbly channel. It was imposing, but melancholy. We were the only creatures on this desert path, which we followed as it led us ever higher and higher.

At last, after stopping more than once to rest, we reached an extent of table-land whose surface was unlevel and strewn with boulders, and on which we caught sight of a low, long chalet, supremely black, which M. Joanne (who doubtless has never seen it) presumes to call, in his "Guide," a sort of inn. It was our only refuge for the night. We had Hobson's choice; that or the naked wilderness.

It was half-past seven. The sun, who still shone in an unclouded sky, was about to disappear beneath the horizon. While my companions proceeded to the hovel, summoning a remnant of strength, I scaled an eminence to enjoy the spectacle of the fiery orb sinking, in floods of light, behind the long dark-blue wall of the Jura. I then directed my steps to the chalet, having before me the brown and arid peak of the mountain, which overhung our present station at an elevation of five or six hundred yards. This final stage of the ascent would take at least an hour to accomplish, especially as we were to perform it in the darkness of night. The scheme seemed venturesome, if not perilous, and, I confess, made a strong impression on my mind.

At this moment all the cattle were returning home to the chalet. They were a numerous herd of cows, goats, and swine, each with a little bell fastened to its neck. The tinkling of this multitude of bells, soft in sound and diverse in tone, made a singularly harmonious accompaniment to the shadow and silence of the mountain.

I found my companions in a vast and murky shed, settling the conditions of our board and lodging with three or four tall mountaineers, as black as soot, who were keeping up the fire, without any chimney, beneath an enormous caldron, in the midst of pungent smoke, which could only escape by the chinks in the roof. But at the same time I noticed, in this darksome den, rows of large wooden bowls full of milk and cream of immaculate whiteness. The contrast was particularly striking.

One of the black goblins who haunted the place, and who spoke nothing but harsh German gibberish, showed us up a rough, mill-like ladder staircase, into a chamber whose whole furniture consisted of two narrow rickety beds, two benches, and one table, on which he placed a smoky-smelling lamp, a black, compact, and heavy loaf, some little bowls full of milk, and woodeu spoons of the most primitive pattern. The milk was sweet and good, excellent, delicious; but the bread—! Such is the cowhouse and piggery combined which has been promoted to the rank of *une espece d'auberge*, and which is known in the neighborhood as the Plianney, or Plané. It was lucky for us that we had brought a small reserve of provisions with us.

About half past nine we thought of going to bed; but not being able to make up my mind to share one of the luxurious couches before me, I caused inquiry to be made of our savage hosts whether they could not put me into some out-of the-way corner, garnished with a bundle of straw and a truss of hay. They conducted me, without any light, into a little attic ful

of aromatic hay, and with no other opening besides the door and a wicket closed by a solid wooden shutter. My bed was soon made, and I was stretched upon it, undressing no further than my shoes and gaiters. In a few minutes I fell asleep, lulled by the talk of my travelling companions, from whom I was separated only by a thin partition, which allowed the light to glimmer through it from the shrinking of the wood. Weariness had overpowered me.

Unfortunately, I was soon awake again, streaming with perspiration, in a high fever, and with a splitting headache. I was instantly aware that the strong and penetrating odor of the mountain hay had induced the first symptoms of suffocation. Consequently, jumping up, I forced open the wicket to let in fresh air.

Breathing, bareheaded, the cool breeze of night, with half my person thrust outside, I tried to look before and below me. In all directions, impenetrable darkness. But on the horizon, towards the northeast, broad sheet-lightning, unaccompanied by sound, shed a feeble gleam over huge masses of cloud. Overhead, in the north, shone the Great Bear constellation, brighter than ever in its twinklings, and still surmounted by the long-tailed comet which, already pale and small, was plunging almost perpendicularly into the abysses of the firmament.

This spectacle, beheld from such a spot, and under such circumstances, could not fail to produce its soothing effects. Feeling calmed and refreshed, I was preparing to lie down again (but with the window open,) when the chalet's wooden clock, with discordant creakings, struck one in the morning. Sundry lowings and bleatings beneath me responded to the sound, and I gave up all notion of going to asleep again, remembering that, at half past two, we were to begin our climb to the mountain top.

For some time I had been thinking about our imminent and adventurous expedition, when I heard my companions getting out of bed. A few taps on the partition informed them that I should soon be with them. At a quarter to two I was in their chamber. The smoky-smelling lamp had been relighted, and they were making some coffee with the aid of a spirit-lamp. At half-past two our coffee was drunk, our hotel bill paid (the charges were by no means so modest as the accommodation.) and the door of the chalet closed upon us.

To gain the first slopes of the peak, we had only a few hundred steps to set—but, gracious heaveus, what a path! Fancy a black, boggy soil, so trodden by cattle that it was impossible to avoid putting your feet in holes, which frequently were the cause of stumbling. It is true the night was very dark; but this state of things suited me all the less that one of my feet had received a slight hurt, my shoe having grazed the skin a little above the heel. Notwithstanding which, the critical moment soon arrived when the brunt of the ascent was to be grappled with. Our arrangements were speedily made. The two Fribourgians, armed with their alpenstocks, formed the van and led the way. The two Frenchmen, with their small walking-sticks, were in the rear. We marched in Indian file, slowly and prudently, following exactly each other's footsteps.

Moreover, the slope was abrupt and steep, and the rock—a loose sort of pudding-stone—anything but solid under our feet. At a certain elevation, on suddenly hearing some stones rolling down behind me, I instinctively stretched out my hands, clinging firmly to the rocks, and even to the ground. Then, for the first time, I looked back; and, at the sight of that dark chaos of shadows—at the sound of the pebbles leaping down hill, I halted involuntarily. A bar of iron compressed my chest, and a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead. This painful emotion soon passed away, and I speedily rejoined my friends, who continued their march before me, silently and slowly. You see that I have no intention to boast, and that I am not afraid of confessing those few moments of weakness, to which the most resolute temper might temporarily yield.

After some three-quarters of an hour of up-hill toil, we rested ourselves for a few minutes, and then first perceived, S.S.E., the thin, sharp edge of the waning moon, scarcely illumining the sky with a pale and doubtful glimmer. At the same time the darkness of the night appeared to diminish just the least in the world.

We did not reach the much-wished-for summit until very nearly four in the morning. The sky was but slightly paling in the east; it would be three-quarters of an hour before the sun could rise: and the night still veiled the landscape, although with a more transparent shade. We were all excessively fatigued, and, moreover, very cold. So we drew upon the flask of one of our party for a glass of kirschwasser all round. It was our first libation to the Genius of the Mountain.

At that moment—a few paces from us, and on the slope opposite to that which we had just climbed with so much labor—there appeared successively, like shadows rising from the earth, nine or ten persons, amongst whom we could distinguish several females, whose presence, nevertheless, had not revealed itself by any sound of voice or step. We soon learned that we had fallen in with a couple of Vaudoise and Valasian families, who had started at one in the morning from Aibeuve. The ascent on that side is shorter than by the path which we had taken, but steeper and rougher from beginning to end, and thereby impracticable for horses and mules; whereas from Bulle, they can at least get as far as Plané. And yet, here were three ladies, two of them mere girls, amongst the unexpected arrivals! But these women had the constitutions of mountaineers and the legs of chamois (I had nearly written "gazelles" for poetry's sake.)

We were shivering in spite of our drink of kirsch, and were drumming on the ground with our feet to warm them a little, while waiting for the sun's more-than-ever-desired appearance, when we heard the short, snapping noise of twigs being broken close to us. Our Vaudois and Valaisans, knowing what they were about, and loving their ease, had provided themselves with a stock of wood. Soon there cracked and blazed a cheerful fire, whose warmth we were allowed to share without ceremony. And there passed kindly and interesting words on that bare observatory, six thousand feet high, where the love of the beautiful and the unknown had assembled us, strangers to each other, together.

Meanwhile day was dawning. The distant outline of the horizon showed itself more and more sharply defined; the moon faded like a mere remnant of mist about to melt in the azure firmament; while the deep, deep plain, and valleys and gorges deeper still, gently shook off their shroud of darkness.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from several mouths at once. It was a salutation addressed to the great luminary who, rising in an unclouded sky, was gloriously lighting up the whole expanse of heaven. A dazzling ray was shot from the east; and this fiery dart hit at one stroke the heads of Monte Rosa, Mount Cervin, and Mont Blanc—the three great giants of the Valais and Savoy, almost standing in a line, and of almost equal elevation—whose very waist we should not have reached on the top of our pigmy Moléson. Nevertheless, I began to feel ill at ease, being both perched on too lofty a pinnacle, and having too little standing-room on the narrow ridge, which hoisted you, almost astride, between the two abysses of its opposite slopes, of which we had just scaled one, and were soon to descend the other.

It was a young Valaisanne, with a countenance intelligent rather than pretty, who, with a smile upon her lips, told me the names of the three colossi. And she proceeded to tell me plenty of others, her delight and enjoyment still increasing, in proportion as the sun rose higher and brought out every detail of the immense panorama. She addressed her fresh and merry laugh to all quarters of the compass; exactly as the morning lark, excited with air and liberty, scatters his aerial notes to the clouds.

"Look there, Monsieur," she said, stretching her childlike finger into space. "There, in front of the Diablerets, is the Dent de Morcles, the Dent de Corgeon, the Dent Blanche, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Chaman, the Dent d'Oche."

I expressed my astonishment at her topographical knowledge and at her remembrance of all those names.

"Don't be surprised at that, Monsieur. I have learnt it all from your Joanne; and, as you say, I *have* a good memory. But that's not all. There, again, is the Dent de Lys, [sharp, jagged, time-worn peaks are styled *dents*,] the Dent de Vaulion, the Dent de Broc—"

My eye, dazzled, fascinated, followed her finger; and I saw, in my troubled, tired imagination, monstrous tusks, formidable incisors, enormous grinders, pointed fangs, starting in all directions from gigantic jaws of granite. The blood was rushing to my head; I could scarcely keep my equilibrium. I made an effort to resist the weakness; I tried to answer, to continue the conversation, to show how amiable and clever I was—and not a word would come to my lips (I recall it with shame for French intelligence,) but this coarse pleasantry which, nevertheless, was the melancholy truth.

"Much obliged to you for all your Dents, Mademoiselle. *My* teeth are already set on edge by them—quite enough for once I can assure you!"

The merry maiden laughed in my face, notwithstanding my evident discomfort. And she utterly upset me, by running with her brother to the very verge of the cliff, where they carelessly gathered dead grass and sticks, to keep the fire from going out.

You know the effect produced on nervous persons by the sight of any one leaning too far out of an upper window, or walking on the edge of a lofty wall. You tremble for their safety; you beg them to have a care; you shrink back yourself, as if it were you that was in danger. The sensation is excessively painful.

I was suffering from this feeling to a terrible degree. I called for help, and pointed with horror to the young people who were disporting on the brink of the declivity. The father and mother interfered and called their children away from the dangerous sport, perhaps more out of compassion for me than through any apprehension in regard to them.

"Monsieur has reason for his alarm," said one of their party who was close to me. "At this very place where we now are standing, a frightful accident occurred only two years ago. A young girl from Bulle was gathering flowers, only a few paces away from her family and friends. They saw her lean forwards, and fall on her hands. They heard her laugh as she tried to creep back again. But she could not get back. She slipped, and slipped, still sliding downwards. Then her onward movement increased in rapidity. She called for help; her shrieks became desperate. She rolled over and over. She bounded like a stone hurled from the summit. They heard nothing more; she was a silent corpse, but still dashed along with accelerated velocity, until stopped at last, a broken and shapeless mass. What a scene! What outbursts of grief! What despair! The flowers she had gathered, still clenched in her hand, were shared amongst her playfellows as memorials of her fate."

My juvenile companions laughed no longer, but instinctively nestled close to their parents. As for me, I felt worse than ever. There seemed to be a veil between my eyes and every visible object; the air appeared to boil, as in a mirage. The tragical story I had just heard rang in my ears like a funeral bell. I fancied that some one was uttering cries of distress. And then, do all I could, my eyes *would* look down to the base of the mountain, involuntarily drawn by the Chateau de Gruyere, perched on its hillock six thousand feet beneath us. This deep, immense, fearful void attracted me painfully, invincibly. At that moment I experienced the strongest and strangest sensation which can possibly seize hold of the human organism. I felt what I never knew before, and hope never to know again. My head was turning with the giddy height. It was dizziness, vertigo, unmistakable, complete, the result of fatigue and feverish watchings, acting on a frame rendered more impressionable by the excitement of travel.

To break the spell, I sat down on the ground, as well as to conceal my deplorable condition. I did not want my fellow-travellers to notice my infirmity, and that I was almost fainting. Nay, I took advantage of the opportunity to assume a most ungraceful position, laying myself on the flat of my stomach, which I felt was the speediest way of rallying.

Nevertheless, I condescended to practice a bit of hypocritical coquetry. I made believe to have found some curious object, and to be examining it closely. And as my head grew gradually calmer, I did, in fact, find something, without having even suspected its presence. I had before my astonished eyes a thick tuft of the little gentian, bearing flowers of the brightest blue, and, to the right and the left, within my reach, tiny plants of myosotis in full bloom. I gathered with delight, a few specimens of each, displayed them with ostentatious affectation, and stored them carefully between the pages of my gulde-book.

These floral gems naturally recalled the thought of the young Bulloise's dreadful end. But strength of mind had returned with repose of body and calmness of thought. I rose with a renewed stock of resolution and philosophy. I believe my companions became aware of what a pitiable condition I had been in. Indeed, I confessed it frankly and humbly. They addressed me with evident sympathy. One of them, holding a pint of champagne in his hand, cordially invited me to take my share. The bottle was speedily uncapped, and our leather goblets filled and emptied twice to the prosperity of Switzerland and France. Unluckily, one of my comrades took it into his head to set the bottle, bottom upwards, at the edge of the grassy slope, and let it go. At first it glided, then rolled, then bounded, and at last was smashed to atoms against the first rock it met with, which was several hundred feet from its point of departure. As you may imagine, every eye followed it until the final catastrophe, and the fate of the maid of Bulle was again brought to mind. With that, and the vertiginous fascination exercised upon me by the Chateau de Gruyere, I was once more obliged, resist it how I might, to resume a ridiculous horizontal position.

They tried to divert my attention by pointing out, at a distance, the white, but no longer the virgin, Jungfrau—the lakes of Morat, Geneva, Bienne, and Neufchatel. But the sun, rising higher and higher above the horizon, made mountain, lake and glacier quiver and tremble in a haze of light. It overcame me with a sickening feeling. They were obliged to let me remain quiet for a while.

But the time for our departure was come. It was then half past five in the morning. The descent would take us three hours to perform: we had to visit the Chateau de Gruyere, and the loss of the Tine; and also to reach Bulle not too late for my friends to return to Fribourg, and myself to sleep at Vevey. Our Vaudois and Valaisans had already bidden us adieu. They disappeared out of sight down the rugged path which led us hither, while we in turn had to descend the slippery slope which they had mounted.

So I stirred up my courage with heart and soul, and vigorously shook myself both morally and physically. The Fribourgians, armed with their alpenstocks, boldly descended the grassy declivity, while we Frenchmen, with only our walking-sticks, followed the crest of the mountain, hoping to meet with a gentler incline. But to go on in that way long was impossible. We were obliged at last to venture and obey the invitation of our friends below, however slowly and painfully at first. I tried going backwards, throwing my whole weight upon my stick; then I let myself slide a little, holding on fast

with both hands. Practice, they say, makes perfect; if not perfect, I was at least improved. When once the steepest part of the slope was passed, I was no longer the hindmost of the party. About eight we entered a narrow gorge, full of shadow, foliage, and waterfalls. Then, crossing a meadow bounded by a brook, we got safely to Albeuve at last.

Although excessively fatigued, I *would* accompany my friends to Gruyere. Melancholy, little, decrepit, deserted town; ancient castle flanked with towers and ramparts. As usual, they preferred showing us abominable remnants of the past, dungeons and instruments of torture, to allowing us to linger amongst its tapestry and furniture, which are at least harmless vestiges of the olden time. The whole is now the property of a Geneva watchmaker. Such are the lessons which history teaches to the great ones of the land.

Not having absolutely the strength to go and see the Tyne disappear in the earth, I went into the hotel de l'Ange, there to await my friends' return. The first thing I saw in it was a comfortable sofa, and the first thing I did was to lay myself upon that sofa and fall asleep for a couple of hours. And then I made a capital breakfast.

About noon the visitors of the Tine's descent underground returned to fetch me in a carriage. I paid my bill, which contained a curious item—"For having reposed on the sofa, one franc." I regretted not having slept on a chair, being curious to know how much they would have charged for that less pretentious place of rest.

At three we reached Bulle, twenty-three hours after leaving it. The same idea struck us all simultaneously; namely, that the best of all things would be a bath. In truth, we had fairly earned it.

At four, we took our last repast together; and before rising from table and separating, we exchanged cards. Then only I knew that I had ascended the Moleson in company with MM. V. de Mutach (of Holligen,) Charles de Chollet (of Fribourg,) and B. Dupuy, engineer, of Lyons; while they were informed that they had vouchsafed that honor to an advocate, once mayor of the town of Calais, for which great kindness I thank them afresh.

Subsequently, passing over the Col de Balme, I visited the valley of Chamounix. Shall I ever write a description of this latter portion of my tour? I think not. The subject has been so often treated, that one is apt to believe it to be exhausted. The Moleson, on the contrary, had the advantage of having been neglected by the pens of travellers. I therefore determined to give the best account I could at least of "the Rigi of Western Switzerland."—*London Society.*

ADVENTURE WITH A THUG.

AN OLD OFFICER'S STORY.

I WENT out to India in the service of the Company, nearly forty years ago. I was a mere lad at that time, being barely eighteen. I left England with a determination to make something of myself in the land to which I was going; and when I reached my destination, I began immediately to apply myself to the duties of my profession. I labored hard, and soon made progress. I studied closely the manners, customs, and language of the natives, and spared no effort to make myself as thorough an Indian as possible.

It was slow work at first, but I persevered; and when I was forty-three, just fifteen years ago, I was a colonel of cavalry, and I flatter myself that I was the best informed officer in the service, with regard to the country in which I was serving.

About that time, the authorities at Calcutta were making strong efforts to suppress the sect of Thugs, who, as you well know, make murder a part of their religion. They rarely molested a European, on account of the great danger in which it would have placed them; but they carried on a regular system of operations against the natives, and especially against those who were friendly to us.

Certain sections of the country were kept in a state of the most complete terror by them; and their atrocities had increased to so great an extent that the authorities thought it necessary to at once inaugurate the most prompt and decisive measures for their suppression.

In the district of Benares, the trouble was very great, and the Thugs managed their affairs with so much dexterity, that, for a time, they completely baffled the authorities. The command of this district was given me, on account of my knowledge of Indian affairs, and my long experience in the country. I was given a regiment of mounted men, picked for their long experience in the country, and at once set out for my new command, being determined to use no half-way measures when I got there.

Upon reaching the neighborhood of Benares, we halted and encamped near the Ganges, about five miles from the city. I had two reasons for doing this.

One was, that I should be able, by encamping there, to move on the instant when occasion required it; the other, that I would be freer there from observation by the spies of the Thugs than I should be in the city. I said nothing, and permitted my men to say nothing of the cause of our coming, but at once set my spies at work.

Through their instrumentality I learned that my district was infested with a band of Thugs, quite large in number, and under the direction of a leader named Runjheet. He was described to me as the most active of all, and as one of the most dangerous men the country had ever known. I set to work at once. I scoured my district right and left, by day and night, and with good effect, too.

By the time I had been there six weeks, I had sent ten prisoners to Calcutta with their families, had hung twenty caught in the act of strangling their victims, and had destroyed one of their towns and a temple. With my own hand I broke the image of their goddess Kali into a thousand pieces, knowing that this would be a severe blow to them. This act, together with the rest of my career there, came near being fatal to me. The Thugs began to consider me the cause as well as the means of their misfortunes, and at length made me the object of their special vengeance.

When I had been in camp for about two months, my orderly informed me that there was a native waiting at the door of my tent to see me. I had him shown in at once. He was a small, spare man, of about thirty; and my first glance told me that he was possessed of more than ordinary strength. There was something unusually quiet and stealthy about him; and at first I loosened my pistol and regarded him with a suspicious glance. He did not seem to notice this, but saluted me humbly and respectfully. In reply to my demand to know his business, he stated that he wished to enter my service as a spy. He was well acquainted with the country, and was sure that he could make himself useful. He gave as his reason that his father and brother had recently been murdered by the Thugs, and that he desired to avenge them. I looked at the fellow searchingly, but could gain nothing from his countenance, which was fixed and devoid of expression, save a strange and perplexing glitter in his eyes. He told me his name was Ali, and that he was a Mahomedan. I said to him that if he would come back at the same hour the next day, I would give him my answer.

After he left me, I thought long and seriously of his request. I did not like his looks; but I thought he might be of service to me. I felt confident that, if faithful, he would make an excellent spy; and I thought myself competent to the task of watching him so closely that he would have no opportunity to play me false. So, after weighing the matter well in my own mind, I determined to engage him, but not to trust him until he should have been fully tried.

When I gave him my answer the next day, I saw his eyes flash and a smile play around his mouth. In an instant his face resumed its stolid expression. I was startled by this, and was more than ever resolved to watch the man closely.

I gave him simple and easy tasks at first. He performed them with so much skill and celerity, that I began to place more confidence in him, and gave him more difficult and important duties to perform. Thus ten days passed away. At the end of that time, I went out, one day, at the head of a small party, to follow up a scent which Ali had discovered. Toward mid-day, I chanced to be alone, having sent the men away on various errands. The heat was intense, and I dismounted from my horse and stood for a short while under a large tree, to enjoy the shade, which looked so tempting to me. I had been there scarcely ten minutes, when a rustling in the leaves above me caused me to look up. I saw a dark figure leap toward me from the tree, and, from the handkerchief which he held ready in his hand, I knew he was a Thug, and bent upon my assassination. He was so sudden and unexpected in his movements, that he might have succeeded but for a timely interposition. He had hardly sprung from the tree, when I heard the report of a rifle; and the next instant the Thug fell crashing at my feet. I looked around in astonishment to discover whence came this timely aid, and saw Ali running toward me at full speed, with his discharged rifle in his hand. He asked me anxiously, as he came up, if I were safe, and seemed gratified when I assured him I was unhurt. He listened calmly to my expression of thanks, and said he was glad to be able to show me that my suspicions of his fidelity were unjust.

I could not help blushing with mortification as he spoke, and felt heartily ashamed of having suspected him at all. I told him that he should have no occasion to feel hurt at my conduct again, as he had that day given me the best proof of his loyalty that I could desire. I could not see his face as I spoke, for his eyes were bent on the ground, and his head was lowered.

A week passed away after this, and the success which had attended our efforts suddenly deserted us. I could not account for it. My movements were as secret and as energetic as formerly, and I felt sure that we had not yet damaged the Thugs to a sufficient extent to warrant our departure; but each day recorded new failures to us. Somehow I could not help connecting Ali with our want of success, though for the life of me I could not tell why I should do so, and I did my best to banish the suspicion as ungenerous and unjust.

Toward the close of the week I sent out a party with a better prospect of success than had been vouchsafed to us during the past seven days. That night, feeling somewhat worn down by my constant exertions, I retired early, without undressing. Yet, in spite of me, I could not sleep. I was nervous and wakeful; and this state increased every moment.

I have always been a great lover of tobacco, and have found it the best remedy for nervousness I have ever used. Finding that I could not sleep, I took a large mouthful of some excellent tobacco which had been sent me from England before leaving Calcutta. As usual, it soothed me almost instantly, and gradually I fell into a doze, with the liquid which I had been chewing still in my mouth.

I could not have been sleeping very soundly, for I was awakened by a slight rustling in my tent. I endeavored to spring up, but in an instant I was seized by a powerful hand, and a handkerchief, which is the instrument used by the Thugs in their work, was twisted around my neck. I managed to thrust my left hand between the fold of the handkerchief and my throat, and thus prevented the scoundrel from strangling me at once. By a powerful effort I succeeded in gaining my feet, but the fellow hung on to me with almost superhuman strength. I was counted then one of the most powerful men in the army, and I was much larger and heavier than my antagonist; but it was just as much as I could do to keep him from mastering me.

By the dim light of the moon which struggled in through the opening of the tent, I recognized in my adversary my native spy, Ali.

Like lightning it flashed across my mind that the whole affair was a plot. Ali had been sent to win my confidence, and throw me off my guard. The shooting of the Thug, a weeks back, had been simply a part of the plot. I knew that I had a powerful and desperate man to deal with, and I nerved myself to the task before me.

The fellow's grip on the handkerchief was like that of a vice, and it seemed that he would crush my left hand. The strain on my throat was terrible, and I felt that unless it was released very speedily, I would be at his mercy.

A novel and desperate plan presented itself to me in this emergency, and I at once proceeded to put it into execution.

Bracing myself for a mighty effort, I sank back slowly, as if being gradually overcome, and Ali with a triumphant glance tightened his grip on my throat, and bent over me until his flashing eyes were just above my face. With a sudden bound I sprang forward, recovering myself, and throwing Ali backward. At the same instant I spit, with a true aim, a mouthful of tobacco juice straight into his two eyes. Thoroughly astounded and thrown off his guard, he relinquished his hold on the handkerchief, and, with a yell of pain, clapped his hands to his eyes. This was just what I had expected, and in an instant I put him out of the way of doing more harm by sending a pistol bullet through his head. The noise of the shot brought the men to my tent, and I soon found myself the recipient of innumerable congratulations.

The next morning, the expedition I had sent out returned, bringing two prisoners with them. From these I learned that my would-be assassin was no other than the notorious chief of the Thugs, Runjheet, who had sworn to take my life in revenge for the damage I had inflicted upon his sect.

In a month more I returned to Calcutta, having thoroughly accomplished the work assigned me.

THE ZOUAVE SPECTRE.—The Paris Bourse, the spot where merchants "most do congregate," has got a romance. The bill brokers and the money-changers, the bulls and the bears, the "longs" and the "shorts," have got a subject other than the price of stocks, the advance and decline in the market, etc., to talk about. The romance of the Bourse is connected with the tall and ghastly spectre of a Zouave, who, with features pale and motionless, and eyes lacking lustre and fixed, now and then appears from behind the columns, and making its way among the crowd, is seen, but not felt, as it forces a passage through the eager, striving multitude gathered around the *corbeille*, and then disappears. Those who have seen the figure declare that the countenance bears a strong resemblance to that of the late Duke of Orleans. It was beheld, for the first time since 1859, a short time since, and then all the oldest hands at buying and selling knew well enough that no earthly effort could make the funds go up, but that ruin, despair, and bankruptcy, would be met with on all sides. The last time the Zouave appeared, the season was one of utter despair, disgrace, and suicide, and it was with a terrible pang that the announcement of his reappearance was received! Who would have thought that this superstition, equivalent to the Black Huntsman of the Hartz, or the White Lady of Avenel, could find room to lodge itself in the narrow mind of a *boursicotier?* But, however improbable it may appear, the rumor has had its effect, and not only a financial panic, but a mystical terror, has seized upon a certain set of men, who could view without the smallest emotion the massacre of whole armies, were it to insure a rise in the funds of the country to which they belonged.

ON TRANSLATING THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

SECOND SONNET.

I ENTER, and see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

SCENE AT THE FRENCH RACES.

WHILE the English Derby is occupying the whole attention of the horse portion of society in England, the great race at Chantilly is forming the study of the "Sport" (pronounced "*Spor*") of the French amateurs. The day was unpropitious—the sky gloomy and gray as that sometimes furnished by England on the like occasion of festivity. But notwithstanding this drawback the race-course was crowded with men of every class, and women also. Never was there such a display of saucer bonnets, pearls, spangles, lace, feathers, flowers, long trains, red paint, rice, powder, false hair, and obscenity, as was beheld beneath the weeping clouds on that day. "Mein Gott!" exclaimed Count Medem, "the *pieuvres* are more numerous than the horses!" (Ever since the publication of Victor Hugo's *Travaillers de la Mer*, the persons referred to bear the name of *pieuvres*, from their persistence in sucking every drop of blood out of the veins of the man on whom they have once fastened their suckers. These ladies who have been hooted off the race-course in the Bois de Boulogne, amply revenged themselves by appearing as splendid, if not as wise, as Solomon in all his glory. Nobody could complain of the nakedness of the land on this occasion, for the surface of the wet and muddy earth was covered with trains of the richest silk and flounces of the finest lace. It was evident that the price paid by the wearers was light enough—of less value, indeed, than the soiled and faded rags which were ruthlessly torn and trampled on by every dirty boot parading the narrow space wherein was crowding the greater portion of the vice and the folly of Paris.

The winning horse was a new one, and the betting has brought in to its fortunate owner, Delamarre, the heavy sum of $50,000! The ladies were full of tears, and many a rich lace veil and cobweb crochet handkerchief was torn in shreds by the rage and disappointment occasioned by the unexpected event. Strange to say the lucky winners of the opposite sex laughed and mocked at this despair—never reflecting that they would most assuredly have to pay. Many facetious jokes were practiced as of yore, Chantilly being so privileged a place at the time of the races that its inhabitants are glad to fly from it at that period, and leave it wholly in the hands of the merry crew from Paris. Even when the resident families do not quit their home altogether, it is the custom to send away the young ladies during the corruption of the moral atmosphere, which envelops the place as with a filthy vapor during the few days when that lovely spot, uniting every placid beauty which can charm the sense to peace and purity of thought, becomes a perfect pandemonium.

One of the most pleasant tricks performed on this particular Sunday, was that played off upon the English Marquis, who, having driven over from the chateau he has hired for the season at some little distance from Chantilly, and naturally enough wishing to see a little of the sport he had come to see, was standing eagerly gazing at the race, holding to the side of the carriage, with one foot resting on the narrow step—the other poised in air. The position displaced the basket full of bitter fruit drawn up by the side of the carriage where the Marquis and his friends were quietly gazing on the scene. The ladies, who are but seldom disobeyed, were first of all surprised, then indignant, and finally furious, at finding their summons to move out of the way wholly disregarded by the Englishmen. After having wasted much bad breath in epithets, which sounded strange enough, coming from beneath the rich lace and lovely roses with which her bonnet was adorned, the vixen declared at last that if the intruder did not move at once she would make him. The Englishman laughed at the threat, and seemed highly amused at her impotent rage. She descended from the basket heedless of the contact of the soft mud with her train of rich Lyons silk, and walked to where he stood. She was seen to place some object upon the place against which he was leaning, but, as she was clamoring loudly, and he was laughing all the time, no one thought to examine its nature. No sooner had she re-entered her basket carriage and driven at a rapid pace down the course, than a loud report was heard, followed by a tremendous shout of panic from the carriage from which the Marquis had been blown by one of those gun-cotton crackers now so much in use at the *fetes champêtres* round Paris, and which are more powerful than those made of powder. The offender paid dearly for his mirth; he was picked up senseless and bleeding and carried to the hotel, where he has been ever since under the doctor's care, unable to sit,, stand or walk, exactly as the fairy fury had declared he should remain as fitting punishment for disobedience to her orders. Such is the tyranny exercised over the Paris world by these Mudases, that none but a simple-minded Englishman, ignorant of their power, and regarding them as of no more account than they are in England, would have dared to dispute the high behests of that peculiar specimen of the class with whom he had the misfortune to come in contact on that day.

A TENNESSEE OLYMPIC.

IF Mr. Burke, when he mourned the departure of the age of chivalry in a celebrated passage the rhetoric of which is worthy of sounder reason, could have foreseen that chivalry would return on the 31st of May, A. D. 1866, to irradiate the State of Tennessee, in the United States of America, the prospect might have mollified the grief of his conservative and apprehensive spirit. We have before us a letter printed in the Louisville *Journal*, full at once of knightly emotion and grammatical solecisms, reciting the splendors of "a tournament" held at Clarksville, Tennessee, as aforesaid, on the day aforesaid, in the course of which seventeen "knights" tilted for crowns and nosegays. One horse died of a bad fall, and one chevalier was "sprained" by falling with him—an aggregate of bloody noses and cracked crowns at which we fear that Froissart would have turned up his nose and thrown down his immortal pen in contempt. But we must not be hypercritical. If no creature was killed upon this interesting occasion (except the horse) it was arranged beforehand and stipulated that the combats should not be mortal. It was a sort of militia muster, after the fashion of the Middle Ages—a highly refined and romantic kind of sham-fight, bearing about the same relation to the "tournament" which we read of that a modern circus or hippotheatron bears to the Field of Cloth of Gold. The combatants were arrayed not in iron armor but in fancy dresses, some of which, we are told, were "really magnificent," while, as we are further informed, "none were either specious or devoid of neatness." The assumption of character seems to have been a little promiscuous and not without a certain touch of anachronism. If Sir Montgomery Merrit saw fit to appear as "The Black Prince," Sir Henry Herndon was not to be restrained from figuring as "Thaddeus of Warsaw." There was "The Knight of the Fallen Banner," and there was "Sir Walter Raleigh." Mr. Longfellow will be pleased to learn that his "Hiawatha" was impersonated upon the occasion, and stands next in the roll of chivalry to "The Knight of the Silver Moon." But if the costumes were of no age in particular, the speeches—for we defy you to have an American "tournament" or an American any-thing-else without speeches—were decidedly modern, with the true wild raciness of our native eloquence.

After "the fiery horses"—we quote the uncommonly fine language of the correspondent—"after the fiery horses and their proud-crested riders had moved around the circuit two or three times in winsome, all but God like style"—(God like style is good, but it would have been better to have used a small "g")—"after they had made their exit through the western gate," they then came back again, and were "disposed in strict observance of military usage in front of the stand" to listen to the speech-making. It was "General Quarles" who "urged them on to the gentle contest in the most inspiriting terms." He said everything which he could reasonably be expected to say to animate, exalt, stimulate, and encourage these fancy warriors. He likened them to "the manly combatants of ancient Greece;" he compared them favorably with "the solid ranks of the Roman legion;" he conjured them to catch courage from the bright eyes of their fair spectators; and he ended by sublimely exclaiming: "On, then, gallant knights! The whole world is impatient to know who will be our sovereign queen of hearts and of beauty." The "whole world" may not be much interested in knowing the name, but, for the benefit of the curious few, we may state that Miss Molly Boyd was the blushing and beautiful recipient of the royal honors. She received her flowery crown from Gen. Williams, "whose address was replete with everything that the poetry of the moment demanded." The gallant letter-writer affirms that the general "caused the hearts of the young knight and the lovely queen to pulsate hymeneally, and their cheeks to be suffused in blushes." "Ah!" he exclaims, "these ceremonies sent a queer shock to many a surrounding breast." And then came something which they did not have in Athens, nor in Rome—something Bois de Gilbert never enjoyed and the Lady Rowena never presided over—"a rich, rare, and racy barbecue." The knights were hungry—the queen of beauty had an excellent appetite—the king-at-arms was extremely sharp-set—the heralds were as "peckish" as Sancho Panza—"there was more than a sufficiency of edibles, and nobody left the prandial regions unsatisfied." Then the knights, internally fortified, went back to the ring "for sober exercise," and "decapitated a manikin." Then the Chevalier Bayard, Rob Roy, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Hiawatha, and the Black Prince trotted horses "for a pair of silver spurs." After this, and to conclude, there was a ball so magnificent that the despairing correspondent informs us that "the picture could never be justly daguerreotyped save upon the tablet of memory." "We have it there fixed," he adds complacently. Happy correspondent!

But our readers have doubtless had enough of what, after all, must have been a sort of shabby-genteel spectacle, as any "tournament" in the year 1866 must necessarily be. This queer aping of knighthood—this droll resuscitation of mouldy forms—this putting on of the rag-tag and bob-tail of romance—the toy lances and the theatrical lists, the sham combats and the poor decapitated manikin—it is all about as genuine as the assumed "chivalry" which sectional vanity with ludicrous complacency laid claim to, and which common sense soon converted into a nickname.—*Nation.*

(For the Californian.)

MIDSUMMER.

A SAN FRANCISCO MADRIGAL.

"The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our several senses."—*Macbeth.*

NOW Cancer holds the fiery sun,
And Sirius flames in yonder skies,
Midsummer's languid reign's begun—
Arise, my lady sweet, arise;
Come forth ere evening's shadows fall—
But, dearest, don't forget thy shawl.

For why, methinks these zephyrs bland
Are brisk and jocund in their play.
These tears, thou may'st not understand,
Spring but from joy at such a day;
And dearest, what thou deem'st a frown
Is but to keep my beaver down.

How generous Nature kindly sifts
Her blessings free with liberal hand!
How varied are her graceful gifts;
How soft—(yes, dearest, that *was* sand,
A trifle—and by Nature thrown
O'er this fresh signature—her own!)

Here let us sit and watch, till morn,
The fleecy fog that creeps afar
And, like a poultice, soothes the torn
And wind-bruised face of cliff and scar;
Nor fear no chill from damp nor dew,
Nor—(really! bless my soul—a-tschu!)

A sneeze—'tis nothing—what of that?
Or if I choose, in youthful guise,
To chase this lightly flying hat,
Instead of painted butterflies—
'Tis but the latitude, you know,
The season gives—well, well, we'll go,

And, when once more within our cot,
Where sweetly steams the fragrant tea,
And buttered muffins crisp and hot,
Their welcome spread for you and me;
Then, love, by fires that glitter bright,
We'll sing Midsummer's soft delight. BRET.

FEARFUL COURAGE.—One of the scions of the first families that fought in the rebellion and got "subjugated," is favoring our relatives of England, through the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, with some wonderful prodigies of valor which he performed. It is lucky for the Union cause that there were not many such wonderful charges by Confederate braves, for they would have incontinently "chawed up" our poor boys in blue. If the following exploit isn't enough to make the hair curl, our readers (says an Eastern paper) will have to turn to the pages of the veritable Baron Munchausen or poetical Scherzerade for anything to surpass it:

"Having been refused the General's permission to join in the attack, I galloped on my own account a hundred yards to the right of the road in the direction of the hostile sharp-shooters, whose particular attention I at once engaged, a number of bullets flying round my head unpleasantly quick and near. Having got within about forty yards of their position, I shouted out to them to surrender; but in the *fancied security* offered by the broad, foaming stream which flowed between them and their assailants, they treated my summons with defiance, and answered it only by a brace of bullets, one of which nearly cut off a lock of my hair.

"Exasperated out of all patience at this, I spurred my horse and dashed with a tremendous leap into the middle of the creek, and for a moment its waters seemed to close over my head; but quickly surmounting the torrent, my brave horse gallantly swam to the opposite shore, and, by a strenuous effort of every sinew, succeeded in scrambling up the steep bank to the high ground above. The boldness and rapidity of this feat seemed to perfectly paralyze the objects of my wrath—a corporal and a private of the Third Indiana cavalry—who, as I pounced upon them with uplifted sword, threw away their arms and begged for mercy, on their knees.

A FEMALE FIEND.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Paris, says that the ruffian Philippe, who is now in confinement at the Paris Tombs awaiting trial for the perpetration of eighteen assassinations, is but a parallel, so far as the number of his unfortunate victims is concerned, of a woman who lived in Paris during the rule of the Directory.

One day, at the period mentioned, the proprietor of a furnished hotel in the Rue de l'Universite, appeared before the Minister of Police, and informed that functionary that a murder had been committed in his (the hotel-keeper's) house. On the previous evening, he said, a stranger had taken a room, stating his residence to be Milan, and his purpose to spend two or three days in Paris. After ordering his baggage to be carried to his apartment, the new-comer went out, giving notice that he was going to the Odeon Theatre, and should not return to the hotel until the termination of the performance. Near midnight he reappeared, accompanied by a young and very pretty woman, dressed in male attire, who, he said, was his wife. The next morning, at an early hour, the pretended *sposa* left the house, requesting that her husband might not be disturbed until her return, which would be in an hour. At noon she was still absent, and, hearing nothing stirring in the room occupied by the gentleman from Milan, the landlord began to feel uneasy and rapped at the stranger's door. Receiving no answer from within, the hotel-keeper sent for a duplicate key of the apartment, upon entering which the unfortunate man was found lifeless in his bed. A doctor was hastily summoned, who, after a brief examination of the body, declared that death had been produced by a blow on the left temple, inflicted by means of a blunt instrument.

It was evident that the assassination had been committed by the woman in male attire, and every effort was made by the police to discover her whereabouts, but ineffectually. A month subsequently, another murder was perpetrated under similar circumstances, except that on this occasion the victim, also a traveller, had gone to his room quite alone. At a later hour, however, an effeminate-looking young man came down stairs, and was let out by the porter of the hotel, who remembered the fact on the following morning, when the crime was discovered. The affair caused great excitement in Paris, and redoubled exertions were made by the police to ferret out the mysterious assassin, but still without result. Eleven days afterwards, a third victim perished in precisely the same manner as the preceding two, and in the course of a few months no less than twenty men lost their lives by means so exactly identical that no doubt was entertained that the murderous blows were all inflicted by the same hand. Stung to the quick, Fouche, the Minister of Police, set all his spies to work, and offered a large reward for the discovery of the author of these unparalleled crimes.

One evening a certain B., a member of the secret police, but who had the appearance of a provincial gentleman, was passing through a narrow street of the *Cite*, when he encountered a handsome, equivocal-looking youth. B. stopped, turned, and said to himself, "That's a woman in male garb. If it should be she!" At the same moment the handsome stranger also turned, and smiled encouragingly.

"That settles the question," murmured the delighted spy. "Now, if I manage things cautiously, my fortune is made." And retracing his steps, he accosted the unknown:

"I have something very particular to say to you," whispered B., with a knowing leer, "but it is not possible for us to talk freely in the public street. Might I not invite you to accompany me to my hotel?"

"I suppose you take me for a woman?" was the reply, in a soft voice. "You are quite mistaken, my good sir. I don't mind having a chat with you, however; where are you staying?"

"In the Rue de l'Universite."

"Indeed! I am too well known to go there."

"I am on the right track," thought the spy. "Well, then," he said aloud, "we will go wherever you like."

"Come," replied the other. And, crossing the river, the pair presently entered a small hotel on the Place du Chatelet, engaged an apartment, and ordered supper to be served in their room.

"If I am to remain with you during your stay in Paris," said the young woman, who no longer attempted to conceal her sex, "you had better have your baggage brought here." B., overjoyed at the opportunity thus offered to lodge the necessary information at the central police station near by, at once assented to this suggestion, and declared that he would go himself and bring a box of silks he had at the other hotel. After an hour's absence he returned, accompanied by two porters, carrying on their shoulders a large and apparently heavy box, which they deposited in a corner of the room. The supper previously ordered was now served.

"Your walk must have made you thirsty," said the young woman, pouring out a glass of wine for her companion. "But before you sit down, have the kindness to give me my handkerchief, which I have left over on the sofa."

Suspecting some trick, B., while crossing the room, watched his new acquaintance closely, and saw her throw a powder into the glass of wine, which, instead of swallowing, he dexterously managed to spill on the carpet. In a few moments he showed signs of drowsiness and began to murmur incoherent words. Drawing the syren near him, he felt something in her pocket which excited his curiosity. Upon asking what it was, she produced the object—a beautiful little hammer.

"This," she said, "is an opiate of the most powerful description. I will show you presently how it puts people to sleep."

B. had fallen to the floor, in an apparent state of unconsciousness. Stooping over him, the murderess raised her anticipated victim's head, placed it in the most favorable position to render the intended blow effective, and had already raised the pretty little hammer, when suddenly the box in the corner flew open with a loud noise, and a grip of iron seized her uplifted arm. On the trial, which took place shortly afterward, the female assassin alleged, in her defence, that she had been ruined by a villain, and had sworn to be avenged upon the entire male sex. This romantic story, however, did not prevent her conviction and subsequent death on the scaffold.

LOVE'S MARTYR.

PROLOGUE.—*Apartment in Lady Belmour's Mansion.*

Enter Trevelyan and Edith.

Trevelyan—Edith, you are my daughter!

Edith—And you my fond papa! (They weep.)

Trevelyan—Notwithstanding the magnificence of my name, which was selected at an early age, from the *Minerva Press*. I am but Lady Belmour's steward!

Edith—And I, notwithstanding the ditto of my ditto, which was dittoed, at an early ditto, from the ditto ditto, am but her companion!

Enter Mrs. Spriggins.

Mrs. Spriggins—Which my Lady is a kickin' of her bucket, as the sayin' is; and hours is the word, so I will keep me awake, make some coffee, as is a drink I holds with, and keeps one's eyes open, as crowbars is a fool to.

Enter Lady Flora Vernon and Marion.

Lady Flora (muses)—My name was taken from a *Friendship's Offering*.

Marion (her daughter)—And mine from an *Affection's Tribute*.

Edith—Lady Flora! Marion! I love you both, and would be on intimate terms with you.

Lady Flora—Really, Miss Trevelyan! You are only Lady Belmour's steward's daughter; and though we respect you, we cannot yield our affection on demand.

Edith—Oh, how cruel! (Weeps.)

Enter Redgrave, a Solicitor.

Redgrave (muses)—To a *Devotion's Sacrifice* I am indebted for my appellation. But no matter. I have come to say that Lady Belmour has made a will, leaving everything to Marion Vernon—disinheriting her nephew, Paul Rylaud, who is her heir-at-law. (At least, it wasn't quite this, but this will do.) (*Exeunt Omnes.*)

Enter Trevelyan.

Trevelyan—Ha! Paul Ryland disinherited. And he owes me twenty thousand! Quick! the laudanum! (Pours laudauum into coffee-pot.) This will cause Mrs. Spriggins (whose name was certainly *not* selected from the *Minerva Press*) to sleep soundly, so that I can obtain access to Lady Belmour's room, murder her, and secure the will.

(Exit, like a bad man, as he is.)

Enter Mrs. Spriggins.

Mrs. Spriggins—Now for my coffee, as is a drink I holds with. (Drinks it, and falls asleep.)

Enter Edith.

Edith—Mrs. Spriggins asleep! Then I will keep awake. (Takes coffee, and falls asleep.)

Enter Trevelyan (like a bad man, as he is.)

(Edith wakes, and sees him enter Lady Belmour's room.)

Edith—Ha! my papa! Gracious goodness, how awful! (Screams heard from Lady B.'s room.)

Enter the Household, in dressing-gowns.

The Household—We heard screams!

Enter Somebody.

Somebody—Lady Belmour is murdered!

Every one (except Edith—Then you are the murderess!

(Exit Edith, quickly. Tablean of every one, except Edith.)

ACT I.—*Evelyn's Studio at Hempstead.*

(Paul Rylaud, Redgrave, and many others, discovered, having their portraits painted by Frank Mordannt.)

Mordannt—Ryland, has it ever struck you as remarkable that all our friends—Arthur, Evelyn, yourself, myself, Sir Sir Charles Ormond, and Redgrave, should have been christened from a silk-hound annual of thirty years ago?

Ryland (mildly)—Never.

Mordaunt (aside)—Supercilious puppy!

Ryland—Where is Evelyn's wife?

Mordaunt—She never appears. She never leaves the boudoir of the artist's wife, which will form the scene of the third act.

Ryland—Then I will remain until the third act.

Mordaunt—Courageous creature! You over-estimate your powers of endurance.

Enter Mrs. Mordaunt.

Mrs. Mordannt—Pickles. All serene. No flies. Walker. Also Slap-bang. Likewise Over-the-left. And How's-your-poor-feet?

Enter Sir Charles Ormond.

Sir Charles—Come, all of you, to Lady Ormond's ball to-night.

All—We will. (They do.)

ACT II.—*Drawing-room at Sir Charles Ormond's.*

Enter Lady Ormond (*née* Marion Vernon.)

Lady Ormond—Sir Charles not yet returned? Then he *must* be with a rival!

Enter Mrs. Spriggins.

Mrs. Spriggins—Which my daughter has run away with a artist chap, as is no better than they ought to be, as the sayin' is, as is parties as I don't hold with, through bein' that free in their ways, as the sayin' is.

Lady Ormand—Good soul, two artist chaps are coming here to-night; I don't know anything of them, but one of them is doubtless the man you seek. There are only about three artists in the world.

Enter Mordaunt.

Mrs. Spriggins—Wherever have you put my daughter, young man?

Mordaunt—Oh! I suppose you are my mother-in-law. Well, she's at home.

Mrs. Spriggins—All right, as the sayin' is.

[You see, a piece *must* have an under-plot.]

Enter Arthur Evelyn.

Arthur Evelyn—I am told that my wife knows something of Paul Ryland. Then she *must* have been his mistress! Oh, agony!

ACT III.—*Boudoir of the Artist's Wife.*

Enter the Artist's Wife.

[You see, she is Edith Trevelyan, who is supposed to have committed suicide immediately after the murder in the first act.]

Arthur's Wife—Oh, how I adore my husband!

(Exit Artist's Wife.)

Enter Paul Ryland and Servant.

Ryland—Send the artist's wife here. I have a message for her husband.

Enter Artist's Wife.

Artist's Wife—Ha! you are Paul Ryland, the man who instigated my excellent father to murder Lady Belmour!

Ryland—And you are the Edith Trevelyan who is accused of the murder! (Exit Paul Ryland. Artist's Wife faints.)

Enter Evelyn.

Evelyn—Ha! Paul Ryland with my wife.

(Artist's wife revives.)

Artist's wife—Yes!

Evelyn—What was he doing here?

Artist's Wife—I shall not tell you. Do not ask me. You promised me you would never ask me to tell you anything about anybody.

Evelyn—True; but I *should* like to know something about my wife's previous history. The first time I saw you, you were wandering in a wood, contemplating suicide, and I thought that the best thing I could do was to marry you on the spot.

Artist's Wife—It was obviously the wisest course that you could have pursued.

Evelyn—But why were you contemplating suicide?

Artist's Wife—Because I was pure, virtuous, excellent—in every way too good for this life.

Evelyn—Oh! I see. That is quite satisfactory.

(They embrace.)

Enter Lady Flora Vernon, Sir Charles and Lady Ormond, and guests from the Ball.

All—Edith Trevelyan, you are the murderess of the Lady Belmour, whose name was taken, as we all know, from the *Devotion's Ecstacy* for 1836!

Artist's Wife—Wow!

Artist—I also remark, Wow!

ACT IV.—*The Fence's Cellar.*

[Lights down. Trevelyan discovered, measuring diamonds in a quart pot.)

Trevelyan—I am a Fence, and a Fence it is extremely difficult to get over. (Knock.)

Enter Winwood and Sir Charles Ormond.

Winwood—Give up the will, and Sir Charles will give you five thousand pounds.

Trevelyan—Never!

Enter Paul Ryland.

Ryland—Give it to me, and I will give you ten thousand.
Sir C.—So will I.
Ryland—Ha! Then we will all fight for it!
(Pulls out pistols.)
Somebody—Never!
Somebody Else—It shall be so!
Somebody—It shall *not!*

[They all take up weapons, and proceed to fight for the will. Somebody snaps a pistol which, of course, misses fire, and Somebody Else falls mortally wounded. At this moment, who should come into the cellar but All The Characters, with a candle.]

All The Characters—We see it all. The old Fence was Edith's Father, who murdered Lady Belmour, that the property might go to her nephew, who owed Trevelyan twenty thousand pounds! Edith is innocent, and circumstantial evidence is again at fault.

Trevelyan (dying)—More than this, Edith is Lady Belmour's child!

Sir Charles Ormond—(Only I don't see it myself.) Then she is my sister!

[General Rapture, Final Chorus, and Comic Dance, by All The Characters.]

CURTAIN. [*London Fun.*

THE ART OF HOSPITALITY.

OUR country boasts of her wide-spread system of education, and well she may. We are all proud of it, and other nations respect and honor us for it. But in that branch of education which it is impossible to acquire at schools and colleges, nay, which schools and colleges, by necessitating separation from home, cause to be neglected—in social refinement it is needless to deny Americans are too far behind the rest of the civilized world. It is remarkable, for example, how great an effect the manner in which a guest is welcomed has upon the pleasure of his visit; it is quite as true that the manner in which his host takes farewell of him at its termination has much to do with the pleasure of its recollections. Homer, long ago as he lived, and beggar as he was, finely expressed what was due to the guest from the host when he said:

"True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed:
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Welcome the coming guest; welcome him with a few, simple, pleasant, easy words; without ostentatious cordiality; without gushing declarations of friendship; without paralyzing his arm by an interminable shaking of hands; without hurry or flourish, or undue anxiety to have his trunk carried up to his room, or sandwiching between every sentence an anxious appeal to make himself *entirely* at home—an appeal which usually operates to make one feel as much away from home as possible. There are few prospects more dismal to a man who arrives by the stage at the country-house of his bosom friend than the spectacle of the bosom friend's door overflowing with the bosom friend's wife, maiden sisters, decrepit aunts, and children of all sizes—all waiting with palpitating hearts to receive the bosom friend's bosom friend—treading on one another's toes, and squeezing and struggling to have a sight of him and to lead on the attack upon his nerves. To have to run a gauntlet of welcomes from this affectionate but misguided family is quite enough to unstring him for the whole fortnight. See, in this dilemma, what the poor guest has to undergo. First, to the flowing over upon him of the bosom friend; then to the flowing over of the partner of the bosom friend's bosom; then to the screaming into the deaf ears of the antediluvian members of the household; then to kissing the smeared faces of the younger, and the boisterous greetings of the older children. When at last the victim has reached his room, he is totally unfit to play the agreeable, and, if he be aught of a cynic, he has a feeling of disgust and sensations anything but homelike. Throughout his visit he is so anxiously watched over lest he should not "feel at home," that he had far better be at once immured in one of our receptacles for convicts, where he can at least be surly without breach of etiquette. This constant taking it for granted on the part of the host and his family that one is not comfortable, and that they must hurry about and take all responsibility (and all self-helpfulness) from the guest, thus depriving him of the credit of common sense, is something worthy of indignation; all the more so because politeness forbids the least sign of impatience. It is ill-bred, it is not decent. It is insulting to the guest, and he would serve the author of such treatment right if he cut him thereafter without ceremony. And yet how many of our well-meaning, and in most things well-bred, people, fall into the error that unless they are constantly on the alert, unless they establish a kind of espionage over their guest, and watch his every movement, lest he should brush his own coat or take a seat for himself, they will be wanting in the courtesies of hospitality!

Perhaps the most trying ordeal of all is the parting scene. In the first place, the guest has to undergo a searching cross-examination as to why he is going and where he is going; then come repeated appeals to stay "just two days more," and the imaginations of the hosts are exhausted to present attractions that will induce a change of plan; this is followed (when the effort to persuade the guest to alter his decision has failed) by expressions of the ecstacy with which the visit has filled their breasts and the equally harassing grief with which they regard his departure. As he goes to the door he is followed by his well-meaning persecutors, who, as he departs, crowd over the threshold without regard to each other's feet or dresses; and the poor man, walking away, feels a morbid consciousness of being watched out of sight by his bosom friend's affectionate family.

The art of hospitality consists in putting the guest at his ease; and this does not mean telling him to be at his ease. It consists in making him forget that he is a guest, and not in constantly pushing the fact before his eyes. And it also consists in leaving to him the exercise of his senses and of responsibility, at least so far that, finding what he needs at his hand, he may help himself.—*Round Table.*

BEETHOVEN.

BORN in Bonn, in 1771, the life of Beethoven was contemporaneous with that great intellectual development in Germany which has made it such a power in the present century. While Herder and Lessing and Goethe breathed a new spirit into criticism and philosophy, Gluck and Bach and Mozart and Handel led the way to that eminence in music which Germany has ever since maintained; and Beethoven carried on the work they began. Like a being who has descended from an ideal world to redeem this, he was in perpetual struggle with the past; and his early days in Bonn, before he had attained a full consciousness of his task in life, were his only happy ones. They were to him, as has been so well said, what the sweetly fanciful larghetto of his second symphony has been to the world, an undisturbed, because unconscious, happiness. His father and grandfather were musicians before him, and he showed early great musical genius. At the age of fifteen he was made organist of the court chapel at Bonn, and at the age of twenty-two went to Vienna to study under Haydn. Mozart had died a year before, and it was only once, on a flying tour to Vienna, in the winter of 1786–7, that Beethoven met him; and how Mozart recognized his genius is illustrated by a curious anecdote. Beethoven had acquired much reputation for his improvisations upon the piano, an exercise in the genuiness of which Mozart had no real belief, fancying that the pieces to be played were secretly agreed upon beforehand. He resolved, therefore, to test Beethoven, and gave him as a subject a chromatic figure, the motive of which contained the opposite subject of a double figure. Beethoven instantly detected the deception, and, reversing the motive, improvised a regular double figure; and the lively Mozart slipped away into an adjoining room to say to those he found there that here was a youth the world would hear of.

The placid mind of Haydn, however, could less understand the soaring genius of Beethoven, and they soon separated The immediate cause of the rupture, indeed, is said to have been the fact, which Beethoven one day accidentally discovered, that Haydn neglected to correct his errors. That was, in Beethoven's eyes, a *crimen læsæ artis*, and he broke from him at once; and when, notwithstanding, it was suggested to him afterwards, at Haydn's instance, that in the compositions which he was publishing he should call himself Haydn's pupil, his proud, curt reply was that he had indeed taken lessons of Haydn, but had learned nothing from him. And that answer is the key to his subsequent career, with its ceaseless effort to ascend up out of the present and out of the past to dwell in newer regions and among sublimer thoughts.

In the midst of a corrupt city and a still more corrupt court, in an age of license, exposed to all the seductions which beset genius of an order like his, he preserved ever a lofty virtue and a hatred of whatever was impure or even equivocal. Thrown, as he was, into every-day contact with the proudest and richest nobility in Europe, rank and wealth remained to him ever matters of absolute indifference, mere accidents of this temporal material life. Hence, in his political sentiments he was practically a republican. A devout reader of Plato, he longed to see all institutions modelled upon the plan prescribed in the "Republic." "Plato's Republic," says Schindler, "was transfused into his flesh and blood." It was his firm belief that it was Napoleon's real intention to republicanize France upon similar principles; and it was not till the news came that Napoleon had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French that he was undeceived; when, tearing off the title-page of his *Sinfonia Eroica*, containing the dedication of that work to Napoleon, which he was just on the point of despatching to Paris, he flung it upon the floor with a torrent of execrations. The tragic end of the great conqueror, however, is said to have reconciled Beethoven to him, for, as he remarked, he had predicted it himself in the "Dead March" of this symphony.

At Toplitz, in 1812, he was walking one day with Goethe, when they saw at a distance the whole Imperial family approaching. With his usual stately deference, Goethe stepped aside and stood with his hat off, bending low, until they had passed him. Beethoven, on the contrary, pressed his hat yet more firmly on his head, and walked, with folded arms, through the thickest of the throng. Princes and pages made a path for him, the Arch-duke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed. There may be a difference of opinion upon the question of manners, but there can be none as to the honesty of Beethoven's convictions.

Helpless and awkward in every movement, spilling inkstands over his piano, breaking furniture when it came in his way; so tempestuous in his anger that if a waiter brought him the wrong dish of meat he would throw it, gravy and all, in his face, or if his cook gave him musty eggs for his soup would spatter her with them from head to foot; dashing the water over himself in his rooms in such floods that scarcely any one would have him for a lodger; sending a lady who had asked for a lock of his hair a tuft of goat's hair, and then apologizing when she discovered the deception, and never afterward speaking to the person who had suggested it to him; suddenly quitting a summer retreat, where he was supremely happy, because his host persisted in making him profound bows whenever he met him in his walks; constantly changing his abode from the north side of the city in May to the south side in August, and often having three lodgings at a time; this small, thin man, with his head covered with bushy gray hair, and little brown eyes flashing bright or fixed and motionless as his thought possessed him, with long furrows in his chin, laughing like an ape in the midst of the wildest disorder, books and music and half-eaten luncheons and half-emptied bottles, sketches for quartettes and Stracchino cheese, all mixed up together, deaf, and cheated and slandered—this great man, who they said never loved, though he never lived an hour without loving; who they said was parsimonious, though, if he saved any money at all, it was for a dissolute nephew who would have left him to die alone—this abused Beethoven, who looked upon Handel as the greatest composer that ever lived, who silenced bores with a sarcasm and forgot his pupils for weeks together, and in his philosophical discussions would never permit the mention of thorough-bass or religion, which he declared were exhausted subjects—this man, so full of contradictions and absurdities and genius, was one of the kindest and purest of human beings. He who can comprehend his noble heart will not fail, as Schindler well says, to rank the man as high as the artist.

Sorrow illumined by the reconciling light from above, the martyrdom of earth glorified—that was Beethoven, says one of his critics. And the sorrow of earth, how it followed him to the end! In the summer of 1826, his nephew, driven desperate by his bad courses, attempted suicide, a crime which the law in Austria ascribes to a defect in religious education. The case was investigated, and the unfortunate youth committed to the charge of his uncle, with the injunction to leave Vienna in twenty-four hours. Returning home in the autumn, Beethoven caught cold, and his last sickness came upon him. He kept his bed, and his nephew went off to the billiard rooms and told the marker at one of them to send a physician to his uncle; but the marker was himself taken sick before he could do so, and, being carried to the hospital, remembered his commission, and the attending surgeon set off instantly to visit Beethoven. But it was too late; several days had elapsed, and the hand of death was heavy upon him. Yet his eccentricity never left him. When the landlady brought him an almanac to prove that the week was up and his rent was due, he sang the interrogatory motive of the quartette in F, op. 135, "Must it be?" and the woman, entering into his humor, stamped with her foot and said, "It must be!" and those words now stand in the superscription of the work.

The last thing he did was to make his nephew, who had so infamously abandoned him, his sole heir, and then musing said: "Do you hear the bell? The scene is shifting;" and it shifted, indeed, for the next act opened upon another world, whence we still seem to hear the echo of his words: "For my works I fear not. No evil can befall them. Whosoever shall understand them shall be freed from the misery that burdens mankind."—*Nation.*

WHITTIER'S CREED.—John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, finding himself quoted as authority for certain theological opinions, writes to *The Friend*, the organ of his denomination: "Painfully sensible of my own moral infirmities and liabilities to error, I instinctively shrink from assuming the office of teacher and guide to others. I simply wish to say that my ground of hope for myself and for humanity is in that Divine fullness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings and self-sacrifice of Christ—the Way, the Truth and the Life. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I reverently, humbly, yet very hopefully trust. I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed; and in judging of my fellow-men I can use no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny I dare not dogmatize; but wait the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1866.

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AN "ALTA CALIFORNIA" CRITIC.

AMIABILITY and good humor have been the characteristic features of the *Alta California* newspaper. A bland acquiescence in the views of the majority, a benignant zeal in trivialities, and a general disposition to treat all mankind in the light of possible advertisers and contingent subscribers, have been its proud specialities. Whether we consider the incessant jocularity of the reportorial columns—whose levity can lighten even the austerity which is supposed to surround the Police Court docket—the mild innocuousness of its theatrical and musical criticisms, or the saccharine rhetoric and flattering personalities of its correspondence, we must feel with Sampson Brass that here at least "all is happiness and joy." The few low Bohemian scribblers who assert that this good-humored laxity extends also to the forms of composition, and that even the governing powers of the verb are invested in the *Alta* office with a singular mildness, do so from sheer envy of that equanimity which surrounds respectability.

But we have been amazed and shocked at a certain criticism of a book of poems by Sarah E. Carmichael, reviewed in that paper on Sunday last. We have long been familiar with the poetry of the *Alta California*—indeed in the instance of a sonnet by "Natoma," published the same day, the world has enjoyed a like familiarity for many years, erroneously ascribing the poem to one of the standard English poets—and we expected that the good humor which accepted "Amelie's" "Trip to Calistoga," would extend some appreciation to the talented young Mormon girl who sang of the Wasatch Mountain. But here we were mistaken. The Wasatch Range does not advertise in the *Alta*, and Miss Carmichael foolishly occupied herself with such subjects as hills, sunsets, clouds, Providence, God's goodness, and loyalty, which, with the exception of the latter, have but little pecuniary relations with that newspaper. For this she is austerely reprimanded. She is told that there is nothing in her volume "that can be considered as sufficiently meritorious to take a permanent place in our language—and poetry is of that nature that unless it deserves to be immortal it scarcely deserves publication." Admitting for the present the truth of this latter original and startling proposition, we sincerely congratulate "Amelie" on the immortality which her description of that "Paradise where there's Eves without number" entitle her to, and we trust that "Natoma" may share with her the like felicity for verses which are not only good enough to "deserve publication," but even republication.

But a more careful examination of the criticism shows us that we are perhaps hasty in attributing to the *Alta California* any change in its uniform mildness. We have here the attitude but not the execution of the critic. We are told that "it is true that great poets have written much trash, and Byron and Milton have published much that is no better than the average of Miss Carmichael's pieces, but their reputations were made by their best compositions." This last statement which looks like a truism, is actually untrue in both illustrations—notoriously so in the case of Byron, whose reputation was made by the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a comparatively unpopular satire, wrung from him by a criticism, similar to the above, in the *Edinburgh Review's* notice of his "Hours of Idleness." "Perhaps," adds the critic, "they had produced nothing immortal when they were at her age; but if so, their friends should not have advised publication." How this test of immortality was to be applied at an early age, before publication and posterity had settled the question, we are not told. It is the "attempt and not the deed" that evidently "confounds" us, according to the *Alta*. But we are informed that Miss Carmichael's book "is better than most of the volumes issued from the press, but that fact is not sufficient." It is evident that nothing but immortal literature is tolerated for an instant in the *Alta* office. "She may hereafter," doubtfully but amiably continues our critic, "attain eminence, especially if she does not allow herself to be satisfied or convinced by the partial or insincere praise of her friends."

After this, it is evident that there is but one thing for Miss Carmichael to do, and that is, to go home, have a good cry, abstain from print, and set herself about something immortal. How this is to be achieved, or recognized when achieved, is perhaps not altogether clear. If we might venture to suggest anything, it would be length, which to many critics is the *sine qua non* of immortal composition. Perhaps in thirty or forty years Miss Carmichael might win commendation from the *Alta*, if Providence prolongs its already senile condition. But if, on the contrary, she foolishly persists in writing and publishing; if she hearken to insincere friends who believe that there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, and that "one star differeth from another in glory;" if she listen to those vagrant Bohemians and dissolute men of letters who can recognize the beauty of the anemone and violet without disparagement of the rose; if she is satisfied to take place with those charming singers of all ages who have made the world musical with their simple numbers, and yet have died and been forgotten; if she choose to reflect that our best poets have been loved and honored, not for the most ambitious monuments they have left, but for their simpler songs; that all have commenced humbly, and that criticism like the above has obtained and will obtain as long as Providence permits this faculty to survive the wreck of the others, she may, if she does not achieve immortality, at least, through her simple freshness and melody, make us more tolerant of a mortality which we are obliged to share with the *Alta California*.

[For the Californian.]

TO AND FRO.

No. 2.

A RAILROAD trip is a matter of very ordinary occurrence to half San Francisco, but to a person of my sedentary habits, whose life hitherto spent between home and office has been as regular as the vibration of a pendulum, it is an event of some importance.

As we moved off, Betty pretended—I am sure it was all pretence—that she felt no undue excitement; but I knew from her change of expression that she was not as easy in feeling and as peaceful in anticipation as she is when seated in her cane-bottomed chair, rocking in cadence with the airs she usually sings when so seated. Such a woman as Betty is, domesticated as she is, and having almost a feline attachment to the spot she calls home, nevertheless carries into the world that sublime feeling of self-confidence, of aplomb, and I may add, moral muscle for all ordinary exigencies, that shows, at least I think so, a very rare mind. I am frequently, as I see the exercise of this self possession; see her standing up arithmetically, so to speak, in her altercations with the butcher, alleging unfair additions of dimes to the bill, and an undue proportion of bone in his partition of steaks; when I see her spirit on these occasions; see her expression of quiet energy, I must confess I feel a sort of awe of Betty. Let me add here, suggestively to such of my readers as have suspicions of their butchers, that Betty's plan of weighing her meat is a capital improvement in the family machine. One can easily see that Betty wears the trousers, and that I stand, so far as the home deportment goes, on precisely the same plane of discipline as the children. I submit, because in submission there is peace. If there were more men of my resignation to, and acceptance of circumstances, Commissioners Love, Rogers, and Taylor would find a very considerable reduction of their mensal incomings. A married man who sees his *ménage* conducted with order and economy; the household government administered with regularity and ease, and revenue and appropriations moving equally—the difference, if there is any, in favor of the credit side of the sheet; I say, under these circumstances, a man naturally yields his own position as the head of the household, and gives a cheerful and willing obedience to the wife; in a word becomes her subject.

Betty pretended she was as calm and as much at her ease as if she had been a conductor of the road since its construction, but I knew that, at heart, she was uneasy, and secretly wished herself back to her domain of pots, kettles, children, Joe, and myself. May she forgive me if I triumphed in my sleeve at the idea of having found one thing in the world that could frighten her. If I ever should owe her a spite, I'll certainly coax her on a railroad. When the steam-whistle made some convulsive shrieks, and Betty saw the brakesman turn a wheel with a corresponding screwing of his face—setting in motion a diabolical rattling of chains, I thought then her equanimity would be destroyed, and that fear would break down the *sovereign* and bring the *woman* uppermost. I attempted some words of comfort and assurance, to which she answered only by a half-derisive smile. I looked again and saw she had recovered her aplomb, and then she reigned again, supreme, fearless, and unquestioned. As a hen protects her brood, widening her feathers until every chick has found a cover from the swooping hawk, so did Betty morally reach out and gather us all in her protecting embrace. I saw her then, in the clear sky of her self-possession, towering above Telegraph Hill—or even Mount Diablo—sublimely great, a vast moral pyramid.

I do not want the reader to suppose that my life is limited, and always has been, to the narrow boundaries of the little office of B. C. & Co. It is true that during twelve long years I have sat on one single stool in the aforesaid office, between the hours of nine A. M. and five P. M., barring an *interregnum* of a half-hour each day for tiffin. And even during these years, in moments of leisure, I have had eyes through the window which looks over the street; and, if I lean back ever so little on my stool, I can see the stretch of water which lies beyond Angel Island, the shore of Contra Costa, and the yellow mountains more inland. These natural beauties have the effect of leading me away from my narrow surroundings—lifting me to a higher, clearer, and more golden clime. Besides all these, I have resources within myself, recollections of happier days and lands, and anticipations of a brighter life beyond the present, which make me cheerful, kind to human frailties, very human in all my thoughts and sympathies, and which reconcile me to the humble life I now lead. There are, too, a thousand little objects about me at the store which are, as enchanted horses, carrying me from the dust and the harsh, sad winds of this town to brighter lands. The little pyramids of oranges which John, one of the clerks, arranges so tastefully in the show-window, are as one of these aforesaid hippogriffs translating me to islands beyond the sea—lovely Edens peopled by types with long flowing hair, and skins burnished with cocoa oil. Then, again, I straddle a nutmeg, and am in a moment idling among the islands of the Indian Seas, cooled by "spicy breezes," and embowered by jessamine and japonica—the air filled with the songs of birds.

It is too often the case that men are measured according to their mode of life and business. It is supposed that a lawyer, for example, who is, like my lady in *Gil Blas*, "given to disputation;"—whose life is passed in contentions wrangling on construction, presumptions of law, and absurd limitations of the speech of witnesses—and who is seen usually with a law volume under his arm, is learned, not only in the wide range of knowledge peculiar to his profession, but in the sciences, arts, dialectics, geography, physiology, etc. I think I can point out in this town, among these attorneys, many examples of the absurdity of what I call—the theory of appearances. And, too, in the medical profession the same popular fallacy is seen. A bargain with a policeman to call him in all cases occurring in his department where a physician may be necessary or a puff possible; a showy horse; lips opulent in technology; the assumption of a strong and controlling religious sentiment, to secure admission to the Catholic hospitals—perhaps an attitude of devotion and moving of the lips at the bedside of the patient; an intimacy with a local reporter, and, as a *sequitur*, an item in the *Midday Clamor*, describing the success of a wonderful operation by Doctor Sawbones—no less than an incision of the sternum, taking out the right lung, clearing it of all tuberculization, hanging it up to dry, and then putting it back again. Now, from these data is frequently raised a reputation which builds substantial, paying brick houses. I am disposed to think the medical is the grossest of humbuggery. By this rule of judgment, because I announce myself a clerk, most people would suppose me, morally and intellectually, no larger than a salt bag—a person who has no capacity to enjoy—indeed, who has no business to enjoy any pleasure beyond Celeste's rope-walking, and whose tastes for recreation lift him no higher than the tan of a circus ring and the threadbare jests of its clown. Sympathy with all that is beautiful; genuine emotion; the humanity that reaches the farthest corner of the strange human heart; appreciation of the illuminated words God has written everywhere, whether in the physical or animal world, and of the harmony which pervades the universe; smiles in unison with joy and tears for human griefs, and the rainbow which lifts itself from out these same tears, arching away over to the unknown world beyond this one—these are felt, thought, and seen oftener over the pages of the clerk's ledger than perhaps people usually think. If Betty's Aunt Curtis, who is expected to make her sole legatee of a fortune of a few thousand dollars, should die, and her last will and testament does not belie our hopes, with the seat at the Opera, a pew at the Cathedral, and a town and country house—with these accomplishments, graces, and acquisitions—what dear, good, kind and fashionable folks Betty and I would be, and how sweet our boys! Let me say, by way of premonition, that Betty had a letter the other day, stating that her aforesaid aunt was ailing, and, "poor thing," the writer continued, "we fear she'll not last long." If death does happen to go Aunt Curtis' way, and her testament should show an unreserved and unconditional bequest of her personalty to Betty, I'll throw B. C. & Co. to the— No; they are kind to me, and I wish them well. I will only throw a somerset off the stool and reappear here in these columns as a *dolce far niente* fellow—wearing good and fashionably cut clothes, lounging among the brokers on Montgomery street, and perhaps quizzing pretty girls—and with the eye, but the eye only, measure and compare female ankles.

I have often wondered and as often wished it could be made an experiment, how Betty and I *would* meet the sunshine springing from a respectable heap of golden eagles. Would she cling still to the old rocker and sing "Indiana," while the

meshes of her *Nubie* increased under steady manipulation? Would she go bareheaded to the street gate and brandish a moral and vocal sort of pugilism in the face of the butcher? would she follow the entire half-dollar into the vegetable man's hands and see the return of her change to a fractional nicety? would she still wear *rep*, and with her own hands replace buttons on the boys' jackets, patch their pants, and darn the rents in her gowns? These are the necessities of a domestic life narrowed by scarcely moderate means, and which, although tolerable from habit and a cheerful going out of the mind and heart to meet the duties of our condition, are gladly laid down if we *can* lay them down. There is a certain sort of harshness in labor—labor which commences with the sun, and which is scarce put aside until the long shadows of the day are lost in the twilight; and there are very few who would not gladly stop the Juggernaut we Americans set up in our stores or houses ere its wheels crush us. I am sure I would. I would gladly lift myself up, away above carking cares and the sharp disputes I am too frequently compelled to have with Fortune.

——"Oh, most sad,
That dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood."

The ride by the San José railroad, as the locomotive plunges through the suburbs, is not at all calculated to stir much emotion of a pleasant sort. I am always cheerful under the pressure of annoyances, and disposed to put the best expression and construction on everything; but I really cannot recommend to the genteel idler the journey through the shambles at the terminus of Brannan street. I doubt if a like condition of disgusting filth can be encountered anywhere in the world. Democracy is all well enough—that is, that freedom of action which leaves the human mind untrammelled to work out a high civilization; but the right to build pest-houses where you please, so long as you avoid the dry goods and jewelry stores, is open to challenge. Carnivorous people might, as a matter of theory, suffer the erection of slaughter-houses at a safe distance *leeward* of their homes and wonted walks; but let them practically, and with their own proper eyes, see the sights and smell the odors seen and smelt at the aforesaid locality, and, my word for it, they will petition the Board of Supervisors to send these shambles to the Faralloues, if not into the great deep. I am now a proselyte to Graham's theory, to the disgust of our butcher and the loss to him of some few dimes weekly.

Emerging from this *Golgotha*—not only a place of skulls but blood, albeit only of animals—you pass on, not to "where every prospect pleases," but to a series of landscapes where the controlling and central points are environed by accessories that would destroy any view. If you fix your eye on a stretch of water, bounded at its furthest limit by a delicious mountan outline, and then move forward through the middle distance to the foreground—your every step is by low mud-flats, bleak, stony hills, a dry and fissured earth where nothing grows at this season of the year but thistles; dust whirling over the fenceless roads; small and irregularly built houses; naked quarries looking with their red oxide like great bloody gashes in the hill sides, and too frequently chill mists—

"Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea."

swooping over the whole scene, looking like a great shroud to cover a dead earth. See these things and confess to not only a buttoning of the coat you wear, but a half, aye, an entire dropping of the lid, and then the opening of one's "mind's eye" to the delicious freshness and newness of a home summer scene; green lawns and hawthorn blossoms; broad rivers sweeping through fresh and sunny meadows, and the refreshing breath of summer showers—scenes amid which I passed the first segment of my life, and which are to me now "Meccas of the mind."

On the east side, rounding from the Mission, there is a stretch of water view terminating with the fringe of oaks on the Contra Costa shore and the bold hills rising sharply behind, which is noticeable. On the seaside, too, there are bits of landscapes without the offence of prominent drawbacks, over which the eye lingers with pleasure, especially that which looks down the ravine running to Lake Mercéd, away on to the farthest apparent limits of the sea; but even here a hill of sand, separating the waters of the lake from from the sea, chills the warmth of the picture and pains the æsthetic eye. There is one feature peculiar to a California landscape which runs a great way towards compensation for the loss of that delightful charm and passionate glow found in the verdure of the East—I mean purity of atmosphere. Nowhere do skies seem so distant and profound, and objects so boldly defined—standing out with such grand and inexpressible salience—as here, under a firmament of boundless amplitude and a depth of space, as if Eternity gleamed through and through, passionless, mysterious, infinite.

As we pass on to the San Mateo country, away from the masses of clouds which, at this season are so dense over San Francisco, the mountains are seen in all their power and detail—merely a part of the landscape—for they have a clear colorless sky in which to show themselves, almost cloudless, while in the temperate climes the skies fall, as it were, to within a short distance of earth—settling even on the apices of the hills—flat rather than concave. We can apply the illustration of domelike here to the heavens, but to no part of the orient north of Florida.

KUZZILBASH.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, *Rosedale*, or *The Rifle Ball*, was produced, certainly with the "full strength of the company," on Monday night—Miss Kate Denin, Mrs. Sophie Edwin, Mrs. Harry Jackson, Mrs. Franks, Mrs. Smitten, Mrs. Wood, and Messrs. Courtaine, Thompson, Thayer, Franks, Anderson, Ned Thayer, young Harry Jackson, and the "Rifle Ball," with the whole supernumerary force, appearing therein. The play is full of action and incident, without possessing any literary merit or originality of plot worthy of notice. It is a laborious piece of dramatic mosaic work, ingeniously dovetailed together, and galvanized with diluted sentiment. But its rapid action, and more particularly its strength of cast, made it very acceptable to the audience, and kept up the interest to the end.

Sheridan Knowle's fine play of *The Hunchback*, on Thursday evening, formed a strong contrast, with its splendid diction, pure poetic sentiment, and strongly drawn characters, to the tinsel of *Rosedale*. This play was admirably personated.

John Brougham's new comedy, of excellent repute, *Playing with Fire*, was produced last evening for the benefit of Miss Kate Denin. The early hour at which our paper retires to the press-room—which is one of THE CALIFORNIAN'S regular habits—prevents our speaking advisedly of the result of Miss Denin's appeal to the public; but, if the lady received her just reward, there was not a vacant seat in the Opera House last night.

Playing with Fire will be repeated this afternoon. This evening, Mr. Robert Bryant takes a benefit, and "Jack Sheppard" and his fellows will tread the stage in the drama of that name. During the coming week, a new play, entitled *The Female Detective*, in which Miss Denin will appear in six characters, will be brought out. Lees and Johnson will have to look to their laurels. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, also, will be revived, with Miss Denin as "Topsy."

—

THE members of the Howson Opera Troupe, having mastered their colds, gave us Wallace's *Maritana*, at Maguire's Academy of Music, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, very successfully; and appeared to much better advantage than on their initial performance. In *Maritana* they displayed ability of a higher order than that for which the public was inclined at first to give them credit. Space will not permit us to individualize their particular merits; we can only say that the principal *artistes* gave their audiences an agreeable surprise. The proof of this was in the abundance of applause and the frequent *encores* bestowed. *Maritana*, like *Somnambula*, was excellently produced. Both the orchestra and chorus were full and efficient. The stage effects and the scenery were very good. The brushes of the Tornings gave us some new and beautiful scenes; and the experience of Stage Manager Tibbetts was observable in the general perfectness of the stage arrangements.

Faust, in English, was sung on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and, as was feared, the music of Gounod was too severe a test for this young troupe. Its rendition was not a fortunate one. The Howson Troupe should confine their efforts to the lighter operas to secure success. Young and inexperienced to the stage, they cannot be ranked with the "grand" troupes, though the principal *artistes* certainly possess sweet, flexible voices, and musical culture sufficient to render the English and the lighter class of operas effectively, and to the general satisfaction of their audiences. *Maritana* was repeated last night; and the ever popular *Bohemian Girl* will be produced to-night—with the addition of Mr. S. W. Leach to the company, who is the best "Devilshoof" that ever appeared in this city. We bespeak for this opera an able representation. The Howson Troupe sing every evening during the week; and will repeat the *Bohemian Girl* on Monday evening.

—

AT the Metropolitan, the Biancha Italian Opera season was inaugurated with brilliant success, by the representation of *Ernani* on Tuesday, and *Il Trovatore* on Thursday evening, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. Both operas were put upon the stage in a style hitherto unequalled at this theatre. With new scenery and costumes, a chorus increased in number and admirably trained, and an orchestra under the very efficient leadership of Mr. Herold, a high standard of excellence is established at the outset in departments which, in former seasons, have often been weak. Our resident artists, Signorina Brambilla, Signora and Signor Bianchi, were also in fine voice, and have never, we think, appeared to such advantage. Of the two new singers, Signori Guiseppe Mancusi and Stanislaus Milleri, the public seem to have formed but one opinion, indicated by hearty and prolonged applause at every opportunity; they have leaped at once into high favor, and may hereafter sing with absolute certainty of a cordial welcome. We have not space this week for an extended and critical examination of their respective merits, nor would such a review be quite just until they have been heard in a greater variety of characters and styles than Verdi's two best known operas afford. For the present we will only say that, while both voices are of noble and manly quality, and true to the pitch, that of Milleri is naturally full, smooth, and rather ponderous, as if given forth without much effort from a powerful chest; but Mancusi, not only in voice, but in general style, makes up for the want of natural power and weight by keen dramatic force, articulation, and admirable management of the breath. Of the two, we should take him for the more experienced artist.

The regular subscription nights will hereafter be Monday, Wednesday and Friday. This evening, *Norma* will be given as an extra performance, with Signorina Brambilla, M'lle Louise Tourney, Signor Bianchi, and Signor Milleri, in the principal characters; and will undoubtedly be repeated in one of the regular nights next week.

—

That great collection of pathological wonders—Dr. Jordan's Anatomical Museum—is on exhibition every day and evening at Eureka Hall, Montgomery street. Open on Sunday from two to ten P. M. Dr. Jordan lectures on the organization of the human body every Sunday evening.

COUNTERFEIT CRITICISM.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the New York *Citizen* over the signature of "Whittlestick" writes:

I had a dream in which my wildest desires, my highest aspirations, were realized. I became an editor; and thought I was perusing a paper published in Dream Land called the *Rowntaybul*. In that paper, in my dream, I read this *critique:*

"We have received a poem professing to be 'after the Sanskrit,' entitled 'A Samurliphe.' Our acquaintance with that tongue being but slight, we are unable to give the English equivalent for the caption. The poet writes under the anonym of Longphello. We have not room for the entire poem, but will take three or four stanzas at random, as a basis for our criticism. Here is one:

'Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.'

"The opening phrase of the foregoing is a very pretty platitude, born of the usual disinclination of the youthful poetic mind to hearken to unpleasant truths. But why the third line should begin with *for* is inexplicable, as what follows is not in the slightest degree dependent on what has preceded it. Why slumber should be fatal to the soul when it is the fountain of refreshing life to the body, is almost equally difficult of explanation. A similar objection may be taken to the employment of the word *and* in the last line. Its use would imply the addition of some cogent consideration to what had gone before; when, in truth, nothing is added, either cogent or consistent. The verse in fact ends as it begun, with a platitude pretty and petty.

'Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act—in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead.'

"Here the poet refuses to allow the reader any comfort either in Hope or Memory. The Future must be distrusted and the Past buried, *i. e.*, forgotten. The picture of the dead burying the dead, however, relieves this melancholy condition by the introduction of a comic Celticism that is worthy of Sir Boyle Roche. The last line *may* have a meaning, but no reader will ever discover it unaided.

'Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

"If the lives of great men can remind us of nothing more encouraging than this, then is their lesson lost. For footprints on the sands of time, however large the foot that makes them, and however heavy its tread, hardly furnish a happy figure for the expression of a permanent impression.

'Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing shall take life again.'

"*Finis coronat opus.* The concluding verse is fairly bursting with absurdities. We are lost in admiration of the marvellous mariner, who, 'sailing o'er life's solemn main,' has such a prodigious power of vision as to be able to see footprints on the beach. The footprints, however, are equally miraculous in their enabling the mariner to take life again. Common intelligence, however, aided by ordinary imagination, utterly fails to explain how these wonderfully permanent footsteps on the 'sands of time,' can in anywise serve as a guide to the mariner 'sailing o'er,' etc. But we have given too much space and time to this trash."

NEW MUSIC.—Our acknowledgment for the following music from M. Gray, 613 Clay street, has been unavoidably delayed: "Barn Door Jig and Wearing of the Green," "Kissing on the Sly," "Delta Phi Polka," "Fairy Waltz," "Be Thou Near Me," and "Call Me Thine Own"—the latter a very pretty melody by Halevy. "Be Thou Near Me" and the "Fairy Waltz" rank next in quality. The "Barn Door Jig," etc., is a musical reminiscence of *Arrah-na-Pogue*.

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Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
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Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
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San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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MARY SMITH, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County nf San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk nf said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you hy the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service nn you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, hut in this District, within Twenty Days; nther-wise, within Forty Days—or judgment hy default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing hetween Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, he awarded tn Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street.
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These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these
LIFE-GIVING PILLS!
Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be
A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,
For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever
AN ETERNAL SPRING!
It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.
THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES
Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none besitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—
FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS
Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.
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And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills
Invariably cure the following diseases:
Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. ap14-1y

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THE ORGAN.

THEN swelled the organ; up through choir and nave,
The music trembled with an inward thrill
Of bliss at its own grandeur; wave on wave
In flood of mellow thunder rose, until
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,
And sank, and rose again, to burst in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,
As the huge bass kept guthering heavily,
Like thunder, when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky;
It drew up like a darkness everywhere,
Filling the vast cathedral; suddenly,
From the dense mass, a clear, sweet treble broke,
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

In gorgeous beauty shone the light aslant,
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist—
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,
Where choral voices in one strand did twist
Their vari-colored tones, and left no want
To the delighted soul which sunk abyssed
In the warm music-cloud, while far below
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

[*From James Russell Lowell's "Legend of Brittany."*

HAIR-DYEING.

ARE wigs immoral?—because if not, one scarcely perceives a reason why the newspaper moralists who are so fond of describing Anonyma and Cora Pearl with a kind of reprehensive voluptuousness of detail, should waste so much moral strength in denouncing the practice of using hair-dyes. It is not wickeder, one would think, in itself, than wearing false teeth, or scattering powder, or padding, and all those sins have hitherto escaped with very lenient censure from the newspaper pulpit. Hair-powder, it is true, since it became a taxable offence, has been condemned as nasty, which it is, and ugly, which, as any one will acknowledge who has ever seen an old minuet at the opera, it decidedly is not. It suited bright faces very well, though it made the pallid ghastly, and its disappearance, though a gain to cleanliness, was a loss to that variety of appearance which is the greatest external charm of society. People, footmen excepted, have forgotten powder, but they have not forgotten adornments as deceitful as the hair-dyes against which they are so amusingly and unintelligibly indignant.

The practice of using them is not a novel one. Women, and men, too, have dyed their hair from time immemorial, and there has not been an interval within the last three centuries during which hair-dressers have not employed pigments to conceal grayness, whiteness, or eccentricity of color in the hair. The only thing new is the fashionable shade, and the introduction of that shade is in one way a very distinct gain. It has restored the popular faith in the possible beauty of light-haired women. The condition of public opinion upon that subject has for years past been almost a marvel. That a people essentially Northern, among whom five persons in six have hair tinged with some shade of light brown, should prefer black hair is quite natural, for infrequency always increases the piquancy of admiration.

Orientals, on the same principle, admire fair hair and excessive lightness of complexion, and one African race, the Somali, stains its wool with henna and lime till it is of a dull brick-dust hue. But the English horror of light hair in women was almost comical in its intensity, so deep as to affect literature and penetrate the opinions of the uncultivated mass.

One shade of red, that false auburn which is red in the sun and brown under artificial light, was tolerated, chiefly, we imagine, because fashionable opinion is formed under chandeliers; but the true auburn, which has a golden flash in it under the sun and a red flash only by candle-light—the auburn which the Italian painters loved three centuries ago, and Millais can paint now when he will let his imagination work as well as his eyes—was utterly condemned, all the more viciously perhaps because that is the shade in which hair is found most voluminous and silky. Men's judgment was acidulated by the admixture of the one envy which the best women can never quite suppress. Flaxen hair, even that wonderful flax which suggests an aureole, and which—probably from its association with the appearance of little children—conveys an indefinable impression of innocence, for which Thackeray gave it to Becky Sharp, was disposed of summarily as "tow." Golden hair, we mean the true gold, looking as if it had been spun not from any metal so much as from a sunny topaz, was first called "conspicuous," and then, when bands became universal, "sandy." That color is perhaps the only one to which curls are essential, just as black is the only one in which curls can never be most becoming. As to the different shades of red, the language was raosacked to find terms of abhorrence which should be sufficiently expressive, and while the costermonger asked somebody "to put out that 'ere bonnet, it must be burning by now," the peer summed up his dislike in the emphatic word, "Carrots!" So deep was the disgust for this shade that it extended even to men's heads. Nobody ever suggested that men with fair hair could not be handsome, or denied that the highest Norman type, the tall, fair-haired, steel-eyed, light-complexioned man, was the ideal type of all, but everybody professed to abominate red. Hundreds of school-boys have had their lives rendered miserable by a shade too much of the hated color, and grave remonstrances have been addressed to the managers of Christ's Hospital against their uniform, on the ground that the sun by some mysterious process would turn brown hair red.

The sun, if the evidence of fact may be trusted, either blackens the hair, which seems impossible, or induces the race which live under its beams to produce the black hair which most effectually protects the head. No tropical race is light-haired. Part of the objection to red hair no doubt arose from the ugly complexion, and freckles, and turned up nose by which it is often accompanied, but the aversion was felt and expressed even in cases where red hair was only the natural complement of very regular beauty. The new fashion, therefore, of dyeing hair to lighten its color, instead of dyeing it to darken it, strikes right athwart a natural prejudice—so clearly athwart, that, while it has restored people to the use of their senses in judging color, it has also raised an absurd shout of moral reprobation. Dyeing may be immoral possibly, but dyeing red cannot be more immoral than dyeing black. The world does not greatly condemn a fair woman whose beauty is spoiled by untimely grayness for removing the blemish—feeling, though not acknowledging, that beauty is a gift which it is as right to preserve as health or eyesight—and if white hair may be made black, surely brown may be made golden. At all events it is made every day, and if those who make it would only remember that the golden locks of Flavia, who has a cheek like a peach and a brow of milk—*not* of alabaster, O minor poet! healthy flesh never being absolutely bleached—will not necessarily suit Lalage, who has a face carved out of Derbyshire cheese and a forehead which cannot tan, the golden hair would add to the grace and variety of assemblies.

So rapid has been the spread of this fashion, that the resources of chemistry have been ransacked for dyes, and we have before us a huge volume of receipts for the production of almost any shade. They are all very nasty—nastiness is the real objection to hair-dyes, as it is to rouge and chignons, and is not to false teeth—and all subject to one fatal defect. They do not change the inherent color of the hair, which grows every moment as it was originally made; the pigments therefore must be incessantly reapplied, and the hair, instead of being dyed, as, for instance, a topaz is dyed by burning, is only painted—by no means a very pleasing idea. One would think it *primâ facie* possible to make a radical change, the coloring matter being an oil held as it were in a tube, and impregnated with substances the character of which has been discovered.

Accordingly to Mr. Cooley, "The chemical constitution of the hair was first made known by Mr. Hatchett, who showed it to consist chiefly of indurated albumen, together with a little gelatine, or matter that yields it. Soft and very flexible hair is said to contain the most gelatine. Subsequently, Vauquelin discovered that hair contains two different kinds of oily matter—the one white and bland, common to all hair; the other, colored, and on which in part the particular color of the hair depends. He also found small and variable quantities of mineral substances in hair. In light-colored hair he found magnesia, and in black and dark hair iron and sulphur. It is the presence of these last that mainly gives to dark hair its color. Fur, wool, bristles, and spines, in their chemical nature, structure, and mode of formation, resemble hair; as also, to a very great extent, do the feathers of birds."

We ought, if that is correct, and we knew how, to be able to *feed* people into hair of the wished-for color; but then we do not know how, and so are driven back on devices many of which are dangerous or disagreeable. It is easy enough and safe enough to darken the color. A weak solution of acetate of iron dissolved in water and mixed with a little glycerine will, if rubbed daily into the head, gradually and permanently darken the hair and benefit the health besides—a hint we recommend to red-haired beauties when popular prejudice turns against them again, as it will one day. Lead, often used instead of iron, is as dangerous a substance as it is well possible to employ, and the lead comb in which our grandmothers trusted is of very uncertain efficacy. There is no swift mode which does not involve the use of lead or silver to a dangerous extent, and no safe mode except iron, or sometimes after a certain age iron and sulphuret of potassium, which restores the decreasing sulphur. In any case, too, under any temptation, the woman who tries to change the color of her eyelashes is a fool, who risks for nothing penalties which may embitter an entire life. For lightening the hair the following is said to be the formula most in use, and is, when the lime is applied a little too lavishly, as ingenious a device for injuring the head as ingenuity has yet discovered:

"Take of

Carbonate of Lead	1 ounce;
Litharge (pure; levigated, Hydrated oxide of bismuth)	of each ½ ounce;
Fresh slaked lime	2 ounces;
Distilled or soft water	1 pint;

boil, with constant stirring, for 30 or 40 minutes. When cold, pour the whole into a wide-mouthed bottle, add of

Liquor of ammonia (.880–.882) 2 fluid drachms;

put in the cork, and shake frequently for some hours. The next day pour off the liquid portion. The sediment, which forms the dye, must then be well stirred together, and again before use. It is to be applied for 8 to 10 minutes to produce an 'auburn color;' 15 minutes, for 'chestnut;' 20 minutes, for 'full brown;' and 30 minutes, or longer, for 'deep brown' and 'black.' For the paler shades it is to be washed off with water containing a little common soda.

"('Liquid Plumbic Dye.') Take of

Hydrated protoxide of lead	¼ ounce;
Liquor of potassa	2 fluid ounces;

mix in a stoppered vial, and agitate it frequently for some days. It must be used more or less diluted, according to the object in view. By its skilful application, every shade, from a pale 'sandy red' to 'dark brown,'' may be produced; and these may be turned on the 'golden brown,' 'auburn,' and 'chestnut,' by subsequently moistening the hair with a weak solution of sulphuret of potassium or hydrosulphuret of ammonia."

Instantaneous hair dyeing is effected by washing the hair in a solution of nitrate of silver, and then in a mixture of hydrosulphuret of ammonia and distilled water, which acts as a mordant, when the hair instantly turns either brown or black. It is, however, on the golden shades that intellect has been recently chiefly expended, and here is a list which includes every color except one—the golden bronze—which is caused by washing with a solution of blue vitriol, followed by another of the ferrocyanide of potassium.

"A strong infusion of safflowers, or a solution of pure rouge, in a weak solution of crystallized carbonate of soda, gives a 'bright red,' like henna, or a 'reddish yellow,' according to its strength, if followed, when dry, by a 'mordant' of lemon-juice or vinegar diluted with one half to an equal bulk of water.

"An acidulated solution of a salt of antimony, followed by a weak 'mordant' of neutral hydrosulphuret of ammonia or the bisulphuret, carefully avoiding excess, gives a 'red turning on the orange,' which tones well on light brown hair.

"A solution of sulphantimoniate of potassa (Schlippe's salt) with a mordant of water slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, gives a 'bright orange red' or 'golden red color.'

"Golden Yellow.—A solution of bichloride of tin (sufficiently diluted,) followed by a 'mordant' of hydrosulphuret of ammonia, gives a rich 'golden yellow tint' to very light hair, and a 'golden brown' to darker hair, owing to the formation of aurum musivum, mosaic gold, or the bisulphuret of tin.

"A solution of acetate or nitrate of lead, followed by a 'mordant' of yellow chromate of potash, gives a brilliant rich 'golden yellow.' If wanted 'warmer' or 'deeper toned,' a few drops of solution of diacetate of lead (Goulard's extract) should be added to the acetate solution.

"A solution of pure annotta, obtained by boiling it in water slightly alkalized with carbonate of soda, or with salt of tartar, gives a 'golden yellow' or 'flame yellow,' according to its strength, to very pale hair, and corresponding tones to darker hair. A previous 'mordant' of alum water 'deepens' it; and a subsequent washing with water soured with lemon-juice or vinegar 'reddens' it, or turns it on the 'orange.'"

Henna, by the way, is unobjectionable, and never fails, so that if any woman really wishes for bright red hair she has only to make friends with some *attaché* of the embassy at Constantinople or with Mr. Layard. We must add, that there is now sold in Paris a dye which instantly changes white or flaxen hair into the most glorious gold, which is nearly instantaneous, and never fails, or can fail. It is called orpiment, is the golden sulphuret of arsenic, and has only one trifling drawback, which those who want it probably will not mind. It *kills*, just as inevitably and as swiftly as doses of arsenic would.

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Maggiel is the founder of a new medical system. The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach and paralyze the bowels, must give precedence to the man who restores health and appetite with from one or two of his extraordinary pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of his wonderful and all-healing salve. These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superseding all the stereotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the so-called remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dozen, and of which every boxfull taken creates an absolute necessity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffice to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits light and buoyant. There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected, its functions are restored, and if the nervous system is feeble it is invigorated. This last quality makes the medicines very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfectant power of Maggiel's salve. In fact, it is here announced that *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic and Diarrhea Pills* cure where all others fail. While, for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGIEL, No. 11 Pine street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box. R. H. McDonald & Co., Agents for Pacific coast, corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco. c14

A LADY of high rank, wife of one of our merchant princes says: "I have tested the merits of that fashionable toilet dressing for the complexion and skin—Davidson's Circassian Bloom—and find it a most delightful perfume, clearing, beautifying, and enriching the tone and purity of the complexion and skin.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obned everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

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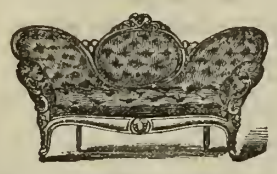
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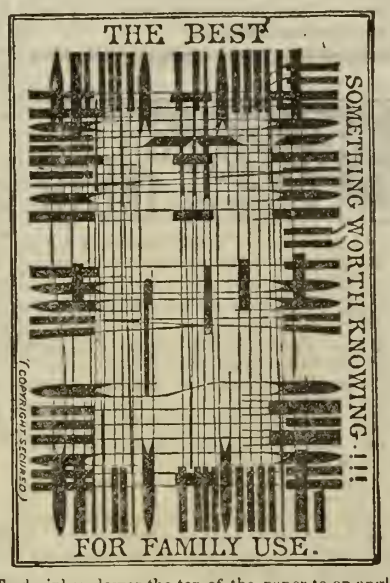
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Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.
For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.
A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.
Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.
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WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.
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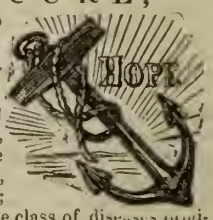
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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church.)
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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Captain E. S. Farnsworth,
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An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

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A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my5-3m

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CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

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The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

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Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
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NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

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To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

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W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

THIS AFTERNOON.....JULY 21.

Miss Kate Denin,

SUPPORTED BY THE OPERA HOUSE COMPANY,

will appear in John Brougham's comedy,

Playing with Fire!

THIS EVENING.....JULY 21,

Benefit of Mr. Robt. Bryant:

On which occasion, the drama of

JACK SHEPPARD

will be produced.

IN REHEARSAL—

THE FEMALE DETECTIVE,

AND

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
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Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

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SATURDAY EVENING.....JULY 21,

FIRST APPEARANCE OF

The Howson English and

ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE,

In Balfour's grand Opera of

The Bohemian Girl!

Arline.....Miss Emma Howson
Gipsey Queen.....Miss Clelia Howson
Thaddeus.....Mr. Henri Herberte
Devilshoof.....Mr. S. W. Leach
Count Arnheim.....Mr. Frank Howson
Florestein.....Mons Charles
Buda.....Mrs. Hall

Enlarged Chorus and Orchestra. New Scenery painted by Mr. A. Torning.

IN REHEARSAL:

Loder's Opera of

The Night Dancers.

☞ Box Office now open. Seats may be secured for the week. Books of the Opera for sale at the Box Office.

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Bianchi's Grand Italian

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Will be presented Bellini's Great Opera,

NORMA!

Norma.....Signorina Elvira Brambilla
Adalgisa.....M'lle Louise Tonrny
Pollio.....Signor Eugenio Bianchi
Oroveso.....Sr. S. Milleri
Flavio.....Mr Schraubstadter
Clotilde.....Madame Bernard
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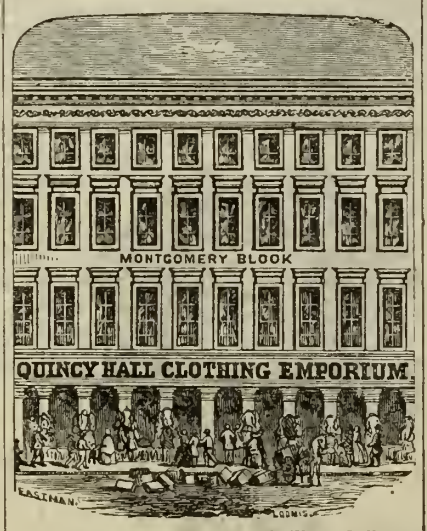
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Gallery.....50

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HAVE REMOVED TO

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Wheelers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

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A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

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I. M. Wentworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

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B. Pulvermna, 614 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

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Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

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Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

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Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

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Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

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Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J. J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

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Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

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Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S. Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

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Grover & Baker, R. F. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.

T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

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Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

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M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PIANO SCHOOL.

Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

ja27 tf between California and Pine.

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A Sure Cure

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS

DYSPEPSIA,

CONSUMPTION,

NIGHT SWEATS, AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,

jy19 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - AUGUST 15,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

Up stairs, San Francisco.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 10. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 28, 1866.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

The Prayer of Kahonah—By Henry George. Podgerings by the Way—By "Podgers." Copperhead Humor (Editorial). Amusements. POETRY: To the Pliocene Skull—By "Bret." By the Brook—By Charles Warren Stoddard. Selected Sketches, Stories, Literary Notes, etc.

[For the Californian.]

BY THE BROOK.

DOWN across the hill's low brow—
A slender, silver fillet—
Nothing is so musical
As my little rillet.
Ah! that laughing song of yours!
Delicately trill it.

Shall I fret you, hasty brook?
Shall I mar your paces—
Weaver, weaving silver threads
Into silver laces,
Round about and in and out
The sunniest of places?

Loose your tresses in the chase,
Slip about the border
Of yon garden wall, and catch
A blossom, gay marauder!
What shall please my love of ease
As your sweet disorder?

While the world goes jogging on,
Presently I miss you;
Life is made of other stuff
Than your limpid tissue.
Turn a mill, you lazy rill,
While I wait the issue.

Let the beetle while away
The Summer with his drumming.
Foam you at the whirling wheel,
And babble to its humming.
Toil away the livelong day—
It is more becoming.

Creep beneath the sweeping bough,
While each ripple twinkles,
Starlike, in a sky of leaves,
And your frothy crinkles
Form a leathern apron there,
Full of creamy wrinkles.

When the bald and brazen day
Hath donned his dusky visor,
Still you flow a-down apace,
While night's myriad eyes are
Watching you; for what they view
No one is the wiser.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

[For the Californian.]

PODGERINGS BY THE WAY.

YOU ask me to tell you what I saw and what I did on my last raid to the mountains. I observe by the papers that quite a number of "tourists" are doing that, and as the trip "up country" is now so common, there are very few people who don't know enough of it not to care about knowing any more. A great many people, too, travel without seeing anything; others see a thousand trifles that seem to make up the general interest and give occupation to the mind. The stereotyped idea that a man must give *all* his time to business and none to pleasure or recreation, is a Blue-Nose, Puritanical proverb, and it is about time mankind threw aside such old-fashioned notions. A man who don't take a little recreation when he can—can't when he would. All work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but makes dull men more stupid.

Finding myself illustrating the idea, I resolved to go to the mountains; and Tuesday, the 10th day of July, a solitary two-horse, man, and coach from Porter and Covey's, might have been seen (if an object of sufficient interest,) winding his way around some fine openings for young men in the planks down about the wharves, and finally arriving a very slow gait at a very large one, where a man with a taking countenance stops the coach and demands money; and shows no quarter until one is shown to him. This was a case of highway robbery close at home, and rather discouraging at the outset. I thought if such things are permitted here, what can be expected up country? It is one peculiarity of this country that it is variegated. You can't go four blocks in any one direction without meeting with a gate, and having to pay for the sight. I don't see any particular sense in obliging a man to pay 25 cents for the privilege of going on board one of the California Steam Navigation Company's boats, and then paying five dollars, and two dollars, and then one dollar if he wants to sleep and eat; and a great many people *have* these habits. A company of such magnitude certainly could afford to let people through their gate without charge when they are sure of getting nearly, if not all, their money when they get them on board their boats. But they commence pulling feathers on the very start; and before a young cock or an old one gets fairly clear of their hands, he has scarcely a pin feather left.

The *Capital* is a capital boat, and requires a big Poole to float her. The passengers on board were not too numerous for comfort: there was the usual number of women and babies—the fashionably dressed, in all the pride of "tilters," and the lean and limp. I have observed, always, that women on board steamboats have an aggravating way of sitting down, staring at each other, and making ineffectual, but persevering attempts to swallow their parasol handles; they keep at it, nevertheless, and remind me always of a tame coon I once had; he was a mischievous rascal, and required constant occupation, or he would play grand smash. To keep his active temperament engaged, I would put a raisin in a bottle, in the morning when I left the house, and give him that. Zip would poke his long nose into the mouth of the bottle as far as it would go, sniff the raisin, then put his eye to the hole and take an optical view of the situation—poke his paw in as far as it could go, and then go to work; the raisin would not, of course, come out, and he couldn't reach it—but Zip never said "Give up." All day he would roll that bottle, turn it up endwise, wrestle with it, sniff at it and poke at it until tired out, then crawl up into his box, take a nap, get up and go at it again—and was the best illustration of perseverance I ever knew. When I came home at night, Zip was rewarded with the raisin; and often when sitting up and enjoying the brief satisfaction of eating it, he has eyed me with an expression which conveyed Mr. Weller's idea of matrimony, when he expresses his doubt to Sam, who contemplates it, "whether it is worth while to go through so much to learn so little."

My coons sat all about the cabin of the *Capital*, trying the parasol absorption business, with equal perseverance and no better success than the other coon, and without the encouragement of anticipated assistance, as in his case.

Without any unusual incident, we arrived at that exciting city of Benicia, where we troubled a frantic man on the wharf with a line, and came to a pause; during which time, the first families of the place gazed curiously upwards into the faces of the passengers, and they in turn looked down into the open countenances and mouths of the first families aforesaid. Some dozen or more young ladies stood in a row, all engaged, as usual, in trying to get that raisin out of the bottle. Father Gallagher landed somewhat flushed and heated, from being called upon to make a little faster time down the plank than suited the dignity of his calling, consequent upon perceiving a barrel of double extract of strychnine Bourbon following him at rather a gaining pace. I doubt if Father Gallagher would flee from the spirits, good or bad, if they came at him in front; but when attacked in flank and rear, it was rather too much of a good thing, and that too much was coming too fast. Discretion was much the wisest, and when Father Gallagher brought up all standing, by coming in contact with a calm and unexcited citizen of the place, who was standing quietly, with his hands in his pockets, looking up as aforesaid, the sudden blow in the region of his watch pocket caused him to describe the form of the new moon—which Father G. thinking a low bow of apology, replied to by, "All right, sir, no harm done." There was none done to Father G., it is true, but I noticed the citizen for some time still retaining his crescent-like attitude, with both hands clasped over his supper, and the expression of his face had changed wonderfully. It plainly indicated that Father G. had made a decided impression, and that he was much struck with him.

The only inhabitant of Benicia that seemed to have anything to do, was a small lean dog, who had [illegible] a bone somewhere, and had brought it down on the wharf to have room and air to pick it in peace and comfort. He noticed nothing—was in no way excited by the noise and flurry—but lay there, intent upon trying to extract sustenance from that bone. I could not avoid the comparison—here was our boat, the bone from which all Benicia derives its sustenance; the business they bring, barely suffices for food for mind and body, and alas! it is touch and go with the people, as it is with the boats. The greatest consolation Benicia has—the recollection upon which it lives, is that it came very near being a great city, and *might* have been what San Francisco is, had it not been for the little circumstance of Doctor Semple's having a pair of very long legs. That these lamentable legs lost Benicia its greatness, is vouched for by the following story which I heard a man tell, and swear to it as being true:

In early days when this place was a case of doubt and Benica an unfixed fact, the largest owners of the real estate—the projectors of both places—met by appointment at about the only restaurant in town, to settle the mooted point and harmonize their mutual interests, so as to decide *which* should be the great city. They chartered one corner of the room and a couple of tables, and after ordering on refreshments, the discussion commenced. They drank some brandy and water and got a little excited by the heat of the argument. Dr. Semple sat at the furthest table and was emphatic, bringing his fist (not a small one,) down on the table in a very decided manner, making the bottles and glasses jingle; and at the same time would bring his feet down with an emphasis. One of the principal parties, after a stubborn resistance, was about giving in; and, although a little irritated, was in the act of signing the paper, when the Doctor, to give emphasis to a remark, brought his foot down heavily, and by sheer accident and bad luck, on the toes of the stubborn man, who, throwing down the pen, sprang up and skipped around the room ejaculating, (turning fiercely on the Doctor, who was perfectly innocent of what he had done,) "D—m your long legs and big feet. Why don't you keep them at home?" The Doctor, taken aback, replied, "Long legs! big feet! My legs?" "Yes, your legs and feet. They are the legs of a giraffe and the feet of an elephant!" The Doctor was a good-tempered man, but he couldn't stand everything. He was as sensitive about his feet as the other man was.

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As the play bills say, an interval is supposed to have occurred, and the stars represent a muss that occurred in that interval and what some of the party saw.

The meeting broke up, and so did the tables and dishes, and thus it came to pass that Benicia was ruined in toe toe, and came within a foot or so of greatness. Had the good Doctor's legs been a few inches shorter, or had he been a little less playful with his feet, or S—— B., Esq., had not been afflicted with corns, there's no knowing how big that city would have been, and how small we should to-day appear. Upon this melancholy reflection doth Benicia still brood, and it is too bad, for what a nice city could have been built there for half the cost of carting sand in this! And, then, what a Brooklyn Martinez would have been—what delightful country homes perched on the hill sides opposite! When I think of it, I feel myself like jumping on some sensitive man's toes and getting up a fight over it in my own disappointment, for they do say that the climate of Benicia is mild, that it never blows there, and that the sturgeon are of a superior quality—several having been caught from the wharf, by the celebrated fisherman, "the oldest inhabitant." But the bell rings, the plank is coming up, and the newly-come-aboard are planking down. The dog still gnaws his bone—the young ladies are still persevering in their efforts to swallow their parasols—the man Father G. "butted" still stands bent in reverence, and Benicia fades from our sight.

PODGERS.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

A NEW VERSION.

I.

"A MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song he clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that."
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn, his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.

II.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb was "bodden gray,"
Was fool and knave and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fail and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

III.

Yon see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that:
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not for a' that.

IV.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who heats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

V.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that,
"The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that—
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

VI.

For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

[*Charles Mackay, in "Blackwood's Magazine."*

OPPORTUNE APPEARANCE OF OLD NICK.—Lorenzo Dow being belated one night in his travels, unceremoniously entered an out-of-the-way house and requested lodgings. The woman of the house objected, alledging that her only spare room was occupied by a friend of her husband. But Lorenzo insisted, and she at length consented—immediately fastening, against further unwelcome visitors, the only outside door of the house. Soon a loud knocking was heard. It was her husband unexpectedly returned. Unable to leave the house, and fearing the husband in his drunkenness, the friend, to conceal himself, jumped into a large box conveniently at hand, and hastily covered himself with the hatchelings of flax it contained, by which time the wife had unfastened the door and admitted her husband. Having spent the evening, as usual, at the tavern, he was just tipsy enough to be both boisterous and courageous. He soon made the acquaintance of Lorenzo, whom he had heard much of, but had never seen. He had been told that he could raise the devil, and insisted upon his immediately doing so—not that he believed in any, but, if there was any, he wanted to see him. In vain Lorenzo objected, protesting his unwillingness and the danger attending it, etc.; but the more than half-drunken husband insisted. At last said Lorenzo, "If you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of his way, or he may take you with him; for, when he comes, it will be in flames of fire, and I warn you of the consequences." Lighting a bunch of matches, that there might be the greater smell of brimstone, and muttering over a few unintelligible sentences, Lorenzo set fire to the hatchelings, and cried out, "Come forth, thou evil one, and be gone forever!" when out sprang the man, completely enveloped in flames, and put for the open door, leaving the house with a most unearthly yell. To his dying day the husband was ready to testify that Lorenzo not only could, but did raise the devil, for he had seen and smelled him.

WORKING OUT.—An unwashed street boy, being asked what made him so dirty, his reply was: "I was made as they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it is just working out."

"LA FEMME."

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MICHELET.

BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

WOMEN AS AN INSTITUTION.

"IF it were not for women, few of us would at present be in existence." This is the remark of a cautious and discreet writer. He was also sagacious and intelligent.

Woman! Look upon her and admire her. Gaze upon her and love her. If she wishes to embrace you, permit her. Remember she is weak and you are strong.

But don't treat her unkindly. Don't make love to another woman before her face, even if she be your wife. Don't do it. Always be polite, even should she fancy somebody better than you.

If your mother, my dear Amadis, had not fancied your father better than somebody, you might have been that somebody's son. Consider this. Always be a philosopher, even about women.

Few men understand women. Frenchmen perhaps better than any one else. I am a Frenchman.

II.—THE INFANT.

SHE is a child—a little thing—an infant.

She has a mother and father. Let us suppose, for example, they are married. Let us be moral if we cannot be happy and free. They are married—perhaps—they love one another—who knows?

But she knows nothing of this; she is an infant—a small thing—a trifle!

She is not lovely at first. It is cruel, perhaps—but she is red—and positively ugly. She feels this keenly, and cries. She weeps Ah, my God! how she weeps! Her cries and lamentations now are really distressing.

Tears stream from her in floods. She feels deeply and copiously like M. Alphonse de Lamartine in his *Confessions*.

If you are her mother, Madame, you will fancy worms; you will examine her linen for pins and what not. Ah, hypocrite! you, even *you*, misunderstand her.

Yet she has charming natural impulses. See how she tosses her dimpled arms. She looks longingly at her mother. She has a language of her own. She says "goo goo," and "ga ga."

She demands something—this infant!

She is faint, poor thing. She famishes. She wishes to be restored. Restore her, Mother!

It is the first duty of a mother to restore her child!

III.—THE DOLL.

SHE is hardly able to walk—yet she already totters under the weight of a doll.

It is a charming and elegant affair. It has pink cheeks and purple-black hair. She prefers brunettes, for she has already, with the quick knowledge of a French infant, perceived she is a blonde and that her doll cannot rival her. *Mon Dieu*, how touching. Happy child. She spends hours in preparing its toilette. She begins to show her taste in the exquisite details of its dress. She loves it madly, devotedly. She will prefer it to *bon bons*. She already anticipates the wealth of love she will hereafter pour out on her lover, her mother, her father, and finally perhaps her husband.

This is the time the anxious parent will guide these first outpourings. She will read her extracts from Michelet's *L'Amour*, Rosseau's *Heloise*, and the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

IV.—THE MUD PIE.

SHE was in tears to-day.

She had stolen away from her *bonne* and was with some rustic infants. They had noses in the air, and large, coarse hands and feet.

They had seated themselves around a pool in the road, and were fashioning fantastic shapes in the clayey soil with their hands. Her throat swelled and her eyes sparkled with delight as, for the first time, her soft palms touch the plastic mud. She made a graceful and lovely pie. She stuffed it with stones for almonds and plums. She forgot everything. It was being baked in the solar rays, when Madame came and took her away.

She weeps. It is night, and she is weeping still.

V.—HER FIRST LOVE.

SHE no longer doubts her beauty. She is loved.

She saw him secretly. He is vivacious and sprightly. He is famous. He has already had an affair with Finfin, the *fille de chambre*, and poor Finfin is desolate. He is noble. She knows he is the son of Madame la Baronne Conturiere. She adores him.

She affects not to notice him. Poor little thing! Hippolyte is distracted—annihilated—inconsolable and charming.

She admires his boots, his cravat, his little gloves—his exquisite pantaloons—his coat, his cane.

She offers to run away with him. He is transported, but magnanimous. He is wearied, perhaps. She sees him the next day offering flowers to the daughter of Madame la Comtesse Blanchisseuse.

She is again in tears.

She reads *Paul et Virginie*. She is secretly transported. When she reads how that exemplary young woman laid down her life rather than appear *en dishabille* to her lover, she weeps again. Tasteful and virtuous Bernardine de St. Pierre! —the daughters of France admire you!

All this time her doll is headless in the cabinet. The mud pie is broken on the road.

VI.—THE WIFE.

SHE is tired of loving, and she marries.

Her mother thinks it, on the whole, the best thing. As the day approaches, she is found frequently in tears. Her mother will not permit the affianced one to see her, and he makes several attempts to commit suicide.

But something happens. Perhaps it is winter, and the water is cold. Perhaps there are not enough people present to witness his heroism.

In this way her future husband is spared to her. The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious.

At this time her mother will comfort her. She will offer philosophy. She will tell her she was married herself.

But what is this new and ravishing delight that breaks upon her? The toilette and wedding clothes! She is in a new sphere.

She makes out a list in her own charming writing. Here it is. Let every mother heed it.*

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She is married. On the day after, she meets her old lover, Hippolyte. He is again transported.

VII.—HER OLD AGE.

A Frenchwoman never grows old.

THE END.

*The delicate reader will appreciate the omission of certain articles for which English synonyms are forbidden.

MY FIRST VISIT.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

I WAS fifteen years old, very shy, and rather sentimental. I had been brought up in the strictest seclusion in my father's country parsonage, and all my mother's time and care had been bestowed upon me, her only child.

I need hardly say I had never been from home, and had never even contemplated the horrors of such a possibility. My dismay, therefore, may be better imagined than described, when one morning after breakfast, just as I was running off to my poultry-yard, my mother called me back, saying that she and my father wished to speak to me. I couldn't help feeling guilty, and very conscious of the fact that *Lalla Rookh* was at that moment hidden under my mattress. Was it possible that mamma had seen its circulating library cover peeping out? My heart beat fast, and my face was very red, while I stood to hear what she had to say.

"My dear Clara" (of course my name was Clara, and I wore curls,) "my dear Clara, your father and I have thought it best to accept for you an invitation to spend a day and a night at your godfather's, Sir Thomas Bullyon, at Golding Park. How shall you like it?"

I felt that this was "out of the frying-pan into the fire." I had much rather that they should have found *Lalla Rookh*. I had a horror of strange faces, even when papa and mamma were present to give me the support of their countenance. But the idea of being among strangers, alone, in a great grand house, and for a whole day and night, was insupportable. I wept, and bewailed, and entreated, in what I considered the most moving terms, such as ought to have melted a heart of stone. But in vain! My parents were, for once, inexorable, and I was to go.

I felt it was adding insult to injury when I was forced to assist in the preparations for my visit. The village dressmaker was called in, and set to work at once to make me a white frock, while my dear, unselfish mother began herself to cut up her only silk dress to make me another. I was touched at this, and tried to help with a better grace, but it was dreary work, for every stitch seemed to bring me nearer to my misery.

How well I remember that white frock, and the way it was made! The dressmaker's fundamental rule evidently was that a dress should stick out everywhere. She called it "sitting nicely," I remember. It was anything but nice, as far as my own feelings and appearance were concerned, for I looked and moved like a hog in armor; added to which, it was so tight round the throat that I could not turn my head without turning my whole body. But I bore all this like a heroine, looking upon it as a very minor evil compared with what I was about to undergo.

At last the dreadful day dawned. I was not to go till the afternoon, Lady Bullyon having promised mamma to send the carriage for me, and I was expected to reach the park, only twelve miles distant, in time for dinner. My dear mother spent the whole morning in trying to reason me out of my fears, and impressing upon me the advantage it might be to me in after life, should I secure the friendship of two such rich and influential persons. The idea of the riches and grandeur, however, only frightened me the more, and the sight of the carriage, with its powdered coachman and footman, its coat of arms, and pair of prancing bays, quite overcame me. I couldn't speak, I couldn't even cry, when I said good-by to

mamma. I was the personification of stony, speechless misery. I had a certain conviction that the coachman and footman were laughing at me, as I dare say they were, for in my nervous haste and flurry I had missed my footing on the carriage step, had fallen forward on my face, and muddied my nose, which was now very red with agitation and friction combined.

I could not help enjoying my drive, and for a time forgetting my troubles, in admiration of the lovely scenery through which I was passing. But as I neared my journey's end my fears revived, and by the time we had passed through the great iron gates, and, driving up a beautiful avenue of chestnuts nearly a mile long, stopped at the ponderous door of a large stone built mansion, I was as bad as ever again. The deep tones of the bell resounded through the house, the door instantly opened as if by magic, the steps of the carriage were let down, and I alighted. Such was my humility, and so greatly was I impressed with the magnificence of all I saw, that, if I had had any voice left, I believe I should have apologized to the footman for the trouble I gave him in helping me out. I had a vague idea that perhaps Lady Bullyon would be in the hall to receive and welcome me. You see I had never been in a great house before, and was not up to those fashionable manners which disdain to

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

So she was not there when I entered a fine hall, hung round with old portraits, banners, stags' heads, and other trophies of war and of the chase. "These are his ancestors and their spoils," I thought. "How delightful!" But I learned afterwards that the house belonged to an ancient but impoverished family. They had let it to Sir Thomas, a man without a grandfather, who had got his money by the manufacture of gold lace, and his baronetcy by a lucky casting vote at a ministerial crisis. This by the way. We will now return to my insignificant self, and my various sensations.

As I have said, I entered the hall with faltering steps, and, on looking round I beheld, instead of Lady Bullyon, and besides the footman who had opened the door, a most gentlemanly person, rather portly and rubicund, with silver hair, and in an irreproachable evening dress suit. Behind him stood a lovely cherub-like boy of ten years of age, attired in a suit of dark green velvet, with a profusion of silver ornaments. I immediately decided that the first individual must be Sir Thomas, and wondered why he did not come forward to shake hands with me, instead of standing there with every demonstration of extreme respect. It was not so easy to make up my mind about the little boy, but I knew Sir Thomas had lately been abroad, and I supposed therefore that this must be some young foreign prince, in the costume of his native country, who had returned to England with him on a visit. My astonishment was great, after arriving at all these satisfactory conclusions, to hear the supposed Sir Thomas address the young prince by the name of William, and desire him to call my lady's maid, an order which he immediately and meekly obeyed. The gentleman then turned respectfully to me with "My lady has gone to dress, Miss. The dinner will be served at seven o'clock, and it is now half-past six. Will you be pleased to walk up stairs." It was Sir Thomas' family (?) butler, and the young foreign prince was my lady's pet page! I shuddered as I thought what might have been the consequences of my mistake, and for once I felt thankful for the shyness which had prevented my introducing myself to my supposed host.

I proceeded slowly up the broad oak staircase, wondering much what would happen to me next. At the top I was met by a most elegant young lady, whose elaborate dress and fashionable air made me feel more dowdy and countrified than ever. I was on the look-out for fresh mistakes, however, and did not therefore suppose her to be anything but the lady's maid, as indeed she was. She conducted me to a large room, with a large bed, a large fire, everything, in short, on a gigantic scale except myself and my poor little trunk, which looked decidedly out of keeping in one corner. She then frightened me more than ever by offering her services to assist me in dressing, and as I dared not refuse, she opened my trunk and began to take out the various little newspaper parcels of brushes and combs, shoes, etc., all of which I had, in the absence of mind caused by my grief, packed on the top of the unfortunate white frock. I will not detail the mysteries and miseries of that toilet. Suffice it to say it was nearly over, I was duly arrayed in that wretched frock, and the maid was just tying my sash in an elaborate bow, when suddenly a dreadful sound in the hall below almost made me jump out of my skin. This sound was a sort of whizzing and grinding, accompanied by two or three heavy blows.

"Goodness! what's that?" I exclaimed, frightened out of my shyness, and speaking for the first time. "Something dreadful is happening, some one is being killed!" "It is the gong for dinner, miss," was the calm reply, with ever so slight a smile. "You must make haste down, if you please."

The bare idea of being late for dinner was so awful that, without waiting to blush at this my second blunder, I flew down the stairs. But, alas! I was unaccustomed to the slippery, polished oak. I lost my footing and came tumbling into the hall with a loud crash, just as the drawing-room doors were thrown open and Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon appeared. Could anything have been more unlucky? I jumped up in a moment, before Lady Bullyon, who ran forward, could reach me; and though I was bruised and shaken from head to foot, I strenuously denied being in the least hurt, and refused all the remedies which were kindly pressed on me by my host and hostess, whom I did not dare to look at. What I minded more, far more than the bruises, was that those horrid footmen were all standing by to witness this my second downfall, and I *saw* them laugh this time.

As Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon preceded me into the dining room, I ventured to inspect them, and saw that they put all their finery on their servants' backs, and not on their own. They were both little and shabby-looking: my lady was even shorter than I was, and wore an old black satin dress, instead of the gorgeous attire in which I had pictured her to myself. This comforted and reassured me somewhat, and as I was very hungry I began to hope that dinner might be a less awful business than I had anticipated. But the size of the room, the quantity of plate, and, above all, those magnificent footmen with the gentlemanly butler at their head, undid all the good effects produced by the homeliness of my entertainers' appearance, and I sat down to table with renewed trepidation.

I got through the soup and fish pretty well, though without daring to speak or look up. Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon kindly left me alone and talked to each other till dinner was half over. Then Lady Bullyon turned to me and made some kind inquiries after mamma. Unfortunately I had just at this moment put a very hot piece of potato into my mouth. My contortions in endeavoring to dispose of it with the smallest amount of personal inconvenience, and yet in time to answer Lady Bullyon's question, must have been truly ludicrous, and I had the mortification of seeing all the servants turn away their heads to hide their merriment, while even the heads of the house could not repress a smile. I need hardly say that the question about mamma was never answered, and that I was mute and more than miserable for the rest of that long dinner.

I heard Lady Bullyon whisper to Sir Thomas, as we passed out of the dining-room, "How painfully shy," which remark in no way tended to restore my composure. But she made the kindest efforts when we were in the drawing-room to draw me out, and I was just beginning to feel more at home, when tea-time brought in Sir Thomas, with a request for some music. Now I was extremely fond of playing, and knew I could perform very creditably, but the idea of any other audience than my father and mother was too much. I was too frightened to refuse, and far too frightened to play. I only succeeded in sitting down to the piano, putting my hands before my face, and bursting into tears.

"Poor child!" said Lady Bullyon; "we won't tease her any more;" and, coming up to me, she kindly led me to a distant sofa, gave me a book, and told me to try and fancy myself at home. I couldn't quite do that, but I managed to amuse myself tolerably till bed-time, when, after a kind good-night, I went up to my room, and found, to my horror, that the lady's-maid was witing there to undress me. "Am I never to be let alone?" I thought. But I had to submit to her fingers and her tongue, which latter never stopped, to make up for the silence of mine, I suppose. Among other things she particularly cautioned me not to mistake a rope, that hung beside a closet door, for a bell-pull. I inquired why? "Oh! miss, don't you know?" she said, evidently delighted at the notion that she was about to astonish me by what she had to tell. "Why, miss, the people that lived here before had a raving mad uncle with a great deal of money, and this was his room, miss, where he lived with his keeper. That closet, miss, is a shower-bath, with a great, big cistern over it, big enough to drown you and me; and when he was more than common fractious, his keeper used to lock him in there (you see the key is on the outside) and pull that rope, which let all the water down on his poor old head till he was half dead. One day, when they went to take him out he was *quite* dead, and his family got all the money. Which 'ill-gotten gains never prosper,' as you've doubtless heard, miss; and it didn't do them much good, seeing they haven't a penny now, owing to spending it all, and was obliged to let this house to Sir Thomas, and hide their heads in foreign parts. They do say, miss, that the poor old gentleman may often be seen at night in his shower-bath, beweeping and bewailing the cruelty of those that killed him, which they did for certain. Good night, miss, and I hope you may sleep comfortable."

She had certainly not taken the best means to insure that happy result; but though I was so shy, I was not in the least nervous about those sort of things, and consequently did not trouble myself much about her parting words. I had to turn my whole thoughts and energies to the consideration of an important question, viz., how I was to get into bed! It was piled up so high, that any ordinary means would have been wholly inadequate. The chairs were all so large and heavy (I suppose to prevent the mad old gentleman throwing them at his keeper,) that I found it quite impossible to lift one to the bedside, and help myself up that way. The only plan was to take a run and a jump, and, after many failures, I at length alighted on the top of this mountain of feather beds. There I lay for some time, watching the flickering of the fire on the ceiling, thinking of home, and of my different misadventures since I had left it so short a time ago. The house had become quite quiet every one must have been in bed, when all at once an odd fancy seized me to look into the shower-bath and see what sort of a place it was. I fought against the idea for some time, but, finding it kept me awake, I thought it best to indulge it; and after much hesitation, and not a little laughing at myself for being so inquisitive, I descended carefully from the bed, and advanced on tip-toe towards the mysterious door.

I had already placed my hand on the handle, when I suddenly heard a slight noise within. My heart stood still. I thought for a moment, what if it should be the old madman's ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd an idea, I remained perfectly still, holding my breath to listen. There! I heard it again, a low rustling, such as would be caused by a person breathing heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no longer any doubt that some one was hidden there with an evil design. Quick as thought I turned the key so as to lock the door, and seizing the rope which hung close beside, I pulled it violently, at the same time screaming for help. A gasping, strangled shout came from within the closet, and then no sound was to be heard but my own screams and the steady down-pour of the water from the cistern. Soon footsteps came running from all directions; my door was opened, and a confused troop of servants, with Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But I still clung to the rope as if for my life, screaming, "Don't let him out! Don't let him out! He'll kill you!"

Sir Thomas, in the shortest of night-shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap, with a tassel at the top, stood motionless with astonishment, grasping in one hand a pair of trousers, and in the other an old scabbard without a sword. The servants, too, overcome with terror, did not stir beyond the door; and had not the water in the cistern failed at last, I know not how long we might all have remained in our respective positions. When nothing came of all my tugs at the rope but a few slow, heavy drops, I let go my hold, and gasped out to Sir Thomas, "He's in there; I'm sure of it. But you may open the door now: I don't think he can hurt you." They did open the door, and sure enough, there lay a half-drowned, fustian-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglarious implements, sufficiently showed what he had come for. He was thrust into the strong room as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, which was not for some time, thanks to my exertions with the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and he was left to his own meditations till he could be conveyed in the morning to the nearest magistrate, who would commit him to the county jail I was taken to Lady Bullyon's own bed, where, all my shyness having departed in the excitement of the moment, I answered all her questions, returned her kisses, and then fell into a dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till a late hour on the following morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been already carried off to prison when I at length awoke, but Lady Bullyon told me he had owned to having selected that place of concealment on account of the superstitious horror in which it was held by the servants, as was well known in the village. He had been watching his opportunity some time, and had made himself so well acquainted with the ways of the household and the interior of the house, that while the servants were at supper, and we were in the drawing-room, he quietly walked in at a side door, and went up stairs to the haunted closet. The arrival of so unimportant a person as myself, and the fact of my occupying that room, had not reached his ears, else he might probably have deferred the execution of his project till another night. As it was, he felt so secure of being uninterrupted, that without even locking himself in, he merely shut the door, leaving the key on the outside, and being tired, and the closet, or rather bath, being very roomy, he sat down on the floor to fill up the time by taking a nap. Thus he never heard me come to bed, nor the maid's conversation, nor indeed anything, till down came the water and roused him with a vengeance, only to deprive him of breath and consciousness almost immediately after. We afterwards heard that he was fully committed for trial at the next assizes, where he was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon overwhelmed me with praises and thanks. They did not know how to make enough of me, and I was only afraid their gratitude might take the form of inviting me to stay longer. But I showed such evident uneasiness when they hinted at it, that they kindly let me go at the time agreed upon, not, however without many expressions of friendship, and many wishes that they might some day have an opportunity of doing me an essential service in their turn. I need not tell you of my dear mother's delight at hearing of my exploit. "Who knows what may come of it?" she said; and something substantial did come of it. When Sir Thomas died, some few years afterwards, his will was found to contain a bequest to me of £300 a year, "as a mark of gratitude for the important service she rendered me, and of admiration for her courage and presence of mind." Upon this £300 a year I live, retired and happy. I was too shy to marry, or even ever to be asked to marry, but I am not the less content on that account. Often when sitting alone with my cats and dogs in the winter evenings, and looking round on my many comforts, my memory carries me back to the various accidents and the happy results of My First Visit.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF PARMA.

ONE day I had the honor to dine at the table of King Jerome (Bonaparte) at Quarto, near Florence. Some of the most eminent people of Tuscany were at the table; Prince Corsini, Don Nexi Corsini, his brother, and old Fossombroni; the latter is the same person Napoleon found Minister in Tuscany, and who so astonished him by the grandeur of his ideas. Napoleon said, as he left him, "He is a giant in a closet."

Prince Corsini was the grand-nephew of Pope Corsini—Lorenzo XII. He was an old man of seventy, very fond of dress, and painted his face just as our lorettes do. He was to be met every night in the streets of Florence, after the receptions and assemblies of the evening were ended, dressed in white duck or some light-colored cloth, a small blue coat with gilt buttons, a ribbon around his neck, and an enormous nosegay in his waistcoat. When he met any acquaintance, he drew down his straw hat towards the passer, as if he desired to conceal his face; but he hoped, if the latter met him the next day, he would be guilty of the amiable indiscretion of saying, "Where were you going, past one o'clock last night, with a nosegay in your waistcoat, Prince? Ah! I recognized you!"

The Prince would deny that he was the man, he would shake his head, and play the comedy of the discreet man. It was a curious study.

He was, notwithstanding all this, a man of talents. His brother was Minister of the Grand Duke, and Prince Corsini, as well as the Grand Duke, held the intellectual powers of his brother in the greatest contempt. Whenever the Grand Duke complained to him of the way in which political affairs were managed, the Prince would reply: "It is not astonishing, Highness, when you keep such a jackass as my brother, Don Neri, for your Minister.

So I was dining, as I have said, at King Jerome's table, with all these great dignitaries of the Tuscan Court, when Don Neri—who honored me with particular attention, which was all the more courteous on his part, as he held in his hands the Ministries of the Interior and of War—asked me, from the other end of the table: "Are you going to the Lucca Baths this year, M. Dumas?"

"Yes, I think so, your Excellency."

"If you do, you had better take care of yourself."

"Why so?"

"Because there is on the road between Lucca and the baths the boldest highwayman we have seen in Tuscany this many a year."

"Bah! what is his name?"

"Norcino."

"An admirable brigand's name."

"Would you believe, that rascal carries his impudence so far as to go to mass every Sunday in his village church?"

"Every Sunday?'

"He does n't miss one."

"Why don't you capture him, then?"

"'Tis impossible! The fellow is always armed."

This reply, in the mouth of a Minister of War, rather corroborated the opinion Prince Corsini expressed about his brother.

A short time afterwards we heard that the terrible Norcino was captured by the Duke of Lucca's carabineers. These carabineers formed a singular army at that epoch in Italy. It was composed solely of Corsicans who had killed a man at home, and who had instantly leaped into the great wake made by vessels plying from Bastia to Leghorn, to come to Lucca and enter the Duke's service.

I was well acquainted with the Duke of Lucca. He reigned under the title of Charles II., and was a man of great talents. His subjects would have been the happiest people on earth, if the taxes they paid could have proved sufficient for the expenses of the Duke. Unfortunately, he was a Bourbon of the Spanish race, and sustained the honor of his family by spending twice his revenue. One day I was still in bed, when the servant announced, not his Highness, Duke Charles II., but the Duke of Lucca. I put on slippered pantaloons and a dressing-gown, and ran to my drawing-room. I began to offer excuses.

He stopped me short, saying: "I have come to ask you to do me a favor. You have a right to receive me as you pleas."

I expressed to the Duke the delight it gave me to think I had it in my power to serve him.

"You are going to leave for France to-morrow?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Then be so good as to take this portrait, and have it lithographed."

He gave me a water-color drawing, which represented the features of an old scholar, who was teaching him Sanscrit.

The Duke of Lucca was a man of fickle imagination, who often pursued for a fortnight studies which required whole years of persevering labor. Sanscrit was one of those studies.

I brought the portrait of the Duke's Sanscrit-Master to France with me. I carried it to the only man who could make a lithograph of the drawing, without losing its character—Amaury Duval. This was, I believe, in 1841. Amaury Duval was then at the commencement of his career, and even then he had the reputation of being one of M. Ingres' best pupils. I said to him: "What will you charge me, my dear friend, to make a lithograph of this portrait?"

"If it is for you, nothing. If it is for anybody else, twenty dollars." I drew forty dollars out of my pocket, saying, "My dear fellow, it is for the Duke of Lucca, and he is able to pay twice as much as a plain citizen."

Amaury Duval made a magnificent lithograph. I carried it to the Duke. He was delighted with it, and exclaimed it was altogether too cheap. He, nevertheless, did not offer to repay me. A month afterwards, I received a visit, not from the Duke of Lucca, but from his Minister of Foreign Affairs. He said to me: "M. Dumas, his Highness has charged me with the agreeable commission of announcing to you, he has made you a Grand Cross of the order of St. Louis of Lucca. He sends you the cross and the letters patent. As for the forty dollars, due as fees, he begs you will not think of them."

The Duke of Lucca had not dared to take out of his purse and pay me back in my hand the forty dollars, and he contrived this princely way of paying the debt he owed me.

[M. Dumas, on visiting the Duke, subsequently, met the young Prince, his son, twelve years of age.]

"Robert," said the Duke, "can't you bear witness to M. Dumas I read nothing but his works?"

"O yes, his works—and Paul de Kock's works, father."

"You saucy rogue!" exclaimed the Duke, laughing, and drawing from under his pillow the volume he had concealed. It was Paul de Kock's *Sister Anne*.

I was greatly astonished when I heard that this handsome, sprightly lad proved a tyrant when he became the Duke of Parma. Chance has enabled me to give details about his assassination which very few people have it in their power to give.

The little Duchy of Lucca was a real emerald set in the gold of Italy.

A singular peculiarity of its inhabitants is, that in general the same man does not speak five or six languages, but five or six men together speak each a different language. Half the inhabitants of Lucca are figure-mongers. Those poor creatures we meet in the streets carrying on their heads (which are protected by a pad) a board filled with all the Pagans and Christians who have ever lived are for the most part natives of Lucca.

I said to one of them, "I never see you sell any of your plaster figures; how do you manage to get your living?"

"O, sir, there are the accidents!"

"The accidents! what do you mean?"

"People break a great many of our plaster figures."

Of a truth this is the real profit of these people. People in a hurry jostle the poor figure-monger. Two or three statuettes lose their balance in consequence of the shock and come tumbling to the ground. They are shivered to atoms. The pedler begins to cry. A crowd collects. He is pitied, and murmurs are raised against the author of the mischief. He is in a hurry. He knows the value of time. He throws four or five pieces of silver to the poor pedler and passes on. This is the way they make their living.

These figure-mongers go all over the world—to France, England, Germany, Holland, Hungary, America, Oceanica, and even to China. They return stammering in broken accents the languages of all the countries they have visited. Hence it is that more languages are spoken in the Duchy of Lucca than in any other one place.

If one wishes to exasperate an inhabitant of this duchy, one has but to tell him, that, when Christopher Columbus landed for the first time in America, a native of Lucca was the first person he saw, and he came up to Columbus asking him if he did not want to buy statuettes of Ferdinand and Isabella.

About a quarter of the population of Lucca go to Corsica during harvest-tide. The Corsicans themselves are too lordly to reap. These laborers live on four cents a day, and return after harvest with thirty dollars in their pockets.

Meanwhile, the rest remain at home, and so carefully cultivate their singularly fertile soil, that they are able to raise three crops a year on it.

In going to visit the country house which my friend is repairing two miles from the Lucca Baths, I met a man employed by the day. He told us he had not for the last ten years spent more than four sous a day. He ate nothing but bread, and drank only water. Another man heard him boast of his frugality, and shrugged his shoulders. I questioned the latter. He spent six cents a day, and he had anchovies for dinner, and drank a glass of wine at each meal.

We went to-day to visit a village called Braga. It is situated on the summit of one of the spurs of the Apennines.

Braga was situated in the plain till 1300. When Castruccio Castrocciani—that petty tyrant to whom Machiavelli did the honor of writing his history—re-entered Lucca, and was made leader of the Ghibellines, he waged war on all the Guelph cities. Braga was then obliged to retreat before the conqueror (it was a Guelph city:) it climbed the mountain, and fortified itself on the summit. The church alone remained at the foot of the mountain, and indicates to travellers where old Braga stood.

We were on the theatre of Norcino's exploits. The conversation turned upon him. One of the persons present was the son of a miller, to whom Norcino had done a great service. After two bad harvests, this miller got behindhand in business. His landlord got impatient for his rent, and at last distrained. The rent due was $240. Bills were posted, advertising the sale of all the miller's property. The prayers of the miller, his wife and children, had all been in vain. The landlord was inexorable. He ordered the sale to be made without postponement The following day was appointed for the sale. The evening before the sale, a stranger presented himself at the mill, gave the miller $240, and bade him pay his landlord.

"The miller exclaimed: "But how can I repay you this money?"

The stranger replied, "Never mind that. I will repay myself. Take care to send a messenger to your landlord, to ask him to come and receive the money in person, and give you a receipt for it."

The landlord came, received the money, and gave a receipt in full to the miller. A hundred yards from the mill, Norcino lay in wait for him on his return, and, as he had said, he repaid himself. It is by actions like these that the Italian banditti secure inviolable retreats for themselves, when they are hunted.

The miller's son told us another anecdote of Norcino, which proved the famous bandit did not disdain to mix comedy and tragedy, like modern dramatists. The first time he was made prisoner, Norcino was carried to the Pescia jail. He succeeded in escaping from this prison by cutting a hole in the wall. As soon as the hole was cut, it became very important that he should be able to hide it from all eyes for a whole day. He asked the turnkey to give him a sheet of paper, a pen and an inkstand. The turnkey granted his request. He drew a vessel, about to sail, on the large sheet of paper, wrote under it, *Domani parte*—"It leaves to morrow," and pasted it over his hole. In good truth the vessel went next day, and Norcino with it!

I have spoken of the frugality of the people of Lucca. We had additional evidence of it at Braga. Signor Tulinucci told us that more than half the population lived on chestnuts, gathered from the chestnut-trees with which the mountains are covered. As soon as the chestnuts are gathered, they are dried and ground to flour. Each one secures his stock of bread for the year by picking up chestnuts. Everybody makes his own bread. It is made by mixing up chestnut flour and water, making it into cakes, which are cooked on stones heated in the fire. We ate some of these cakes; they are agreeable to the palate, but must be terribly heavy to the stomach.

As I returned from Braga to the Baths of Lucca, I saw hanging on the flanks of the mountain, from which the medicinal waters flow, the little castle of Lucca, where I went to thank Duke Charles Louis, and where he presented his son Charles III. to me. After the death of Napoleon's widow, Marie Louise, Charles Louis, Duke of Lucca, became Duke of Parma, in conformity with the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna. At the end of two years, either from fatigue or political calculations, he abdicated in favor of his son, Charles III., the same sprightly boy who had denounced to me his father's sympathy for Paul de Kock's literature.

Charles III. (who married the daughter of the Duchess of Berri, and sister of the Count de Chambord) inherited not only his father's sympathy for Paul de Kock's literature, but, moreover, for Paul de Kock's heroines. He was the fondest man of grisettes that ever lived, and the place where he died showed he sometimes sought still less difficult amours.

This dissolute life, which held nothing as sacred, had raised up a great many enemies to the young Duke Charles III. of Parma. One of these enemies was both a political enemy and the brother of a sister injured by the Duke. This was too much! Armed with a sharp dagger, which is on my table as I write these lines, the murderer followed the Duke. The Duke entered a house adjoining a cafe. The murderer hid in the staircase, and lay there awaiting the Duke's departure. When the Duke came down stairs, the murderer told the Duke who he was, that the victim might know beyond doubt whose hand gave him the fatal blow. He then killed him with one stroke of the dagger, which was so well aimed that the Duke did not give a single cry, not one sigh, as he fell a corpse. The murderer then concealed his dagger (which he wished to preserve as a relic,) entered the cafe, ordered a half-cup of coffee, took up a newspaper and began to read.

Ten minutes afterwards screams were heard in the neighboring house. Somebody had discovered the Duke's body. The murderer waited in the cafe; he foresaw what was going to take place, and wished to free himself at once from the suspicions of the police. The cafe was surrounded and everybody in it was arrested and examined. He was arrested and examined with the others. Nobobody suspected the man who so quietly sipped his half-cup of coffee, and read his newspaper so attentively, as being the murderer. He was released.

A few days afterwards he went to the staircase where the murder was committed to get his dagger. He found it. He

then went to London, and from London to the United States. He gave his dagger in London to a friend who did him an act of kindness, and who in dying bequeathed it to one of my friends.

One evening I was sitting in my carriage taking an ice at Imoda gate. A man of sixty years of age got on the steps of my carriage. I looked at him with astonishment.

He said, "Don't you recognize me?"

"No, sir, and I try in vain to recall your face to memory."

"I am ——, I was the Duke of Lucca."

Then he threw himself in my arms, saying, "You know they have assassinated my poor Charles?"

But of his lost duchy he did not say one word.—*Alex. Dumas, in "Le Soleil."*

THE SEA-SERPENT.

"I BELIEVE in the Great Sea-Serpent." Unconsciously, I uttered these words aloud, as I stood one night on the forecastle of an American clipper. We had just escaped from the China Sea, after sixteen days' hammering against head gales, and were gently gliding into the Pacific under a crowd of cotton canvas, which, in the full moonlight, almost pained the eye by its brightness. The deck was crowded with a strange, motley mass of human beings, the prevailing type of humanity being Chinese, for we had about six hundred Celestials on board, rushing to the El Dorado of California.

The sailors were men of all nations, and a vast variety of costume; many of them wore red shirts, thereby relieving the monotonous blue cotton of John Chinaman. I had wandered forward, and, finding myself alone on the forecastle, had been standing there, mayhap, half an hour, enjoying the rare luxury of solitude, and watching the porpoises darting backwards and forwards across our bows, as the noble old ship rose to each long smooth swell, and then made a stately bow towards the blue hillock, as it swept away from her.

It was a mild, peaceful night, and doubly delightful after the pitching and tossing, the jerking and groaning, we had undergone for a fortnight. My thoughts naturally reverted to the mysterious inhabitants of the element on the surface of which we were floating. What wonderful creatures might at that very moment be beneath our keel, perhaps never requiring, possibly unable, to reach the surface! The monsters which are revealed to us by the microscope may have mammoth relatives; the fantastic forms of fossil reptiles may be outdone by living creatures beneath us, and possibly in view of those playful, long-snouted porpoises beside me. Perhaps the sea-serpent; ah, the sea-serpent! Imagination at once mounted on stilts; memory brought before me the various accounts of its appearance—accounts so numerous, so full in detail, attested by so many witnesses, and agreeing in the main so thoroughly with each other, that it seems impossible to discredit them. The objection raised by Professor Owen, that none of its bones have been found, weighs little against the positive evidence of the captain and officers of a British man-of-war, so lately as 1848, that they passed within one hundred yards of a snake which they estimated to show sixty feet of his body above water, and to have probably forty feet more underneath.

That sea-snakes of small size do exist cannot be questioned. A few miles off the coast of Borneo, I have passed many hundreds of them on the surface of the smooth sea, measuring about eighteen inches or two feet in length, and of a dark color, barred with yellow. I recollected what a stampede took place one night on board a ship lying in the Hooghly, opposite Calcutta, when the forecastle was taken charge of by a six-foot snake, which had crawled up the chain cable and through the hawsepipe.

Turning these matters over in my mind as I stood alone in the bows of the ship, the words I have commenced this paper with involuntarily found utterance: "I believe in the Great Sea-Serpent."

"So do I, sir," came back to me like an echo. The voice came from near my feet, and, looking closely at the place, I found an old-salt coiled up on the heel of the cathead, but hidden from me before by the black shadow of the jib. The man was quite a character on board, singular in appearance and manner, rough and surly with strangers, but improving on acquaintance. He was a thorough seaman, and had already proved himself one of the most reliable men on board for any service requiring courage and judgment. Our crew had found nicknames for each other, and I had learned to distinguish Irish Mike, Soldier Harry, and One-eyed Sam. The old sailor beside me was known by the sobriquet of Jake the Whaler. He spoke in such a marked and earnest tone, that it roused my curiosity. "Why do you believe in the great sea-snake; have you ever seen him, Jake?"

"I have, sir," said Jake.

The tone and look of the old man were like those wherewith the Ancient Mariner chilled the blood of the wedding-guest. Not another word passed for several minutes; Jake seemed in a revery, and, for myself, I was wondering whether the old man was mad, for I could not doubt his being thoroughly in earnest. That voice and look could not have been assumed by the best actor that ever wore buskin. After a pause, during which I lighted my pipe and sat down on the anchor-stock, I said: "Come, Jake, tell me all about it; when did it happen, and where."

"I'll never tell it now, sir," said he; "I can't bear to be laughed at, and told that it was all delirium and fever. For two years past, I haven't even heard the name of the sea-serpent; though day and night I think of him, and shall while I live."

"But, Jake," said I, "you need not fear that I shall laugh at anything told in earnest; and of all things in the world I should like a yarn about the sea-serpent."

"Don't call it a yarn, sir," said Jake; 'tis too true and too horrible to be called a yarn."

"Fok'sle there," hailed the mate from the waist of the ship.

"Ay, ay, sir, "answered my companion. "Eight bells."

As the eight measured strokes were given, and the sweet sharp sound filled the air followed by the boatswain's hoarse voice, I felt that all chance of hearing Jake's story for that night was over, and strolled back to the poop, had my nightly glass of grog, and turned in, determined to find an early opportunity of learning the old sailor's secret.

Early next morning, I came on deck, and found a strange and menacing change of weather had taken place. The wind had died away, and the ship pitched uneasily in a heavy, confused swell. A heavy bank of clouds was rising in the south-west, illuminated every few moments by vivid flashes of lightning. The barometer had been gradually falling, and the men were engaged taking in the light sails. Fitful puffs of wind sang through the rigging, and the sails alternately thrashed back on the masts, and then tugged forward, straining to their tackle like chained fiends. The main-course was now reefed, and the topsail brailed up sharp, looking like a row of great bladders, as it blew out from the yard. I glanced to windward, and saw the rapidly advancing bank of cloud was edged with white, where the coming blast ploughed up the sea in its course.

"Send another hand to the wheel, Mr. Blow," shouted the captain.

The words had scarcely left his lips when the gale struck us, and the ship heeled over till the water rushed in at the ports, and everything loose on deck flew into the lee-scuppers. The halliards of the upper topsail yards were let go, but, while the yards were coming down, the foresail tore adrift, split into long streamers, which fluttered out, flapping and cracking like gigantic stockwhips, till they were borne off by the gale. The ship righted and gained way at the same moment, and we flew through the water with the wind on our quarter.

For eleven days and nights the weather never moderated, and we ran before the gale at a terrific rate of speed, crossing the North Pacific in as short time as it had ever been done by a sailing vessel. There was but little chance of hearing Jake's yarn during this time, but I kept the matter in my mind, and when at last the gale ceased, and we were no longer rushing through the screaming foam pursued by great, green mountains with threatening crests, but calmly gliding towards the golden land, I got the old sailor to unburden his mind to me, and shall now try to give an accurate version of his story, though I cannot follow his exact words.

"'Tis eight years, sir," said he, "since I shipped aboard the brig *Mermaid*, bound from Liverpool to the west coast of Africa on a palm-oil voyage. She was a poor craft and we had a bad set on board of her. The skipper spent most of the time he was sober in tormenting the cabin-boy, but, after the poor lad was lost overboard—most of us thought he jumped overboard to escape his tyrant—the captain was seldom off his sofa, where he lay swigging rum and swearing at the steward. The mate had to navigate the brig, and he was such a stupid, thick-headed fellow, that it was little wonder we ran off our course, and made the African coast a little below Cape Blanco, and far to the northward of where we ought to have been. Our water had fallen very short, and the mate coasted along for some miles till we found a small bay, and, after considerable search, discovered a stream from which we could fill our casks. He brought the brig to anchor about a mile from the coast—the breeze was very light, and sea almost calm.

"The next day we were busy getting water, but we made slow work of it, as the small stream was nearly dry. The mate didn't much like stopping where we were, so close to the shore, but he had no choice, for it fell dead calm, and kept so for a whole week. It was on the evening of the third day after anchoring that the captain came on deck and sat down on the break of the poop, smoking his pipe. He was almost sober, and had a quieter way with him than usual, but suddenly he dropped his pipe, and gave two or three wild shrieks, like a frightened woman. The mate ran to him, and asked what was the matter.

"'Look there, look there!' he said, pointing to the water, about a boat's length from the brig.

"I looked at the place, and saw a queer swirl on the surface, and the stain of blood, just as if a whale had been lanced and sounded.

"'There was a big shark there,' says the skipper, his eyes staring, and trembling all over; 'there was a big shark there, lying quiet on the surface, and suddenly a great pair of jaws opened and seemed to swallow him as you might swallow a shrimp.'

"'Only another shark falling out of him, captain,' said the mate; 'I've often seen them bite each other.'

"The skipper called out for rum, and lay down on the deck, shaking as if he had the ague. The mate looked at me, shook his head, and said 'Gone mad at last;' and I certainly thought that liquor had turned the captain's brain. We soon learned what good reason he had for his terror.

"It was not more than an hour afterwards that *he* rose alongside, and with his head as high as our mainyard, looked down on the deck, opening and shutting that horrible mouth the skipper had first seen."

"What rose alongside, Jake?" said I.

"The Sea-Serpent," said Jake, in the solemn, earnest tones he had employed when speaking to me first on the subject.

I had the conviction that the man was in earnest. "Well," said I, "tell me all about it; and first, what length and thickness might he have been?"

"Judging by the length of our brig, sir, I think he must have been good two hundred feet, and he looked more like a monstrous conger-eel than anything else I can think of. His body was as thick as a cart-horse, and his head was flat like an eel's, and a couple of fathoms long. He had great gills, too, like an eel. His eyes were very big and bright; and when he lifted his head, opening and shutting those frightful jaws, as he had a habit of doing every few seconds, he was the most awful sight you can fancy. Some of the men said they saw his teeth, and that he had a double row like a shark, but I can't say that I saw them myself. It was his eyes, sir—his eyes I was always looking at, and always with a fear that I should find them looking right at me. His skin was dark and glossy, like the skin of a whale—I didn't see any hair anywhere about him; and when we afterwards saw him swimming about, he wriggled through the water eel-fashion; and you could see that the dark color of the back got gradually lighter on the sides, and the belly was nearly white. But those matters I noticed afterwards, for at the time I speak of, when he rose alongside, and stared down on our decks, as I've told you, I was sitting on the deck cleaning some brass work, and when I looked up and saw that dreadful head, I just sat where I was, and stared at him with my mouth open, till he sank down gently out of sight.

"My head felt dizzy and my eyes dim for half a minute, and then I heard the captain howling, and saw that he was lying on the deck flat on his face. The mate and myself lifted him up, but he kept shrieking, and wouldn't open his eyes; so we carried him below, and laid him on the sofa. On the cabin table was the captain's case-bottle of rum, and the mate filled himself a full glass, and drank it off; then he filled a glass for me, but his hand shook so that good part of it was spilled. When I went on deck again, I found that the men had shut themselves up in the forecastle, in spite of the heat, and two of them, who had been ill with coast-fever for some days, were now quite out of their senses. Well, sir, that night the steward got so frightened by what he had seen, and by the horrible yells of the skipper, that he went forward amongst the men, taking a small keg of rum with him; and the hands were soon all drunk, and fighting among each other like devils. The mate and myself took it in turns to mind the skipper; and about daylight I was wakened from a short snooze by a sudden quiet coming over the ship, and there was the captain quite dead, his chin fallen, and his eyes wide open. The same afternoon, the two men who had been ill of coast-fever died, and there were three others in their berths raving. Twice that day we saw the great snake—once about a mile from us, and the next time some six miles out to seaward, and we hoped that he had left us altogether; but the next day he rose about two hundred yards form our starboard beam, and moved his head about as he had done at first.

"Eight times in all we saw him, sir; and once the steward, who was wild with drink, got the captain's gun out, and would have fired at him, but the mate took it out of his hands. On the seventh day from the time we came to anchor, the weather suddenly changed, and a heavy tornado came on, and blew us right out to sea. We lost most of our spars, being so short-handed; and as soon as the gale moderated, we hove overboard the captain and four of the hands who had died in that bay, but whom we had been afraid to bury before, lest the snake might take a fancy for human flesh. At last, we reached Sierra Leone, nearly dismasted, and with only three hands on board fit for duty. We got help from another vessel before we could bring the ship to anchor; and after that I could remember nothing, till I found myself recovering from fever in the Sierra Leone hospital, my head shaved, and my limbs as weak as a child's.

"The brig had left the port with a new crew, and the few survivors of her former crew had returned to England in another ship. They laughed at me when I told them about what we had seen and gone through; they told me it was only my dreams when I had brain fever. I wish I could have thought so, sir; for it was all too true—too true."

Again the sharp, sweet sound of the ship's bell, again the hoarse call of the watch, and old Jake the Whaler and I parted company.—*Chambers' Journal.*

ABOUT PIANOFORTES.

"PIANOFORTES, sir! stuff, sir!" said my uncle: "the most abominable things ever invented. Girls do nothing in these days but strum on those confounded pianofortes. When I was a young man they used to be taugbt sewing and cooking; they didn't waste their time over trashy novels, and love songs, and pianos; but now, sir, they're not content with the occupations of sensible women, they must needs make fools of themselves, and ruin the patience and digestion of their fellow-creatures into the bargain. If I attempt to go to sleep after dinner, that pianoforte begins upstairs witb tbe 'Dead March' in *Saul*, or an imitation of the bagpipes; and when I complain, I am told that sleep after dinner is not good for me. In the morning, sir, that is to say when your intended wife is staying in the house, I am awakened by scales before breakfast. If I go to the seaside for peace and quiet, I am driven out of the house by pianos on botb sides; and if I go out to dinner, the men hurry over their wine and get upstairs to the women, who squall and bang the piano for the remainder of the evening. You tell me you are going to be married, sir; I am glad to hear it. You say that Emily plays; I am sorry for it. You say she'll want a new piano for her new house; I've no doubt of it. But if you suppose for one moment I am going to indulge idleness by encouraging the manufacture of those abominable instruments, you're mistaken, sir!" And so saying, my uncle took out his yellow silk bandana, threw it over his face, and leaning in his arm-chair, was soon asleep.

My uncle was the kindest-hearted of men, but this was his peculiar method of expressing himself. Emily certainly wanted a new piano, and we both thought the uncle might give us one; nor was I seriously discouraged at tbe manner in which he took my broad hint to that effect. "*Omnia vincit amor*," said I; and I was not far wrong, as the event proved, for it appeared that Emily knew a trick worth two of mine. I was just rising to leave tbe room, when I heard a soft, well-known step outside; the door gently opened, and Emily herself peeped in.

In another minute we had both passed out of the dining-room window on to tbe lawn. A spreading cedar stood black against the sky, and the first stars seemed to hang like pale gems amongst its branches. After a few turns we came in. My uncle had a curious objection to finding himself alone when he awoke. He liked to believe that he never exceeded his forty winks, and I used to humor him in this harmless fancy by generally appearing innocently in the room about the time he woke up, as though I had never left it. Much to our relief, we found him still asleep. Tbere was an Indian sofa by tbe window. We sat down and continued our conversation in low tones.

"And now talk sensibly," said Emily, settling herself very demurely with her hands before ber. (It was quite clear there was to be no more nonsense.) "You promised to tell me what you had been writing about the pianoforte." And so whatever sentiment there may bave been in the garden was brought to an end; and owning her gentle power to control and regulate my pulses—as far as an instrument owns tbe touch of a cunning artist—I drew one or two loose notes out of my pocket, and collecting my wandering thoughts, began:

"Before tbe Pianoforte came the Harpsichord, and before the Harpsichord came the Spinet, and before the Spinet came the Virginal, and before the Virginal came the Clavichord and Monocbord, before these the Clavicytherium, before that the Citole, before that the Dulcimer and Psaltery, and before these the Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman harps, and lyres innumerable."

"But," said Emily, "you've already got right away from tbe pianoforte."

"Into the remotest ages of antiquity, my love; it's necessary, you know, in treating a subject philosophically; but where would you like me to begin in tbe series?"

"What's the citole?" said Emily; "and what has the lyre and harp got to do with any of them?"

"Ah, I see, I must begin at the beginning. Some of the harps of antiquity were struck witb a quill or 'plectrum'—we know very little about them except that some were round and some square, some with three corners, some with more, some had ten strings, some thirteen; and modifications of these varieties formed tbe staple of stringed instruments in the middle ages. The middle ages tben bad harps of all kinds, and out of the barps grew the psaltery, the dulcimer, and citole. The Psaltery* was a box with metal strings stretched over it; it was plucked with a quill. The Dulcimer† was also a box with strings stretched over it; but it was *struck* with two crooked sticks. The Citole, or 'little chest,' was another box with strings stretched over it; but it was played with the fingers. And now roll all tbese into one, and you get the first glimmering notion or embryo of a piano. A piano has three fundamental ideas—*Percussion* (hammer,) *Vibration on sonorous box* (sounding-board,) and *Finger touch through mechanical action* (keyboard) From the dulcimer, sometimes called *hacbret*, or hack-board, (alas, how many young ladies go back to tbe dark ages and turn their pianos into hack-boards!)—from the dulcimer, I was observing, you get *percussion with a hammer*, and from all three you get *the sonorous box*, or sounding-board; but no one bad yet thought of that crowning glory—that now at length, so perfect and subtle a minister of touch, the *keyboard*. As early as the eleventh century the keyboard was applied to the organ, and some time afterwards an unknown Italian (perhaps Guido—not the painter, my dear) adapted it to stringed instruments, and hence arose the Clavicytherium or Keyed-lyre. For many reasons the Clavicytherium was not extensively popular, and for centuries after we read that at the feasts there was 'Cytolyng and eke harping, y^e lydle dovcemere, y^e psaltery and voices sweet as bell.' But little mention is made of the Clavicytherium, the 'dark horse' which was, after all, to be the winner. The fact is, in those days people progressed by moving one step forwards and two backwards: *e. g.*, the Clavicytherium was fitted with *catgut* strings and *plucked with quills*, called jacks; and so, incredible, as it may seem, the instrument, in gaining a keyboard, actually lost its *metal* strings and the *percussion* touch! The construction of the Clavicytherium was coarse and simple to a fault. I have no doubt that, like our first harmoniums, it was always getting out of order—keys sticking, catgut snapping, and was, altogether, much less manageable and portable than hack-boards and citoles.

"The Clavichord* (1500) was a real advance; it was in most respects like the Clavicytherium, with the restoration of metal strings and the addition of that *sine qua non* of all harmony—the damper. The damper, as every one knows, is a piece of cloth which descends upon the strings after they have been struck, to check the vibration and prevent the sounds running into one another.

"The Clavicymbal differed only from the Clavichord in shape; it bore the same relation to the Clavichord that a small squre piano does to an upright semi-grand.

"With the Clavichord and Clavicymbal we enter civilized regions; instead of having to fall back upon unknown dulcimer players, copied from old manuscripts, and ladies out of stained windows with citoles on their laps, we have tbe solemn figure of old Sebastian Bach, with his neat periwig and silk stockings, thrumming those wonderfully melodious jigs and sarabands on his favorite instrument the clavichord. 'I find it,' he says, 'capable of expressing the most refined thoughts. I do not believe it possible to produce from any harpsichord or pianoforte (*i. e.*, a pianoforte of the Bach period) such a variety in the gradations of tone as upon this instrument, which, I allow, is poor in quality and small in scale, but extremely flexible.' In 1772 Dr. Burney visited C. P. E. Bach, and heard him play. 'M. Bach,' he writes, 'was so obliging as to sit down to his *Silberman clavichord*, on which he played three or four of his choicest compositions In the pathetic and slow movements, whenever he had a long note, he absolutely contrived to produce from his instrument a cry of sorrow or compluint, such as can only be effected on the clavichord, and perhaps by himself.'

"The Virginal and Spinet were still nearer approaches to the pianoforte; they were an improved and more expensive kind of clavichord; they were much in vogue towards the end of tbe sixteenth century, and were found chiefly in the Elizabethan boudoirs of the fine ladies of that stirring and romantic epoch. Here, for instance, is a description of Mary Queen of Scots' virginal. It was made of oak, inlaid with cedar, and richly ornamented with gold; the cover and sides were beautifully painted with figures of birds, flowers and leaves, and the colors are still bright. On the lid is a grand procession of warriors, whom a bevy of fair dames are propitiating by presents of wine and fruit."

"Why was it called a virginal?" here interposed my fair listener.

"Some think virginal refers to Elizabeth, the virgin queen. Dr. Johnson says it was a compliment to young ladies in general, who all liked to strum on the virginal. But another writer, with better judgment, reminds us how in the pleasant twilights of convents and old halls it served to lead sweet voices singing hymns to the Virgin. The very sound of the word *virginal* reminds me of St. Cecilia sitting, as Rapbael bas painted her, in a general atmosphere of music, with angels listening; or else the light must fall through stained glass upon old impanelled wainscots of dark oak, or upon purple velvet cushions and rich tapestry. And there, in some retired nook of an ancient palace, at sunset, my love doth sit, saith Spenser,

'Playing alone, careless, on her heavenlie virginals.'

Or here is another picture drawn from life; it is to be found in the *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil*, 1683, ambassador from Mary Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth: 'After dinner my Lord of Hundsen drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some musick (but he said that be durst now avow it,) where I might hear the Queen (Elizabeth) play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well: but she left off immediately she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with ber hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my Lord Hundsen, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how—excusing my fault of bomelilness as being brought up at the court of France, where such freedom is allowed. Then she sate down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise.'

"Again he writes—'She (Elizabeth) asked me if she (Mary Queen of Scots) played well? I said, 'Reasonably, for a queen.' This reminds us of Handel's reply to his royal patron, who asked him how he liked his playing on the violoncello. 'Vy, sir, your highness plays like a Prince'

"Abont the year 700 the Virginal went out of fasbion, and its place was finally taken by the improved clavichord, called *Spinet*, [from "spina," a thorn—heuce "quill."] and later on harpsichord. In 1760, a first class harpsichord by Racker, the most celebrated maker, cost one hundred guineas. A grand harpsichord looked precisely like a grand piano, only it was provided with two keyboards, one above the other, the top one being to the bottom one very much what the swell keyboard of the organ is to the main keyboard. To every note there were four strings, three in unison, the fourth tuned an octave higher, and there were stops capable of shutting off or coupling any of these together. The *quality* of the sound depended upon the material of which the jack was made—whether, that is, the string was struck with cloth, quill, metal, or buff leather; the *quantity* did not depend, as in the piano, upon the finger touch, but upon the number of strings coupled together by the stops. It now at last occurred to admirers of tbe harp and violin that all refinement of musical expression depended upon touch, and that whereas you could only pluck a string by machinery in one way, you might hit it in a hundred different ways.

"The long-abandoned notion of striking the strings with a hammer was at length revived, and by tbe additiou of this third and last element, the harpsichord emerged into the Pianoforte. The idea occurred to tbree men at the same time, about the beginning of the eighteenth century—Cristofali, an Italian, Marius, a Frenchman, and Schroter, a German: the palm probably rests with the Italian, although, so clumsy were the first attempts, that little success attended them, and good harpsichords on the wrong principle were still preferred to bad pianos on the right one; but the key-note of the new instrument had been struck in more senses than one—the object of centuries was, in fact, accomplisbed—the age of the quill, pig's-bristle, thorn, ivory tongue, etc., was rapidly drawing to its close. A small hammer was made to strike the string, and awake a clear, precise, and delicate tone unheard before, and the 'scratch, with a sound at the end of it,' was about to be consigned, after a long reign, to an eternal oblivion.

"We cannot wonder at the old harpsichord and clavichord lovers, even the greatest of them, not taking kindly at first to the pianoforte; the keys required a greater delicacy of treatment, it became necessary for musicians and amateurs to change their style of playing, and this alone was enough to hand over the new instrument to the rising generation. Silberman showed two of his pianofortes to Sebastian Bach, who praised them as ingenious pieces of mechanism, but complained of their feebleness of tone. Silberman, nothing disconcerted, retired into his workshop, and, after some years of study, during which no expense was spared, he at last produced an instrument which even Bach, wedded as he was to the clavicbord, pronounced to be 'without fault.' From that moment a rapid demand for Silberman's pianos rose throughout Germany; they could not be made fast enough.

"Frederick the Great, who indulged in a variety of the most improbable pursuits, bad several of them about his palace; and having the finest pianos, he was naturally anxious to hear the finest player in the world play upon them. But Sebastian Bach, like other great 'spirits of the vasty deep,' would not always come when called for. At last, one night in the year 1747, as the king took up his flute to perform a *concerto* at a private concert in the palace, a messenger came in with a list of the guests already arrived. With his flute in his hand, the king ran over the names, and turning suddenly to the musicians, in a most excited manner, said: 'Gentlemen, old Bach is come!' The great man had indeed alighted, after his long journey, at his son's house; but by express orders from the king he was hurried to the palace. The concert was suspended; no doubt the courtiers, in little groups, began eagerly discussing tbe new event; and the king's enthusiasm speedily spread through the assembly. Presently the door opens, and 'old Bach,' in his dusty travelling coat, his eyes somewhat dazzled with the sudden glare of light, steps into the midst of this lordly company of powdered wigs and doublets, and diamonded tiaras and sword hilts. His majesty,

*Psaltery, from "psaltendo," singing. †Dulcimer, "dulce melos," sweet sound.

*"Clavi," a key: "chorda," a string.

after a warm and unceremonious greeting, besought the great contrapuntist to improvise to the company; and Bach passed the remainder of the evening, going from room to room, followed by troops of admiring court ladies and musicians, and trying 'forte pianos, made by Silberman.'

"But the man who, more than any other, made the piano and pianoforte music popular in England and all over the Continent, was Muzio Clementi, born at Rome, 1752. At eighteen he composed his Op. II., which forms the basis of all modern pianoforte sonatas, and which Sebastian Bach observed, only the devil and Clementi could play. Clementi was educated in England, by the kindness of Mr. Beckford, and soon rivalled Bach as a popular teacher. In 1780 he went to Paris, and was perfectly astounded at his reception. He was dubbed the greatest player of the age, Mozart perhaps excepted, and soon afterwards left for Vienna, where he became acquainted with Mozart, the reigning star, father Haydn, and old Salieri, who was decidedly going off, and hated the new music, new pianos, and everything new. 'What right, forsooth, had these young upstarts to write music which the old men could not play? And such music, too! Mozart was a charlatan, Beethoven an impostor, and even Schubert, the dear little quire boy, who might have carried on the glorious old Italian traditions, was becoming tainted, and writing music like Mozart!' Poor Salieri! if he could only have heard the seventh Schubert Sympbony and the B minor Sonata, what would have become of him?

"One evening, Mozart and Clementi met in the drawing-room of the Emperor Joseph II.; the Emperor and Empress of Russia were the only others present. The royal trio were longing for a little music; but how could one great master take precedence of the other? At last, Clamenti, the elder of the two, consented to begin, which he did with a long improvization, winding up with a sonata. *'Allons,'* says the Emperor, turning to Mozart, *'d'raut los!'* (now fire away!) and Mozart, after a short prelude, played one of his own sonatas. The royal audience appear to have been delighted, and probably thought the one about as good as the other; but Mozart observed of Clementi, 'He is a good player, and that is all; he has great facility with his right hand, but not an atom of taste or feeling!'—*Argosy.*

A SCENE OF RETRIBUTION.

A PICTURE, representing the sale of a quantity of old furniture, seized for rent, was exhibited, some years back, in the window of a dealer in Lyons, France, and attracted considerable attention. In the foreground was placed a poor woman, holding in her arms a child, and watching, with a sorrowful eye, the progress of the sale. The sweet face of the child stood out in strong contrast to the distressed countenance of the poor mother. Further back were the persouages connected with the sale, represented with great vigor. The following is stated by a Lyons journal to be the history of the scene depicted:

"A few years since, the painter of the picture in question, an eminent artist at Lyons, while passing through the Rue des Terreaux, approached a number of persons who were gathered together, witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor workman. A woman was seated on the pavement, with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told that the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she held in her arms; that she had struggled hard to maintain herself, by working day and night, and submitting to every privation, but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months' rent which was due to him. The artist was much affected by this simple recital, and inquired who was her landlord.

"'There he is,' replied the poor woman, pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale; and he was recognized by the painter as a person who was suspected of having amassed a considerable fortune by usury, so that to make any appeal to his feelings on behalf of the poor woman would be useless.

"The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale.

"It was a miserable daub, which, in the summer, this poor woman had used to hide the hole in the wall through which the pipe of the stove passed during the winter. It was put up at one franc. The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge of the landlord. He went over, examining the picture with great attention, and then called out with a loud voice, 'One hundred francs!' The landlord was astounded at the bid, but conceiving that a picture for which so eminent an artist could offer that sum was worth more than double, boldly offered 200f. 'Five hundred!' said the painter, and the contest between the two bidders became so animated that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at 2,200f.! The purchaser, then addressing the painter, said:

"'In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagerly for the picture, I supposed that it must be valuable. Now, tell me, sir, at what do you estimate its value?'

"'About three francs and a half,' replied the painter, 'but I would not give that for it.'

"'You are surely jesting,' said the landlord, 'for you bid as high as 2,100 francs for it.'

"'That is true,' replied the artist, 'and I will tell you why I did so. You, who are in possession of an income of 25,000f. a year, have seized on the furniture of a poor woman for a debt of 200f. I wished to give you a lesson, and you fell into my trap. Instead of the poor woman being your debtor, she is now your creditor, and I flatter myself you will not compel her to seize your furniture for debt.'

"The artist then politely saluted the astonished landlord, and having announced her good fortune to the poor woman, walked away."

VAGUE PEOPLE.

WITH the Professors and Disciples of the Vague School certain phrases are used as equivalents for long stories and explanations. As in the phrase "All that sort of thing." Thus:

Vague Questioner (much interested)—You saw Whatshername the other day. What did you say to her?

Vague Respondent (who wishes to give his friend a general notion of the importance of the communication without going into lengthy and troublesome details)—Oh! I told her it was almost impossible for Thingummy to manage it; and if she—er—(thinks how he can abbreviate the narrative)—er—thought that—er—I could after all do the—

Vague Questioner (perfectly understanding him so far)—Yes, I see. Well?

Vague Respondent (satisfied that his friend won't understand it a bit better if he talks for half an hour, hesitates as to finishing at once or not)—Yes—and so we—er—talked it over several times ("several times" is artistically thrown in to give the idea that the conversations weren't of much importance as regards the result, and therefore are not worth recounting)—And she said that—er—it wasn't at all the sort of way to—(finds that he's getting into a dialogue form, and simplifies the matter by skilfully bringing in the "vague phrase") and, in fact, all that sort of thing.

Vague Questioner (perfectly satisfied)—Oh! and so there was nothing more done?

Vague Respondent (much relieved by his Vague friend's quick apprehension)—No, nothing.

Two other vague phrases, which obtain among the Vague people: "You know the sort of thing I mean." The first is, "*you* know," used flatteringly; the other, "you know the sort of thing I mean," used *causa troublam suvendi.* e. g.:

Vague Questioner (ready to ask anything about everything for the sake of conversation)—What is a Rantoon? (His friend has been talking of Rantoons.)

Vague Respondent (probably lounging and smoking)—A Rantoon? Oh, don't you know? (Superfluous question: an inartistic method to be avoided.) It's—er—(inspects the ash of his cigar, as if he saw a plan of a Rantoon in it) it's a—er—one of those sort of things like a thingummy with large wheels (his friend smokes savagely)—goes along the road—(says by way of flattering him and avoiding further question,) *You* know. (Friend nods as if he was in possession of several secrets of this sort.) Well—it's only larger—(knocks the ash of his cigar)—and goes quicker—er—and (gets bored with the explanation) you know the sort of thing I mean.

Vague Friend (who being totally uninterested in Rantoons is perfectly satisfied for the second time)—Oh yes, I know.

Now, if at some future time Vague Questioner is asked what a Rantoon is, he will reply somewhat in this form:

Vague Questioner—A Rantoon? Oh yes, I know very well. (As if he'd been living among them all his life.) Whatshisname was talking about it only the other day.

His Friend (not a Vague Disciple, but one really seeking information)—Well, what is it?

Vague Questioner (half laughing, as if there was something so utterly ludicrous associated with a Rantoon as to beggar description)—Oh (little vague laugh) it's a thing that runs along—(Friend thinks he's going to hear of an animal)—you go along, you know, on a sort of a—um—dear me—(in an annoyed tone as if he'd forgotten the name, which, indeed he has)—er—(sees that his friend doesn't understand vagueness, and is anxiously waiting for an answer) you know—what you go on along a road—without a horse (Friend thinks of "legs" and "a railway" no—no—Perambulator—(recollects that that isn't the word, but determines that it must do for the present) and you know the sort of thing. Good bye, old fellow, see you again soon. (Leaves his friend wondering what the deuce a Rantoon is.)

Vague People never know the names of streets. Let a stranger to London meet a Professor of Vagueness by St. St. James' Palace, at the bottom of St. James' street, and ask his way to Hanover Square.

Vague Professor (who has allowed his thoughts to wander as he strolled along, is now utterly unable to collect them in order to meet the demand)—Eh? Hanover Square? (Thinks if he'd been asked for Belgrave Square he could have told him.) Hanover Square. (Considering) Well, you must go up here—(forgets the name of St. James street) and then you know—into whatsitsname street—to the right—rather—and (hopelessly) there you are—(corrects himself and suggests a way out of all difficulties) at least any one will tell you. (Gets rid of him.)

When the stranger has gone, the Vague Person will wonder to himself where the dickens Hanover Square is, and whether the fellow didn't mean Grosvenor Square: he then recalls the fact that he has been to a ball in Willis' Rooms, in Hanover Square; on second thoughts, he says to himself, "Willis' Rooms are in Grosvenor Square, or no, in Thingummy street where St. James' Theatre is;" and then he makes a happy hit by arriving at the conclusion that the Hanover Square Rooms are in Grosvenor Square. Finally, meeting a friend, he asks where the Hanover Sqnare Rooms are, and is told in Hanover Square, whereupon he identifies the spot by remarking, "Oh yes, I know, there's a statue of Old Thingummy in it," and straightway congratulates himself upon his accurate knowledge of London.

Vague people, being generally persons with no occupation, are prone to scandal. They perhaps do less harm than your regular gossip by their ingenious use of blanks and dashes in conversation—*e. g.:*

Vague Person—You've heard of course of—er——?

Vague Friend (who would like to know all about it, but thinks that a show of ignorance will defeat his object.) Oh, you mean about—er——?

Vague Person (quite up to him)—No, no. I mean Whatshisname in the —— There are two of 'em—you must have heard it.

Vague Friend (unwilling to give in)—What, do you mean the case that was in the paper (he hasn't of course the slightest notion of what he's talking about.)

Vague Person (interested)—No, what was that?

Vague Friend (baffled)—Oh! I thought you'd seen it. (They consider whether they shall exchange confidences: slight pause.) Oh, it's nothing. I thought it was the same affair.

So the conversation continues, and ultimately *Vague Friend* learns that there is "some sort of a row between old Whatshisname, you know the fellow, and the chap who—let me see what did he do last year?—however, you know both parties well enough—however, that's the state of the case." *Londou Punch.*

A FUNNY DOG STORY.—When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but as they were going on board the ship, they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs, they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp lookout kept by the intendant, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway, one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums, and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in the drums, which were screwed up again. When regiments embark, no music is played; but on this occasion the colonel determined there should be music. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take the head of the column, and to play a lively tune. The face of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived! The trumpets sounded; the drums were all silent. The colonel got angry, and bawled to know the reason why the drums did not beat. There was but one thing to do, and that was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat, innumerable dogs began to bowl and bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere; and yet, the more the drummers beat, the more the dogs howled. At last a spaniel fell out of a drum, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels, bowling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The intendant ordered the drummers to advance on board one by one, and to roll the drum as he came. If a barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed, and the dog put ashore. Only one dog got on board; this was "Toutou," who kept quiet through all the rolling. It need not be said the Third Zouaves adore "Toutou." He made his entry into the city of Paris at their head, a few days since.

A COTEMPORARY, referring to aspirants for political office being brought out before the public by means of "calls" numerously signed, instead of coming out flat-footed, in the old-fashioned way, says it reminds him of the story of O'Mulligan and his wife. "Biddy," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a bad cowld ye have. A drap of the craythur ud do no haarrum," "Och, hone!" said Biddy, "I've taken the pledge, but ye can mix a drink, Jimmy, and force me to swally it."

BATHOS.—An editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and touchingly adds: "In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation on her tongue and a cup of rhubarb in her hand."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866.

Full volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

COPPERHEAD HUMOR.

THE expression of the Democratic press as a general thing is not cheerful. The wildest Abolitionist, in his most radical moments, turning from the rapt contemplation of an immediate alliance with a negress—which we all know and it is perfectly useless to deny, is his regular mental occupation—never charged this inconsistent weakness upon it. We say inconsistent, because it must be apparent that gentlemen who, from education or natural peculiarity, really believe that the world is going to perdition—who see in progress only destruction and annihilation, cannot consistently be cheerful. With a Freedman's Bureau in active operation, and public offices filled with Republicans, levity becomes simply blasphemous.

Again, if we look more closely into this serious peculiarity, we shall find that the low vice of humor is essentially demoralizing, levelling, and of a Northern and Republican character. The quality of Southern aristocracy—and, indeed, all pure aristocratic conditions—are "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." Gentlemen who have the responsibility of a long line of ancestors on their shoulders have something else to do than to make low jokes for common people to laugh at. People who quote the gloomiest portions of Lord Byron, who have tournaments in the nineteenth century, who talk of chivalry and "ladye fair," should be, and are careful how they admit this pestiferous and disorganizing quality among them. Indeed, it may be broadly stated that a society which recognizes a bowie-thrust as a legitimate reply to banter, and accepts a pistol bullet as the highest form of repartee, offers but slight inducements to the development of playful satire or humor. For this reason, in its literary exhibitions, we are more apt to recognize the snapping whip and elegant heroics of the ring master, than the hearty laughter of the clown. It is true that "Bill Arp" and "Brick Pomeroy" aspire to the somewhat distinguished title of Southern humorists. As we have never had the felicity of perusing any of the former's writings, and as we are informed that appreciation thereof is restricted to certain isothermal lines, we are unable to pass upon their merits. Of "Brick Pomeroy," while there can be no doubt of his masterly genius, there seems to be a difference of opinion regarding the quality of that genius. In speaking lately of General Grant, he says: "Ah, but old dog of Galena, your teeth are gone, and, as the age of miracles has passed away, you are not likely to grow a new set right away. What an aspiration for a man by whose orders the torch swept the fair and beautiful Shenandoah!" Now, this is not humor, but poetry. And poetry, we may be permitted to remark, of a very high and imaginative order. It is the sublime prematurely arrested on its way to become ridiculous.

But, for a perfect blending of poetry and humor we must look nearer home, and the *Daily National*, published at Grass Valley, seems to offer a felicitous combination of these qualities. To relieve the monotony of mere provincial gossip, the editor treats his readers to a series of remarkable essays which, when collected into one volume, will, we think, add a third name to the list of Southern humorists. In its issue of the 24th inst., we have an article entitled "Americans of Chinese Descent," which, as the title might easily suggest, is playfully ironical. That the author has, since its publication, been more than once tapped on the shoulder by feminine parasols and told he was an extremely dangerous person, we can readily imagine. The text is not much—simply the fact that a Chinese agent has been soliciting emigration to labor in the South and West. But in the hands of a skilful humorist what might it not suggest? The *National* man sees already "twelve millions of Chinamen at work on the Pacific Railroad," with an eye on the "fat, fruitful lands of Missouri." By the use of a finely turned figure, he also sees them as a "Chinese Army Worm" eating his patient way around, until, by another equally fine figure, he sticks to the "soil of the West as barnacles to the keel of a ship." But the mere contemplation of this dreadful picture causes the writer for a moment to forget his irony: "Through our licentious and fanatical ideas of equality and freedom, America seems destined to become the reservoir where shall be deposited all the confluent filth, ignorance, bilge-water and degradation of Europe and Asia combined." "Our posterity," he adds, and we think with considerable reason, "will certainly curse us for corrupting and squandering their just inheritance." *How* they will curse us we learn in the next sentence. "A few centuries hence, as in the fable of the frogs and the boys, our children will exclaim, 'It might have been fun for you, but it is h-ll on us." While it is questionable which is the most dreadful to contemplate in the future—the manners of posterity, as plainly shown in the above illustration, or their situation, which is only vaguely hinted at—if the writer means that in this mysterious future all will be changed, and Chinese children will be permitted to throw stones and filth at full grown white Caucasians, we can only tremble at this prospect of even-handed justice.

In the contemplation of this future the editor of the *National* indulges in a fine flow of humor. "Let us," he continues, "send for the Knoloocamba, and the Chempanzee next, and embrace them as brothers too, on the principle of orology, for they look much like niggers, and, may have souls as well, for all we knew." As long as we are not aware who the "Kooloocamba" is, and fail even to recognize the "Chempanzee" under its peculiar orthography, we must refuse to embrace them as brothers, even on the "principles of *orology*" which we have hitherto regarded—wrongly no doubt—as the science of mountains. But this doubtless is a touch of humor, as is also the following:

"Education for a few million years might do wonders for them; let's try the experiment. As for our own species, it matters not. The idea of the day is, not how the nobler beings of creation shall be still farther exalted, but, to what extent the inferior beings of the world can be improved! Noble ambition! Let us die for the nigger, as Christ died for us, and be crushed out by the Chinamen! *Equality* is the shibboleth of the age. Deny it, and damnation quick take thee! Let us be equal, though we sink from empyrean to Styx-like horrors! Let us be equal, though we reek in filth, and exult in shame!"

That this fine climax is worthy of a better definition than that of being simply humorous we shall not attempt to deny. That there is an epithetic force in "damnation quick take thee" is equally clear. But when the writer says "Let us be equal, though we sink from empyrean to Styx-like horrors! Let us be equal, though we reek in filth and exult in shame!" and we perceive that he means "Let us be *unequal*" though the same disgraceful and unpleasant results happen to us—we know that this is irony. And being irony, it is funny. The evidence of humor is at once established.

We think we have shown that the Copperhead humorist is "fearfully and wonderfully made." Laboring under the disadvantage of being the but of civilization, his attempts at retaliation are maliciously conceived and clumsily executed. Like Falstaff he may say: "Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; The brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to vent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Croquet.—The noble game of croquet has at last arrived in San Francisco. A. Roman & Co., booksellers and publishers, No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street—by what system of reasoning we cannot say—have made it a prominent addition to their stock, and given it a kind of literary introduction to San Francisco. From their show-windows the mysteries of balls and mallets are made clear to the promenader. Whether the game will be popular as an outdoor amusement in this breezy metropolis, remains to be seen—though, anticipating that objection, there is a parlor edition. As an evidence of the enthusiasm excited by croquet we give the following extract from one of C. H. Webb's (Champlain, N. Y.) letters to the *Boudoir*:

"What do we do up here, you ask? Well, in the present pleasant weather, in the morning we play—croquet. In the afternoon, we play—croquet. In the evening, we play—croquet. The only hours of the day that croquet is not played are those which lie between twelve o'clock Saturday night and one o'clock Monday morning—for, to guard against any infringement of the fifth commandment, an hour's leeway is always given to the Sabbath. Perhaps you know something about croquet—its mallets, its hoops or arches, the stakes—often reached by a miss—the red rover, the "splitting stroke"—sometimes made by irate young ladies on the skull of an awkward partner—and all the balance of the nomenclature and technicalities of the mysterious game? I have played it constantly—when it didn't rain—since my arrival in the country."

The first volume of the *Memoirs of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico*, is announced by a Leipsic publisher. It is a reproduction of the account of the Emperor's travels, of which a few copies, issued from the imperial printing office of Vienna, had been distributed to members of the imperial family and to a few intimate friends, with a request not to publish any extract. This prohibition must have been removed unless the Leipsic publisher has obtained a copy surreptitiously and is printing it without the consent of the author.

In Paris, recently, the first edition, 5,000 copies, of *La Contagion*, a new comedy by M. Emile Augier, was sold the day it was issued.

(For the Californian.)

TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

A human skull has been found in California, in the pliocene formation. This skull is the remnant not only of the earliest pioneer of this State, but the oldest known human being. * * * * * The skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, two miles from Angel's, in Calaveras county, by a miner named James Matson, who gave it to Mr. Scribner, a merchant, and he gave it to Dr. Jones, who sent it to the State Geological survey. * * * * * The published volume of the State Survey on the Geology of California states that man existed here contemporaneously with the mastodon, but this fossil proves that he was here before the mastodon was known to exist.—*Daily Paper.*

"SPEAK, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of Volcanic tufa!

Older than the beasts, the oldest Pulæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;
Older than the hills, those infinitile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the "cene" was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches—
Tell us thy strange story!

Or has the Professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiacea—

When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

Tell us of thy food—those half marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell and Brachipods *ou naturel*—
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence—
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla
And u lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocine sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras county,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!" Bret.

LITERARY NOTES.

We get from the *Nation, Round Table*, and other valuable exchanges, the following items:

The late James Sheridan Knowles left a posthumous play which is on the eve of publication, under the title of *True Unto Death*. Originally written as an opera, it was recently produced as a drama in two acts at the Strand Theatre, with moderate success.

The King of Saxony has recently printed the third volume of his translations of Dante, *Das Paradies*. The annotations of his Majesty are said to place him in the first rank of Dante scholars.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper is about to publish a *bijou* edition of his *Proverbial Philosophy*, which completes the two hundredth thousand of that work. It is to be dedicated to Mr. Gladstone.

Miss Christina G. Rosetti is about to publish a volume of poems entitled *The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems*. It will be illustrated with two designs by D. G. Rossetti.

Another translation of *Homer* is forthcoming in London. "The first book of Homer, rendered faithfully into the heroic couplet," by Omega.

Hans Christian Andersen has a new volume ready, of which an English translation, by Mrs. Bushby, is announced. Its title is *A Poet's Fancies*.

Mrs. Henry Wood has a new novel in the press entitled *Elster's Folly*.

Mr. Charles Collins, a brother of Mr. Wilkie Collins, is about to publish a new novel, *At the Bar*.

Mr. Edmund Yates is the next novelist whom Mr. Dickens has selected to fill the pages of *All the Year Round*.

Victor Hugo is said to have lost £15,000 by the recent failure of a London bank.

[For the Californian.]

THE PRAYER OF KAHONAH.

A TRADITION OF THE NORTHWEST COAST.

BY HENRY GEORGE.

ALONG, long time ago, ere our people had become few and weak; generations on generations before a pale face had been seen on the land or a fire-canoe on the great water; when the streams were filled with fish and the valleys were alive with game, there lived a mighty chief, whose power and knowledge have never been equalled.

His life had been spent in meditation and the study of the mysteries. He had learned all things that man can learn—no plant hid from him its virtues; with each animal he could talk in its own tongue; he understood what the birds said, and the comings and goings of the fishes of the sea; he knew the signs and seasons of the stars of the night, and read their warnings of things to come.

Though too old to go forth to battle, yet his counsel was better than the strength of all his warriors. Under his wise rule the tribe had increased and flourished. No war party that he sent forth returned without glory; no hunting expedition that he planned came back empty-handed. His people loved and revered him; the farthest tribes owned his power and sought his friendship. From the huts of the little men of the North to the walled cities of the South; along the shores of the salt sea, and far over the great mountains, spread the fame of his wisdom—the little people of the North brought him furs, and the kings of the South sent him gold and rich vestures.

He was an old man; of the gray-haired elders none could remember his boyhood, none had seen his youth. The years of his strength had been spent seeking wisdom in solitude and fasting. When from the silence of the mountains he had come to the lodges of men, the marks of age were already on him; yet since then many moons had gone by, though without bringing him weakness. If not as strong of arm or fleet of foot as the young men, yet the decay of age was not on him and his wisdom grew not less, but more.

But when he knew all that can be known—when his fame had spread far and wide—in a blazing star that stretched across the midnight heavens he read that he must shortly go to the spirit land. And returning to the lodges of his people, from the solitudes of the mountains where none durst follow him, his heart was solemn and his step slow. For he was loth to leave the people whom he loved; to leave his fame and his power; to have men say, "He was wise; he was great—he is dead!" He saw the maiden and her lover; the young men telling of their deeds; the joyous games of the children; the mother singing to her babe—and he yearned for their joy, and was sad to think his days had almost gone by—that that which was not done must forever be undone; that the delights he had missed he could never attain.

So he came to the place of council and called his tribe together. "I am old," said he; "my years are more than those of your oldest; yet my will is not weak nor do I feel the decay of age. But the sign which I know has told me that I must soon pass to the spirit land. With glory have I led you; with wisdom have I guided you; who is there who will take my place?"

But his people, answering not, cast down their faces in sorrow. They knew there was no one, nor could there be, who would guide them as he had done—for he knew all that man can know.

Then an old medicine-man, the oldest and wisest, spoke: "Must it be so? Will not the Master of Life, who has lengthened your days and given you wisdom, be entreated to leave you a little longer with your people?—for there is none who can take your place."

And all kept solemn silence till Kahonah answered: "I know not; such thing hath never been: yet while there is time will I ask the Lord of Life. Who will go with me on the journey I must make—to the end of the world; past the fountain of the North Wind?"

Up sprang the warriors; but the medicine-men sat still: "To the end of the world we will go with thee; be it through water or through fire!"

"Not so," said the old man; "your conrage I know; that for aught mortal ye would not turn back; yet where I go your hearts would fail you and your strength become as weakness. Those who go with me must be wise as well as brave—men skilled in the mysteries, who have been purified by fasts and watchings.

Then said the wise men, solemnly: "We know whither thou goest and through what thou must pass; yet that thou mayest be spared to thy people will we go with thee."

So of the wise men took he seven of the wisest, and at the first of the moon, while the whole tribe kept a solemn fast and prayed with their faces to the ground, he and the seven entered the sacred canoe.

Slowly, with measured strokes, they left the land behind, going northward till over their heads they saw the great white bird; then they sat still and began their mystic chant In the bow sat Kahonah, wrapped in his medicine mantle, and clasped round his head the golden fillet—the golden serpent with eyes of diamond and scales of ruby, which the priests of the South had sent him. In the bow he sat, with his face to the North, and the seven sat in their places; they neither set sail nor paddled, but chanted their mystic chant, and swifter than if urged by sail or paddle glided their canoe

In its strength the fierce north wind swept across the sea, seeking the warmth of the South. On either hand it curled the waves, but left unrippled a smooth way before the singers of the mighty song. Softly the water opened for their prow, silently it closed up behind, and all things living fled away from the mighty song they might not hear—the song of mysteries—the chant of life and death; of the secret of life and the meaning of death—of awful words, potent even in the realms of death. But over them the great white bird that knows the icy sea sea sailed motionless, as if upborne by the mystic song; and in the sky at night blazed the fiery star, pointing to the North, red with the dancing lights.

Many days they sailed along, and behind them, at noon, the sun was lower and lower; many nights they sailed along, and before them the red lights flashed brighter and flashed higher. Swiftly, silently, with no sound save the sound of the mighty song, they sped towards the end of the world. They passed the lands where the little people dwell; they passed great mountains and fields of ice, which silently opened before them; and they entered the silent sea. Around them rose a great white mist—a thick white mist through which the red lights hardly shone.

They had passed the cave which is the fountain of the North Wind; they came to the shore which is the end of the world. Then the seven ceased their chant, and with shut eyes and downcast heads were motionless. And Kahonah, casting off his magic mantle and unclasping from his head the golden serpent, left them by the shore which is the end of the world, and went into the mist. And with his hands above his head, he fell prostrate on the ground, and prayed to the Master of Life.

And through the mist a voice came to Kahonah, though the seven heard it not, for their eyes were closed in a trance: "What seekest thou?"

And prostrate on the ground, Kahonah answered: "I have come to entreat thee to lengthen my days yet a little. Though my years are many, yet the decay of age is not on me. My people need me yet; I have yet much to do ere I can come in peace. Thou knowest that my strength has been spent in fasting and prayer; I have not known the love of woman, nor have I looked into the eyes of my child. The lifetime of man is short; I am yet young in wisdom; leave me, I pray thee, longer with my people!"

Through the mist the voice again spoke: "I know that thou hast sought wisdom, and from thee I have kept the decay of age; much of men's pleasure thou hast not tasted, yet thou hast learned all that man can learn. Art thou willing to again become a child; to grow again as thou hast grown; to gather again thy wisdom?"

But his power and wisdom were sweet to Kahonah, and he answered reverently: "No, O Master, for by fastings and long watchings, through pain and weariness, with toil and denial, have I gained my wisdom. Give me then, I pray thee, time to use it. Grant me the life and strength of my youth, and let me keep my knowledge."

"What thou askest canst not be, nor could it give thee joy;" and as he spoke, the mist lifted for a moment, and beyond the shore which is the end of the world, Kahonah beheld the bright waters of the spirit land, and across the happy sea saw balmy tree-tops tossing in the sweet breeze, while waves of silver fell on sands of gold—"What thou askest canst not be; yet, O man to whom much has been given—though thy time has come, and beyond those waters they wait for thee—for thy instruction and for the instruction of thy people, retain knowledge and life. Youth with wisdom thou canst not have; but my messenger shall not call thee and the weakness of age shall not fall on thee. Return again to thy people, and when the peace which is beyond seems sweeter even than thy power, come of thyself."

And out of the thick mist, into the boat, unto the sleeping seven, came Kahonah; and his face was as the face of the dead, for he had stood on the shore which is the end of the world and had seen the waters no mortal eye before had looked upon.

Swiftly they drifted back from the shore which is the end of the world; past the cave whence comes the North Wind; through the fields and hills of ice; and they came again to the land of their people, who watched for them—for the blazing star had disappeared.

And with joy and gladness, but in silence—with reverent joy and thankfulness, the wise men of the tribe bore the seven to the great medicine lodge. And Kahonah walked before, yet spoke to no one, and his face was as the face of the dead.

After seven days had passed, Kahonah and the seven again came forth and mingled with the people, yet they spoke not of what they had seen, and none durst ask them. And Kahonah ruled as he had ruled before: with greater wisdom he could not; and his fame still spread, and his people continued to flourish. Yet his face was grave and his heart was sad. When he sent forth a war party, he knew it would return in triumph; when he planned a hunting expedition he knew it would come back laden; more he could not learn, for he knew all that man can know—his power, through long use, lost its charm, and there seemed nothing new to him under the sun. His people revered him; his slightest gesture was law; but he was alone—when he came they were silent; when he held his peace, none spoke, for to his knowledge their wisdom was foolishness. The maidens bent their heads and the children hushed their games as he passed by; only the infants smiled on him, for they looked through his eyes and saw the good soul within. And his heart went back to the days of his childhood, for he had beheld the sea whose waters blend the future and the past. And from the lost freshness of his childhood faces looked upon his soul and voices lingered in the air, for his eyes had seen the tree-tops of the happy island, and he had heard the waves of silver falling on sands of gold.

And he sought the spot where his mother had sung him to rest, where his father had stroked his hair, and his sister and his brother had played their plays of glee. The flowers bloomed around him—he knew now their names and uses—but they had lost their charm. The birds sang above—he knew what they said—but their joy found no echo in his heart. The squirrels peeped upon him from the tree—he could now speak to them—but saw them with no shout of glee. The little stream murmured as before—but he had heard the music of the boundless sea—and the little stream sung to him only mournful songs of the time that was gone and the love that he missed.

And his soul was sated with wisdom and power, and he longed for the peace which is beyond the grave, and for the love of those who had loved him in his childhood.

The flowers were happy in the sun; though the winter must come, they knew they would bloom again. The winds sang words of joy, for they trusted to the giver of their life; the old squirrel watched the gambols of his young, nor dreaded to be gathered to his fathers. The brook ran away to the sea, nor feared it would lose its way. All things were content—in Kahonah's heart his wisdom seemed foolishness, and his power was weariness.

And again he called the tribe together, in a solemn council, round the great medicine lodge, and said to them:

"I sought the Master of Life, and entreated him that my days might be lengthened. And for my instruction, and for the instruction of my people, he bade his messenger call me not. Yet now I perceive that my desire was vain, and my wisdom was foolishness. The companions of my youth have long since past away, and my heart longs to join them. Choose, therefore, from among you a chief, for I will again seek the Master of Life and beseech him to recall his gift and let me depart."

And at the new moon, in the twilight, he again set forth, while his people stood in silence on the shore. And, with one foot in the sacred canoe, he turned and blessed them, and said:

"The Master of Life, who is greater than we, is also far wiser than we. He who knows all things knows what is best; where he has set bounds, let none try to pass: but when his messenger comes, go tranquilly and with hope.

And blessing them again, he wrapped himself in his mantle and laid down in the canoe as one who, wearied, peacefully seeks rest, and into the gathering darkness it glided away, till his people, who prayed with tears by the shore, could see it no more.

The English correspondent of the Boston *Post* says: The Dean of Westminster has been telling how sixteen gentlemen were invited to meet the author of *Ecce Homo*, and not one of them went away the wiser. This reminds me of a story I heard lately, though perhaps it is an old one, at the expense of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the "Historicus" of the *Times*, Saturday Reviewer, Q. C., etc, etc. Four gentlemen bet they would bring to dinner at Richmond the most disagreeable man in London. Accordingly a dinner for eight was ordered. But when the time arrived, the persons who appeared were the four gentlemen and—Mr. Vernon Harcourt. With suggestive unanimity, they had all invited him, and he never was the wiser as to the part he played in the banquet. But to return to *Ecce Homo*, the continued excitement about it is conclusive evidence of the undying popularity of theological speculation.

THE nineteenth volume of the *Correspondence of Napoleon the First* has lately appeared.

A NUMBER of Shakspeare's plays have been translated into Hindostanee and published at Bombay.

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH will publish at once his new novel, *The Constable de Bourbon.*

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH is to resign his chair of modern history at Oxford at the close of the present academical year.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper ..$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right..... 05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand..... 02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100..... 05
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons 10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs 25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record..... 50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
The Westminster Review (Radical.)
The North British Review (Free Church.)
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

TERMS FOR 1866.

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Capital Stock, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 499, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
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NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
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To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

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To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say, *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

OCCIDENTAL *INSURANCE COMPANY,*

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J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscilluting motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.

The peculiar construction of this superior machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

W. D. FARRAND

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Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
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TO FARMERS, MINERS, LABORERS

And all those wishing to secure themselves a portion of THE MOST VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL LANDS OF MEXICO,

With an equal interest in the Profits of the Plantations of

THE MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON COMPANY.

HOMES FOR THE POOR AND COMPETENCY FOR ALL.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having reserved from their final Subscription List a *Limited Number of Unassessable Shares*, (the remaining shares of the Company having been taken up by the stockholders,) hereby offer the same for sale at the original subscription price of *Sixteen Dollars* each, payable in cash. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a portion of the Company's lands, having the privilege to settle thereon and participate in all the advantages and profits of the enterprise, and special privileges granted to this Company by an Imperial Decree of Maximilian, dated 9th January, 1866, without being subjected to the conditions of regular Government emigrants, this Company settling upon their own lands, secured by private purchase, and held under indisputable Spanish titles.

Shareholders becoming actual settlers will also have the privilege of any employment upon the Company's plantation. Portions of land will be allotted to settlers, to be held by them until a final division makes it their property.

For the purpose of increasing the value of the Company's land, and to create all the comforts of a home and society, it is the intention of the company to form a regular settlement and to lay out a town adjoining their present plantation into building lots, which will likewise be fairly divided between the 8,000 shares which comprise the total number of the company.

A large number of shareholders will settle upon the company's lands after the rainy season in October next. Many of them may then be employed by the company, or by others able to plant for themselves, or in developing the mineral resources of the adjoining mountains, etc., etc.

Men of all trades and professions, desiring to emigrate to Mexico, will have great advantages as shareholders of this company. They will find the lands already purchased for them at a rate equivalent to a free gift, to be held by each shareholder as his property, protected by the best Spanish titles, and the good will of all political parties now contending for the reins of government; the climate the most salubrious, and the land rich and fertile beyond description; every kind of game abounding; the rivers full of fish and with extensive beds of large oysters; altogether, a country where it is easy to procure a livelihood and the comforts of a home with less labor and less capital than in any other part of the world.

The extensive placer diggings, veins of silver, and solid quartz ledges, which are to be found in the immediate vicinity, and acknowledged to be rich and very extensive, can, by the presence of a number of settlers, be profitably developed. Many of these mines are to be found within the limits of the company's grant. The Sierra Madre or Mother Mountain of Mexico, situated only within about twenty miles from the coast, can be reached and developed with much greater facility than the more remote mines in the interior, and will therefore make the company's lands the most desirable to locate upon.

For Maps and Survey, and further information, apply at the office of the MEXICAN SEA ISLAND COTTON CO., Betge's Book Store, Russ House, Montgomery street, between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock.

☞ All the assessable stock having been taken up by mutual subscription of stockholders, the company will have no more shares to offer after the limited number of *unassessable* shares have been placed, and shall prefer to sell these to actual settlers—a single share of which will be sufficient to entitle them to a large portion of the lands.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED shareholders in the Mexican Sea Island Cotton Company, having investigated and satisfied ourselves of the importance of the enterprise, recommend the same to the public. We are convinced that under the management of the present officers of the company, with their efforts to induce industrious parties to locate upon the land, that the enterprise must become very profitable to all parties interested, and most beneficial to actual settlers.

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W. C. Mead & Son, 224 Sansome street.
M. O'Neil, Proprietor New Branch Hotel, 12 Sutter street.
Winall & Clapp, 505 Market street.
R. A. S. Repiton, M. D., 816 Montgomery street.
Wm. Rudolph, Gunsmith, 216 Pacific street.
G. Burkhardt, Jeweller, No. 209 Pacific street.
E. Keil, East India Tea Co., 631 Washington-st.
P. D. O'Regan, People's Bakery, corner Fourth and Jessie streets.
Wm. Meyer, Provision Dealer, 258 Third street.
John Duff, Painter and Paper Hanger, 642 Cluy street.
A. E. Mylott, Importer and Dealer in Cigars and Tobacco, 305 Battery street
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San Francisco, March 20th, 1866. mar24

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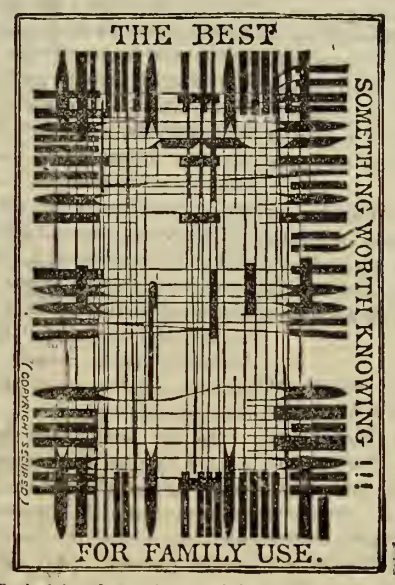
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Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
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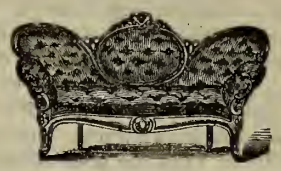
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my THOMAS MOONEY, President

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, *The Female Detective* was played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. The plot of the piece, of course, is that the "Female Detective" discovers any amount of villainy in some wretch of the opposite sex, who has already married one femalc, and who is trying to marry, elope with, or carry off three or four others; all of which is prevented by said female detective. Miss Kate Denin played the "Detective"—in which she assumed a half dozen disguises—with that degree of talent and versatility for which she is accredited. Mrs. Sophie Edwin personated the loving and confidant wife of the villain, to whom she was secretly married, with feeling and fervor. Mrs. Jackson ably played the part of the principal young lady whom the villain wished (for the sake of her property) to inveigle into a marriage with him. Mr. Wilson personated the villain aforesaid, and Mr. McCullough the important part of a male detective, whose simple duty seemed to be to do nothing but get handcuffed by the scoundrels he wished to arrest, to be cast in prison on their accusations, and, by his dullness, set off the remarkably brilliant exploits of the female detective. The piece drew well, which was all that could be asked of it; and served to add to the variety of that dramatic feast which Manager Maguire is weekly serving up at the Opera Housc.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was revived on Thursday night, and will be presented as the featnre for to-day's *matinée*. This evening, the "Dashaways" havc a benefit, and present *Asmodeus*, or, *The Little Devil's Share*, and the farce of *Delicate Ground*. The benefits that the members of this association have rendered to the community will, we trust, be in part receiprocated by their being the recipients of a bumper of a benefit to night—this being the only class of bumpers a grateful public can give them in return for the great good they have done.

On Monday evening, Mr. Richard Younge, a tragedian of reputation, who recently arried here from Australia, will make his first appearance, as "Sir Giles Overreach." Mr. Younge's name is a familiar one to the European theatres, and he was to have supported the late Gustavus Brooke in his Australian engagement.

—

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—*The Bohemian Girl*, brought out last Saturday night, was very smoothly rendered and had quite a successful run of four consecutive nights. Miss Emma Howson, as "Arline," sang the music very creditably and to the general satisfaction of her audiences. If the young prima donna did not fulfil the exacting requirements of some of our more highly-cultivated music lovers, she at least gave them an "Arline" who looked and acted the character better than any who have preceded her. Her younger sister, Miss Clelia Howson, made a very youthful "Gipsy Queen"—which may be set down as its principal fault. Her voice and action have not yet ripened into the fullness required for the part; the lady stands in the half-enviable position of being yet too young to personate effectively not only that, but the characters she is usually cast for. The pleasant-voiced tenor, Mr. Herberte, would certainly render his parts more acceptably if he would throw more animation in both the singing and the acting of them. With the exception of "The Fair Land of Poland," in the last scene, his "Thaddeus" was too tamely given; though his rendering of that song plainly proved him capable of better things if he would only conquer the general apathy which pervades his personations. This song was encored every evening. The spirit and animation shown in it was always a pleasant surprise for the audience. Mr. Frank Howson as the "Count," was good; and Mr. Leach, in his excellent characterization of "Devilshoof," added materially to the success of the opera. The concerted pieces and chorus, were excellently given; and the opera, as a whole, proved a very pleasant and enjoyable entertainment.

The Night Dancers, a light and very pleasant English opera, was given, for the first time in America, on Thursday night. There is so much familiar music in it—especially in the last act—which has been popularized by political and Ethiopian airs, that the audience raised the same objections to it that the countryman did to *Hamlet*, upon seeing it played for the first time—that "it was too full of quotations." When we add that the refrains of "Marching Through Georgia," "The Union Fovever," and "Johnny Comes Marching Home," are all plainly traced in the beautiful airs which the female chorus sing, while appearing as the Wilies, or Night Dancers, the point will be seen. *The Night Dancers* was composed by E. Loder for Madame Albertazzi (sister of Mr. Frank Howson, and aunt of the younger members of the troupe of the same name,) and was produced in London some twenty years ago. So the priority of the opera, like the question between *Hamlet* and the quotations, is easily settled.

Neither Miss Emma nor Miss Clelia Howson have appeared in any parts which they sustain so charmingly, both as to singing and action, as those of this opera. The female chorus came out quite brilliantly in the last act, and gave undeniable evidence of musical aud vocal attainment. We are sure that *The Night Dancers* will prove a popular opera, and will draw well as soon as its merits become known to the public. It will be repeated to-night.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The Italian Opera season, at the Metropolitan Theatre, has completed its second week in a manner equally gratifying to the manager and satisfactory to the musical public, especially to the subscribers, who have had a greater variety of entertainment than many of them probably expected. *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Norma*, have occupied the five regular nights. *Norma* having also been given on Saturday—an off-night—prior to its regular introduction to the subscribers last evening. Five operas more thoroughly familiar to the public could hardly have been selected; nor could the artists have encountered a severer test than the keen and undivided attention thus relieved from any consideration of the music itself, and devoted entirely to the manner of its performance. From such a test, however, and in spite of crowding recollections of Morelli, Adelaide Phillips, and other favorites, the present company may be said to have risen not only without defeat, but with a reasonable measure of triumph—perhaps enough to warrant us in anticipating for it a more thoroughly successful season, musically and financially, than has fallen to the lot of any company ever collected here. Meantime, there are two or three weak places which demand notice and improvement. The female chorus, though increased in number, lack confidence, or voice, or both; there is room for some energetic training here. The orchestra has not strings enough to balance the wind instruments—a common fault all over the United States, and especially in California, but more than usually noticeable this season: we hope the manager will be able to give us one or two more first violins, and that Mr. Herold will induce the gentlemen on his right to play more softly than they sometimes do. The increased volume of wind, however, arises partly from the fact that the bassoon, an important instrument, is now in the hands of a competent artist—a new face to us—and is played as we do not remember to have heard it here for many years; the exquisite little obligato which commences the tomb scene in *Ernani* was so well given as to receive a hearty round of applause. There are several other performers in the orchestra who are fully competent to their work, but it is chiefly (and we suppose unavoidably) composed of those who have not that perfect familiarity with the music of opera, and the style of accompanying recitative, which is almost more necessary than mechanical correctness.

The new artists have strengthened the favorable opinion created by their first appearance, and it is difficult to say which has proved the more successful. Signor Milleri has the advantage of being undoubtedly the best *basso profundo* who ever visited this coast, while Signor Mancusi has to struggle against the inevitable comparison with Morelli, whom we all delighted to honor, and whose imperial presence, powerful and sonorous voice, and unrivalled knowledge of stage business, are fresh in our memory. Mancusi has played "Don Carlos" in *Ernani*, the "Count de Luna" in *Trovatore*, and "Giorgio Germont" in *Traviata*—the last named character being generally, we think, considered his finest impersonation so far. Milleri, as "Silva," in *Ernani*, "Ferrando" (a minor part, kindly assumed by him) in *Trovatore*, "Duke Alfonso" in *Lucrezia*, and "Oroveso" in *Norma*, has appeared to great advantage. *Lucrezia*, on Wednesday evening, was marked by the debut of Miss Jenny Landesmann, a young contralto, already favorably known as a concert singer. Her impersonation of "Maffio Orsini" showed great confidence and presence of mind on the stage, a dramatic talent and training quite remarkable in a *debutante*, and considerable skill in the use of a promising voice: her rendering of the famous "Brindisi" was by no means equal to her singing of some other passages, but was enthusiastically applauded. Signorina Brambilla, the prima donna of the season, is singing her best, and Signor Bianchi appears to be in remarkably fine voice; Messrs. Schraubstadter, Roncovieri and others, deserve creditable mention for their careful rendering of minor characters.

Lucia di Lammermoor will be produced this evening as a non-subscription performance. On Monday, the sixth regular night of the season, *Attila* will be given, for the first time in ten years.

AT last, after a labor of sixteen years, Mr. S. Austin Allibone has completed his *magnum opus*, the greatest bibliographical undertaking of this country. In a letter to a friend, dated May 30, he says: "The dictionary of authors which I projected in 1850, and commenced preparing for the press Aug. 1, 1853, was completed last night at twenty-seven minutes after eight." Those who have used Mr. Allibone's first volume, and have become acquainted with its excellences, will be eager for this second and concluding part, which will soon be published by Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The book contains the sum and essence of all bibliography. It is a ready guide to the writings of all the world's authors.

The mausolcum to the memory of Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, is partially finished. It is 160 feet in height, and is to be surmounted by a statue of the prince, upon which Marochetti is now engaged. The work has been going on for two years, and will occnpy two more.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.

FASHION, this season, is pleased to be very gay and very peculiar. Odd little bonnets of the quaintest designs form the apex to objects constructed on no architectural model save that of the Pyramids, the base being exceedingly wide and broad, and differing from those ancient Egyptian specimens of art only in the modeling of waist and the projection of arms.

Take the whole effect, however, and, save where there is unnecessary exaggeration, it is not bad. The contrast of color is pleasant without being too glaring. Harmony is insisted upon; and though there are many novelties, and great variety in style, material, and trimming, good taste suggests the impropriety of mixing or overloading with ornament any article of costume, and finds much more elegance in quiet simplicity than in vulgar display.

Embroidery has been revived to an extent which renders it a most important element in ornamenting dresses, suits, skirts, and articles of clothing of all kinds. Scarcely an article of dress comprised in ladies and children's wardrobes but is indebted to this method of producing a highly decorative effect. The fashionable impetus has undoubtedly been given by the beautiful embroidery executed by the GROVER & BAKER Machine, by the *furore* which it has excited abroad, and the admiration and patronage which it has received in the highest circles. Not only dresses, cloaks, suits, Balmoral skirts, and the more important articles of clothing are now ornamented with machine embroidery, but parasols (which are afterward dotted, or filled up with beads,) slippers, both kid and satin, and gaiter boots, both for walking and visiting wear.

This fashionable rage renders the possession of a GROVER & BAKER Machine indispensable to dress-makers, and most desirable to families where the mother executes most of the sewing, and wishes to dress herself and children handsomely, and, at the same time, economically.

Morning dresses are made of cambric, or *pique*. If of the latter, they are either gored, or made into a skirt and short jacket, which is worn with a white tucked chemisette. The gored dresses are beautifully embroidered down the seams in a narrow and very simple pattern, and sometimes scolloped out round the bottom; the jackets are also embroidered, and the skirts, either in an apron pattern, as a border, or in small pyramids upon the skirt.

Striped cambrics are very often trimmed with fril's of the material; but plain cambric dresses are extremely pretty trimmed with bands of cumbric of a contrasting color, stitched on with the machine.

We hardly know whether this is the proper place to discuss such matters, but we may just mention, for the benefit of housekeepers, that the newest and most stylish library-table and piano covers are made of plain light brown, or neutral, shades of cloth, stitched upon the edge, and ornamented in the centre with beautiful designs in embroidery machine stitching.

VARIOUS.

MRS. KEBLE, widow of the poet, died recently at Brookside Bournemouth, England, in the same house where her husband died. On the removal of her husband's body to Hursley, she begged that his grave might be kept open for her—she should not be long apart from him. Her words were singularly verified: she survived him but sixty-six days.

The following advertisement appeared in a New York country paper recently, says the *Boston Post:*

"Manure—Wanted, stable manure. Any person having from five to fifty loads to dispose of will please send word or drop it through the post office."

Not in a New York paper, but in a New Haven paper, by the gentleman recently elected Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut.—"*Fact*," *in a New York Paper.*

A widower with seven children recently married in Western New York a widow with five. Each had concealed from the other the fact of the offspring, and the discovery made a pleasant episode.

Illinois is bigger than New England and New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland besides, the latter States having altogether an area of 54,836 square miles, while Illinois has 55,405.

A stuffed eel-skin, with a hook at the end, is the tempting bait that lures the blue fish to his ruin.

A dish of over-done meat recently called out the fire department of Providence.

At Springfield, Mass., a lady sent the following volunteer toast: "Spruce old bachelors, the evergreens of society."

The marriage of Princess Mary of Cambridge and Prince Treck took place on the 12th ult.

Artemus Ward was offered $20,000 and his travelling expenses for a six months' lecturing tour in England.

All the doctors of the Stute were in Portland, Maine, one day lately, and Portland survived.

Peaches are $1 00 a-piece in New York.

ONE of the most brilliant women, among the fashionable throng at the Springs, declared in confidence to a friend that she ascribed the beautiful clearness and richness of her complexion to the use of Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere two bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person, holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend, JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

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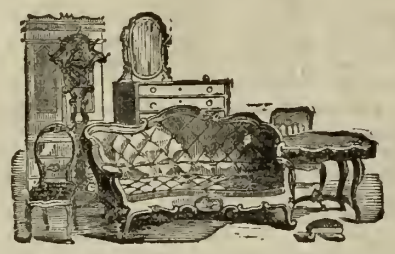
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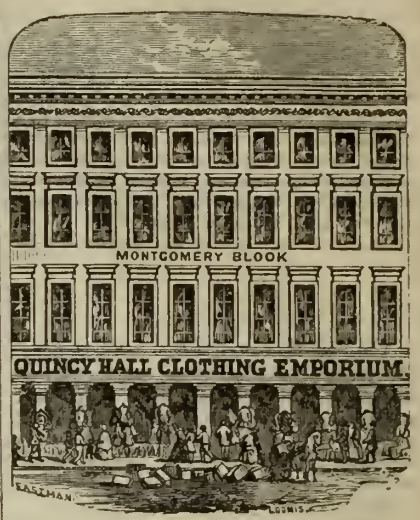
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HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!

Secret of Beauty!

USE GEO. W. LAIRD'S

BLOOM OF YOUTH,
OR
LIQUID PEARL!

See that the name,
GEO. W. LAIRD,
is stamped
ON THE BOTTLE.
No other is Genuine.

The best article in the world for Preserving and Beautifying the Complexion and Skin.

This magnificent Toilet Article is prepared only by GEO. W. LAIRD, 74 Fulton street, New York, formerly 483 Broadway.
Sold by Druggists everywhere.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay
ap27-3m San Francisco

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
MARY SMITH, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one-half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street.
je30-3m

HEUSTON,
HASTINGS
& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

je17-3m

A CARD.

M. Howard's Hair Restorative,
NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract.

The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the public, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,

HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION,

we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial. Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.

San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer, R. A. Redman,
W. S Davis, J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall, G. W. Gamble,
A. C. Knox, J. W. Miller,
Bradbury Sanborn, E. C. McComb,
George Wells, D. C. Ross,
Joseph Wells, jy7

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

THIS AFTERNOON.....JULY 28.

Miss Kate Denin,

SUPPORTED BY THE OPERA HOUSE COMPANY,

will appear in John Brougham's comedy,

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

THIS EVENING.....JULY 28,

Benefit of The Dashaways,

On which occasion, the comedy of

ASMODEUS!

And the Farce of

DELICATE GROUND,

will be performed.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - - 25

GUARDIAN'S SALE

OF

REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1866, in the matter of the estates and guardianship of Violet Blair, Jesup Blair and Lucy J. Blair, minors, the undersigned, the guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Monday, the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., at the office of the undersigned, in Rooms Nos. 4 and 5, Barron's Building, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city und county of San Fraucisco, where offers or bids will be received, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Violet Blair, Jesup Blair, and Lucy J. Blair, minors, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the said city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

1. The lot on the northerly side of Bryant street, commencing 100 varas westerly from Fourth street, running thence westerly or southwesterly along Bryant street, 100 varas front by a uniform depth, northerly or northwesterly, of 100 varas, being the lot knowu on the official map of the city of the San Francisco as 100-vara Lot No. 179. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot.

2. The lot on the southwesterly corner of Main and Folsom streets, fifty varas sqnare. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

3. The lot on the southerly side of Filbert street, fifty varas square, commencing 50 varas westerly from Powell street, ruuning thence westerly, 50 varas front by a uniform depth southerly of 50 varas, being the lot known ou the official map of the city of San Francisco as 50-vara Lot No. 431. The interest of said minors thereiu is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

4. The lot on the southeast corner of Dupont and Broadway streets, being sixty feet front on Dupont street by a uniform depth easterly on Broadway of fifty feet. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided oue-half of said lot—subject to lease.

5. Lot on southeast corner of Powell and Greenwich streets, being 137½ feet front on Greenwich street by a uniform depth southerly on Powell street of 206 feet and 3 inches. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided oue-half of said lot—subject to lease.

6. The lot on the northerly side of Silver street, commencing 75 feet easterly from Third street, thence northerly parallel to Third street 70 feet, thence easterly parallel to Silver street 150 feet, thence southerly parallel to Third street 70 feet, hence westerly along Silver street 150 feet to the point of beginniug, being part of the 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth—subject to contract for lease and improvements.

7. The lot next adjoining the above, fifty feet front on Silver street by a uniform depth northerly of 70 feet, being part of 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth.

8. The lot on the southerly side of Silver street, commencing 100 feet easterly from Third street, thence easterly along Silver street 175 feet, thence southerly parallel to Third street 155 feet to Bryant street, thence westerly along the northerly side of Bryant street 175 feet, thence northerly 155 feet to place of beginning, being part of 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors thereiu is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth. The same can be sold in subdivisions.

9. Lot on the southeast corner of Sansome and Broadway streets, being fifty feet square. The interest of said minors thereiu is claimed to be an undivided one-eighth—subject to lease,

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash, in gold coin of the United States: ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deed to be made (including United States revenne stamps) at purchaser's expense. R. C. ROGERS,
Guardian, etc.

San Francisco, July 28, 1866.

NOTICE.—The remaining undivided interests in said lots, except Parcel No. 9, will be sold at same time.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

Bianchi's Grand Italian *Opera Troupe.*

NON-SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT,

SATURDAY EVENING - - JULY 28

Will be presented the Opera,

Lucia di Lammermoor,

With

BRAMBILLA, MORLEY, MANCUSI,

AND MILLERI,

in the principal rolos.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 30,

First Night of Verdi's grand tragic opera, of

ATTILA.

Attila, King of the Hnns.....Sr. S. Milleri
Ezio, a Roman General.....Sr. Muncusi
Odahella.....Signorina Elvira Brambilla
Foresto, a cavalier.....Signor Eugénio Bianchi
Uldino, a young slave of Attila..Mr Schraubstadter
Leone.....Mons Roncouvieri

Grand Chorus of Druids, Warriors, etc.

CONDUCTOR.....MR. RUDOLPH HEROLD

Scenery by Mr. Rogers. Costumes by Mr Taylor.

Regular Subscription Nights, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, commeucing Monday, July 23d

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle, Orchestra and Parquette.....$1 00
Reserved seats, 50 cents extra.
Gallery.....50

☞ The Box Office is open from 9 A. M. for the seeuring of reserved seats for season tickets.

AYER'S PILLS.



ARE YOU SICK, FEEBLE and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged nnd your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoins are oi teo the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. At once TAKE AYER'S PILLS, and cleanse out the disordered humors, purify the blood, and let the [illegible] move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewbere in the body, and deranges its natural fuuctions. Tbese, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surroundiug organs, producing general aggrsvation, suffering and derangement. While in this conditiou,

TAKE AYER'S PILLS,

and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and deraugements of the natural functioos of the body they are rapidly and many of them surely cured by the same means. None who know the virtue of these Pills will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure, such as Headache, Foul Stomach, Dysentery, Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Derangement of the Liver, Costiveness, Constipation, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Worms and Suppression, when taken in large doses.

They are Sugar-Coated, so that the most sensitive can take them easily, and they are surely the best purgative medicine yet discovered.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
jy26-2m and all Dealers.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that, in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco made on the 2d day of April, 1866, in the matter of the Estates of Herman R Haste and Julia Haste, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors, Hermao R. Haste and Julia Haste, of, in and to all the one undivided one-half part of all that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Merchant street, 23 feet easterly from the north east corner of Merchant street and Dunbar's Alley; thence running easterly along said line of Merchant street 20 feet 2 1 2 inches; thence at a right angle northerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle westerly 20 feet 2 1 2 inches, and thence at a right angle southerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Offers or bids for said property will be received at the office of D. P Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, from this date till Saturday, the 18th day of August, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned,

CHRISTIAN KIRK,
Guardian of Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, minors.
(jy28-td)

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, - - Sole Proprietor and Manager.
CHARLES TIBBETTS, - - - - - - Stage Manager.
J. B. MARSHALL, - - - - - - - - Treasurer.

SATURDAY EVENING.....JULY 28,

The Howson English and

ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE,

Loder's Opera of

The Night Dancers.

Gisello.....Miss Emma Howson
Mary.....Miss Clelia Howson
Myrtha.....Mlle Acosta
Albert.....Mr. Henri Herberte
Fridolin.....Mr. Frank Howson
Godfrey.....Mr. John Howson
Duke.....Mr. Wunderlich
Bertha.....Mrs. Hall
Gretchen.....Miss Cameron

Conductor.....Mr. F. A. Howson

Enlarged Chorus and Orchestra. New Scenery painted by Mr. A. Torning.

☞ Box Office now open. Seats may be secured for the week. Books of the Opera for sale at the Box Office.

Dress Circle and Orchestra.....$1 00
Reserved Seats.....50 cents extra
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
Private Boxes.....$10 and $5

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
jy19 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

Pacific Business College,

751 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

An Institution designed to prepare Young and Middle aged men for an active and successful BUSINESS LIFE.

This is the largest, most complete, and thorough Institution of the kind on the coast, and

THE ONLY

Commercial College which is conducted on Actual Business Principles. Its great system of Business Training is endorsed by the Most Eminent Financiers and Business Men of the Nation.

REGULAR BANKS AND BUSINESS OFFICES have been introduced, by which we are enabled to fit our Students in the best possible manner, and shortest possible time, for active Business Life.

Those in pursuit of a

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

should examine the merits of this College. Send for the *COLLEGE REVIEW*, giving full particulars of the College, besides containing other important and interesting matter. Sent free to all desiring it.

Further particulars can be had by calling at the College, or addressing M. K. LAUDENSLAGER, Presideot
fc17 Business College, San Francisco.

THE PACIFIC *INSURANCE COMPANY,*

HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. my5-3m

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AUCTIONEERS.
Olney & Co., removed to 418 Montgomery street.

BUSINESS AND PROPERTY AGENCY.
S. P. Whitman, 313 Montgomery st.

BATHS.
Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell. Pioe and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
I. M. Weutworth & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine st.

COLLECTOR.
B. Pulverman, 614 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COPPER CRUSHER AND SAMPLER.
S. W. Howland, 24 California street, (at Thomas' Mill.)

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J. J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 606 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. C. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
W S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 11. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 4, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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Balzac.
A Home Trait and a Home Want.
The Races Racily Reported.
Licensed Thieves.
What Woman Can Do.
At the National Portrait Exhibition

POETRY:

Watching the Flocks.—By Emile Lawson.

[For the Californian.]

WATCHING THE FLOCKS.

THE gentle shepherd-boy,
Who dreams away his life among the hills,
Finds there the purest joy—
Poesy in leaves, and soft songs in the rills.

He calls his sportive lambs
The laughter of the hills; he thinks the breeze
Stirring the fragrant calms,
Dead shepherds—talking to him through the trees.

He hears the rock—half-hid
By throbbing mosses—call in whispers sweet,
"Come to me, wee'st kid!
Come tiniest lamb! I will not bruise thy feet."

When Summer suns are bright,
He prays: "Dear Lord, who giv'st the golden flood!"—
When clouded from his sight:
"Dear Christ, thy soft rains give the flocks their food."

When in the starlit fold
The sleeping lambs bleat softly in their dreams—
Dreams of the flowery wold—
Of gambols by the marge of twinkling streams.

With simple tenderness,
He plucks a mountain-rose and hies to seek
A little shepherdess
With oleander blossoms on her cheek.

EMILIE LAWSON.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

MUNCHAUSEN.—Every reader of *Blackwood* will feel a regret that the soul-stirring adventures of a Confederate officer, which have lent such a vivid interest to its pages, close with the present number. It can be easily imagined that a gentleman who makes nothing of dashing across a wide river and capturing an entire company of Federals, as a slight outside episode of an engagement, does not finally quit the field of his exploits without a struggle. Our hero was wounded—not like an ordinary Yankee—but in a manner and under circumstances worthy of a high-toned Confederate ally. With his arm shattered and the blood "spouting from a large wound in his neck," "the hateful thought" of becoming a prisoner of the vile Yankee, inspired him with such superhuman courage that he mounted his horse and rode some miles away. The driver of an ambulance, who afterward persisted in running away with him, was obliged to stop by a cocked pistol in the hands of this wounded hero. With a ball through his windpipe, a hole in his right lung, and a perforated left arm, he lies in bed with an unshattered sword and revolver, ready to shoot down the first of the enemy's troopers who should enter. In this physically maimed but spiritually-unconquered condition, he passes out of the pages of *Blackwood*, and it may be some satisfaction to the trembling American reader to know that he eventually takes up his abode on English soil. *Apropos*, we regret to hear that Belle Boyd Hardinge, who also excited the sympathies of our English brethren, has not been favorably received on the boards of an English stage, however successful she has been as an actress during the rebellion.

WAR MAP.—A. Gensoul, of the Pacific Map Depot, 511 Montgomery street, has just published a very useful map of reference, embracing the territory of the seat of war in Europe, with the boundaries of Prussia, Austria, Italy, etc., and the locality of all their principal cities and towns clearly defined. It appears to be very carefully and correctly compiled.

NEW OPERAS.—We have received from M. Gray, No. 613 Clay street, the librettos of the following operas: Halevy's *La Juive*, Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*, and *Crispino e la Comare* by the brothers Ricci. Interspersed with the English and Italian words are the melodies of several arias, choruses, etc.

EPIDEMIC CHOLERA: A treatise on the modes of treatment of this disease, their respective results, and directions for prevention; and what to do in cases of sudden emergency, by John F. Geary, M. D., has been laid on our table. H. H. Bancroft & Co. are the publishers.

[For the Californian.]

PODGERINGS BY THE WAY.

No. 2.

IT is astonishing how much encouragement one gets from his friends, when he sets out to write something for their express edification and amusement. An unappreciative and matter-of-fact friend of mine, after perusing THE CALIFORNIAN of last week without ever changing countenance, going through gay and grave without the slightest expression or contraction of a muscle, threw down the paper with a yawn, and remarked, "Great Heavens! you have used up a whole page of three columns, and only got as far as Benicia. When are you coming home?" Now, that sort of a chap should travel only on express trains. He would take a first class passage on the telegraph wire or a streak of lightning if he could. He would have me go over the mountains—go fishing, as I did—make a visit at Virginia City, and home—all in one chapter. It is a great consolation to reflect that I am not the first individual that has was written a whole chapter without getting a great way on his subject. I wish to announce that *I* am not in a hurry, if my friend is, and am not going to increase my speed to please him. I am like the San José cars, which could make the trip in two hours if they pleased, as everybody knows; but, as they don't please, three hours is the consequence. What a man might do is seldom what he does do. It wears out the best machinery to force it up to its full powers all the time—and it isn't economy.

I left my readers and Benicia simultaneously at the end of my last chapter. The steward, commiserating the gaunt and hungry appearance of the half-dozen passengers that came aboard at that attenuated city, forthwith sounded the tocsin for dinner to those who had not dined, and supper to those who had. The additions to our number, rescued from further suffering at Benicia, looked as if they had been cast away there a couple of days previous; and, being so unfortunate as to have a seat near them, I had indisputable evidence of their exhausted state. The consequence was, the California Steam Navigation Company made a net profit out of me of at least seventy-five cents, and must have been a dollar and a half a piece out of pocket on the acquisitions. They ate everything within their reach, beginning on what was nearest—which happened to be sauce for the pudding. The gentleman next me was not at all particular in what shape it came. He took everything suggested by the waiter, and when halfway down the bill, accommodatingly accepted a plate of soup that I had ordered early in the action, but which, owing to the dilatory movements of the waiter, and alarmed for my chances, I had gone on without. Subseqnently he took fish, which arrived between a course of pudding and pie; and, after ice cream, added a postscript in the shape of a solitary cold boiled potato that had miraculously escaped his earlier attention; and finally left, after filling his pockets with nuts and raisins, to be taken internally when he had shaken himself well and made a little room—which he accomplished in about half an hour by vigorously striding up and down the forward deck. After one or two attempts and failures to force another nut down, I felt sorry for that man, and commisserated the great oversight of nature not to have provided him with that sort of a pouch under his jaws that the pelican and a certain species of the monkey tribe are blessed with. It would be very handy to mankind when setting out on a long journey to Benicia or elsewhere. Of course, boardinghouse-keepers would object to supplying a day's rations ahead of the bill.

At the supper-table, opposite me, sat a woman. No unusual circumstance; that woman was a mother—another common occurrence. She had two children—a third fact not novel. They had appetites—a generally understood thing also. This mother—ignoring the theory that they were at liberty to eat their money's worth, and probably from force of habit, which was to cater to large appetites by supplying the bulkiest substance at the least cost—in a spirit of liberality truly commendable, laid on each of their plates—as a foundation—a quarter section of underdone watermelon. She sat near the clerk, who, being a very good-looking young man, (by the way, it was the *Yosemite* not the *Capital*,) engrossed a considerable part of the lady's attention, and the children none at all. They continued to munch on the watermelon, of which nothing remained but the outside skin. The boy was hard at work on that, but the little girl, having more enterprise and confidence, ceased operations at this juncture and put forth a proposition for fresh supplies: and after by persevering efforts attracting the attention of her mother—who continued very devoted to the clerk—another quarter section was administered to each. The mother finally—having dined principally upon the compliments she received—rose, and seizing the children dragged them away—but with childlike tenacity they adhered to the diminishing water-melon, and took the balance of the fruit course on deck.

After a comfortable smoke, which, next to woman, is Heaven's best gift, I set out in quest of my stateroom. I found it, and at the same time encountered on one side of me the lady passenger in the act of towing two very sleepy children to bed, and on the other my Benicia friend with the delicate appetite. I was sandwiched between the two. The theory of cause and effect flashed through my mind, and I had my misgivings that my location was not desirable; however, I went to bed and went to sleep. I dreamed that I owned seven-eighths of the stock of the California Steam Navigation Company and didn't owe the Bank of California a red cent, and not a share stood in the name of W. C. Ralston. I did not like the old Board of Directors and concluded to turn them all out; turn everybody out except Ben Hartshorne and Horace Morrison; let them remain on account of previous good characters. I had about made up my mind to buy the *Whipple* and put her on the route to the newly-discovered and popular district of San Rafael, and see if the trip could not be made in less than two hours; and was proceeding to see how much stock could be corralled before declaring a dividend, when I was startled from my golden reveries by a bump, a crash, and a groan. Starting up, I listened. Another bump against the partition and another groan, fairly roused me. I listened. Somebody in the adjoining room was apparently in trouble. There was a sound between a groan and a snort, accompanied by a gurgling sound, as if the party was in the last stages of suffocation. Great Heavens! thinks I, there is murder most foul going on in that room. I sprang up; bolted out into the cabin. All was still; nobody visible. I tried the door of the room: it yielded, and I entered by the light of the full moon which shone in the window. I discovered my Benicia friend and neighbor at the dinner-table, lying on his back on the floor, mouth open; and as I gazed at him to see if he was dead, he gave a snort, and, as the sailors say, "fetched" a sudden roll to leeward against the partition. This was the noise I had heard. My friend was having a good old style of nightmare. I tried to rouse him; it was useless. I shook him, punched him. No use; every time I did so he would groan and mutter. I listened to hear what he had to say, and found he was still going it, in imagination, on the dinner question. I gave him a punch, and he drawled out, "Corn beef? Yes. No gravy, no gravy." I retired and left him kicking about.

I had hardly got to bed again before a wail arose from the other stateroom. "Ah!" said I to myself, "that's green watermelon." I imagine there were two good sound cases of incipient cholera; and, between the howls of those two children, the groans and snortings of my other neighbor, I was defrauded of my natural rest the balance of the night. I was somewhat compensated, however, by the confidential conversation of two young ladies who had risen several hours too soon, and were entertaining each other, pending their arrival at Sacramento, with little personal experiences in the courting line. With one of them the course of true love had run very rough. She recounted the rise, progress and failure of four distinct affairs, which had shattered her tender heart considerably; but she had a "fourth feller" in hand then, and had strong hopes that this would be a sure thing. He had given her a valuable ring, which she was bound to hang on to at all hazards. The other young lady acknowledged to being engaged to three at that time, but had not fully made up her mind which to take, and she was waiting to see which one would pan out the best. At this juncture we arrived at Sacramento.

PODGERS.

THE BAGNE AT TOULON.

No. 9999.

"YOU are going to Toulon!" exclaimed my neighbor, the avocat, with some surprise.

"I am going there, because I cannot help passing it, unless I take steamer from Genoa to Marseilles; which would not be the way to see much of the country."

"You will perhaps, then, pay a visit to the Bagne, the only one now existing in France?"

"I shall try; although it must be a painful sight. But I find no phase of humanity uninteresting."

"I will give you a letter to a forcat (convict) there."

"A letter to a galley-slave?"

"Yes. He is a person in whom I take great interest. It may be as well not to give you any written communication to the man himself, as it would put you to the trouble of getting it read and passed by the prison authorities, and others perhaps, previous to presentation: but I will put you in the way of getting at him, and speaking to him. You shall be introduced to one of his patrons, an adjoint of the mayor."

"But I am already promised an introduction to the Préfet Maritime."

"Capital! With that backing the one I shall give you, you will be able to perform an act of charity. It will be a good deed on your part. Only put yourself in his place—"

"Much obliged."

"And think how gratified *you* would feel at receiving a friendly visit from without."

"Is he one of your clients, this worthy forcat? One of the innocents whom your potent eloquence has failed to whitewash?"

"No. I did not defend him, although the prisoner *was* well defended."

"And the resulting verdict?"

"Guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The sentence, Hard labor for life."

"And the crime?"

"In the first place, it is doubtful to me whether a crime *was* committed; secondly, if a crime there was, I believe the prisoner innocent of it. There *might* have been a crime; but *he* was not the guilty party. The imputed offence was fratricide."

"He has, therefore, at least escaped the guillotine."

"Yes; and, through the mitigation of our law's severity, he was also spared the branding on the shoulder with the letters T. F. P., 'Travaux Forcés a Perpetuité.' But in this very *place* where we are now walking up and down, and which you have called our town's unroofed saloon, he was subjected to an infliction, now also abolished, namely, an hour's public exposure on a scaffold, as infamous, fratricide, and civilly dead."

"And probably hooted and insulted accordingly?"

"Exactly the contrary. The propriety of his attitude and behavior, coinciding with the general belief of his innocence and pity for his consequently cruel position, gained him universal sympathy. Instead of harsh words, or worse, a collection of money was made on the spot, to procure him comforts during his journey to the place of punishment."

"But what was the cause of this discrepancy between the popular feeling and the jury's verdict?"

"Well; the case is difficult as well as curious, and still remains in some measure mysterious. You are aware of the innumerable and bitter disputes occasioned in France by the minute division of property. For a square foot of ground, for half a tree, for a crumbling mud wall, for a creaking bit of furniture, sometimes even for a few pots and pans, or half-worn clothes, families will fall into variance. This was another instance of quarrel caused by a trumpery inheritance unfairly appropriated. Alexandre Fourrier and his elder brother, Pierre Francois, each believed that the other had got more than his share, and consequently indulged in very unbrotherly expressions of feeling. Francois was even heard to use words threatening his brother's life. 'Mind what you are about,' he said. 'Je te tue; I'll kill you'"

"That was very bad."

"Yes, and no. Hard words break no bones. Hot-tempered people, under provocation, often say more than they have the slightest intention of meaning. Listen to the compliments often interchanged between husband and wife amongst our lower classes, and then see how they make it up afterwards. Parents, even with you, sometimes tell their children they will break their necks; and yet they do not break them the more for that. I hold that Francois's 'Je te tue' was not a bit more serious in its real purport."

"It would, nevertheless, have an ugly look when proved in evidence."

"True; and could Francois have foreseen the consequences, he would have curbed his temper and held his tongue. Had he really intended to commit the murder, he would have refrained from announcing that intention."

"At least, it was a great imprudence."

"Doubtless, as was proved by the event. The other fearing, or pretending to fear, that his life was in danger, procured a pistol, which he constantly carried, loaded, in his pocket. One evening he was found lying in a field, close to a half-open gate, bleeding to death from a wound in the hip. The pistol in his pocket was discharged. Carried into the house, the only articulate and intelligible words which he uttered before expiring were 'Cochon de frere!'—'Pig of a brother!' Those words were the cause of Francois's condemnation."

"And well they might be."

"They might merely be the delirious expression of his habitual train of thought. There were marks of footprints brought as evidence against Francois. His counsel insisted that the shoes in question should be tried on the father, who refused. They were tried on by force, and found to fit him perfectly. After Francois's condemnation there came out very grave charges against the father, a man of fierce passions and moody temper. The whole family were thrown into prison—father, mother, sisters, and all. I hold that, for his mother's sake, Francois had said nothing against his father. I believe him to have been a martyr, sacrificing himself and letting matters take their course on her account. The father hung himself in prison."

"Very strange that, if he had done no wrong."

"The family were immediately set at liberty. The father's suicide was construed into a confession of guilt. From that moment everybody believed in the innocence of the convicted prisoner. It is certain that, if the suicide had preceded instead of following the condemnation, it would have been productive of the same benefit to the convict as it was to the rest of the family. But it happened too late. Judgment had been pronounced, and could not be reversed. He was first sent to Brest, where he figured under the singular number of 333,550. He is now, as I have told you, at Toulon. By great exertions his sentence has been remitted from hard labor for life to a limited period—an immense alleviation. But he has still four years to remain in confinement. We are trying further to diminish that. As to the hard labor, he has been relieved of it by being classed with the 'incurables.' See him at Toulon. Your visit may possibly do good."

Before starting, Fourrier's mother and sister, apprised of my intention, came to meet me at the avocat's house. The first, a hale, apple-checked old woman, could hardly speak for emotion; but, without asking leave, kissed me affectionately, as if I were her child himself. The sister, a tidy, middle-aged, hard-working woman, burst into tears as soon as she entered the room, seized my hand, and stammered out as well as she could, "You will try and see my brother, then?"

"Yes; I will endeavor to speak to him."

"O, then, give him this from me," again squeezing my hand. "Tell him to try and live for four years longer. Tell him that we only live in the hope of seeing him back again."

A flight by rail to the foot of Mont Cenis; a tramp on foot over Mont Cenis; another railway flight from Susa to Turin and Genoa; a scramble-scramble along the Corniche from Genoa to Nice, sometimes on foot, sometimes on wheels, with the blue Mediterranean on the left, and olive-clad mountains to the right, all the way along; and again by rail from Nice to Toulon—the whole of this distance had to be traversed, and, to confess the truth, enjoyed; but they are foreign to my present narrative, except as taking me *to* Toulon.

Often, however, my enjoyment was dashed with the recollection of the task that lay before me. Often, without even shutting my eyes, I could see the mother's attitude of helpless grief, and the care-worn face of the more impulsive sister. Often I wished I had had nothing to do with the business. What a fool I, a foreigner, had been to undertake to confront official formalities and impediments, sure to be tiresome, perhaps unpleasant.

At the fourth station from Toulon, reckoning eastward, a village, Sollies-Pont, is pointed out, severely ravaged by cholera, brought, my informant assures me, by that river—that quick-running stream of water there.

"Surely not," I observed in surprise. "The stream would rather tend to keep disease away. The stream, no doubt, was running and the cholera raging at the same place and the same time; but one was hardly the cause of the other."

"O, yes, it was; else it wouldn't have been so bad. The living were insufficient to bury the dead. They were obliged to get volunteer forcats from the Bagne to come and dig the graves and put the corpses in. They behaved very well, indeed, those forcats did. Not a bit afraid. And they touched nothing—did not take the value of a pin—would not even go through a vineyard without somebody to bear witness that they refrained from gathering the grapes. The préfet complimented them in a handsome speech, praising them highly, and holding out hopes of mitigation of their sentences."

"Good! I am glad of that," I said. And then the thought occurred that poor Fourrier could be none the better for the circumstance. The favor intended by making him "incurable" would, at the same time, cut him off from all opportunity of proving his desire to be useful to society. It would be a too glaring inconsistency to allow a prisoner, privileged with indulgences on the ground of bodily infirmity, to go and merit further advantages by performing the terrible duty of interring corpses infected with cholera.

That walking over Mont Cenis and along the Italian coast has somewhat shabbified my travelling attire. I had not bargained—no tourist does—for dust, drenching rain, and scorching sunshine. I had had, however, a taste of each. At Toulon, with the letters I have to deliver and receive, there is no choice but to go to the best, that is, the most expensive, hotel. And, while performing the part of rolling-stone, I have gathered no moss by the way as yet. My cash-bag is growing beautifully less. I know no banker in Toulon, and no banker knows me; and I have to get back again as well as I had to get here. A new suit of clothes, therefore, is out of the question. I shall do very well as I am. My hat, too, is quite passable, only the edge of the top of the chimney-pot shows a slight wound on its epidermis. Nobody in the streets will see it; if they do, no matter. While making a call, I can hold it in such a way as to hide the blemish. Fresh gloves and my Sunday shoes will make a perfectly presentable morning costume. *Bien ganté et bien chaussé, on va partout.* An evening invitation must perforce be declined.

Toulon is generally a busy place, full of all sorts of strangers, illustrious and otherwise. I am put into a first-floor front of the hotel, a chamber for generals and plenipotentiaries. The master, just returned from the country (the sou came in next day, and the wife, I think, the day after,) hands me a letter with a very official-looking outside aspect. It raises me in his opinion. I open it. It encloses another addressed to the Contre-Admiral, then acting Prefet Maritime. I am in for it now. With this, and the one I have in my pocket, there is no decent loophole for retreat.

"At what o'clock is the table d'hote dinner?"

"At six, monsieur."

At six I enter the dining-room. Nobody. Enter a waiter. "*Where* is the table d'hote?" "*Here*, monsieur."

"And the people who dine at it?" "*You*, monsieur."

"Give me some dinner, then? Serve, at once, what you have readiest at hand."

As soon as he is gone, a passing traveller inquires in an undertone for news of "the malady." Nobody mentions cholera to ears polite. I could give no news. He tied his comforter round his neck, buttoned his paletot, and went to take the next train.

Next morning to business in right good earnest, but with a lingering wish to avoid the great people, if possible. Doing antechamber, running the gantlet, and forcing one's way through porters, sentinels, gendarmes, door-openers, clerks, and the various safeguards with which authority is obliged to fence itself in, is distasteful to many besides myself. The feeling will be understood, and needs no explanation. I will first deliver my letter addressed to M. Margolle, an adjoint to the mayor, to be opened, in his absence, by his brother-in-law, M. Zurcher, both men of letters, who write excellent books in collaboration.

I find the house with difficulty. My driver does not seem to know the town, and this is outside it. Is he one of the strangers arrived to replace the runaway population? M. Margolle *is* absent, M. Zurcher not. A tall, handsome man, but evidently suffering from illness, receives me with kind and charming courtesy. He knows Fourrier and his story well, and has been instrumental in procuring the partial remission of his sentence. He himself has been tormented lately with neuralgic pains, but is better to-day. He will take me to the admiral and accompany me to the Bagne, calling for me at the hotel at two in the afternoon.

Charming! Capital! It rolls on castors. The thing is done. The influential and well-known Frenchman taking the Englishman under his wing, the latter will have only to walk over the course and fulfil his promise as easily as it were a call on an ordinary acquaintance. Meanwhile, shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? I do take it.

Nevertheless, as two o'clock draws near, I begin to grow a little fidgety, and occupy a seat outside the hotel, awaiting my benevolent visitor. Soon after two, instead of M. Zurcher, an employe from the Mairie, in natty uniform, draws near; and, ascertaining who I am, delivers a letter. It was not exactly *that* which I wanted, although it is infinitely better than nothing. M. Zurcher writes that his pains have returned, and compel him to keep house; he encloses a letter to the commissaire of the Bagne. With that, and what I have besides, I shall make my way easily, he says.

Shall I? There is no help for it, if I shall not. To the admiral at once. I shall find him, they tell me, at the Majorité, or Etat-Major de la Marine. I do not find him. He is not there, but at the Préfecture. There, I am introduced into an antechamber occupied by an aide-de-camp, and some naval officers pacing to and fro, as if they were on a quarter-deck. Great politeness. My letter is sent in, and before many minutes I am admitted to the presence.

"You are recommended by one of my oldest comrades," said the admiral, with unaffected good nature; "what can I do for you?"

I explain that I wish to see the interior of the Bagne, and especially to speak to the forcat Fourrier.

"Certainly." Addressing the aide-de-camp, "Write a re-

quest to the commissaire that Monsieur may see the Bagne and Fourrier. Only, you know, if he is under lock and key, he will not be visible to anybody."

The dungeons at the Bagne for refractory subjects (indociles) are said to be something terrible. It is stated, that, if they were shown, their continuance would not be tolerated by public opinion. And yet there must be *some* means of preventing criminals from having their own way in further criminality. In any case, neither those cells nor their occupants are open to public inspection.

"I do not think that probable," I interposed. "He has never incurred a single day's punishment."

"So much the better; you will be able to see him, then. I remember hearing him mentioned before. He seems to have friends who take an interest in him."

At that moment, I noticed the direction of the admiral's eye. It glanced at the wound on my hat, which I had clean forgotten. Not being a diplomatist, I fear my face betrayed some slight symptom of mortification.

Smiling, he added that I was to take to the Etat-Major an order to visit the arsenal, which contains the Bagne within its walls. There, they would give me a "planton," or sailor attendant, to conduct me to the commissaire of the Bagne.

The audience is at an end. Thanks to the admiral's frank and simple manners, it has passed off much more agreeably than I anticipated. I retire with the aide-de-camp, who writes the necessary orders, and dismisses me with perfect courtesy. I go to the Majorité. They give me my planton, and we enter the gates of the arsenal together.

Within the arsenal is a busy scene, resembling other dockyards and arsenals, except for the presence of the forcats performing various slavish work. It is, after all, a cheerful spot to labor in. There are trees and water, air and sunshine, glimpses of the town through the arsenal gates, with the mountains beyond all towering in the distance. It is a labyrinth of long ranges of buildings and naval stores, through which a stranger trying to thread his way would find himself incessantly cut off by water. For necessary daily communication, there are slight wooden bridges and ferry-boats worked by forcats. But for the shame and the public exposure, I should say that a convict would greatly prefer this place to penitentiaries, or any other form of isolated confinement.

Nor do the forcats all look wretched. They crowd their carts over bridges with a run and a laugh. The ordinary set of culprits are riveted two and two, never separating, day or night. "Eprouvés," tried, well-conducted prisoners, carry their irons singly, with no human clog attached to them. The costume is hideous: red cap, red vest, and trousers of a frightfully ugly yellow. Of the three primitive colors, yellow is the least pleasing to many eyes. Yellow flowers (except in species, as the rose, where that hue is a rarity) are less sought for, I think, than blue and red. But then also there are good yellows and bad yellows. The forcat's yellow has a bright, staring, glaring, vulgar tinge, which catches the eye like a sign-post or a personal deformity, and is suggestive of pestilence, poisonous plants, moral jaundice, and everything else that is corrupt and offensive. A prisoner who, like a bad shilling, comes back to the Bagne after being discharged, is distinguished by *one* yellow sleeve dishonorably contrasting with his red vest; after a second relapse, by *two*. It is rarely that a third arm is required to display a triple badge of disgrace. A green cap marks prisoners sentenced for life.

My planton is an active, obliging little fellow, sharp as a needle, and probably not deaf to the remarks of visitors. Anxious to do the honors of the place, he would show me the Taureau, submarine steam-ram, which is to rip open ships' bellies under water, as the rhinoceros disembowels his antagonists when he catches them on his nasal horn. A gang of forcats passes us, showing their naked heads in profile. What a lot to frighten a phrenologist! I had already noticed some not at all bad faces, but these heads present everything that is exaggerated and unbalanced in cranial form.

"Have you many educated persons here?" I ask.

"Plenty; bankers, advocates, huissiers, notaries, priests. At the bazaar, where things made by the forcats are sold for their benefit, you will find exceedingly well-mannered individuals."

"We must reserve that and other things for to-morrow."

I am naturally anxious to get at Fourrier, and give my companion a sketch of his story. He listens attentively. No harm will be done if he reports it.

There is no appearance of being so near a prison. Nothing announces the home of criminals, most of whom have lost all hope on earth. A high-arched wooden bridge is the isthmus which conducts from the arsenal to the peninsula and the floating islands o. punishment. The site of the locality, amidst blue waters and clear skies, would of itself give you any other idea than that of breathing an atmosphere of wickedness. So little has the Bagne the aspect of a prison, that you are inside it before you are aware. You simply behold buildings covering a large space of ground, widespread and rambling rather than lofty, with little to indicate their purpose.

The first step to be taken now, is to present myself to the commissaire and obtain his countenance. I am ushered to an upper room, where I find a gentleman in quiet but handsome uniform, behind a most business-looking library table. He receives me politely, but in the way in which you receive people when you have not the slightest idea what they are come about. He takes my letters, retires to the recess of a window to read them, and returns with an altered countenance and manner.

"You are quite *en regle*, monsieur," he cordially observes.

I bow, as in duty bound.

"Perfectly *en regle*. We will do what we can to comply with your wishes. Monsieur Asterisk, if you please!"

Monsieur Asterisk answers his superior's summons. He is a tall, stout man, with a broad, pale, colorless face, and a subdued expression of great intelligence.

"Monsieur is an Englishman," continues the commissaire, "well recommended, who desires to see the interior of the Bagne, and also to speak with No. —— let me see," referring to the letter, "with No. 9999. You will please give him a competent guide."

"Ah, No. 9999!" said M. Asterisk, raising his eyes to the ceiling to consult his memory. "No. 9999 is Fournier."

"Extraordinary!" observed the chief. "I have only to name a number, and you at once name the party belonging to it."

"After so many years of service, I have naturally acquired the faculty," M. Asterisk modestly replies. "The gentleman can easily see the Bagne and also speak with Fournier."

"His name is Fourrier," I interposed, "Pierre Francois; in the Salle des Incurables."

"The same. But, I beg pardon, he is Fournier; has always been Fournier at the Bagne."

With so important and well-memoried an official it was not worth disputing about a letter; so I acquiesced in his orthography, and prepared to take my leave.

"Tell Fournier to be in readiness. You can now visit all you require," said the commissaire, with a courteous smile. "Pray give my compliments to M. Zurcher. I shall be glad to hear of his better health."

Here let me, once for all, testify to the polite and obliging treatment which I met with from *every one* with whom I had to do at Toulon.

With an adjutant, therefore, added to my planton—quite a suite—I commence my round of inspection, which must be briefly described. A long room, lodging some two hundred convicts, but for its extreme cleanliness and one or two minor accessories, might be taken for a wild beasts' den. It is all bars, and bolts, and boards. Amongst those accessories are, at the further end, a crucifix, to remind the guilty in this world of the Savior who died to redeem them in the next, and a letter-box; for the prisoners have free permission to write to their friends, subject, of course, to perusal before posting. Nor is reading forbidden, in some wards at least; Victor Hugo's *Misérables* having been listened to with great interest. The entrance door of this room is formed of iron bars, resembling an extra-strong park gate; so that even when shut everything that passes inside is visible to the guards without. The bed is a long wooden bench slightly raised at the head, whose surface is softened by a slight mattress for the éprouvés only. One blanket is the covering; but Toulon, be it remembered, is in the south. At the bed's head are placed the rations of black-brown bread allowed to each individual. All along the foot runs an iron bar, to which the chains are fastened when their wearers retire to rest.

There is a Salle des Blessés, a ward for the wounded—and *how* they get wounded is often known only to the forcats themselves. There is a bathroom, a kitchen, and besides that a much larger kitchen for the hospital, where the cooking is superintended by worthy, self-denying Sisters of Charity.

That door opposite leads out of the Salle des Incurables. Fourrier is coming out to meet us. Would I like to see the hospital first? It is only up this flight of steps. Certainly. Very well; he can wait a few minutes at the bottom. The pans I notice on the steps contain disinfectant substances; for "the malady" has not spared the Bagne. The hospital, roomy, airy, light, is the acme of neatness and cleanliness. Not a trace of offensive smell perceptible. True, the patients are not numerous. One, an Arab, sitting up in bed to eat some soup, has the eyes of a wildcat staring out of his fleshless face. The sheets are as white as you would wish for yourself; but there is still the chain fastening the sick man to his bed. It quits him only when he ceases to breathe.

Down stairs again to find my man. That must be he, pale, thin, standing with his back to the wall, surrounded by a throng. There is quite a concourse of people of all sorts; other forcats, douaniers, employés, and I know not what, besides ourselves. Confidential talk is impossible, and I must shape the interview ascordingly.

Some people have real faces, others have only facial masks; but it is not hard to distinguish which is a face and which is only a mask put on. The individual before me has a face; and on it is written unmistakably, "Misfortune, when it cannot be got over, must be borne. I will go through with this bearing it patiently, though sorrowfully." He trembles with emotion.

(Another pair of eyes and ears afterwards informed mo that, while I was in the hospital, the other forcats were at him with "Come, Fourrier, pack up your things! You are going away at last. Here is a great man come to let you out. Make up your bundle as fast as you can!" and such like teasing speeches.)

"You are Fourrier?" I said.

"Yes, monsieur, I am."

"I should have known you from your likeness to your sister. When I left, she and your mother were well. They beg you to be patient for their sakes."

The poor man bowed his head.

"The mayor of your village instructs me to say that when you return you will be well received and find plenty of employment."

He looked up, touched by the assurance, but also, I fear, a little disappointed, having, probably, hoped for still better news. The curious group showed no signs of retiring, so I determined to make what use I could of their presence.

"And Maitre Le Beau," I continued, raising my voice and looking round, "a distinguished advocate, who has carefully followed your case from the outset, is convinced of your innocence—that you did not commit the crime for which you are detained here."

Sensation amongst the bystanders.

"I never did any harm to any one," was all he answered, in a low, clear voice.

"Have you anything to say to me before I leave?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"I shall see your mother and your sister on my return. Have you anything you wish me to say to them?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"Good by, then, till we meet again."

I subsequently learned, through a letter to my friend, that he had a deal to say, but refrained from saying it for fear of the surveillance of spies and informers. Possibly, at the Bagne, the slightest whisper is re-echoed to a distance with the loudness of a speaking-trumpet.

When about to retire, I remember the sister's request to pass on to the brother her shake of the hand. Impossible. I could not, for the life of me, do it. His innocence had not yet been officially acknowledged. And if I had, it might have done more harm than good. Suspicion there is easily excited. I had permission to speak to, but not to convey anything to him. There had been an attempt to escape that very morning. Had I not seen a guardian examine the straw at the bottom of a forcat's wooden shoe, as he returned from work? So I cast a last look at the pale-faced man, and leave the lookers-on to make their comments and guesses.

"Is there anything more you wish to see?" the adjutant obligingly inquires.

"I thank you, no; no more to-day." So I slowly make my way out of the Bagne, and relieve my chest with a long, long breath.

P. S. A petition has since been sent to the minister that Fourrier should be medically examined and his condition reported on. He has been examined, and, according to the report, he is a walking complication of disease, a phenomenon of morbid affections. One would say the only wonder is how a creature so afflicted can continue to live. His vital spark must be unusually hard to extinguish. He would be worth engagement by a medical lecturer as an encyclopædic illustration of human complaints!

But is such an invalid worth keeping in prison? No. All he is good for is to consume wholesome food, puzzle the doctors, and give worthy jailers the trouble of locking him up. He is just as well outside as indoors. You may as well let him go for a poor broken-down, good-for-nothing encumbrance. Such is the train of reasoning which would seem to be implied by the petition and the consequent report.

Second P. S. Returned some weeks from my travels, I hear a rattling knock at my door; not at all like a French knock (though it is one,) but a triumphant imitation of an English rat-tat-too. I peep out of my window, like Shakspeare's apothecary, to put the question, "Who knocks so loud?" Behold! It is No. 9999, loose, free, at large, come to return my visit, and conducted hither by my friend the avocat. We last met on the shore of the Mediterranean, and here he is within sight of the English Channel. He has been "gracie," pardoned by the Emperor. But that the sacredness of a sentence once pronounced may suffer no diminution of prestige, he is at liberty under the surveillance of the police. A residence is assigned to him—the very place where he wishes to dwell. I wonder how he contrives to walk without irons after having worn them for two and twenty years; and I must ask him how he liked his first night in a bed between a pair of sheets.

Third P. S. This is a true story, and not a subtle fiction of the brain. Strange as it may seem, 9999 is the actual number the convict bore, and not another form of * * * * He is living happily, in the solid flesh, and not in your imagination merely, with a real mother and a real sister, whose real children, whom he had never seen, are now the objects of his affection.—*All the Year Round.*

AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH considers the Exhibition as an admirable mode of popularizing instruction in English History. While there, Little Tom Eaves, his contributor, noted down the following conversations :

Educated Person (who wouldn't buy a guide because it was eighteenpence, stands before the picture of Inigo Jones, and says to his Friend)—That's good, isn't it? (Pronounces the name as if he hadn't seen it written under the portrait.) Inigo Jones.

His Friend (who wanted Educated Person to buy a catalogue, but wouldn't spend the eighteenpence himself)—Ah, yes. (Then, as if he did know, but had momentarily forgotten)—Who *was* Inigo Jones?

Educated Person (well up in history)—Inigo Jones? Oh, he was—a—a—(Looks round to see if anybody's near him with a catalogue.) He was an architect.

His Friend—Oh, of course. (Still not quite clear on the point.) Didn't he try to get into Buckingham Palace once?

Educated Person (contemptuously)—No! my dear fellow. He lived in James the Second's, no, (hesitates) Charles the Second's, or James the First's. Let me see—(recovers himself—at all events, one of that lot.

[He says this as if they all lived in the same year.

His Friend (distrustfully)—I wish you'd bought a catalogue.

Lazy Person (in a chair, with a catalogue in his hand, to a Friend without a catalogue, who is staring at the pictures)—It's very tiring seeing pictures : wonder who that is?

[Alluding to a painting in front of him.

His Friend (with sound common sense)—Look at your catalogue.

Lazy Person (languidly)—Eh? what's the number? Ah, No. 915. (Opens the guide carelessly by several other names.) Nell Gwynn. (Meditatively.) I haven't seen Nell Gwynn. I should like to see that. [Pauses vacantly.

His Friend (keeping to the point)—But what's 915?

Lazy Person (as if very much bored)—Oh, it's Lady Lucy (slowly) Theresa (slower) Herbert.

His Friend—Is it? (Suddenly awaking to the fact that the picture is that of a man in court robes.) You haven't got No. 915. (Looks over him.) You're reading 953.

Lazy Person (helplessly)—Am I? Ah, all these people were so very much alike. (Loses all interest.) Here, find the thing yourself.

[Nearly falls asleep in the chair, and is left by his Friend.

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GALLERY.

Elderly Female from the Country (evidently out for a holiday.) Lor', Mrs. Probbit, look here! there's a Blue Beard.

[They are looking at a picture of Henry VIII.

Mrs. Probbit—Well, ain't he now?

Elderly Female—Don't he look it, too?

Mrs. Probbit—Ah, don't he!

Elderly Female (looking at Anne Boleyn)—Anne Bowline. (Jocosely.) That's a rum dress.

[Addressing probably her husband.

Respectable, hot-looking, and silent Man (accompanying the Country Party, carrying a mysterious basket)—Um!

[The party moves on.

Vague Person (arriving in the Gallery with Vague Friend.) Where shall we begin, eh?

[V. F. becomes utterly unsettled.

Vague Person (summoning up all his energy to decide)—We will begin with Charles the Second. (They walk towards that division ; he stops.) Oh, I wanted to see Thingummy's portrait. (Vague Friend is perfectly ready to see it)—I mean Shakspeare's—*the* one, you know.

Vague Friend (without any curiosity)—Oh, yes.

[They turn back towards the Elizabethan Gallery.

Vague Person (undecidedly)—And yet I don't know—p'raps it would be better to see Charles the Second first, eh?

[Vague Friend thinks "yes, p'raps, that would be better," and they retrace their steps.

Intelligent Gentleman (with catalogue, overheard by Vague Couple)—The galleries one ought to begin with are up-stairs.

Vague Person (to his Friend, pausing)—There are galleries up-stairs.

[This information quite unsettles them as to Charles the Second.

Vague Friend (suggestively)—Well, let's go up stairs.

Vague Person—Very well. (They go toward the stairs ; they stop.) And yet I think I'd rather see Charles the Second's time, it's more interesting.

[Vague Friend says "yes, he thinks it's more interesting," and they go to Charles the Second's Gallery.

Vague Person (suddenly, and as if they'd been looking for him everywhere)—Oh, here's the Earl of Ossory.

Vague Friend—Ah, yes (tries to recollect.) It was Ossory who wrote those poems, wasn't it?

Vague Person—Ah! (carelessly) I forget, exactly. (Recollects a name, and inquires doubtfully.) Wasn't that Ossian?

Vague Friend (not liking to give in to his Friend on a point of history.)—No, I think not, he wrote—(vaguely) what's the name of the thing—and Rochester—and all those, you know, of that time—(turning the conversation) By the way, who was Ossian?

Vague Person (beginning to distrust himself)—Ossian? Oh, I always thought he was an Irishman. (They meet a third Vague Person who is esteemed a well read man.) You can tell us.

Other Vague Person (smiling at portraits)—Eh, what?

[He feels safe with a catalogue.

Vague Person—Why *he* (alluding to Vague Friend) wants to know (as if he himself didn't) who Ossian was?

Other Vague Person (thinks he's in the catalogue)—Eh? why—the number—(a thought suddenly strikes him) Oh, no, he was a mythological whatshisname (vaguely,) wasn't he? He played a harp on a dolphin's back, or something or other.

[Determines to look out Ossian in *Lempriere* when he gets home.

Vague Friend (half satisfied)—Ah! I thought he wasn't a whatyoumaycallem in this time.

[He means a Cavalier in the reign of Charles the Second.

Vague Person (after looking at five or six pictures, suddenly)—Who was Killigrew?

[Vague Friend looks at Other Vague Person for information.

Other Vague Person (who thinks he really ought to know who Killigrew was without looking at his catalogue)—Killigrew? he was a wit—(pauses, and thinks what the dickens else Killigrew was)—yes, he was a wit—(pauses again, but can't think of anything else)—yes, that's all. (Adding, as if he was going to correct any mistake there might be about Killigrew in the catalogue.) I'll see what the Catalogue says.

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OUTSIDE THE GALLERY (Any day afterwards.)

Sleepy Person (who was awoke by their closing the exhibition)—Oh! (to a lady) you should go to see the Portraits, it's *so* interesting.

Vague Person's Opinion—Oh, you should go! There are all the pictures of Thingummy, and Whatshisname, and Charles, and the whole lot of 'em.—*Punch.*

A HOME TRAIT AND A HOME WANT.

THE peculiar vice of Californians is extravagance ; and yet it is so nearly allied to their chief virtue as to be seldom acknowledged in its true character. They love, especially when abroad, to boast of their generous traits—their liberal opinions, their frank and cordial manners, their generous way of spending money ; and they sustain the boast by words and acts which establish for them a distinct individuality. Strangers are apt to think them as liberal in self-praise as in everything else, and it was perhaps a shrewd appreciation of their ruling trait, in its weakest no less than its noblest phase, that enabled "Father Bellows"—as the President of the Sanitary Commission was popularly called—to stimulate their habit of lavish giving under the pleasing manipulation of his laudatory telegrams. The trait of extravagance attaches to most of their habits. It is betrayed in their over-demonstrative deportment, in their use of strong language and abuse of adjectives, in their fervent partizanship, in their excessive loves and hates, in their fondness for the wildest speculations and boldest adventures, in their almost contemptuous waste of wealth, in their fast riding and fast living. These characteristics result from the peculiar circumstances attending the rapid settlement of a new and remote land, by a class of the most adventurous and independent spirits from all parts of the world, incited by desire for the sudden accumulation of wealth, and separated for many years from the restraints and mollifying influences of society. The paucity of the female element for some years, the absence of home attractions, and the lack of those higher aims that employ active tendencies in older communities, have also contributed to the cultivation of extravagant and eccentric traits. With all that is most objectionable in these, an impartial critic must admit that there mingles a truly cosmopolitan spirit—the outgrowth of intimacy with all sorts of people, of familiarity with all sorts of fortune, and of that intellectual and moral attrition which smooths down insular peculiarities and local prejudices. We may hope, also, that as our population increases, through a new immigration that will bring more rational ideas of life and business, and as society fixes itself upon the substantial basis of common interests, that the extravagances of Californians will be toned down till they shall appear as virtues. The extravagance they practice in living especially needs to be curbed if they would realize genuine prosperity.

If we could dissociate ourselves for a moment from our surroundings, we should be surprised at the reckless disregard for economy displayed by every class of our people. The ease with which money can be made here, has encouraged a habit of the most lavish expenditure. Incomes that are sufficient to enable a prudent man to live in taste and comfort, and lay up a competence besides, are consumed to the last dollar annually without any increase of happiness. The very servants, who come here delighted to receive four times what they obtained at the East, exclusive of more generous gifts than they ever received there, are apt to waste their wages in a vain attempt to dress as well as their mistresses. Men who speedily make a fortune at mining or trading often spend the better part of it in the erection of a splendid mansion, which involves a style of living and expense for repairs, taxes, insurance, etc., which consumes the remainder of their means and often leads to bankruptcy. There is a general disposition to indulge in costly display ; to pay largely for gratifications that are only temporary ; to give lavishly and without discrimination, for the empty reward of being called "a good fellow." The vanities of gorgeous upholstery, fine parties and fast horses, are indulged in by many whose resources are altogether disproportioned to the expense. Montgomery street, on a clear sunny day, reveals more laces, diamonds, watered silks, and sables, than are displayed on Broadway or the Fifth Avenue.

A Californian, accustomed to these things, is astonished, on going East, to find how much more plainly and cheaply people of equal or greater means live there than here. There is in the Atlantic States, of course, a class of newly-rich—the petroleum and shoddy speculators for instance—who exceed even Californians in extravagance, and disport themselves in a style of vulgar costliness which presages an ultimate crash. But this class is exceptional and confined to the cities. The rule in the oldest communities on that side of the continent, and especially out of the four or five great cities, is prudent economy—not an economy which cuts off substantial comforts and rational enjoyments, but that which eschews superfluities, gewgaws, and vanities. One sees there, to be sure, much parsimony and meanness, but these are not to be confounded with that economy which is a virtue—that economy which Franklin preached—that economy which developes from the slight privations of a few months the wholesome enjoyments of years—that economy which means a piece of land in one's own right, a house in one's own name, a well filled larder, books, music, and pictures in the parlor, a good education for one's children, permanent esteem in community, a mind free from the burden and depression of debt. Surely all these are worth more than the factitious enjoyments of extravagance ; and Californians must learn to be economical, if they would possess them.

There are very few of them who cannot possess a competence in a few years if they will cultivate that saving virtue on which we insist. Sermons on economy are never popular, and even Dr. Franklin has been denounced as penurious when he was only wise ; but who can see a noble people flinging away golden opportunities at the shrine of false notions and a foolish habit without raising a warning voice? There is no doubt that lack of a reasonable economy with Californians is the root of much of the disappointment and unhappiness, of the blighted hopes and thwarted aspirations, that sadden our society and give to the annals of our State an almost tragic coloring. We see in that careless and jovial tossing away of money which characterizes our people, heart-breaking absences, permanent estrangements, lonely lives, melancholy souls, perverted instincts, premature death. It will not do to turn all this off with a witty speech, or with some fine words of poetical contempt for sordidness. For the majority of mankind everywhere, comfort and independence can come only through saving and careful habits. These alone will insure for the most of us what "Elia" pleasantly describes as "goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhiliarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself." These would make home music of the clatter of our quartz mills, add smiling plenty to our farms, and crown with success many a business that now invites the red flag.—*Evening Bulletin.*

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WAITING FOR OPPORTUNITIES.—*Hic Rhodus ; hic salta.* Do not wait for a change of outward circumstances ; but take your circumstances as they are, and make the best of them. Luther moved the world, not by waiting for a favorable opportunity, but by doing his daily work, by doing God's will day by day, without thinking of looking beyond. We ought not to linger in inaction until Blucher comes up, but, the moment we catch sight of him in the distance, to rise and charge. Hercules must go to Atlas, and take his load off his shoulders perforce.—*Guesses at Truth.*

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AN EMPEROR WITHOUT A HANDKERCHIEF.—A young secretary of the Turkish Embassy is accredited with the following *pieuvre*. He was asked, while in the company of the representatives of Parisian beauty, to whom he thought the Viceroy of Egypt on his visit to the Great Exhibition would fling his handkerchief. "I am sure I cannot say," replied the embryo Ambassador, "for the Viceroy never uses a handkerchief"—an enlightenment as to the manners of the East which is a little surprising.—*Court Journal.*

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THE most unpopular feud (food) in Europe just now : The German Diet.

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WHO has all he wants of Atlantic Cable? Cyrus W. Field, to his "Heart's Content."

"MARK TWAIN" AT HONOLULU.

MARK TWAIN, in his last letter to the *Sacramento Union*, occasionally lays aside his motley and appears in his real character of a thoughtful and discriminating observer—a quality which underlies his love of fun and humor, and gives it a peculiar force. His criticisms upon the religious condition of the Islanders are evidently written in all sincerity, and his rhetoric often rises to a dignity above that of a mere gossipping correspondent. He says:

"It is reported that the King has said: 'The foreigners like their religion—let them enjoy it, and freely. But the religion of my fathers is good enough for me.' Now that is all right. At least I think so. And I have no fault to find with the natives for the lingering love they feel for their ancient customs. But I do find fault with Bishop Staley for reviving those customs of a barbarous age at a time when they had long been abandoned and were being forgotten—when one more generation of faithful adherence to the teachings of the American missionaries would have buried them forever and made them memories of the past—things to be talked of and wondered at, like the old laws that made it death for a plebeian to stand erect in the presence of his king, or for a man to speak to his wife on a *tabu* day—but never imitated.

For forty years before the Bishop brought his Royal Hawaiian Established Reformed Catholic Church here, the kings and chiefs of this land had been buried with the quiet, simple, Christian rites that are observed in England and America, and no man thought of anything more being necessary. But one of the first things Bishop Staley did when he arrived here a few years ago was to write home that the missionaries had deprived the natives of their innocent sports and pastimes (such as the lascivious *hulahula*, and the promiscuous bathing in the surf of nude natives of opposite sexes,) and one of the next things he did was to attend a *hulahula* at Waikiki with his holy head tricked out in the flower and evergreen trumpery worn by the hula-girls. When the late king died the Bishop revived the half-forgotten howling and hula dancing and other barbarisms in the palace yard, and officiated there as a sort of master of ceremonies. For many a year before he came that wretchedest of all wretched musical abortions, the tom-tom, had not been heard near the heart of Honolulu; but he has reinstated it and brought it into its ancient esteem and popularity. The old superstitions of this people were passing away far faster than is the case with the inhabitants of the unfrequented and sparsely populated country districts of America, France, and Wales, but Bishop Staley is putting a stop to progress in this direction.

We owe the strange and unpleasant scenes of last night to him—there are not ten white men in the kingdom who have ever seen their like before in public—and I am told that he is appalled at the work of his own hands—that he is ashamed—that he dreads to think of the comments it will provoke in Christian lands—in a word, that he finds, too late, that he has made a most melancholy blunder.

If I may speak freely, I think this all comes of elevating a weak, trivial-minded man to a position of rank and power—of making a Bishop out of very inferior material—of trying to construct greatness out of constitutional insignificance. My estimate of Bishop Staley is not carelessly formed; there is evidence to back it. He gossips habitually; he lacks the common wisdom to keep still that deadly enemy of a man, his own tongue; he says ill-advised things in public speeches, and then in other public speeches denies that he ever said them; he shows spite, a trait which is not allied to greatness; he is fond of rushing into print, like mediocrity the world over, and is vainer of being my Lord Bishop over a diocese of fifteen thousand men and women (albeit they belong to other people's churches) than some other men would be of wielding the world-wide power of the Pope; and finally, every single important act of his administration has evinced a lack of sagacity and an unripeness of judgment which might be forgiven a youth, but not a full-grown man—or, if that seems too severe, which might be forgiven a restless, visionary nobody, but not a Bishop. My estimate of Bishop Staley may be a wrong one, but it is at least an honest one.

Persons who are intimate with Bishop Staley say he is a good man, and a well-educated and cultivated one, and that in social life he is companionable, pleasant and liberal-spirited when church matters are not the topic of conversation. This is no doubt true; but it is my province to speak of him in his official, not in his private capacity. He has shown the temerity of an incautious, inexperienced and immature judgment in rushing in here fresh from the heart and home of a high English civilization and throwing down the gauntlet of defiance before a band of stern, tenacious, unyielding, tireless, industrious, devoted old Puritan Knights who have seen forty years of missionary service; whose time was never fooled away in theorizing, but whose lightest acts always meant business; who landed here two score years ago, full of that fervent zeal and resistless determination inherited from their Pilgrim forefathers, and marched forth and seized upon this people with a grip of iron, and infused into their being, wrought into their very natures, the spirit of democracy and the religious enthusiasm that animated themselves; whose grip is still upon the race and can never be loosened till they, of their own free will and accord, shall relax it. He showed a marvelous temerity—one weak, inexperienced man against a host of drilled and hardy veterans; and among them great men—men who would be great in wider and broader spheres than that they have chosen here. He miscalculated the force, the confidence, the determination of the Puritan spirit which subdued America and underlies her whole religious fabric to-day—which has subdued these islanders, and whose influence over them can never be unseated.

THE REFORMED CATHOLIC CHURCH—THE "COURT RELIGION."

His church was another miscalculation. It was a mistake to appeal by imposing ceremonies and showy display to a people imbibed with a thorough Puritan distaste for such things, and who had never been much accustomed to anything of the kind at any period of their history. There is little in common between the simple evergreen decorations and the tom-toms and *hulahulas* of the natives, and the cheap magnificence of the Bishop's cathedral altar, his gaudily-painted organ-pipes and the monotonous and unattractive ceremonials of his church service.

He is fighting with good nerve, but his side is weak. The moneyed strength of these island—their agriculture, their commerce, their mercantile affairs—is in the hands of Americans—republicans; the religious power of the country is wielded by Americans—republicans; the whole people are saturated with the spirit of democratic Puritanism, and they are—republicans. This is a *republic*, to the very marrow, and over it sit a King, a dozen Nobles, and half a dozen Ministers. The field of the Royal Hawaiian Established Church is thus so circumscribed that the little cathedral in Nuuana street, with its thirty pews of ten-individual capacity each, is large enough to accommodate in its entirety, and have room to spare.

And this is the bugbear that has kept the American missionaries in hot water for three or four years! The Bishop of Honolulu ought to feel flattered that a chance so slim as his, and a power so feeble as his, has been able to accomplish it. But, at the same time, he ought to feel grateful, because, if let alone, he and his Church must infallibly have been and remained insignificant. I do not say this ill-naturedly, for I bear the Bishop no malice, and I respect his sacred office; I simply state a palpable fact.

I will say a word or two about the Reformed Catholic Church, to the end that strangers may understand its character. Briefly, then, it is a miraculous invention. One might worship this strange production itself without breaking the first commandment, for there is nothing like it in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. The Catholics refuse to accept it as Catholic, the Episcopalians deny that it is the church they are accustomed to, and of course the Puritans claim no kindred with it. It is called a child of the Established Church of England, but it resembles its parent in few particulars. It has got an altar which is gay with fiery velvet, showy white trimmings, vases of flowers and other mantle ornaments. (It was once flanked by imposing, seven-branched candlesticks, but these were obnoxious and have been removed.) Over it is a thing like a gilt sign-board, on which is rudely painted two processions—four personages in each—marching solemnly and in single file toward the crucified Saviour in the centre, and bringing their baggage with them. The design of it is a secret known only to the artist and his Maker. Near the pulpit is a red canopied shower-bath—I mean it looks like one—upon which is inscribed, "Separated unto the Gospel of God." The Bishop sits under it at a small desk, when he has got nothing particular to do. The organ pipes are colored with a groundwork of blue, which is covered all over with a flower work wrought in other colors. Judging by its striking homeliness, I should say that the artist of the altar piece had labored here also. Near the door of the church, but inside, of course, stands a small pillar, surmounted by a large shell. It may be for holy water or it may be a contribution box. If the latter be the case, I must protest that this ghastly pun—this mute suggestion to shell out—is ill suited to the sacred character of the place, and it is only with the profoundest pain that I force myself to even think for a moment upon so distressing a circumstance. Against the wall is a picture of the future Cathedral of Honolulu—a more imposing structure than the present one; that many a year may elapse before it is built is no wish of mine. A dozen acolytes—Chinese, Kanaka and half white boys, arrayed in white robes, hold positions near the altar, and during the early part of the service they sing and go through some performances suggestive of the regular Catholic services; after that, the majority of the boys go off on furlough. The Bishop reads a chapter from the Bible; then the organist leaves his instrument and sings a litany peculiar to this Church, and not to be heard elsewhere; there is nothing stirring or incendiary about his mild, nasal music; the congregation join the chorus; after this a third clergyman preaches the sermon; these three ecclesiastics all wear white surplices. I have described the evening services. When the Bishop first came here he indulged in a good deal of showy display and cermony in his Church, but these proved so distasteful, even to Episcopalians, that he shortly modified them very much."

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.—AN EXAMPLE FOR THE MALE SEX.—The Philadelphia *Gazette* relates the followieg: Among the strangers in Philadelphia at this moment, are two ladies from Martinsburg, West Virginia. Yesterday they were purchasing a seed drill, a mowing machine, and other agricultural implements, whose cost in the aggregate was about $800. Their home was very close to the theatre of the late war. Between the two contending armies their houses and barns were burned, their horses and cattle driven off, their only brother conscripted into the Confederate army, and themselves left utterly destitute and homeless. Any one who, seeing a young lady such as we saw yesterday, had been told that she had personally ploughed and planted many acres of land, would have laughed to scorn the parties so informing him. Such, however, is literally the case. We learned the fact from a gentleman residing in the vicinity. The smoking ruins of the farm upon which these young people resided had scarcely cooled, when the neighbors clubbed together, built them a log house, and extemporized a sort of barn. Horses were loaned to them, and the girls with their own hands ploughed the ground, and seeded it with corn. The crop grew apace, and with their own hands they harvested it. They sold it to good advantage. They had owned forty-seven negro slaves. Some of these went into the Union army, others deserted the locality. The girls were left alone to battle with the vicissitudes of the war.

Our informant, whose respectability is beyond all question, says that these girls produced by their work in the field more decided and productive results than were accomplished by the entire gang of slaves. They toiled for three years and now have a comfortable house and most substantial barns upon their property; while improvements have been made to an extent that makes it of considerable more value than before the torch of conflicting armies reduced the buildings to ashes. One of the young ladies has since married; but the others still do duty as their own "overseers," and they themselves purchased yesterday, and directed the shipment of the agricultural implements to which we have above referred. The wonder to the dealer was that a lady delicately gloved and attired as though she had never overstepped the boudoir, should descant experimentally and intelligently upon the respective merits of the different reaping machines, and upon the comparative values of the different patents for threshing out the cereals.

These young ladies were educated in Philadelphia, and are well known to many of our best people.

ANOTHER "LITTLE STORY."—Miss Margaret Howitt, in her last work, *Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer*, tells several curious anecdotes illustrating the simplicity of the lower orders in Sweden. Thus, two servants were given tickets to go to the theatre, to which they went, and from which they soon returned. "You have surely not been?" asked their mistress. "Oh yes," they answered, "we went to the theatre, and sat there till suddenly a curtain drew up and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together, but as it was on family matters we felt we were intruding, and so came home."—*Daily Advertiser.*

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* gives the origin of the above in an old joke book printed in London, 114 years before:

"Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the Theatre in Drury Lane, when they placed themselves snug in the corner of the Middle Gallery; the first Musick play'd, which they liked well enough; then the Second and Third, to their great Satisfaction; at length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors entered to begin the Play; upon which, one of the Countrymen cry'd to the other, Come, Hodge, let's be going, mayhap the Gentlemen are talking about Business."

HOW TO GATHER MOSSES.—Go to the shore at low tide, after a blow from the sea. The best time is after the moon falls, for the tides are lowest then. Examine narrowly everything on the sand and rocks, and take up with your stick (which you had better have stout enough to steady your steps in passing over slimy rocks) everything you see that looks nearest like *nothing*. Then fish all you can of the same sort from the waves. Pick for bright colors; but do not always reject dull ones. They often change to bright, or at least *deep* hues after pressing. Put them, with salt water, in your pail, and when you get home take a fine stick, or a large needle, and having poured your treasures into a bowl slip a piece of paper under them one at a time, and float and pick them out; then lift them carefully, gently, tenderly from the water, and hang them up to dry. When perfectly dry place them between pasteboards and press them for several hours. The heavier the pressure the better. By the time they are done you will appreciate them, if no one else does. It is no easy task properly to do them. For amusement, to secure gifts for dear friends far away, etc., it is very well; but if one was obliged to chase and watch the seas, to be out in storms (for a stormy time is often the best for his business) and to "put on" mosses for a living, wouldn't it be arduous?

UP IN THE FLIES, WATCHING THE "STARS."

BY NELSON J. LEE, THE YOUNGER.

HAVE I seen a many in my time? Well, sir, I should rather think I had, both good and bad, and some middling.

I was at the Surrey when T. P. Cooke was there; I was at the Lane when Anderson had it; I was an extra hand when Kean brought out *Pizarro* at the Princess's; I was at the Lyceum when *Peep o' Day* was played, and now I'm—well, never mind, I've said enough, sir, to show you that I've seen a many in my time.

Actors are altered, mind you, and not for the better, leastways, that's my opinion; and I used to be obliged to look more after what they were talking about on the stage than the audience cared about doing sometimes.

Now my business comes to me as reg'lar as can be, and if I drop off to sleep I wake up (by instinct, I suppose,) just in time to lower the act-drop or the green baize.

My place is Up in the Flies, and so it has been ever since I was fourteen years old, which is now, sir, about six-and-thirty years ago; but the work then was nothing to what it is now. What with cloths working up to show the sunset and moonlight effects, and gauzes and perforated borders in the Transformation Scenes, we want about six times the number of men now Up in the Flies than we used to have before these sensation dramas and heavy pantomimes came up.

I've saved three theatres from being burnt down, and had the governor's thanks each time.

The last was a near squeak for me, though. We were playing a piece on the Russian war, and there was the taking of a fort—the Redan, I think they called it—and a blow up, which was the end of the piece, of course. Well, Benson, the firework maker, lighted the quickmatch behind the fort, and the batteries went off, then the showers of sparks, a pan of red fire was lighted at each wing, and down I dropped the curtain.

I didn't notice anything wrong for a time, but as I was sitting on a beam, putting on a new line for the fairy-drop, I saw a thicker smoke, high up among the gauzes, and there was one of 'em smouldering, and the sparks getting thicker, so that in about ten minutes we should have been in a blaze.

I climbed up on the bridge, sent one of my men down to keep clear below, and then I cut the lines of the gauze; but as it fell it went over on to the gas border and caught fire. I leaned over and jumped on to the grooves, unhooked the chain of the border, and let the blazing canvas on top of the gauze fall on the stage, where it was soon put out. But I had overbalanced myself, and should have fallen after the gauze if I hadn't have caught hold of the border, and there I hung swinging about till they brought the long ladder and took me down.

Those firework pieces ain't pleasant for us Up in the Flies, because all the smoke and sulphur rises, and that reminds me of a night I shall never forget. We were playing a Wreck Piece, where the ship went down in sight of the audience, and we were pulling the cloths up and down to show the rise and fall of the waves. Well, old Benson had got some pink fire, a new invention he called it, and he perched himself on the grooves (that's where the scenes fit in, sir, at top, and are pushed through from each side,) and he tied his handkerchief round his nose and mouth, and kept on sprinkling little pinches of fire in the pan, to make the flashes of lightning, just before the wreck.

I daresay it looked very well from the front, the pink light just flickered a bit and lit up the back "horizon cloth," which was painted dark, but there was a lot of sulphur in this pink fire, and we found it getting down our throats to that extent that we all dropped the ropes, and couldn't work the waves at all, so that the ship was rocking about and the sea standing still. The master carpenter came up swearing, to see what was the matter, and I'm blest if the smoke didn't nearly choke him, for he fell flat on his back.

We told the governor we couldn't stand it; the author of the piece said the lightning was capital, and it would ruin the piece if it was cut out, but we carried our point, for the next night the property man got the rosin-box, and gave the flashes in the old reg'lar way.

No one sees me from the front, and nobody behind the scenes except the prompter ever thinks of me, and sometimes, during a long act, as I'm looking over the beam, among the cloths and borders, I can hear the star blowing up the call-boy, and a many things they don't think of below.

I don't believe I ever spoke to an actor in my life, sir, unless when I've been lowering a drop, I've called out, "stand clear." There was one spoke to me, though, one night, and pretty sharp, too—it was our heavy man, sir, who plays all the villains; you see, sir, I cut him out of his dying speech. I don't know how I came to do it hardly; the piece had been running a long while, and I was watching the fight between him and the star, and directly he was run through I dropped the curtain. As soon as it was down, he jumped up and raved about the stage, saying his "dying speech was the only bit" he'd got, and to be cut out of it by a "blessed Fly-man" was disgraceful, which are not exactly the words, the expressions he did say being more full-flavored.

Have I got a wife, sir? Yes—poor mother's still alive, though how she's weathered the storm is more than I can account for to myself, and, sometimes, when I've a long wait Up here in the Flies, I fancy I see her face bending down over her work, and never complaining—but patient always—and never a word against the troubles we've gone through together, though she's suffered most.

What do I mean? Well, I'll tell you; here's a stool, sir—you'd better sit down, wait till I wipe it, sir; that's it—well, you see it's a sad bit of my life, and always brings the tears into my eyes.

Poor little Annie, my little girl, sir, who was taken from us six year ago, and who's Up in the Flies with the real angels I hope—she was the life of our room—our one miserable room, sir—and her mother never felt lonely while she was alive. We had a boy, who was very sickly from his birth, but Annie used to cheer him up wonderful. You'll excuse me, sir, I can't help blubbering a little.

Well, she was about fourteen, and one of the prettiest little creatures that ever saw daylight. We—I mean me and my wife—were staying at lodgings in the country, for I was engaged by a party who had two or three small theatres.

One morning the governor came in, and he said he didn't know what to do for Ariel in *The Tempest*—that's the girl who has to fly about and hang suspended in the last scene, as the ship sails off. I heard him talking to the Stage-Manager, and saying he'd give any girl ten shillings for the week. Says he—"Miss Hetherington won't do it; she declares that her head swims, and she gets giddy, and all the rest of the old excuses."

So I sang out: "Do you think my girl would do, sir?" "Who are you, and where are you?" cried the governor. "Here I am, sir, Up in the Flies." "Can your girl sing?" "Yes, sir, anything after she's heard it once or twice." "Well bring her round to-night, and let us have a look at her; if she's the proper size, and can manage 'Where the bee sucks,' I dare say she'll do."

So I went home, sir, and took the little one on my knee. I said, "I've got a surprise." "Oh, mamma, father's bought another song book. I know he has, thank you, father."

"No, Annie, not a song book, no present, but the governor wants to see you to ask you if you'd like to go on the stage."

"On the stage, Richard!" cries my dear wife, "what to do?" "Why, to sing and fly like an angel in the last scene," I says. "Oh! no, Richard, I'm sure you'll not let her do that." "Why not?" says I; "there are the children most in rags, and ten shillings ain't to be thrown away."

"Shall I have ten shillings, father?"

"Yes, Annie, ten whole shillings," and I do declare, sir, that the dear child says to me, "That'll buy a cloak for mother, won't it?"

"Well, I took her to the theatre, and after a day or two the governor said she'd do, and the leading lady kissed her, and gave her a biscuit.

At last the night came, and my wife got so nervous that she says, "Richard, I wish you'd take me with you." "What, to the theatre," I says, opening my eyes wide, for she'd never been inside the place. "Yes," says she, "I couldn't bare to stay at home. I'll come and sit with you, and bring Charlie with me, he'll keep quiet, and I know my mind 'll be easy."

Well, seeing she was so bent on it, sir, I couldn't say no, so I made the best of it, and I smuggled her Up in the Flies, and there she sat with Charlie in her lap, and the piece began. Lord, sir, how we listened to our Annie singing down below, and the people applauding her. I could hear my good wife sobbing away fit to break her heart to see how natural the girl seemed to take it, and how clever we both thought her.

The last scene came on, and I says to the Master Carpenter, "I'll take the Traveller with the wires, you fix my girl down below and I'll pull her across when you give the signal, I wouldn't have anybody else do it for fifty pounds."

The ship started off, and the Master Carpenter clapped his hands. I worked the Traveller, and she rose beautiful, smiling at me to show she wasn't frightened a bit. The people applauded, and my mate lowered the curtain.

I worked the Traveller back, and the Master Carpenter calls "Lower out," and I saw Annie all safe standing on the stage.

I went down from the Flies to kiss her, and as I stepped off the ladder one of the Wingmen says, "Don't you come here." "What for?" and then he staggered me, for he said "Your child's fell through the 'grave trap'"—that's the centre trap used in *Hamlet*, sir.

My wife was asleep with Charlie in her arms, and she never knew it till next day, for when she woke up and asked after Annie, I told her she was at home and asleep, and so she was—but not to wake again in this world.

My wife's never been the same woman since, poor little Charlie took ill and died soon after, and now she's alone working in her room, and I'm here night after night thinking Up in the Flies.

Oh! I didn't ask for that, thank you, sir. Are you going? Good night.

BALZAC.

[THE *Dublin University Magazine* gives an amusing account of "Balzac in Undress," from which we take the following.]

BALZAC'S FAMOUS DEBTS.

BALZAC'S embarrassments were sufficiently annoying, but of the mighty load of his debts of which his friends as well as he were never tired of talking, his friend and confidant, Gozlan, entertains considerable doubt.

Our hero entertained the simple vanity of impressing on the world's belief the large amount received by him for his works year after year. This without a corresponding mass of debt would merely bestow on him the proportions of an ordinary man in the eyes of the world; but Balzac, earner of a quarter of a million of francs in the year, and the spender of twice the amount, was a personage who would be pointed out by the finger of fame to an admiring public.

His income was in all probability about £600 a year, but his inconvenient and unlucky palace of the Jardies swallowed much money, and he was perpetually dunned for sums trifling in amount. He seems to have been betimes an adherent to Pistol's confession of faith—

"Base is the slave that pays"—

and to have remained faithful to it during his life. Still he was not a bronze-faced repudiator; he could not look in the countenance of a creditor with an impudent or defiant expression on his features. If he sinned, he paid the penalty. Listen, O ye youthful friends and imitators of Richard Swiveller, Esq., and ponder on the ills that dog the steps of the heedless contractor of debts:

"Balzac, through an innocence of intention, which establishes all absence of high proficiency in the art of getting into debt, had the imprudence, the perilous candor, of borrowing money in his neighborhood. It was, indeed, sowing debts at his feet, which would one day spring up and stifle him. He had thus enclosed himself in a circle out of which he could not escape. His awkward and untoward obligations had so abridged his promenades and paralyzed his movements, that he dared not make an excursion during the day without risk of encountering some rural creditor, grocer, or milkman, or butcher, or baker, of Ville d'Avray. We insist on considering this procedure a profound mistake in personal economy. To owe to any one is a misfortune, no doubt, but to be indebted to your neighbor is an intolerable fault; it is cutting off your path, stopping, shutting out your views, putting gyves on your ankles, depriving yourself of air."

BALZAC AND THE GARDE CHAMPETRE.

Gozlan found his friend one morning walking round and round his pavilion. Exhorting him to quit that confined mode of taking exercise, and join him in an excursion through the wood, he could only get out of him the disjointed expressions, "Too late, the woodranger; too late, the woodranger!" After some trouble he discovered that he owed this guardian of the woods belonging to the commune the trifling sum of thirty francs, and that he had not risen so early on that morning as to be able to enjoy his walk before the usual issuing forth of the dreaded officer. He thus unburdened himself of his heavy grief:

"'Ah, he's a terrible man—not that he persecutes me, or dogs me like others. Ah, no; but his expressive silence, his piercing regards, his attitudes, his words, sudden and short as the crack of a rifle, trouble me, freeze me, turn me to stone. It is a spectre I meet, not a human being.'"

Gozlan, however, persuaded him to join him, and they entered the dreaded wood. They were deeply engaged on the subject of the *Revue Parisienne*, then about to start, when Balzac, stopping in the middle of a sentence, stammered out:

"'There he is?' 'Who then?' 'He!' 'What he?' 'The woodranger.' And indeed at the corner of the opening which we were traversing appeared the outline of the garde champetre, with his wild-looking three-cocked hat, his gun resting on his left arm, his loose cartouche belt, his rustic gaiters, his gray hair, and his pipe soldered to the corner of his mouth, the living and most harsh embodiment of the transcendental idea—garde champetre.

"Balzac turned pale. 'I told you,' said he, 'we could not fail to meet him.' 'Silence!' said I, 'firmness, and resignation!'

"Still the terrible spectre approached at a slow pace. He never quitted his calm, military, rigid attitude. You would have styled him the gamekeeper of the statue in Don Giovanni. Balzac ceased to speak; he did not even breathe. His eyes never diverged from the baldric of the apparition.

"When he was nearly elbow to elbow with Balzac, who still held my arm, he spoke in a tone of concentrated gravity:

"'Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical,' and he stalked on.

"Balzac looked at me, and I looked at Balzac.

"'Have you heard him? have you heard him?' said he,

after the woodranger had vanished in the gray morning vapor which filled the avenues. 'Have you heard him?' On my word of honor the phrase is sufficiently sublime to make the head giddy, it should be preserved in spirits. 'Monsieur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical.' It is a thousand times the value of the thirty francs I owe him. I intended to pay him to-day, but the expression is too good to be lost. Let us repeat it to the echoes all day; he shall not get his money till to-morrow. 'Monsicur de Balzac, this is beginning to become musical.'"

BALZAC TAKES A COLLABORATEUR.

From what has been already said it may be easily deduced that Balzac was no more fitted to produce a dramatic *chef d'œuvre* than to secure the approbation of the admirers of the "Woman with the Green Eyes." He possessed dramatic power but to a limited extent; his darling studies and tastes tended not towards tragedy; he had a great respect, but little love for verse, and was not a successful workman when encumbered with the bonds of rhyme or rhythm. However, on occasions of some great dramatic success achieved by this or that man of letters, he would rouse his energies, suffer the fumes of dramatic glory to get possession of his brain, and set to work at a piece for Harel or Lireux. In these, as in all his other operations, hardly had he grasped the outline of his plan when he began to calculate the monetary results. He would thus hold forth to one of the few that enjoyed his intimacy:

"O, the idea is grand! It is brilliant and solid at the same time; genuine rose-colored granite! We shall cut from massive Egyptian blocks a piece with tableaux for the Porte-Saint-Martin, with Frederic Lemaitre for chief figure. There will be a hundred and fifty representations at five thousand francs, one with another. This makes seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. Now let us calculate. The author's claim of twelve per cent. on this sum is more than eighty thousand francs, the tickets five or six thousand francs in fine gold, the printed work, ten thousand copies at three francs each. Why that will be a trinket of thirty thousand francs. Then the—" etc., etc.

Thus he declaimed one day to Henry Monnier, and just as he came to the point where both had got a fabulous sum in perspective, Monnier heartlessly held out his hand, and asked his friend, now a millionaire, to lend him a hundred sous on the strength of the speculation.

In one of these periodical fits he brought a young man to the Jardies to live with him, and be his collaborateur, terms running thus: Young Lassailly was to be at all hours at M. Balzac's disposal, to furnish him ideas if needed, projects, plans, dramatic combinations, etc. In return he was to be conveniently lodged, washed for, lighted, warmed, and supported at the expense of the master of the Jardies. Balzac fulfilled his engagement to the letter, but Lassailly soon grew so fat and lazy that he was only fit to enjoy the amenities of the Capua into which he had entered, and to keep tormenting dramatic associations miles away from his brains, now dulled by his good condition of body.

All went well for a time, but Balzac, who we know was a great night laborer, would require the presence of his ill-fated collaborateur on cold winter nights, when the thermometer would be preparing to sink below zero.

The poor assistant, tearing his limbs from repose, half-dressed himself in haste—one foot shod, the other naked, his nightcap poised over one ear, and a taper in his hand. He thus traversed the passage that led to the retired room of his patron—a different man from the Balzac of the streets and the hero of the cane preserved in the amber of Mme. de Girardin's genius. The Balzac of the study was jaded and pale from want of sleep, and the light of the wax candles flung yellowish splashes on his forehead and cheeks.

The ordinary salute was: "Well, what have you discovered, Lassailly?"

"And Lassailly, taking off his cotton nightcap, and striving to open his eyes, still enveloped in vapory dreams, muttered, 'O yes, we must discover, we must invent something.' 'Well, well, have you invented this something? We must make haste; Porte-Saint-Martin is waiting for us; hasten! Harel wrote to me yesterday evening. Hasten, man! I saw Frederick Lemaitre yesterday.' 'O, you've seen Lemaitre?' 'Yes, yes. He is our own; he is hungry and thirsty for a drama that will bring all Paris together. Where is this drama that's to collect all Paris? Have you it?' 'Not entirely, but—' 'I am listening.' 'I would prefer to hear what you have conceived, and then we could blend our ideas, and I am sure—' 'Lassailly, you are dreaming on your feet; your heavy eyelids are closing.' 'Ah! it's the intense cold, it is—' 'Go to bed, Lassailly. In an hour's time we shall see if the muse has visited you.'

And resuming his pale bougie, and dragging along his slippers, Lassailly, resembling a desolate ghost, regained his chamber and the stretcher-bed, on which he was supposed to be discovering the famous drama that would bring all Paris together. Short respite! An hour later new alarms of Balzac's bell tore poor Lassailly's dream from top to bottom, and sent him barefooted, and protected merely by a knitted vest, to the study of his august collaborateur. Then was resumed a repetition of the former scene, Balzac as wakeful as a lion, Lassailly as sleepy as a dormouse; and the result still the same; one demanding his drama at any price, the other not being able to find it even at a higher one. Six times in one night was the excellent but unfruitful collaborateur summoned by his literary chief. The situation was of the most perplexing character, both in its moral and physical aspect.

"Finally, Lassailly, though living better, better warmed, better washed, better lighted, better fed, grew pale and meagre, became seriously ill. His nocturnal summonses, and his inability to perform what was expected from him, began to affect his poor brain. Meeting him one day on the Boulevards, and asking, 'Well, how go things at the Jardies?' 'O, the Jardies! I have abandoned them forever,' said he, and his poor clouded eyes filled with tears. 'But you were very well off there?' "O, wonderfully well. What a residence, what views, what a life! Roast meat every day, legumes twice a day, dessert in profusion, and O, such coffee!' 'Then why have you abandoned these delightful Jardies?' 'Why! Ah, who could remain? To rise six or eight times in the night was not enough, but I must invent the subject of a drama which was to set all Paris a running! That lay beyond my powers. During life I shall never set foot inside the Jardies.'

"And he kept his word. Not only did he never revisit the Jardies, but he never pronounced the name of Balzac without exhibiting signs of terror in his features."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

LICENSED THIEVES.

AMONG the professional London thieves there is said to be a remarkable class having the singular name of *licensed thieves.* These licensed rogues are said to be in the employment of the police, the detectives especially. Strange tales are told about them. It is said that a detective, anxious for fame, and nothing scrupulous as to the means of its accomplishment, will perhaps see a *wire* busily employed at his nefarious trade of picking pockets in the streets. By chance the wretch does his work cleverly, and so far the policeman embraces the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He frightens the thief by telling him what he has seen, and hints that he can bring so and so against him; but if he will render him some private assistance, he will be let alone for the present. If the thief agrees, he thus gets his license; and dearly he has to pay for it. When the policeman wants a case for the sessions or the assizes, the thief must work. By discovering and furnishing secret information, he puts the policeman upon the right track of obtaining information sufficient to get up a case. The more of this work the spy does, the more he has to perform, and the further he becomes involved. At length the licensed thief quarrels with his employer, or refuses to do his bidding. Then comes his own doom. His license is taken from him, something is brought against him, and he is probably condemned to penal servitude for many years. We tell the following story as it was told to us. A robbery of plate had been committed; the suspicions of the police guided them to the delinquent, but they could obtain no clue by which to prove the charge they had against him. He was, however, apprehended, and thrust into the cell. Another thief, known to the police, was thrust into the same cell, with secret instructions to act the spy.

The spy had not been long in the cell before he began to speak very bitterly of the police, because of what he alleged to be their bad usage of himself. Presently he took a half crown out of his boot, and thrust it into the fire, saying, "There; that evidence is gone." "What evidence?" said the supected man. "That I am a maker of money," answered the spy, who proceeded to describe in glowing colors his lucrative method of manufacturing base coin. The two became very confidential, and the spy began to bewail his want of silver with which to continue his business when he obtained his liberty. The bait took. The suspected man confessed that he had some silver which he had stolen. They at once agreed to partnership, and the next morning they were both set at liberty. The spy was furnished, it is said, by the police, with moulds, etc., and he fixed the time with his new friend to commence the manufacture. They were soon at work. One evening while they were melting the plate, the police, as previously arranged, suddenly rushed in. The spy was allowed to escape, but the real thief was caught. The career of the spy did not last long. The police became tired of him, he was beginning to know too much, and it was necessary to get rid of him. For anything we know to the contrary, this licensed thief is now undergoing penal servitude.

THE executors of the will of the late Augustus Russell Street, of New Haven, are Henry White, Henry C. Kingsley and Mrs. Street, who, with Professors Noah Porter, Thomas A. Thacher and D. C. Gilman, are appointed a board of commissioners to superintend the completion of the fine arts building, now erecting at Yale College. Mr. Street has left to Yale in all the sum of $250,000.

Gale, the Alabama lawyer, who proposed to raise $1,000,000 to procure the assassination of Lincoln and Seward, has been bailed in $15,000.

A CELESTIAL OPIUM-DEBAUCH.—An Englishman writes to a London paper of scenes which he witnessed in China, as follows: One of the objects at this place that I had the curiosity to visit was the opium-smoker in his heaven; and certainly it is a most fearful sight, although, perhaps, not so degrading to the eye as the drunkard from spirits, lowered to the level of the brute, and wallowing in his filth. The idiot smile and deathlike stupor, however, of the opium debauchee has something far more awful to the gaze than the bestiality of the latter. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of conserve, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it, one or two whiffs being the utmost that can be inhaled from a single pipe, and the smoke is taken into the lungs as from the hookah in India. On a beginner, one or two pipes will have an effect, but an old stager will continue smoking for hours. At the head of each couch is placed a small lamp, as fire must be held in the drug during the process of inhaling; and, from the difficulty of filling and properly lighting the pipe, there is generally a person who waits upon the smoker to perform the office. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will give a pallid and haggard look to the face; and a few months, and even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug after long habit no language can explain; and it is only when under its influence that their faculties are alive. In the houses devoted to their ruin these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all different stages, some entering, half distracted, to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; while the couches around are filled with their different occupants, who, languid, with an idiotic smile upon their countenances, are too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast merging to the wished-for consummation.

The last scene in the tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

UNHEALTHY FICTION.—It may be thought, perhaps, that in this age of novels a caution against over-indulgence in any other kind of literature is not greatly needed. We are by no means sure, however, that the present passion for unhealthy fiction is not a natural reaction against the very useless facts with which many well-intentioned readers insist on loading themselves. In itself, of course, a sense that the human intellect was intended for some higher purpose than to absorb periodically the contents of the circulating library is much to be encouraged; but unfortunately many people who do really make an effort to read something besides "light literature" think their object sufficiently attained when they have swallowed a certain number of facts to the value or authenticity of which they are serenely indifferent. The accident of a book's appearance in Mr. Mudie's last list is the cause which determines whether their studies for the month shall take a biographical or an historical direction. Whichever it happens to be, the actual process is much the same. The life of a great author, or the correspondence of a great statesman, is read without any reference to the writings which have made the one famous, or to the events in which the other was a conspicuous actor. The history of a period—ancient, mediæval, or modern—is taken up with no knowledge of the events which preceded its commencement, and laid down again with no desire to know the events which followed upon its close. Read in this manner, the most philosophical narrative necessarily loses half its significance, and by consequence an inferior article is found to answer the purpose just as well. To this indiscriminate fashion of reading we owe, therefore, the appearance of a host of indifferent books which are simply created by the demand.—*Saturday Review.*

LITERAL PEOPLE.—Sir Walter Scott, walking once with Lady Scott, saw some lambs, and remarked on their beauty. "Yes," said the wife, "lambs are beautiful—boiled!" We read that Mrs. Wordsworth was once walking in a grove, and heard a farmer's wife soliloquizing, "Oh, my, I *do* love stock-doves." The heart of the poet's wife yearned towards that Amaryllis. "But," continued the old woman, 'there be's some what likes 'em in a pie; but for my part there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions." Horace Smith tells of a city miss who accosted a keeper of sheep in the fields, as she glowed with a desire for an Arcadian concert, "Oh, gentle shepherd, prithee tell me where's your pipe?" to which the man replied, "I left it hum, miss, 'cause I hain't got no baccy."

THE authorship of *Ecce Homo* has been attributed to various persons, and among the rest to W. E. Gladstone, Goldwin Smith, and Louis Napoleon.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4. 1866.

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ENGLISH WRITERS ON AMERICA.*

It is doubtful if the spectacles through which most Englishmen view the American people are not very much blurred by the cobwebs of prejudice, superciliousness, or ignorance. Besides the idea, which seems to be generic, and is so like that which formerly obtained among the ancient peoples of Europe—that everything that is foreign is barbarian, and necessarily inferior—there has grown up with most of them the natural contempt for a colonial offspring that speaks the same language, though, of course, in a much inferior way, and has set itself up, apparently through sheer force of impudence, as one of the first nations of the globe. That it is so recognized by the rest of mankind is a matter of little importance; there must be some mistake about it. It is plain enough that one of the first elements requisite to the dignity and worth of a nationality and people is wanting, for inasmuch as it is the old wood that is best to burn, and old wine the best to drink, the utter absence of the aroma of age must cause the experimental republic and people, like green wood and new wine, not to be considered in the catalogue as articles either fit for use or adornment. Then, the utter absence in American society of anything like an aristocracy puts a plebeian resemblance upon the picture, and places such a people beyond the reach of the sympathy or even of the curiosity of the enlightened representation of noble blood. In so far as the feelings of that class of the British people were enlisted during the recent contest in the United States, favor and hope were extended to the Southern people, and is it not written in the records of the probable that this was because it was among that people that the greatest pretensions to nobility of blood and aristocracy of manners existed?

At intervals one of that people has ventured across the sea to this continent, but it has usually been with eyes curiously intent, as one would visit a menagerie, with the expectation of meeting with an opportunity to observe something very curious and interesting among the animals. If the visitor has assumed the appearance of a gentleman, he has generally proved himself to be a snob. He has written a book upon his return that has demonstrated either how unfit he was for the society of gentlemen, or how unfortunate he was not to have shown himself worthy to be received, when here, into society better than that in which he was accustomed to move when at home. His innate snobbishness or his vindictiveness at not being estimated higher than he was "in his own country and among his own kin," has almost universally leaked out in a duodecimo of abuse of America and her people, and in such a gratuitous display of ignorance regarding his subject, as would be quite worthy the man who has bought his ticket for the ocean passage as he would pay his entrance fee into a monkey show.

It is not pleasant to any American to have to acknowledge that the prevailing sentiment among the highest class of Englishmen toward the people of this country is that of hatred, contempt, or distrust; that the spirit of fairness seems seldom present in their estimate of us; that our motives are impugned, our government disparaged, our progress underestimated, our literature estimated as the primitive efforts of the backwoodsman, and the nation spoken of as a nation of yarvenues, not to be encouraged but to be pooh-poohed out of the contemplation of the best men. While to them, as individuals, we may rightfully entertain sentiments as little flattering as those they hold towards us, yet consideriog the dignity and importance of the English as a nation, we are not indifferent to their general estimate. Even if we look at them simply as a people on whom the light of knowledge and Christian charity has not sufficiently dawned, we must then recognize our obligations to them as one of the benighted nations of the world, and be grateful to any who, with earnest missionary zeal, undertakes to open the eyes of their understanding and clear away therefrom these impertinent cobwebs of prejudice and ignorance.

We have been led into this course of reflection by perusal of the two volumes mentioned at the close of these remarks. They are written by Englishmen who have visited America, have come without prejudice and have gone away without superciliousness. It is a source of refreshment to be able to record that two individuals of the English nation have been able to go about this country, and still be able to think kindly of us and say a friendly word, without a single stricture upon all Americans' well-known habit of turning their parlors into mammoth spittoons and using at the table their unwashed fingers where the commonest of Englishmen perceive the appropriateness of forks.

Sir S. Morton Peto has visited the country with the honest purpose of informing himself respecting its actual resources and prospects; has neglected no opportunity of making himself acquainted with them; was assisted in his investigations and inquiries by some of the most able and experienced persons in this country, and was endowed with intelligence sufficient to comprehend and appreciate whatever was presented to his view. The result has been this volume upon the resources of America, written with great honesty of purpose, and great frankness and impartiality. He has carefully studied the condition of the agriculture, the manufactures, the mineral resources and the commerce of the United States. He has frankly pointed out and admired whatever he has found admirable, and where he has perceived errors he has frankly and courteously criticised. It is doubtless one of the ablest volumes written upon the resources of America, and will have a greater tendency than any other ever published to correct the views of both English and Americans in regard to our country. It is in many respects of advantage that it has been written by an Englishman rather than by an American. The writer was not oppressed in the beginning with the idea that, being a true-born American, he must keep the bird of freedom always in view with outstretched wings, and that the country was so immense that words would fail to measure its superlativeness; there is an entire freedom from the possibly somewhat natural exaggeration of the mildest American; there is no partiality and preference for this country over any other; being written by one of their own people, Englishmen will give a patient audience, and hold themselves more readily susceptible to a consideration of the subject.

We believe we need not make extracts from its pages to demonstrate the value of the work. There is much intelligent observation running through the volume for the information of Englishmen, and there is much intelligent criticism for the thoughtful consideration of Americans. The author has not spared statistics where they would serve an enlightened purpose, and frankly says to those who do not fully appreciate their force and value and think he has made an unnecessary use of them, that he has "written principally for those who do find in figures a source of valuable information." In taking leave of the book we must express the hope that it will not prove altogether unacceptable to the people of California in spite of his criticisms of some of their pet products, for he frankly confesses that American wines are, in his judgment, of an inferior quality at present, and of the malt liquors he thinks they are simply execrable, though he uses a milder expression. If there is no other recourse to avoid the imaginary effects of such judgment, it is quite easy to have recourse to the usual American tartness of remark, which is quite as often prevalent here as among those who have written books that we don't like, and say, with an accented pooh, that the book is merely written by an Englishman. Such a remark might have great effect among well-informed men.

If it is remarkable that there should be one intelligent Englishman who can say a friendly word of America, it is perhaps only the more so that there should be two at the same time. Professor Goldwin Smith, the author of the *Lectures on the Study of History*, has been for a considerable time past recognized as a warm and earnest friend of America and her institutions—not a blind admirer, who swallows the republican prescription in unintelligent faith, but a cultivated student of history, politics and government, who has acuteness enough to perceive a general organic health, though to an unprejudiced eye there may be visible a remediable functional derangement. He has said in England, before he visited this country in the year 1864, many things that betokened his earnest sympathy with the better civilization of the country; and his more intimate acquaintance with the people has not made him any the less a trusty friend and earnest admirer of what is worthy of every man's respect and commendation. He has not taken the present opportunity to write a work upon America, but his appearance among the publications of the day, in any shape, reminds us of our obligations to him, and claims a word of regard. The present work is one especially recommended to the scholar and student of history, who is already well informed that this is not the first introduction to the republic of letters of this ripe and cultivated scholar and man of letters. It is not perhaps generally known on this coast that we, as a people, are peculiarly indebted to this gentleman for his efforts to make our country, its people and institutions better known to the people of England. His visit to this country was partly for his own better information, but, after an experience of the almost unpardonable ignorance of his countrymen regarding us, he also resolved to dispel as far as he might that heavy mist. He found a cordial welcome among the scholars and literary men of America, and when he went back again across the sea he took with him handsome contributions from many sources, of volumes directly appertaining to the history, politics, and government of the United States. These volumes he has now under his direction and superintendence at the University of Oxford, England, free for consultation to all intelligent people of his country. The act is one which displays besides his favorable estimate of the American nation, to a great degree the active magnanimity and candor that exists in the Republic of Letters.

We cheerfully commend both of the volumes alluded to to the fair consideration of intelligent observers of their own country, and as well as to the scholar and student of history.

* Resources and Prospects of America—Ascertained during a visit to the States in the autumn of 1865. By Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M. P. for Bristol. New York: Alexander Stratman & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Lectures on the Study of History—Delivered in Oxford 1859-61. By Goldwin Smith, M. A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

[For the Californian.]

TO AND FRO.

No. 3.

Just behind the first news from London—even jostling it on the wire—came a private dispatch to me, announcing that Aunt Curtis had died. There was no allusion made to any bequest, and I am yet in ignorance whether my wife Betty is a beneficiary under her will, provided Aunt died *testate*, as a friend of mine, formerly a Justice of the Peace, calls it. I am glad that that telegraphic message was so unselfish in its phraseology—for indeed, in the grief I feel at her death, there is no inquisitiveness as to the disposition of her property—no mingling of personal interest with tears.

Aunt Curtis has been a noted character in my wife's family: a spinster who has for many years lived apart from almost all; not exactly the isolated and unhappy life of a miser, but secluded, as a matter of choice. It is said that she had once a very strong attachment for a young man of her native village, who went to sea and never was heard of more. However, this may be, it is certain some disappointment had worked a sinister influence over her—estranging her from the world, warping the gentle qualities of kindness and philanthropy which, to a greater or less degree, stir in every female heart. Soon after Betty and I married, we paid her a visit at her request, and I remember well how surprised all the family was at this proof of condescension from one who, with her relatives generally, was regarded as destitute of all feeling of relationship. Had she not been possessed of means, which the hopes and exaggeration of the family multiplied far beyond their real value, she would have been, long ago, dropped from the family tongue and remembrance. Money has a strong centripetal force—keeping its possessor within the family orbit, and it shines ever as a star of the first magnitude—an Aldebaran in the very eye of Taurus. From the moment we put our feet on the threshold of her little house, Betty was regarded the heiress of our aforesaid aunt, and she and I increased in magnitude as if we were already stuffed with any amount of money bags. Even *I*, who had been, until then, a poor clerk, without expectations, and generally snubbed for my temerity in attempting the acquisition of one of the Brown family—*I* had a consideration I never experienced before from it. For that same Brown family had pretensions; it had dignity; it was recognized as among the best in the little town of Lattmere; its head was the postmaster; the head of that head had been Sheriff; for generations they had led the choir in the singing at the Episcopal Church; furnished librarians of the town library for near a century; and, before Fulton had set steam at work, had been the agents of a line of sloops trading from Lattmere to New Haven. This was in the olden time, ere a faster civilization had strangely altered the standard of respectability and family dignity. Then we had May dances and jigs—Mazourkas, Schottishes, and other panting and passionate modern movements were unknown. Education was by the accidence, and English examples of composition, arithmetic as far as fellowship, Blair's Rhetoric, neat copy-books, filled with rare apothegms—these were cultivated instead of what is classed as "accomplishments."

But when I had made that visit—even while I was still using salt under Aunt Curtis' roof out of the oddest sort of salt cellar, and sleeping in a bed with a cornice of most fantastic pattern, and a gingham tester—even then I enjoyed my little excursions about the town, complacent under the queer, inquisitive sort of stare I received from chance people, and the half jealous, half obsequious bow and greeting I always got from the Brown family. Grace, the elder of the two sisters, a tall, plump and disdainful sort of person, who had been cultivating her taste for aunt's gold eagles for some years, who used to make gingerbread of the horse and-rabbit pattern to send to Aunt Curtis, and who cultured hollyhocks and poppies because aunt had a fancy for them, who had scarce spoken to me from the day I married Betty, seemed suddenly to have found walking a healthy sort of hygiene—for I encountered her every day in my perambulations. Grace, I say, met me in the blandest sort of manner, smiled gold

pieces all over her ruddy cheeks, and, although she passed me a half dozen times a day, she extended her fingers to me whenever we met.

I wasn't a bit more respectable then than when I first went a-sparking Betty: I was still a clerk—wore yet acute angled collars and ample cravats of parti-colored gingham; trousers with great broad flaps, tight at the knees, and loose over the feet; a tall, bell-crowned hat, for those were days anterior to Derbys and Conformes—and yet, because I was the guest of an eccentric aunt, who was reputed rich, I, who had been the butt of all the Brown family, Miss Grace in particular, was now snickered at, manipulated, and to a certain degree caressed—all because, as that Justice of the Peace aforesaid told me when I related these experiences to him, I was *heir presumptive* to a snug little fortune. In this present day, as centuries ago, when the Israelites journeyed to the Promised Land, we set up golden calves, and fall down and worship them. A man may be noble, morally superior, human in thought and deed, governed by strict principles of integrity, the head of a family, educating his children up to the highest standard of Christian goodness—a man may be all these, and yet, if he goes afoot, he will not have one-half the consideration that attaches to a fast sort of fellow sitting behind a spanking pair, setting astir clouds of dust as he whirls along the smooth road to the Cliff House.

And so Aunt Curtis is dead—gone from among her odd and quaintly carved furniture—away from puss and spaniel, to a far country, where the oddities of this world cannot reach to ruffle the calm of the eternal. I am old enough to find lessons in mortality, advanced enough towards "the wild of which no man knows," to see the shadows of the setting sun falling at my feet. It seems to me strange that decay, and the total destruction of these our bodies, built up so ingeniously, are necessary constituents in the Divine scheme. All of us, saint as well as sinner, would, if we could, allow Azrael to pass us by without laying upon us his icy, withering fingers. For there is in death something so repulsive, so stunning to all our ideas of beauty and refinement—a belittling and very finiteness that takes the starch from our pride—suggesting the reflection whether we are indeed divinely sprung—sprung from that immutable and eternal Being, who heaved up rocks from the great sea and covered them with verdure, who hung the constellations in mid-air, and who has through myriads of years borne them up in their invisible flight through limitless realms of space. From this reality we call *death*—this overthrow of the strong man, whose eyes, when he lived, penetrated the celestial laws, and which followed God in his hidden and most intricate workings—humanity constructs a destiny outlasting rock and star. It finds in itself sufficient of that same God to ensure his own perpetuity. Thus much I think we can rely upon; certainly nothing beyond. All our revelation is in instinct and analogy, without Edmonds and Hume have seen and experienced all they claim to have seen and experienced. Ever since man was created, Death has mantled the whole earth in shadow; pulling down sceptre and the shepherd's crook alike; hushing the cry of the weakling in the cradle and the strong man; overtoppling human plans; unheeding cries of human anguish; and yet, whether in his conquest of great or little, he never tells *why* he so scourges us—why he moves at the same pace under sunshine and cloud. He strikes his victim lifeless and cold with an invisible hand and form—never, never uttering word of pity or triumph—never, never turning aside from imploring look and prayer. The harshness of his blow is in its silence—its cold and unpierceable mystery. Look on the victim he has taken the life from, and instead of beauty and expression, you find the startling negativeness of unvitalization—if I may so express it; a repose that is terrible in its profoundness. You can see nothing beyond the dumb and passionless corpse, and hear nothing save the cold prayers of the church, and the terrible symbol and shock of dropping clods of earth on the coffin-lid. Yes, above this dreadful Sadduceeism I see *something* of hope. There *is* a something left upon our past selves—the Aurora—the first streaks of a dawning of a new world—you see these in the smile which invariably settles upon the face of the dead. I do not believe it a lingering of the old man; or that it *originates* with the spirit which animated once the now lifeless form. But rather do I accept it as the gleam which God mercifully and kindly lets in from the other world to the inner life of the moribund; perhaps the joy which comes to the spirit in its first recognition of the glories of the new being. To me who believes a little of a certain faith told long ago, the evidence of which one can find scattered from the Iliad to Froissart, and so on to the present day; of which Swedenberg wrote and Hare experimented; legends of which the Catholic church writings are so opulent; to me who believes in that refined spiritualization which recognizes the faith of guardian spirits, I accept the smile on the face of the dead as the testimony of the presence of some loved angel which comes to the dying to bear the disembodied spirit to the bright lands beyond. So hoping and so believing, I trust that, at the death-bed of Aunt Curtis—under the cornice of her old-fashioned bed—flitted golden wings of angels, who came to bear her soul to a happier home than she had here.

—Until after the San Bruno Range is passed, the same bleak and sterile aspects are seen as the governing qualities of the landscape. At that point you emerge from the mists, and reach fairer skies, and breathe a purer and more benignant air. On the east, where the point of mountain reaches the marsh land, uncouth, muddy wastes lie before you, especially if the tide is low. But here the waters of the Bay come in with a redeeming charm—stretching away to the base of the hills on the opposite shore, glistening under the rays of the morning sun as I saw them, mirroring the golden clouds which floated in "a sea of glory." We shivered through a dense mist all the way from San Miguel until we reached San Bruno. As we came to the open country, I saw a series of sweet pictures—the more lovable after the rude landscapic features we left behind. It was a scene of charming contrasts, as the mist, with its fringed edges, lifted above the mountain ridge, disclosing golden patches of sunshine laughing through the ravines and adown slopes, covered with the ripening oats. As we hurried on, the country widened, the sky receded, growing more shadowy and infinite; fields of grain, having a most delicious summer look, were spread out before us; little hills, crowned with trees, and lying in a most pleasing irregularity, were seen on every side; with valleys lying between, wooded and fraught with deep shadows—those delicious heighteners of landscape effect; and behind all these was the Coast Range, variegated with yellow grain and brown woods. Fleecy mists reposed in the laps of the outlying spurs, and, above all, the clear ridge stood out boldly in the transparent sky, running off to the south-east as far as the eye could reach, until it was lost in the shadowy distance. There was ample compensation here for the untoward and cold expression the country wore at the commencement of our journey.

We came to San Matéo an hour after leaving the city: a little village just outside the region of summer mists, and yet, I am told, it is frequently reached by the cold fingers of the fog god. The San Matéans say that south, beyond their horizon, is a land of uncertain temperature; of thermometrical changes too great for personal comfort and climatic respectability. "The avenue," they say, "ends with us. Beyond is tangled wood and prickly furze, where we go only to hunt foxes and coyotes. They have grain farther on, and firewood, granaries and cattle pastures; but if you would find bracing air and clear skies, come here." They never tell you of the long sweep of tule lands which lie before their very doors; the dense clouds swooping to their chimney-tops; the triturated earth, borne aloft by summer gusts which too frequently stray from the San Francisco meridian; the People's Park, and Fenian gatherings, and little Frenchmen dodging among the bushes after little birds. These are infelicities which are never told except to confidential friends. I know them because I am "Pythias" to a San Matéo "Damon." And yet the village looks charming as you approach it from the North—nestled among the trees, with grand old mountains behind. As we reached there, I saw a pretty Gothic church of stone, the only building of any beauty, dedicated to the worship of the Most High, I have seen in the State. It has an English look, as if it had been born of a minster somewhere among the merry fields of old England. To my uneducated eye, it is the only church in the State where art has had an opportunity to express itself. In the city of San Francisco we have lots of churches built at great cost—a Catholic cathedral, at the altar of which an Archbishop bends; an Episcopal ditto, where a rhetorical diocesan calls,

"Sinners, turn! why will you die?"

These we have, together with minor chapels without number, and yet not one of them is up to even the elementary in the art of architecture. Vestries, I have noticed, are not usually educated in principles of beauty as applied to church building, and if some of the members happen to have perceptions sufficiently clear to distinguish between the merits of a boss carpenter and an educated architect, be sure they have no chance with the pig-headed rich who constitute the majority of such bodies, or with those, at least, who, unable to appreciate the true and beautiful in art, threaten to withdraw their $10,000 subscriptions if some plan is not adopted which violates all rules of beauty and proportion.

I think the San Matéo architect had *almost* all his own way with the church, although I do not like the placing and form of the memorial tower, and the belfry over-riding all. But as this building is such an advance in taste and style, all desire to find fault is lost in the admiration a spectator feels as he gazes on its winning beauty. KUZZILBASH.

OUR BOOK TABLE.—Among the new books placed on our table by A. Roman & Co. are Sir Morton Peto's "Resources of America," and Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History," both of which are more extensively reviewed in another column. "The Growth of the Wild Olive" is the suggestive title of three characteristic lectures by Ruskin, on Work, Traffic, and War. Among the volumes awaiting notice are "Footlight Flashes," an entertaining and instructive, though somewhat affectedly written, sketch of the stage and an actor's experiences, by W. Dandge, comedian; and "The Mute Singer," "Chandos," "Hidden Depths," "Love's Conflict," "Kate Marstone," and "Armadale," to which we have not yet had time to more particularly refer.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, Mr. Richard Younge, who opened the week here as a tragic star, not coming up to the requirements of a San Franciscan audience in that respect—now, perhaps, more than usually fastidious after having supped on Forrest—quietly withdrew after the third night, and disappeared from the dramatic firmanent of the Opera House. All the honors of the first night's performance were borne off by the regular members of the company; Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Harry Jackson, and Messrs. McCullough, Barry, Anderson, and White coming out quite brilliantly in that old-time legitimate play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. The ladies acted as if by intuition. The parts played by the last three gentlemen and stage veterans, had something of the thoroughness of characterization that belonged to the old legitimate Park Theatre school of more than a quarter of a century ago, when the elder Booth trod the stage as "Sir Giles Overreach"—the very embodiment of passion, power, and genius—positively electrifying his audience by his wonderful personation of this passionate character. Doubtless the early dramatic lessons, like our school-boy speeches, are the most thoroughly learned and remain longest in the memory, and it is owing to this fact that Messrs. Barry and Anderson render so effectively some of the characters of the Shakspearian and standard plays. One of the gentlemen, at least, is a graduate of the "Old Park," and is never so well at home as in the description of plays referred to.

Miss Kate Denin—to get back to the programme again—headed the bill, and reappeared on Thursday evening, playing the leading piece that was produced for the Dashaways' benefit on Saturday evening last—(*Asmodeus*)—when there was not a dry mouth in the house—to well-filled benches. Last evening Mr. McCullough played "Richard" very creditably for his benefit, and had deservedly a good house.

Asmodeus and the farce of *An Object of Interest* will be presented for to-day's *matinée;* and *Oliver Twist* and *Jenny Lind* for this evening's entertainment.

Lady Don, a lively and sparkling extravaganza and burlesque actress, and an excellent singer, will make her *début* on Monday evening as "Josephine," in the *Daughter of the Regiment*, and in the new burlesque of *Kenilworth*. Lady Don has achieved elsewhere a high professional reputation, and unquestionably has talents and ability enough as an actress to win success and public favor.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The interruption of the Italian Opera season by fire and water in an adjoining building, and consequent dampness in the dressing-rooms of the theatre, leaves us but two performances to notice since our last issue. On Saturday evening *Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced in a style hitherto unequaled on this coast, with Signorina Brambilla in her great character of "Lucia," Signor Morley—his first appearance this season—as "Edgardo," Signor Mancusi as "Enrico," and Signor Milleri as "Raimondo," constituting altogether a remarkably strong cast. The audience, though not so large as on the regular subscription nights, was thoroughly appreciative, and recalled the singers again and again by most tumultuous applause. Signorina Brambilla sang and acted with great delicacy, especially in the mad scene, where her "Spargi d'amaro pianto," and the exquisite cadenza with flute obligato accompaniment, were given with a perfection rarely equalled. We must credit Mr. Koppitz, by the way, with his admirable execution of the elaborate flute solo in the first act, just preceding the appearance of "Lucia;" it was heartily enjoyed, and we have always wished that Signorina Brambilla would delay her entrance a moment, in order that the flutist might receive his well merited applause, uninterrupted by the greeting always given to the prima donna; it would be a graceful act of courtesy on her part, and would redound to her credit with an intelligent audience. Signor Morley seems to have profited by his long vacation, his pure tenor voice being in fine order, and only failing him for an instant in the last act, while his artistic rendering of the music deserves the highest praise; he was frequently and heartily applauded. Signor Mancusi sang and acted with great spirit, and Signor Milleri was powerful and effective in the part of "Raimondo," never before so well filled here.

Verdi's *Attila* was produced on Monday evening with gorgeous costumes and appropriate scenery and stage effects. The music, with the exception of a trio made familiar to us by the Bianchis at concerts, was new to Californian audiences, and requires at least two or three repetitions to be thoroughly appreciated; the first impression was favorable, however, and the performance wonderfully successful considering that three of the artists had never appeared in the opera before. After a second hearing we may have something to say of the details of the music; meantime it would be a good plan for the management to publish a cheap libretto, as nothing of the sort is to be had here, and even the score is not accessible. On Monday *Faust* will be produced, with Milleri as "Mephistopheles," Mancusi as "Valentine," Brambilla as "Margarita," Morley as "Faust," Miss Landesmann as "Siebel," and Mlle. Tourney as "Maria." (We inadvertently neglected, last Saturday, to credit M'lle. Tourney with her performance in the character of "Adalgisa;" it was excellent in many respects, and was favorably received.) The well known Second Artillery Band has been secured for the stage in *Faust*, and the March alone, thus rendered, would be fully worth the price of admission. The management, with untiring (but we think mistaken) energy, will produce *Nabuco* on Wednesday, and *Un Ballo* on Friday evening.

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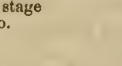
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that, in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco made on the 2d day of April, 1866, in the matter of the Estates of Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors, Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, of, in and to all the one undivided one-half part of all that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Merchant street, 23 feet easterly from the north east corner of Merchant street and Dunbar's Alley; thence running easterly along said line of Merchant street 20 feet 2 1-2 inches; thence at a right angle northerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle westerly 20 feet 2 1 2 inches, and thence at a right angle southerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Offers or bids for said property will be received at the office of D. P Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, from this date till Saturday, the 18th day of August, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned,

CHRISTIAN KIRK,
Guardian of Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, minors.
(jy28 td)

GUARDIAN'S SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1866, in the matter of the estates and guardianship of Violet Blair, Jesnp Blair and Lucy J. Blair, minors, the undersigned, the guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Monday, the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., at the office of the undersigned, in Rooms Nos. 4 and 5, Burron's Building, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, where offers or bids will be received, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Violet Blair, Jesnp Blair, and Lucy J. Blair, minors, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the said city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

1. The lot on the northerly side of Bryant street, commencing 100 varas westerly from Fonrth street, running thence westerly or southwesterly along Bryant street, 100 varas front by a uniform depth, northerly or northwesterly, of 100 varas, being the lot known on the official map of the city of San Francisco as 100-vara Lot No. 179. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-quarter of said lot.

2. The lot on the southwesterly corner of Main and Folsom streets, fifty varas square. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

3. The lot on the southerly side of Filbert street, fifty varas square, commencing 50 varas westerly from Powell street, running thence westerly, 50 varas front by a uniform depth southerly of 50 varas, being the lot known on the official map of the city of San Francisco as 50-vara Lot No. 431. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

4. The lot on the southeast corner of Dupont and Broadway streets, being sixty feet front on Dupont street by a uniform depth easterly on Broadway of fifty feet. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

5. Lot on southeast corner of Powell and Greenwich streets, being 137½ feet front on Greenwich street by a uniform depth southerly on Powell street of 206 feet and 3 inches. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

6. The lot on the northerly side of Silver street, commencing 75 feet easterly from Third street, thence northerly parallel to Third street 70 feet, thence easterly parallel to Silver street 150 feet, thence southerly parallel to Third street 70 feet, thence westerly along Silver street 150 feet to the point of beginning, being part of the 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth—subject to contract for lease and improvements.

7. The lot next adjoining the above on the east, fifty feet front on Silver street by a uniform depth northerly of 70 feet, being part of 100-vara Lot No 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth.

8. The lot on the southerly side of Silver street, commencing 100 feet easterly from Third street, thence easterly along Silver street 175 feet, thence southerly parallel to Third street 155 feet to Bryant street, thence westerly along the northerly side of Bryant street 175 feet, thence northerly 155 feet to place of beginning, being part of 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth. The same can be sold in subdivisions.

9. Lot on the southeast corner of Sansome and Broadway streets, being fifty feet square. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-eighth—subject to lease.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash, in gold coin of the United States: ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds to be made (including United States revenue stamps) at purchaser's expense. R. C. ROGERS,
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San Francisco, July 28, 1866.

NOTICE.—The remaining undivided interests in said lots, except Parcel No. 9, will be sold at same time.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHES, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. je30 3m

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THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21

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VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

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Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

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Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

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THE RACES RACILY REPORTED.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

THE two leading races are, the race of man, called the human race, and the horse race, which some consider *in*human. The Indian race is nearly run. A mill race or a race to a "mill" occurs when a prize fight is announced. Of all the races that have been upon the tapis recently, the black race attracts the most public attention. Congressmen make speeches upon it, clergymen preach upon it, and Wendell Phillips is ready to bet his money on it.

I flatter myself that I know something of the horse race. I had a passion for horse racing when a lad, and used to run horses with a neighbor's boy in Tompkins' lane. How vividly do I recall my last race. I rode the governor's grass fed mare, a sorrel, if I remember correctly, with two white spots in the forehead. She was a little foundered in one eye, but, with the exception of something like a watermelon on each knee, her intellect was unimpaired. Neighbor's boy rode a cream-colored chestnut, with a spring halt to harness. On the home-stretch I was a neck and half a shoulder-blade behind, gently encouraging the old mare to do her level best by the application of a corn-cutter to her aged ribs. The limp which she had in her eye prevented her taking a clear view of a heap of cobble-stones in the lane, and when she struck them there was a tumble, a clatter of stones, horse-shoes and old bones, and the old mare was wrecked, and no insurance. I was picked up bleeding and insensible, and I made the remainder of the home-stretch on a stretcher, coming in under one blanket. The race was decided in my favor. The judges allowed, although I was a neck behind when the old mare stumbled, yet, as I escaped without my neck being broken, I came out a neck ahead.

Although exceedingly fond of the races, I don't attend them very often now-a-days. My corpulency is too annoying. They charge me double for my ticket, and I can only get in through the horse gate. Then the boys yell, "Here comes the prize ox!" and insist on my being trotted over the course to show my points.

The first thing that struck me at a race course—no, not the first thing, for that was the shaft of a sulky, but the next thing—was the open disregard of the rules of the course. Although "public stand" was painted upon a shed in letters so large that the horse that runs may read, there was the public sitting down. But the public have to *stand a great deal* at the race course. I saw another shed labelled "reporter's stand." I asked a reporter what it meant, and he whispered "stand treat." I stood it.

"Bidding off pools for the horses," was the reply I received when I inquired the meaning of an auction scene on the course.

I innocently inquired if these pools were horse-ponds, but he only gave me a look of silent contempt. I finally dropped a fifty dollar note in one of those pools. No more "pool" for me.

Foot races are not as popular as they once were. People are too lazy to run now, unless they run for office. I ran for a prize once in a foot race. I was not quite as fat as I now am. I only weighed four hundred and forty-seven pounds. It happened thus: I was attending the County Fair. They got up a prize for the fastest runner. In those days (this was before the onerous tax on whiskey,) I used to indulge occasionally in that cup which makes us cheer and be inebriate, as Cowper hath it. In a playful moment I asked the boys to get me tight and have fun with me, and they took me at my word. The barkeeper assisted them by putting liquor in my gin-cocktail, while my back was turned, adding acoholic stimulant to my whiskey, and pouring decoctions of malt into my beer. I have since suspected that tobacco was mingled with my cigars, but on that point I am not quite clear.

Although it exhausted the contents of nearly every bar on the ground to do it, yet I got "full," and the fumes of the liquor rose from my stomach to my brain, as from an immense cauldron, causing me to behave in the most ridiculous and insane manner. I felt as etherial as a sylph, and actually went half through with a flip-flap, landing on my back. I attempted to throw a back somersault through a balloon, resulting in the total annihilation of a confectionery stand, into which I dove head first. I ruthlessly seized the "Fat Woman" in her tent and spun her around in a waltz until she shrieked. I offered to permit the "Living Skeleton" to hold me out at arm's length sitting on his palm. My absurdities drew a crowd of delighted spectators, and when it was suggested that I should compete for the prize at the foot race, fool that I was, I eagerly jumped at the offer.

No Athenian athlete ever entered the arena amid such tumultuous applause as greeted my appearance upon the course, peeled for the race. Talk about the Grecian games—they afforded no such "game" as I did that day. There I stood, among the other contestants, pants secured around the waist with several pairs of borrowed suspenders (my own were insufficient to go round,) shirt-collar unbuttoned, and bald head shining in the sun like a polished snuff bladder, or a ten-cent watermelon.

The crowd jeered and yelled. One advised me to lie down and roll around the course. Another said if I couldn't run around, I had better black my face and try a "walk around." I think he was a minstrel.

"You run a foot-race?" said a butcher, derisively, taking in my size and fatness with a professional eye, "there is only one thing you are fit to run."

"What is that?" said I.

"*Run Candles!*"

Frenzied by the insult and the yell of laughter which went up from the crowd, I rushed at my tormentor, who turned and fled. As I pursued him, devastation followed on my track. I overturned threshing-machines, got entanged among cultivators, upset bee-hives, crumbled patent fences like glass, in getting over them; dashed through the floral department, amid the shrieks of the women, as flower-roots went toppling to the ground; and, finally, in my blind frenzy, stumbled headlong into a vat of crude petroleum. A huge dredging-machine, for use in our harbors, being on the grounds, was brought into requisition, and I was scooped up and left high in the air to dream. If I had had any itching to be "in oil" before, that experience satisfied me. Thus ended my first and last foot-race.

A BEAR IN A BEDROOM.—The Milwaukie *Sentinel* states, a few nights since a tame bear, which is kept by the proprietor of Cambria House, in that city, got loose from his kennel and started on an exploring expedition through the premises. Finding a door open, Bruin entered, and made his way through the house. In passing through the hall he came in contact with one of the servant girls, *en dishabille*, who, supposing that the bear was bent on mischief, fled, screaming, into a bedroom close at hand. Bruin, seeming to appreciate a joke, pursued her closely, and took his stand in the door. The girl, seeing retreat cut off, crept under the bed to hide from the monster. The inmate of the couch, a lady, being awakened by the screams of the girl, and seeing Bruin making his way toward the bed, started up in a hurry, completing her toilet in a more expeditious manner, we venture to say, than she had ever done in her life before, and added her screams to those of the girl. The bear commenced a charge upon the fair ones, being evidently in a sportive mood. By a dexterous flank movement he cornered them both, and raising himself upon his hind legs, he looked intently into their faces, as if to say, "What do you think now, my dears?" By this time nearly the whole house was aroused, and came to the rescue of the besieged. Bruin was seized by some of the masculine gender and taken to his kennel, while the frightened women were taken care of by the female portion of the house. They blushed at having been seen in so scant an apparel, and afterward laughed at the groundlessness of their fright.

THE publication of newspapers is not as safe a business in Prussia as might be desired. What not to say is the chief look-out of their conductors. The Princess Frederick Charles, Queen Victoria's daughter, recently gave birth to a daughter, and shortly after the infant was taken to church to be baptized. The *Kreuz Zeitung* published a report of the ceremony, enumerating the distinguished personages present, not forgetting the very young juvenile who was the party most interested. Another journal, the *Bourse Gazette*, criticised the account, and humorously asked if the conduct of the baby was up to the demands of the occasion. This was an imputation which the sovereign house of the Hohenzollern could not endure. The *Gazette* was seized, and charges preferred against it of insulting one of the royal family. When the trial came on, the defendant asked that the leading physicians be called upon to testify whether a child five weeks old could be properly described as a personage and as having pursued any conduct. The case was here becoming too ludicrous to permit its absurdity being unperceived by even the stupid dignity of royalty, and the court acquitted the offending editor, censuring him, however, for his disregard of propriety. A more laughable circumstance has hardly occurred since the days when the poor Spanish woman, who wished to present her Queen with a pair of stockings, was rebuffed with the question, "Do you know that the Queens of Spain have no legs?"

The people of Martha's Vineyard have been congratulating themselves upon the high state of morals in that community—there being not a single case before the Supreme Court; but it has since leaked out that the presiding Judge had his new hat stolen during the session.

A colored preacher out South baptized forty of his congregation one Sabbath, and charged them a dollar a-piece. Receiving pay from but two of the crowd, he remarked that he "wan't gwine to muss himself up for two dollars."

J. R. MEAD & Co. announce elsewhere that they will sell their fine stock of Custom-Made Clothing for the next thirty days at a great reduction, to make room for their coming Fall Importations. Their stores are located on the corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, and on the corner of Washington and Sansome streets.

USE Davidson's Circassian Bloom—the best toilet article extant. For sale by all druggists.

FRANCE was to have had its eleventh census completed in the latter half of last month. It will only confirm the well known tardy increase of the French population, which, in 1861, including Savoy and the Maritime Alps, amounted to some thirty-seven and a half million souls. The past five years, it has been observed, have been unusually exempt from the three scourges of war, pestilence, and famine, and afford the most favorable opportunity of ascertaining the normal growth and progress of the nation. Roughly estimated, the number of births in France yearly may be set down at 1,000,000 against not less than 800,000 deaths, which is about one-fourth the rate of increase across the Channel. The depletion of the rural departments to the advantage of those which contain great cities, has reached an alarming extent. In the decade 1851–1861, the department of the Seine gained upwards of half a million inhabitants though the total increase throughout France was less than a million. The humors of the census are not wanting in the present instance. It is made soberly to appear that women preponderate in the pulpit, in civil office, at the bar, and in the practice of medicine. This arose from enumerating in the same columns, as belonging to the *personnel* of a profession, all those who are supported by it; that is to say, not only the barrister, but the barrister's wife and daughters and maids; not only the priest, but his sisters, nieces, and female servants.—*Nation.*

THE MAN WHO NEVER HAS ANYTHING OF HIS OWN.—Of course you have encountered this pest. He borrows your penknife, your razor, your writing utensils, your umbrella; and what you lend him goes, as a rule, to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Not that he is dishonest, but he considers himself a sort of pensioner at large upon the world for minor conveniences, and has no idea that their restoration is expected. As he is usually a good-natured fellow, who would give you anything he had if he had anything to give, you don't like to snub him, and so he passes through life in his shiftless, careless way, unconscious of his demerits—a tolerated nuisance. Willingly would you raise a subscription, heading the list of donors yourself, to furnish him with all he borrows. But it would be useless. There is no tenacity in his slipshod nature. Whatever you give him would slip through his fingers. Beside, your professional borrower of small chattels prefers a *loan* to a *gift*. So far as your personal comfort is concerned, it is best to meet his application for loans with an emphatic "No!" He is not pertinacious. A few rebuffs will suffice. He knows well enough that if you won't supply the article he wants, somebody else will. If you are "mean," there are others who are "generous."

THE French papers speak of a new system of embalming, the invention of M. Audigier. It differs from the systems hitherto in use in the manner of introducing the preservative liquid. Heretofore it has been necessary to make incisions in the body for this purpose, but M. Audigier introduces it by the mouth, and also rubs the skin with a vegetable powder impregnated with the same liquid. The latter part of the process is not absolutly necessary, and the embalming may be performed after the body has been placed in the coffin. The official report states that after the lapse of twelve months, bodies which had been submitted to the process were in a perfect state of preservation, the flesh having become as hard as wood.

AN Anglo-Saxon cemetery, of the pagan period, and of considerable extent, near Market Harborough, in Leicestershire, England, has been lately the scene of extensive excavations, which have produced a considerable number of the usual objects, such as spear-heads, knives, umbos of shields, beads, etc., found in Anglo-Saxon graves. Among them was found a fine example of the double-edged Teutonic sword, thirty-four inches and a half in length, and rather more than two inches broad. The graves were laid in rows, disposed east and west, with the feet towards the east.

THE Detroit (Mich.) *Advertiser* is sponsor for the following: About one year ago, one of our business men visited New York city, and while there ordered a half dozen *cartes de visite* of himself, which he distributed among his friends in that place. A few days ago he was surprised to find one of the counterfeit resemblances in possession of the family cook. An investigation into the matter disclosed the fact that she had received it from a fortune-teller in New York city, who advertised to forward a correct likeness of any young lady's future husband, all for the sum of fifty cents, which amount the cook had remitted, according to the advertisement, and received her employer's likeness in return.

SICKNESS is an affliction that waits on us all. None are exempt and there are none but need relief from its attacks. Whoever can furnish this becomes our benefactor. A conviction prevails that Dr. Ayer does it. Disorders of the blood have been healed by his Sarsaparilla, and affections of the lungs by his Cherry Pectoral, too frequently and too distinctly to be disputed. His Ague Cure is said, by those who use it, to never fail. Reader, if you must have medical aid, take the best of medicine. Poor remedies are dear as good are cheap, at any price you have to pay for them.—*Charleston Courier.*

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the ekin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedeutary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky. and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off nd turning gray, and promotes its growth upon pre maturely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other e7m

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 646 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 646 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of MRS. C. COOK, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
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Rev. W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.
Rev. E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.
Rev. SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.
Rev. B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.
Rev. HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.
Rev. W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.
Rev. GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.
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FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifico known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
je2 4m NEW YORK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
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H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
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Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
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Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
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Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
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R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
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Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
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N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
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J J. Millor, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
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Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal'
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Mont'y & Pine

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. C. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohlor, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morsheat, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Msp Depot, A. Gonsoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

PIANO SCHOOL.
Mr. Gustave A. Scott, at Miel Institute, 55 South Park.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
mar24-6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
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J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
Nos. 200 *and* 202 *Montgomery street,*
Corner of Bush, - - San Francisco.

JOS. WINTERBURN & CO.

J. WINTERBURN, V. A. TORRAS, W. HOFFSCHNEIDER.
(Successors to W. P. Harrison,)
Printers and Electrotypers,
413 TO 417 CLAY ST., (Below Sansome,)
SAN FRANCISCO.
ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING
Neatly and Promptly Executed.
ELECTROTYPING
Done at the shortest notice.
Samps of all kinds made to order.
Printing in Spanish, French, German and Italian Languages, executed with correctness.
A "Mammoth" and two No. 3 Hand Presses FOR SALE very cheap. my3-3m

SMOKE
THE PATEST
RUSSIAN
CIGARETTES,



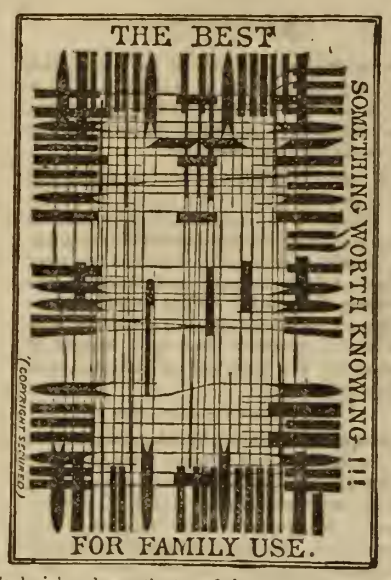
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CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

MONEY TO LOAN!
MONEY TO LOAN
On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND
MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
Cor. Sansome and California streets, San Francisco
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.
Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.
Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.
WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1866.
GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!
THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
MOSES TAYLOR,
ON WEDNESDAY, - - AUGUST 15,
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.
☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

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YOU
WANT ANY
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IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.
PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
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A CARD.
M. Howard's Hair Restorative,
NO. 315 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE ABOVE PREPARATION, which has been recently discovered and patented, is purely a Vegetable Extract.
The undersigned are fully aware of the many unsatisfactory and useless preparations for restoring hair that have been introduced to the puplic, and how little confidence is to be placed in any pretensions to restoring the hair to bald heads, but,
HAVING TRIED MR. HOWARD'S PREPARATION, we are able to state that it not only prevents the Hair from falling out, but absolutely reproduces it, and that we now have good suits of Hair growing where we were entirely bald. Therefore, as a matter of justice to Mr. Howard, and of consolation to bald heads, we tender him this testimonial Mr H. keeps the article for sale in bottles, with directions for its use, or applies it himself, as may be desired.
San Francisco, April 6, 1866.

Frank M. Thayer,	R. A. Redman,
W. S Duvis,	J. O. Rountree,
T. A. Hall,	G. W. Gamble,
A. C. Knox,	J. W. Miller,
Bradbury Sanborn,	E. C. McComb,
George Wells,	D. C. Ross,
Joseph Wells,	

jy7

HEUSTON,
HASTINGS
& CO.
The Fashionable Clothiers
OF
SAN FRANCISCO,
Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE
STOCK OF
CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,
ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
AT
REDUCED PRICES.
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MEAGHER, TAAFE & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS OF
DRY GOODS, LINENS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
FANCY GOODS, ETC.
AGENTS FOR THE
MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY
NO. 107 *BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.*
RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
jy21-3m *Lick House.*

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,
On Bush-st., adjoiuin Russ House.
SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. my5-3m

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.
THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.
THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:
1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.
2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.
3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.
4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.
5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.
DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.
In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.
The peculiar construction of this superior machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quick silver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself.
Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.
A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.
W. D. FARRAND

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - - Petaluma.
mar24-6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the daty berehy imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall he deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any hill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may he expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to he exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the considerationdoes not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractioual part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Boud for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may he required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandam of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photogrnphs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, hill, acceptance check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
The Westminster Review (Radical.)
The North British Review (Free Church.)
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejadice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

TERMS FOR 1866.

For any one of the Reviews, per annum	$4
For any two of the Reviews, per annum	7
For any three of the Reviews, per annam	10
For all four of the Reviews, per annum	12
For Blackwood's Magazine, per annum	4
For Blackwood and one Review, per annum	7
Blackwood and any two of the Reviews, per an.	10
Blackwood and three of the Reviews, per annam.	13
Blackwood and the four Reviews, per annum	15

CLUBS.

A discount of *twenty per cent.* will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus, four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to *one address* for $12 80. Four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood, for $48, and so on.

POSTAGE.

When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the Union will be but *Twenty-four Cents* a year for Blackwood, and but *Eight Cents* a year for each of the Reviews.

REDUCED PRICES FOR PREVIOUS YEARS.

Subscribers may obtain the Reprints immediately preceding 1866, as follows, viz:

Blackwood from September, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, at the rate of $2 50 a year.

The North British from January, 1865, to December, 1865, inclusive; the Edinburgh and the Westminster from April, 1864, to December, 1865, inclusive, and the London Quarterly for the year 1865, at the rate of $1 50 a year for each or any Review.

A few copies yet remain of all the Four Reviews for 1863 at $4 a set, or $1 50 for any one.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
38 Walker street, New York.

TYLER BROTHERS,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

AND 691 MARKET STREET, - - - - CORNER THIRD,

SAN FRANCISCO,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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FANCY ARTICLES,

CHILDRENS' PICTURE BOOKS, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we stamp with

INITIALS,

In COLORS or PLAIN.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, OR PRINTED.

je23

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24-6m Main street, Petaluma.

OCCIDENTAL
HOMESTEAD
Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Capital Stock, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.
ja1

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

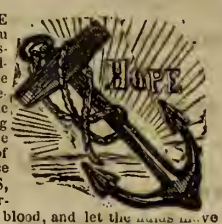
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent
mh25

AYER'S
PILLS.



ARE YOU SICK, FEEBLE and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. At once TAKE AYER'S PILLS, and cleanse out the disordered humors, purify the blood, and let the mass move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body; and deranges its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering and derangement. While in this condition,

TAKE AYER'S PILLS,

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au4 1m REV P. J. GREY, President.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of CHRISTIAN KIRK, the Executor of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heir and devisee of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir and devisee of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 5th day of September, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3d, 1866. 4w

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On Monday next (6th instant,) the Board of Registration will be in session from 9 o'clock A. M. to 1 o'clock, P. M., and from 4 to 9 o'clock, P. M., to hear applications of persons claiming the right to be enrolled, agreeably to the provisions of the Registry Law.

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VOLUME V., No 12.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 11, 1866.

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[For the Californian.]

PODGERINGS BY THE WAY.

No. 3.

SACRAMENTO is a city of great antiquity, having been well and widely known before the flood, which, however, did not purify it to any great extent—on the contrary, it had to accommodate the debris of its neighbors above, whose sins were washed away and lodged at Sacramento.

If I was not afraid of incurring the indignation and ire of the newspapers there, I should throw out a faint hint that it is sometimes hot in Sacramento; at any rate, it was so suggested by several perspiring friends of mine, whose names I am bound to suppress, if demanded, as they were well-meaning parties, and I do not like to hand them over to the tender mercies of an indignant newspaper public. When I went ashore from the *Yosemite*, at the delightful hour of 5 A. M., I had not such perspiring proofs of the fact as I had a few hours later. There is not much sleep to be obtained on board the steamboat after she arrives at the levee; for some people go ashore and some come aboard. A large colored delegation assemble in the cabins awaiting the egress of their prey, and in the most accommodating manner tender their services to "tote" anything, from a steam engine to a carpet sack. But justice to the colored population of Sacramento compels me to say that they are the most reliable and trustworthy "toters" of baggage I have met with anywhere, and never fail to charge all they agreed to; but, in all candor, I must confess they do not exceed the original sum agreed upon. Three of them volunteered to take my baggage for fifty cents a piece, there being three pieces. The job finished, the charges came to four dollars and fifty cents by their *Daboll*. There were three pieces, and each one charged fifty cents a-piece, and being three colored pussons engaged in the transaction, at a dollar and a half each, made up the some total as aforesaid. One of them remarking, "Boss, dat's de way us figure up here." I remarked that if so the temperature had a serious effect on my friend Daboll's principles. One juvenile contraband who had not "toted" anything, but had favored us with his society on the way to the cars, generously offered a compromise, and would take four bits for his services; and the others not to be outdone in liberality, conformed to that basis of settlement, and the "entente cordiale" was fully restored. The elder gentleman informed me confidentially that "totin" was mighty dull, and he had serious thoughts of retiring from the business and resuming the profession of boot-blacking, pending an expected appointment from Governor Low as clerk to an ash cart, or some other lucrative political office.

Sacramento is blessed with a great many early birds, but worms seem to be scarce, and, competition running high many of them stay up all night to be on hand at the worming—the passengers that land from the boats personating the worms, and the birds are generally the class denominated black, the climate being favorable to that species of ornithology.

The pursuit of an early cup of coffee, in that city, is attended with some difficulty—and the quality of the article is not strictly first class. The mud in the water enters largely into the compound, and assists in carrying out the fiction, requiring a powerful imagination on the part of the consumer to make up the flavor, in the absence of the berry. A cup of the compound being placed before me, I was obliged to instiute an enquiry as to whether it was intended for tea or coffee—and I discovered that it was entirely a matter of choice on the part of the consumer, as orders for either were filled from the same reservoir. I determined on a verdict of coffee in my case, and my friend, who never drank coffee, gave it as tea. It made very little difference, the charge being the same. With the addition of a couple of very doubtful eggs, apparently on the eve of deciding in favor of chickens, we made our hasty breakfast, and departed for the cars, which we found well filled by a large delegation of gentlemen uniformed in dusters and big boots—and, with a view to make room, or to give the boots a little fresh air, they were generally stuck out of the windows—the owners lolling on the seats, which position used up the accommodations, to the exclusion of just one-half the number they were supposed to seat. The conductor, however, went through the cars, punching up these luxurious gentlemen, and bringing them into a horizontal position. We arrived at Alta, the terminus of the road—the town itself had only arrived the day before, having been moved from the site of what had been the terminus a few days previous. Observing a carpenter setting up a first class saloon, I inquired if he intended to keep pace with the progress of the road; said he did, had moved "that ar shanty" four times, and intended to follow up the thing until he he reached his native State, old Missouri. It was getting hot, and, as I booked for an outside seat on the stage, I set out in quest of an umbrella, but, the assortment of dry goods being limited, none were to be had. In answer to my enquiries they said, "No umbrellas, but we've got a first rate article of whiskey." Not seeing the connection, I did not indulge in that substitute, but, going to the end of the platform, I saw abundant proof of the proof and flooring qualities of the article: three men who probably wanted umbrellas, and had tried the suggestion in lieu, lay under the end of the planks, and one at the bottom of a well that had progressed about ten feet down. The gentleman may have been intended as an illustration of Truth, but, if so, he was far from being able to speak it, for, when I "hollered" down at him, and asked what he was doing there, he'd reply, punctuated with frequent hic-cups, he was "goin' to ter China;" he had got about ten feet on his way there, but his prospect for going to even a warmer place was favorable. The driver sung out "All aboard!" which was not true, for none of us were; but we soon relieved him from the charge of wilful misrepresentation, and climbed in and up to our perches, and the agent having made us all get down again, to see if we were the same persons he saw up there, concluded, after cheeking us off a couple times, to complete the loading, by chucking up on top half a dozen Celestials, who, although paying the same fare, are considered deck freight. The Johns were evidently familiar with the dangers of their position, and immediately commenced securing themselves by taking turns with their pig-tails through the trunk handles, the rail, etc.; but it proved, unfortunately, premature in one case, as it was discovered that a valise belonging to the other coach had been put on ours, whereupon the driver picked it up and threw it down to the agent, carrying with it a little, thin Chinaman who had secured himself to the handle. The property was soon assorted, however, the valise being thrown on to the other coach, and John pitched back on top of ours, where he belonged. The only visible effect on John apparently was to cause his eyes to stick out somewhat, and I doubt if he was able to shut them for twenty-four hours after. The agent having endorsed the driver's assertion of "All aboard," the horses, apparently having more faith than in the former case, made a determination to move—one of the leaders began to kick, whereupon the driver exclaimed, "Oh, will you!" touching him up with his whip. The horse thought he would, and did—kicked over the trace; but a second application of buckskin induced him to change his mind and make a better use of his heels, and away we went, running down a lean dog that had planted himself in the middle of the road and was taking a survey of the improvements rapidly springing up about him, and I judged from his expression of disgust that he did not approve of the location. His reveries were speedily cut short, as was his tail, by the wheel of the coach; and I presume, if that dog concludes to go into any business in that place, it will be in the re-tail line. The ride, although a hot one, was pleasant, and the scenery magnificent. We arrived at Excelsior, the place of debarcation for the Meadow City mines, about noon; a rapidly growing town, the principal business being the sale of the substitute for umbrellas, interspersed with a little something in the "cloding" way. A gentleman with a long beard, long duster, and long boots, climbed up on the stage and inquired if I was "Up thar to buy mines?" I said "No; I was up *thar* to go to Virginia City," and he got down again.

I was afraid to get off the coach for fear I might be assessed on some claim on suspicion. The principal productions of the city of Excelsior appear to be long hair, long dusters, long boots, Chinamen, mules, and granite boulders which come tumbling down much too frequently from the heights above, where hundreds of Chinamen were at work on the railroad grade. It was certainly uphill work, and the towering precipice of solid granite seems to be the orignal rock of ages that has never yet been cleft for anybody, but that job is being done by Governor Sanford and his associates.

The tumbling down of these big chunks of porpyry affords rather pleasant excitement for the people below, as they must keep one eye out for the descending boulders, and it sometimes interrupts their pursuits. A chap a little farther up the road, in the midst of a horse-trade was cut short in his enumeration of the qualities of the animal by being obliged to make a six-foot leap over a log to avoid a coming event in the shape of a ten-ton cobble-stone that was tearing and crashing its way to the foot of the mountain. The gentleman contemplating purchasing being apparently a new-comer and not to the manner born, left suddenly in the other direction, looking decidedly wild. Such is life at Excelsior.

We did not dine at Excelsior, and the people generally there looked as if they had not, either, and did not know to any degree of certainty when that happy event would come off. I presume the proprietors of the stage line, in mercy to us, concluded it would be no worse for us to go on with sharpening appetites to some place where the edge could be taken off more satisfactorily; and at four o'clock we reached the summit of the Sierra Nevadas. A magnificent view of the valley was obtained; Donner Lake, like a burnished mirror, was before us; the road lay through a sea of rocks and along precipices that made one shudder to look at. As the horses at a gallop make the windings and turnings down the grade, the driver, with wonderful skill, guiding them with apparent ease—one foot on the "break" and his eye on the leaders—such a ride is worth days of travel to experience. We went down at a lively gait, and drew up at the station just on the bank of the lake, nestled under the shade of immense pine trees. Having washed the dust from our faces, we were glad enough to hear the welcome announcement of "dinner." That cup of Sacramento river warm water and the hen-fruit taken at five o'clock had not proved reliable for an all-day journey, and I for one was hungry—the young woman who waited on the table evidently thought so, too, for she looked at me with open-mouthed wonder. She was good-looking, but such an appetite as mine was rather discouraging to sentiment, and the brief time allowed did not permit of efforts to make an impression, although I think I made one: which was, that no money was made out of me on that occasion.

An enthusiastic angler—one of our passengers—inquired if there were not plenty of fish in the lake. The landlord said there were; whereupon the gentlemen concluded to stop over and fish. I envied him; but after starting, the driver informed me in confidence that there were fish in the lake, but the deuced bite did any one ever get yet from any fish worth catching. This consoled me.

The air becoming chilly, I concluded to get inside; and thereby hangs a tale—which I will tell next week—a true tale somewhat mixed up with a pig-tail, which, ha! ha! but I have not time to unfold it now.

PODGERS.

THE UNDECIDED GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

I AM about to throw myself on the mercy of the public, by laying before them a short sketch of my past life. I did not mean to do so, and even now I am uncertain as to the wisdom of trying to create a sympathy among the mass. I have been some years making up my mind, or rather deciding or undeciding it; but now that I have decided, I think I shall on the whole be glad.

I am not a philanthropist; I do not expect my story to change the course of human nature, by altering especial peculiarities. I don't assume to be an example, but I lay humble claims to merit as a warning, and as such I reveal the rock on which I have split.

From the time I could first remember, and follow the lighted candle with admiring baby eyes, I have never been able to make up my mind definitely about any one single event, and the tortures I have suffered in consequence no pen could possibly describe. From whom I may have inherited this peculiarity I don't know; certainly not from my parents; for my father had a strong will, with an unbending firmness of purpose and decision of character, which displayed themselves even in the merest trifles; and my mother was not wanting in decision, for, soon after her marriage, she, like a true woman, lost all identity in her lord and master, showing by that act that she had at least made up her mind to something definite if inevitable, and she yielded honorably on all occasions.

I was one of a large family, and unfortunately the eldest. My brothers were all high-spirited, determined lads, who tried on all occasions to strengthen their own rights in any way that seemed most likely to succeed, so that the vacillations of my mind made me an easy prey to every description of tyranny. In large families, or indeed large communities of any kind, a certain strength of character will always make itself felt, and the individual possessing it be respected, whilst the reverse will be despised or ridiculed, as the case may be. I think during the early portion of my life I suffered most from the former. How my brothers chaffed me! Nearly everything they said was prefaced by, "If you have not changed your mind, Con," or "Had you not better consider before you speak, or toss, so as to be quite sure?" Yes, then it was I never did feel quite sure about anything, and I recollect well the tortures I suffered in consequence.

To go quite back to my earliest remembrance of the first dawn of my peculiar weakness, I find myself in the nursery of our large, old-fashioned country house in Warwickshire. We were all of us in a considerable state of excitement, consequent on the visit of an old uncle, a bachelor, who was reported to have more lacs of rupees than other people had shillings. Of course we expected to benefit by such a visitor; nor were we disappointed. On the afternoon in question a message came to the nursery that our presence was desired in the dining-room, and that we were to be dressed in our best for the occasion. How well I remember the little dark-blue cloth surtout, fastened in round the waist by a belt and silver buckle, which I and my next brothers, Robert and Edmund, wore, and the blue sashes of my twin sisters, down to the embroidered frock and red shoes of baby. Of course, as the eldest, I went first; and, of course, on reaching the dining-room door, I could not make up my mind to go in; so I lingered for a while; but lynch-law was administered from behind by Robert, and my entrance was more abrupt than graceful; but, as I was then only a little boy, it was overlooked.

My uncle kissed us all round; commented on our appearance, and likewise on our resemblance to various (to us unknown) members of our family, and finally brought out before our admiring eyes a large parcel, which he undid, cutting the string with a little gold-mounted penknife.

"Now, Coningsby," said he, as he displayed a number of tempting things; "you are the eldest, so you must take your choice; Robert the next; and so on."

The difficulties presented themselves to my mind at once. I hesitated—wavered, There were two articles that almost equally took my fancy. One was a sword, the other a gun. Whichever I did not take, Robert would. Of that I felt sure; and to make up my mind which I would decide upon perplexed me sorely. At one moment I fancied that Robert's eye would rest lovingly on the gun, which had imitation silver mountings, and would fire anything, short of powder and shot, and I felt quite decided to take it; the next moment, and he had unsheathed the sword, and I felt that it was impossible to relinquish such a treasure.

My uncle waited long and patiently, but at last he suggested that I should make up my mind. I laid my hand on the gun; I half drew it towards me; then I put it back, and did the same with the sword, and then I went back to the gun again.

"You have made your choice," said my uncle, quickly; "and now 'tis Robert's turn."

Robert seized the sword, and buckled it round his waist. I would have given worlds then had it been mine, and the gun his. I think amidst my thanks my uncle detected this, for he said, "You took which you liked best, did you not my boy?"

I hung my head; and Robert, who was as generous as he was vindictive, took off the sword, and, handing it to me, offered instantly to change. The moment he had done so, the gun rose in my estimation. I was obliged to seem contented; I had changed my mind again, but it was too late. I remember I could not sleep that night: and at last I decided on telling Robert, and see if I could not effect another barter, but Robert was inexorable, and called me names I don't wish to repeat, stating that he had given me a second chance, and that if he did give me back the gun, I should only cry for the sword back again next day. I left crestfallen, but not convinced; it has taken years to bring me to a sad knowledge of the sad truth that I am to be turned by every straw.

The remainder of my boyhood was marked by other incidents very similar to the one I have narrated. I was sent to school. I never knew whether I preferred marbles, or peg-top, hockey or cricket; and a pastrycook's shop bewildered me more than anything. With sixpence to spend, and a hundred dainty things before me, I became simply an object of pity. I would timidly lay my hand upon a tart, and then my eyes would wander to something else, and I would look at that, and then return and loook again at the tart, finally selecting a dainty, and eating it, yet repent of my choice all the while.

At college it was just the same—in fact it was worse, for I was more my own master. I could never decide whether I should take to the oar, or read for honors: whom I should select for friends, and which of them I should invite to my wine-parties; where I should spend my vacations, what tailor I should employ, and a thousand other trifles that make up the sum of life. However, no matter how much I weighed the matter, whatever I did, I always wished I had done the opposite: and in this state of mind I went home, and decided on a profession—I say decided, but I don't mean it. My father called me into his study one morning, and thus addressed me:

"If I had not been blessed with ten children, Con, I might have made an elder son of you; but I don't see now how I can. You must do as your brothers have done, and go into some profession. I have given you a college education, and now I give you a week to consider what you would prefer, and I shall make it my duty to help you carry out your wishes, whether for the Church, army, or the bar, as far as lies within my power."

I thanked him, and retired to reflect. I reflected for all that week, but I came to no decision. One day I had almost determined on the Church, the next day on the bar; then some chance remark would unsettle my mind again. I would have given the world to feel a strong, unbiassed inclination in some defined direction; but those inclinations seemed reserved for my brothers. Robert was a sailor, and enthusiastic about his profession; whilst Edmund would hear of nothing but becoming a merchant. Even baby, the moment he abandoned his red shoes, asserted his intention of keeping a public-house, and driving his own coach.

Luckily, when we are not strong enough to settle for ourselves, some one generally is to be found who will do it for us, and my future destiny was taken out of my hands *vi et armis*. One of my college friends had just entered the army, and during my deliberation we chanced to meet. I asked him to come into Warwickshire for a few days to talk over my prospects, and give me the benefit of his advice. I had no actual intention of taking it, but the result turned out otherwise.

Rupert Leigh was a young man of strong will and enthusiastic temperament, and was gifted with the greatest of all powers, persuasive eloquence. He laid before me, as we sat idly smoking in my particular den, the most glowing pictures of soldier life.

"Of course," said he, "you could not do anything else but go into the army, and, if possible, into my regiment. Every other profession is quite unfit for you, and you are unfit for any other profession."

I partly yielded, or rather I felt almost tempted; and, before he left, I had under his advice intimated my views to my father, and so I became a victim. I say a victim, for no sooner did I wake to find myself really gazetted into the 104th, which was Rupert Leigh's regiment, than I bitterly repented my choice. It had all been done in a hurry, and now it was too late. My uniform was ordered; I was besieged with circulars from outfitters, and the day when I was to join my regiment had been signified by an order from the Horse Guards.

My father gave me his blessing, a tolerably handsome order on Cox & Co., and some good advice. My mother cried over me, and my sisters packed my boxes: my youngest brother, Fred, gave me his retriever-pup, and little Constance knitted me a pair of muffettees, with her own fat fingers; and so, amid such family consolation, I left home and went into the world.

The regiment was quartered at Chester, and we were not for foreign service till the next year. Rupert Leigh received me very cordially, and introduced me to his friends. Things seemed to have taken a rather fortunate turn, but for one circumstance: I never felt quite sure that I had not made a mistake. Every young clergyman I *met* opened my mind to new doubts as to whether theology had not been my express vocation; every man of business as to the question of speculation on the Bourse or Stock Exchange. There certainly arose one good out of the profession I had embraced, as far as affected my natural character. There were certain things that were not left to my own judgment—things which I was compelled to do; and the machine-like evolutions of a soldier's body acted favorably on my mind; it was only things that *were* left that tormented me. I often wonder why I was not born a woman, with the inestimable privilege of being allowed to change my mind every hour of the day!

I don't think my peculiarity was discovered in the regiment for some time, but it came out by degrees. At races, if I backed a favorite horse, and had apparently every chance of winning, the least straw would turn me in another direction, and I would set about hedging, and so lose all my chances making and unmaking my book twenty times. If we got up a ball, and each officer had the privilege of inviting a certain number of guests, I would debate so long, and change my mind so often, that the day would arrive, and it was too late for me to ask any one.

I affected dandyism, but I never could decide on my model, consequently the changes in my costume were marvellous, and my tailor's bill was alarming. When it became my turn to cater for the mess, I believe I nearly drove the cook frantic by my orders and counter-orders. Even in such trifles as writing notes, I never could decide upon what to say, and I would often tear up a dozen in succession before settling upon the one which I would send. I had no sooner bought a horse and dog-cart, which I had immensely coveted, and for which I had outbid a number of applicants, than I would have given worlds to have been able to change it for a mail phaeton. I gave away my dog, and could scarcely refrain from asking to have it back the very next day. Indeed, in everything, except, as I have said, the inevitable duties attendant on my profession, my life was almost a burden.

At last an event happened which might have become the turning point of my existence—I fell in love. The only reason I can give for doing so is, that love is an involuntary act. Would that marriage had been so also! But that being left to my own decision, I naturally marred my destiny. Not far from Chester I had often noticed a fine old-fashioned country house, called "The Cedars," well situated in a wooded park, little thinking how great an influence its inmates would have upon myself. But so it was: my father wrote to tell me that the Walsinghams were old friends of his early days; that he had accidentally heard of their living near Chester, and desired me to call upon them.

I often wonder why I went; I took several weeks making up my mind to do so. Perhaps, if I had never gone, I should never have known Isabel Walsingham; and then—

Alas! Isabel Walsingham is one of the most unhappy memories of my past life. I saw her the first day I went to "The Cedars;" she came in at the open drawing-room window with some flowers in her hand, wearing a softly falling muslin dress and a straw hat, under which was a face of surpassing loveliness. No Isabel, I thought, however renowned in song or prose, could ever equal Isabel Walsingham, with her dark eyes, brown hair, smiling, rosy lips, and teeth that might have rivalled Nell Gwynne's. She was not tall, nor very slight, but all her movements were light and graceful, and there was a joyous ring in her laugh that seemed like flashes of sunshine.

I remained to luncheon; I was asked to dinner, and was treated, by reason of my father, like an old friend. Sir John Walsingham was a kind, hospitable country gentleman, and his wife a perfect model of old age, as she sat in an arm-chair dressed in a handsome gray silk dress and white lace cap.

Isabel was not the only member of the family. She had five brothers, but only one was at home, and he did not return till just before dinner, so that during the afternoon I was left entirely to the care of Isabel, who lionized me over the grounds, and finally allowed me to take her out for a row on a branch of the river which ran through the park.

Her brother Frank had returned by the time we were thinking of going back, and he came to meet us—a bright, curly-headed boy of about seventeen, who resembled Isabel, without being exactly like her. We all returned to the house together. Shortly after our return, dinner was announced, and the rest of the evening flew, rather than passed away, and I found myself once more in my barrack-room. I could not sleep; for when I went to bed I was haunted by Isabel Walsingham.

I went to "The Cedars" again and again, until my frequent absence from barracks began to draw remarks upon me, which I evaded as well as I could. But at last my idol was discovered; and I— However, I may as well relate how it all happened.

The Walsinghams talked of giving a ball; and as Isabel seemed enchanted at the idea, I warmly seconded it, and promised to secure the attendance of as many of my brother officers as they required. I felt that I loved Isabel; and I thought of proposing for her hand before finally deciding that Rupert Leigh should see her, and that I should have his opinion.

(It has been, I believe, the mistake of all ages to call in

the cat to guard the cream, and it was mine.) The ball was a great success; I never saw Isabel look so radiantly lovely. I longed to pass the entire night by her side, but I refrained. I led up Rupert Leigh, introduced him, and watched at a distance the impression, and hoped he had produced a favorable one. He had asked her to dance, and as they whirled past me in a waltz, his eyes met mine, and I saw that he approved. I think that during the whole of that evening I avoided Isabel; first, because I did not want to make myself conspicuous; and secondly, because I was anxious for Rupert Leigh to have every opportunity of forming his opinion, and I saw that he hovered about her with that intention.

Once, late in the evening, she came up to me, and I fancied her dark eyes had something of reproach in them as she said softly: "Are you enjoying my ball, Mr. Leicester?"

"Very much, Miss Walsingham," I replied; "but I should enjoy it more if you could spare me another dance."

I fancied a color flushed into her cheeks as she bent over her card.

"Why did you not ask me before?" said Isabel.

"You are so much engaged, I did not like to do so," I replied.

"Strangers," said she, "would never be put before friends, unless my friends deserted me."

"You consider me, then, as a friend," I asked.

The color now rose unmistakably, but she looked up into my face, and said, "Are you not?"

I took her hand, and drew it through my arm. I bent over her, and whispered some low, soft words, and felt her hand tremble in mine. The music struck up, and without another word we entered the dreamy maze of the waltz. When we stopped, Rupert Leigh was standing before us.

"I think that was my dance, Miss Walsingham," said he.

"Never mind, old fellow," I said; "it was my fault." And I nodded to him gayly, once more putting my arm round her waist as the "Dreams of Childhood" came wafted from the orchestra down the brilliantly lighted room.

After the dance was over, I still lingered by her side, and, finally, we found ourselves standing on the broad terrace that skirted the drawing-room, with the moon above our heads. What a glorious night it was! everything in Nature so intensely still, and the perfume of the flowers, like incense, stealing up with every faint breath of air.

"You look tired, Miss Walsingham," said I, as we walked slowly on.

"Not very," she replied; "but I like the feeling of reaction on coming out into the quiet night air, after all the excitement of lights and dancing. Listen to the music," she said, pointing in the direction of the ball-room, "and then look out here."

I glanced at the scenery, and then my eyes rested on Isabel herself. Surely nothing in Nature or Art could have looked more bewitching than she did then in her floating white dress, that, in the uncertain light, seemed like summer clouds with heart's-ease and blush-roses in her brown hair. She held a bouquet of hot-house flowers in her hand, and as she bent over them a sudden impulse made me ask her to give it me, in remembrance, I said, of the evening. She smiled as she partly held them towards me.

We turned, and slowly retraced our steps. I was debating whether I should propose, but at last it was decided for me that I should not; for Isabel's hand was claimed for a dance the moment we came in view of the windows; not that I had positively decided even that Miss Walsingham was necessary to my happiness, but I was thinking it might be so. As she swept past me half an hour afterwards, making some gay repartee to a remark of Rupert Leigh's, her light laugh jarred disagreeably on my ear, and I determined to broach the subject to him on our way home. I did so. I felt very undecided as how to begin, but the difficulty was saved me.

We lighted our cigars, and in the fair dawn of a summer morning had hardly left the gay scene behind us, when Rupert Leigh offered me what he was pleased to term his hearty congratulations, which he accompanied by a slap upon my shoulders that nearly made me drop the reins out of my hands, and caused my horse, "Sultan," to rear on his hind legs. I was driving myself in the dog-cart, the purchase of which I had so regretted.

A few minutes ago, and I was anxious Rupert Leigh should feel that a something was understood between Miss Walsingham and myself; but now, that it appeared evident such was the case, my mind pursued the subject, and asked his opinion. He warmed upon it, and spoke in a way that certainly was gratifying. I told him that I had made an arrangement to lunch at "The Cedars" on the following day, and wished him to accompany me. He hesitated as to the propriety of his doing so unasked, but I pressed the point, assuring him that he ought to call, and that as my particular friend his doing it with me was only natural. So it ended that we went.

After luncheon, I left him to wander about the grounds with Isabel, in order that he might become better acquainted with her, while I talked to Sir John; and he certainly seemed to improve the occasion, for we did not get away until nearly five o'clock. Going home, he renewed the congratulations which he had offered on the morning of the ball; but the the possibility of his thinking I was *decided* on marrying made me uneasy.

Was I decided? Night after night I lay awake, and weighed the pros and cons. I tossed "Heads I do; tails, I don't." I tried if my marriage came out in "patience," sitting over the cards alone in my own room. I continued to visit at "The Cedars," but managing it as quietly as I could. I was no longer the same. In Isabel's society I was absent and constrained, fearing I might do or say anything that might commit me.

While in this state of mind the affair got wind in the regiment, and one night at mess I was overwhelmed with congratulations. The instinct of self-preservation made me deny that I had the slightest intentions in a matrimonial direction, and I reiterated my denial again and again.

When mess was over, and we were standing in the anteroom, Rupert Leigh came over to where I was standing, and, putting his arm within mine, asked me to come up and have a cigar with him in his own room; and, anxious to escape, I acceded. When we had settled ourselves comfortably—a thing it was quite possible to do in Rupert Leigh's room, where things were fitted up with the elegance of a lady's boudoir—selecting two arm-chairs of the most luxurious description, and lighting our cigars, he returned to the subject of my probable engagement to Isabel Walsingham. I don't know what possessed me, but the feeling that Isabel was being forced upon me made me deny to him having any intention of marrying, as I had done to the others.

His manner was so serious that I became quite alarmed. Had I gone too far? My mind was in a complete chaos. Why were not marriages arranged by the families, on the French system? What agonies of doubt I should have been saved! I don't know, or rather I did not then know, what possessed Rupert Leigh, but he got up quite abruptly, shook my hand, called me "a jolly old fellow," and proposed brandy and water. Alas! I know, now that it is too late, what it all meant. As it was then, I enjoyed the evening immensely. Two or three other men came in, and I forgot, in the fumes of alcohol, the troubles of my mind, which seemed just then to have acquired a stability quite unaccountable. I railed at matrimony generally, sang comic songs, and recited "Betty Hunt."

I don't remember going to bed, but I found myself there in the morning, and all my force of character seemed to have been left behind me. However, I determined to give up for a time going to "The Cedars," and to let it be felt in the regiment that no joking on the subject was to be allowed; and I succeeded with the assistance of Rupert Leigh, who promised to give a hint to that effect. I know now that his generosity extended further, and that he went constantly in my place to see Isabel Walsingham.

The first disagreeable impression, that I was about to lay myself open to the chance of being obliged to do something definite about Miss Walsingham, was wearing away, and in its place a restless desire to see her was just beginning to take possession of my mind, when, one evening, in the private room of an Irish lieutenant, a toast was proposed. Rupert Leigh was not present; he had gone out to dinner—where, I did not then know. However, glasses were filled, and three cheers given for Rupert Leigh and his—lady-love! A sick feeling stole over me. His lady-love! Who was she? I asked. Who? Isabel Wasingham! A thousand demons seemed to shriek her name, and a mist floated before my eyes. I retained only sufficient consciousness to rush from the room. Now that Isabel was lost I knew I wanted her—that I must have her. I was mad with rage. What a traitor I had cherished as a friend! I only waited for his return to pour down my vengeance upon him. Hours passed, during which I paced up and down my barrack room; at last I heard his horse's tread, then his footstep on the stair, and then his door shut.

I followed instantly. I did not even knock, and I found him standing with a photograph in his hand, which he was admiring by the uncertain light of a candle. At the very first glance I knew whose portrait it was, and it gave an impetus to my wrath, convinced, as I was, that Rupert Leigh was a man whom any woman might love. I had never considered him so much personally before as I did in the few moments during which I held his door-handle in my trembling hand. His deep gray eyes were bent on the picture, a soft smile played on his lips, whilst I—but I could contain myself no longer; he had looked up, and our eyes met.

"Is this true," I said, "that you are engaged to Isabel Walsingham?"

"Quite true," he replied, and as he spoke he drew himself up as if he were proud to say it. The action more than words maddened me.

"And you say this to me!" I exclaimed—"me, when you knew Isabel Walsingham was all but my affianced wife!"

"I knew that she was *not*," he replied. "I had it from your own lips."

I burst into a torrent of invective, and he waited till I had done. "I will not quarrel with you," he said; "we have been friends too long. First listen to me. Just consider. I would not take your word at mess, for I thought you might then have said what you did in the heat of the moment; but you repeated that you never meant to ask Isabel Walsingham to be your wife here in this very room to me, as your friend, and when we were alone. I liked Isabel Walsingham even then, and in my heart I thanked you for your decision. It was not till after that I thought to win her for myself; after that I did, and now—"

"She shall never be yours if I can prevent it!" I exclaimed; and again I launched into a volley of bitter reproaches. In my rage I rushed at him, but he was stronger than I, and held me back.

"This is folly," he said—"folly which it is too late now to repair. If you had known your own mind, I should never have tried to come between you and your wishes; as it is—"

"As it is," I repeated. "I only want the morning light to go to 'The Cedars' to explain it all—your villainy and my own love."

He smiled. I paused again at the door, the smile was too hateful to me; but I could not speak. I rushed back to my own room. I ordered my dog-cart, first for six o'clock, then for seven, then for nine, and finally for ten—and at ten I started for "The Cedars," as I was determined to see Isabel. She would come to me in the drawing-room, and stand before me in her soft white dress, and we should be alone. I would expose the perfidy of Rupert Leigh, and confess my own love, and she would confess in return that she had always loved me best; and then the tears would come, and I should wipe them away, feel her little trembling hand in mine, and the soft brown hair would rest on my shoulders, and the dark eyes look up to mine, and Rupert Leigh should be forever consigned to oblivion!

I was carried away by the fervor of my imagination for at least five miles of the journey, but as I neared "The Cedars" it abated, and my fixed determination of seeking an interview with Isabel Walsingham wavered. I drew in the horse's reins till what had at starting been almost a gallop became a walk; and finally, when I was just in sight of the house, I stopped altogether.

I believe I remained almost an hour trying to decide whether I would go into the lodge gates or not, but I saw a carriage advancing, and not having the courage to remain, I turned and retraced my steps to Chester.

Years have gone by since then, but the lessons I have been taught have failed in bringing in a harvest of results. Rupert Leigh sold out, and married Isabel Walsingham, and shortly after the regiment was ordered abroad. I meant to try for an exchange, but I kept putting it off for ten years, and then the return home of the regiment prevented my carrying out my intention. I have often thought of leaving the army altogether, but can never come to a definite conclusion. I am not high up in the regiment, for men have purchased over my head, not because I was wanting in the means requisite, but I never decided in time whether I preferred my money in the funds or not.

I am still unmarried, but am no longer a victim to the memory of Isabel Walsingham; for, on the contrary, I have been on the borders of the hymenal abyss on several subsequent occasions, but never quite over, still feeling haunted by the fear of making a mistake. But I by no means give up the idea; and should I ever make up my mind definitively on that or any other subject, I will let the public know.

Florence Nightingale on the Italian Cause.—Florence Nightingale has addressed a letter to the Cavaliere Sebastianio Fenzi, one of the committee for organizing a system of volunteer assistance to the hospital department of the army. It closes as follows: "Thus far I have given dry advice as drily as I could. But you must permit me to say that if there is anything I could do for you at any time, and you would command me, I should esteem it the greatest honor and pleasure. I am a hopeless invalid, entirely a prisoner to my room, and overwhelmed with business. Otherwise how gladly would I answer to your call, and come to do my little best for you in the dear city where I was born. If the giving my miserable life could hasten your success but by half an hour how gladly would I give it. But you will not want for success, or for martyrs, or for volunteers, or for soldiers. Our old General, Lord Clyde (he is dead now,) was standing at the port of Balaclava when, eleven years ago, the Italian Bersagliere were landing; and he turned round and said to his companion (a man high in office,) 'I wish to hide my face—I blush for ourselves when I see the perfect way in which those glorious troops are brought up to their work.' And what have not the Italians done since in these eleven years?—the work almost of eleven centuries. I, too, remember the Italian (Sardinian) hospitals on the heights of Balaclava, and their admirable government; and since then what has not the progress been? I wish you God speed with my whole heart, and beg that you will believe me, sir, your ever faithful servant."

CAPRI AND CAPRIOTES.

I

I HAVE no doubt "Calm Capri waits," where we left it in the Gulf of Salerno, for any traveller who may choose to pay it a visit; but at the time we were there we felt that it was on exhibition for that day only, and would, when we departed, disappear in its sapphire sea, and be no more; just as Niagara ceases to play as soon as your back is turned, and Venice goes out like a pyrotechnic display, and all marvellously grand and lovely things make haste to prove their impermaneuce.

We delayed some days in Naples in hopes of fine weather, and at last chose a morning that was warm and cloudy at nine o'clock, and burst into frequent passions of rain before we reached Sorrento at noon. The first half of the journey was made by rail, and brought us to Castellamare, whence we took carriage for Sorrento, and oranges, and rapture—winding along the steep shore of the sea, and under the brows of wooded hills that rose high above us into the misty weather, and caught here and there the sunshine on their tops. In that heavenly climate no day can long be out of humor, and at Sorrento we found ours very pleasant, and rode delightedly through the devious streets, looking up to the terraced orange-groves on one hand and down to the terraced orange groves on the other, until at a certain turning of the way we encountered Antonino Occhio d'Argento, whom fate had appointed to be our boatman to Capri. We had never heard of Antonino before, and indeed had intended to take a boat from one of the hotels; but when this corsair offered us his services, there was that guile in his handsome face, that cunning in his dark eyes, that heart could not resist, and we halted our carriage and took him at once. He kept his boat in one of those caverns which honeycomb the cliff under Sorrento, and afford a natural and admirable shelter for such small craft as may be dragged up out of reach of the waves, and here I bargained with him before finally agreeing to go with him to Capri. In Italy it is customary for a public carrier when engaged to give his employer as a pledge the sum agreed upon for the service, which is returned, with the amount due him, at the end, if the service has been satisfactory; and I demanded of Antonino this *caparra*, as it is called. "What *caparra?*" said he, lifting the lid of his wicked eye with his forefinger; "this is the best *caparra*," meaning a face as honest and trustworthy as the devil's. The stroke confirmed my subjection to Antonino, and I took his boat without further parley, declining even to feel the muscle of his boatmen's arms, which he kindly exposed to my touch in evidence that they were strong enough to row us swiftly to Capri. The men were but two in number, but they tossed the boat lightly into the surf, and then lifted me aboard, and rowed to the little pier from which the ladies and T. got in.

The sun shone, the water danced and sparkled, and presently we raised our sail, and took the gale that blew for Capri—an oblong height rising ten miles beyond out of the heart of the azure gulf. On the way thither there was little interest but that of natural beauty in the bold, picturesque coast we skirted for some distance; though on one mighty rock there were the ruins of a seaward looking Temple of Hercules, with arches of the unmistakable Roman masonry, below which the receding waves rushed and poured over a jetting ledge in a thunderous cataract.

Antonino did his best to entertain us, and lectured us unceasingly upon his virtue and his wisdom, dwelling greatly on the propriety and good policy of always speaking the truth. This spectacle of veracity became intolerable after awhile, and I was goaded to say: "Oh then, if you never tell lies, you expect to go to Paradise." "Not at all," answered Antonino compassionately, "for I have sinned much. But the lie doesn't go ahead *(non va avanti,")* added this Machiavelli of boatmen; but I think he was mistaken, for he deceived us with perfect ease and admirable success. All along, he had pretended that we could see Capri, visit the Blue Grotto, and return that day; but as we drew near the island, painful doubts began to trouble him, and he feared the sea would be too rough for the Grotto part of the affair. "But there will be an old man," he said, with a subtle air of prophecy, "waiting for us on the beach. This old man is one of the Government guides to the Grotto, and he will say whether it is to be seen to-day." And certainly there was the old man on the beach—a short patriarch, with his baldness covered by a kind of bloated woloen sack, a blear-eyed sage, and bare-legged. He waded through the surf toward the boat, and (at a secret signal from Antonino, as I shall always believe) when we asked him whether the Grotto was to be seen, he paused knee-deep in the water, put on a face of tender solemnity, threw back his head a little, brought his hand to his cheek, expanded it, and said, "No; to-day, no! To-morrow, yes!" Antonino leaped joyously ashore, and delivered us over to the old man, to be guided to the Hotel di Londra, while he drew his boat upon the land. He had reason to be contented, for this artifice of the patriarch of Capri relieved him from the necessity of verifying to me the existence of an officer of extraordinary powers in the nature of a consul, who, he said, would not permit boats to leave Capri for the mainland after five o'clock in the evening.

When it was decided that we should remain on the island till the morrow, we found so much time on our hands, after bargaining for our lodging at the Hotel di Londra, that we resolved to ascend the mountain to the ruins of the palaces of Tiberius, and to this end we contracted for the services of certain of the muletresses that had gathered about the iron gate, clamorously offering their beasts. The muletresses chosen were a matron of mature years, and of a portly habit of body; her daughter, a mere child, and her niece, a very pretty girl of eighteen, with a voice as sweet as a bird's. They placed the ladies, one on each mule, and then, the mother and daughter devoting themselves to the hind-quarters of the foremost animal, the lovely niece brought up the rear of the second beast, while the patriarch went before, and T. and I trudged behind. So the cavalcade ascended; first, from the terrace of the hotel overlooking the bit of shipping village on the beach, and next from the town of Capri, clinging to the hillsides, midway between sea and sky, until at last it reached the heights on which the ruins stood. Our way was through narrow lanes, bordered by garden walls; then through narrow streets bordered by dirty houses; and then again by gardens, but now of a better sort than the first, and belonging to handsome villas.

On the road our pretty muletress gossiped cheerfully, and our patriarch gloomily, and between the two we accumulated a store of information concerning the present inhabitants of Capri, which, I am sorry to say, has now for the most part failed me. I remember that they said most of the landowners at Capri were Neapolitans, and that these villas were their country-houses; but they pointed out one of the stateliest of the edifices as belonging to a certain English physician who had come to visit Capri for a few days, and had now been living on the island twenty years, having married (said the muletress) the prettiest and poorest girl in the town. From this romance—something like which the muletress seemed to think might well happen concerning himself—we passed lightly to speak of kindred things, the muletress responding gayly between the blows she bestowed upon her beast. The accent of these Capriotes has something of German harshness and heaviness; they say *non bosso* instead of *non posso, monto* instead of *mondo*, and interchange the *t* and *d* a good deal; and they use for father the Latin *pater*, instead of *padre*. But this girl's voice, as I said, was very musical, and the island's accent was sweet upon her tongue:

I—What is your name?

She—Caterina, little sir *(signorin.)*

I—And how old are you, Caterina?

She—Eighteen, little sir.

I—Have you a lover?

She feigns not to understand; but the patriarch, who has dropped behind to listen to our discourse, explains: "He asks if you are in love."

She—Ah, no! little sir, not yet.

I—No? A little late, it seems to me. I guess there must be some handsome youngster who pleases you—no?

She—Ah, no! one must work; one cannot think of marrying. We are four sisters, and we have only the *buonamano* from hiring these mules, and we must spin and cook.

The Patriarch—Don't believe her; she has two lovers.

She—Ah, no! It isn't true. He tells a fib, ha!

But, nevertheless, she seemed to love to be accused of lovers—such is the guile of the female heart in Capri—and laughed over the patriarch's wickedness. She confided that she ate maccaroni once a day, and she talked constantly of eating it, just as the Northern Italians always talk of *polenta*. She was a true daughter of the isle, and had never left it but once in her life, when she went to Naples. "Naples was beautiful, yes; but one always loves one's own country the best." She was very attentive and good, but at the end was rapacious of more and more *buonamano*. "Have patience with her, sir," said the blameless Antonino, who witnessed her greediness; they do not understand certain matters here, poor little things!"

As for the patriarch, he was full of learning relative to himself and to Capri; and told me with much elaboration that the islanders lived chiefly by fishing, and gained something also by their vineyards. But they were greatly oppressed by taxes, and the strict enforcement of the conscriptions, and they had little love for the Italian Government, and wished the Bourbons back again. The Piedmontese, indeed, misgoverned them horribly. There was the Blue Grotto, for example: formerly travellers paid the guides five, six, ten francs for viewing it; but now the Piedmontese had made a tariff, and the poor guides could only exact a franc from each person. Things were in a ruinous condition.

By this we had arrived at a little inn on the top of the mountain, very near the ruins of the palaces. "Here," said the patriarch, "it is customary for strangers to drink a bottle of the wine of Tiberius." We obediently entered the hostelry, and the landlord—a white-toothed, brown-faced, good-humored peasant—gallantly ran forward and presented the ladies with bouquets of roses. We thought it a pretty and graceful act, but found later that it was to be paid for, like all pretty and graceful things in Italy; for when we came to settle for the wine, and the landlord wanted more than justice, he urged that he had presented the ladies with flowers, yet he equally gave me his benediction when I refused to pay his politeness.

"Now here," again said the patriarch in a solemn whisper, "you can see the Tarantella danced for two francs; whereas down at your inn, if you hire the dancers through your landlord, it will cost you five or six francs." The difference was tempting, and decided us in favor of an immediate Tarantella. The muletresses left their mules to browse about the door of the inn and came into the little public room, where were already the wife and sister of the landlord, and took their places *vis-a-vis*, while the landlord seized his tambourine and beat from it a wild and lively measure. The women were barefooted and hoopless, and they gave us the Tarantella with all the beauty of natural movement and free floating drapery, and with all that splendid grace of pose which animates the antique statues and pictures of dancers. They swayed themselves in time with the music; then, filled with its passionate impulse, advanced and retreated and whirled away; snapping their fingers above their heads and looking over their shoulders with a gay and laughing challenge to each other, they drifted through the ever-repeated figures of flight and wooing, and wove for us pictures of delight that remained upon the brain like the effect of long-pondered vivid colors, and still return to illumine and complete any representation of that indescribable dance. Heaven knows what peril there might have been in the beauty and grace of the pretty muletress but for the spectacle of her fat aunt, who, I must confess, could only burlesque some of her niece's airiest movements, and whose hard-bought buoyancy was at once pathetic and laughable. She earned her share of the spoils certainly, and she seemed glad when the dance was over, and went contentedly back to her mule. The patriarch had early retired from the scene as from a vanity with which he was too familiar for enjoyment, and I found him, when the Tarantella was done, leaning on the curb of the precipitous rock immediately behind the inn, over which the Capriotes say Tiberius used to cast the victims of his pleasures after he was sated with them. These have taken their place in the insular imagination as Christian martyrs, though it is probable that the poor souls were anything else but Nazarenes. It took a stone thrown from the brink of the rock twenty seconds to send back a response from the water below, and the depth was too dizzying to look into. So we looked instead toward Amalfi, across the Gulf of Salerno, and towards Naples, across her bay. On every hand the sea was flushed with sunset, and an unspeakable calm dwelt upon it, while the heights rising from it softened and softened in the distance, and withdrew themselves into dreams of ghastly solitude and phantom city. His late majesty the Emperor Tiberius is well known to have been a man of sentiment, and may often have sought this spot to enjoy the evening hour. It was convenient to his palace, and he could here give a fillip to his jaded sensibilities by popping a boon companion over the cliff, and thus enjoy the fine poetic contrast which his perturbed and horrible spirit afforded to that scene of innocence and peace. Later he may have come hither also, when lust failed; when all the lewd plays and devices of his fancy palled upon his senses; when sin had grown insipid and even murder ceased to amuse, and his majesty uttered his despair to the Senate in that terrible letter: "What to write to you, or how to write, I know not; and what not to write at this time, may all the gods and goddesses torment me more than I daily feel that I suffer if I do know."

The poor patriarch was also a rascal in his small way, and he presently turned to me with a countenance full of cowardly trouble and of base remorse. "I pray you, little sir, not to tell the landlord below there that you have seen the Tarantella danced here; for he has daughters and friends to dance it for strangers, and gets a deal of money by it. So, if he asks you to see it, do me the pleasure to say, lest he should take on *(pigliarsi)* with me about it: 'Thanks, but we saw the Tarantella at Pompeii!'" It was the last place in Italy where we were likely to have seen the Tarantella; but these simple people are improvident in lying, as in everything else. The patriarch had a curious spice of malice in him, which prompted him to speak evil of all, and to as many as he dared. After we had inspected the ruins of the emperor's villa, a clownish imbecile of a woman, professing to be the wife of the peasant who made the excavations, came forth out of a cleft in the rock and received tribute of us—why, I do not know. The patriarch abetted the extortion, but Parthianly remarked, as we turned away, "Her husband ought to be here; but this is a *festa*, and he is drinking and gaming in the village," while the woman protested that he was sick at home. There was also a hermit living in great publicity among the ruins, and the patriarch did not spare him a sneering comment. He had even a bad word for Tiberius, and reproached the emperor for throwing people over the cliff, though I think it a sport in which he would himself have liked to join. The only human

creatures with whom he seemed to be in sympathy were the brigands of the mainland, of whom he spoke poetically as exiles and fugitives.

As for the palace of Tiberius, which we had come so far and so toilsomely to see, it must be confessed there was very little left of it. When that well-meaning, but mistaken, prince died, a popular tumult demolished his pleasure-houses at Capri, and left only those fragments of the beautiful brick masonry which yet remain, clinging indestructible to the rocks, and strewed the ground with rubbish. The recent excavations have discovered nothing beside the uninteiesting foundations of the building, except a subterranean avenue leading from one part of the palace to another; this is walled with delicate brickwork, and exquisitely paved with white marble mosaic; and this was all that was left of the splendor of the wicked emperor. Nature, the all-forgetting, all-forgiving, that takes the red battle-field into her arms and hides it with blossom and harvest, could not remember his iniquity, greater than the multitudinous murder of war. The sea which the despot's lust and fear had made so lonely slept with the white sails of boats secure upon its breast; the little bays and inlets, the rocky clefts and woody dells, had forgotten their desecration; and the gathering twilight, the sweetness of the garden-bordered pathway, and the serenity of the lonely landscape, helped us to doubt history. We slowly returned to the inn by the road we had ascended, noting again the mansion of the surprising Englishman who had come to Capri for three months and had remained thirty years; passed through the darkness of the village, dropped here and there with the vivid red of a lamp; and so reached the inn at last, where we found the landlord ready to have the Tarantella danced for us. We framed a discreeter fiction than that prepared for us by the patriarch, and went in to dinner, where there were two Danish gentlemen in dispute with as many rogues of boatmen who, having contracted to take them back that night to Naples, were now trying to fly their bargain, and remain at Capri till the morrow. The Danes beat them, however, and then sat down to dinner, and to long stories of the imposture and villany of the Italians. One of them chiefly bewailed himself that the day before, having unwisely eaten a dozen oysters without agreeing first with the oysterman upon the price, he had been obliged to pay this scamp's extortionate demand to the full, since he was unable to restore him his property. We thought that something liko this might have happeued to an imprudent man in any country, but we did not tho less join him in abusing the Italians—the purpose for which foreigners chiefly visit Italy.—*Nation.*

Dress in England.—There has never been a time during the present reign in England, when so much money has been spent as at the present period upon dresses. Our fair ones are running a race in extravagance. In many families the cost per person for dress averages ono thousand pounds a year—this, of course, exclusive of jewelry. For a single dress, prices varying from forty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds are frequently paid. It is in the rareness of material and its amonnt that the excess usually consists, not in the skill or art of the design. During this week I have been present at the opening of what is termed an International Horticultural Exhibition, in the fashionable part of London—an occasion on which the tickets of admission were one guinea—and there I saw the prevalent wastefulness displayed in the morning dress. Trains of satin, some yards long, were seen dragging over gravel walks and collecting all foreign matter from the grass. Lace was there in shawls and cloaks, which used to be worn only in very small quantities by our grandmothers. As to our bonnets, very soon they will disappear, if they continue to diminish at the rate they have followed for the last two or three seasons. They have dwindled into something of the size of a broad piece of ribbon, but the shapes that are chosen are scarcely to be numbered. Watching the fine figures of many of our English girls surrounded by an immense breadth of somo exquisite "precious stuff" and wearing on their heads some odd jumble of ribbons and flowers, we are frequently forced to admire; but if, in the midst of our ruminations, the form arises in our minds of the chaste and natural style of a few years back, with its simple adornment and harmony with the native grace—or of a classical drapery, such as M'lle Rachel used to wear in her tragedies—these walking bales of goods, these drapers' and dressmakers' models cease to charm. Can any dress be suited to us which prevents the exercise of muscles and limbs! The Countesses and Duchesses whom I saw on Tuesday at Kensington were exposed to a hundred mishaps. To walk with such trappings is a difficulty, but to walk, and to stop and to turn round, is a danger. You may take your hat off to a lady, these days, but if you advance to shake her little hand you fluster her, for you may tread upon her dress. If she is alarmed her admirer is still more so. Some men have acquired the greatest dexterity in avoiding an unfortunate step, for there are men who can stand on anything, on the spire of St. Paul's, but to the average, the modern garb of our ladies is a snare and a vexation.

Prof. Peters, of the Hamilton College Observatory, has discovered a new asteroid.

[For the Californian.]

A GHOST STORY.

THERE are few families without their lore of shadowy legends. The following circumstances came to me from a near friend, with whom I have long been intimately acquainted, and in whose veracity and good sense I have entire confidence. The statement shall be in her own words, as nearly as I can remember, only using fictitious names:

"It was a blithe party, that at Aunt Jane's, out in the country by East Point, and the girls and boys came flocking to it from all the neighborhood, even miles away. It was in the Fall of the year, but the evening was warm, the doors and windows were open, parties scattered through the rooms playing 'juniper tree,' and other kissing games; every lady was talking and laughing at once, and not a merrier party had been seen in that section. But of all the gay girls, the gayest was Martha Stone. She seemed almost on wings.

"After the party broke up, she stayed the remainder of the night, sleeping in the same room occupied by Mary Stolz and myself, occupying a bed at the east end, while we were in another at the west end. Mary and I were young girls also, and, having been as lively as the balance, we slept soundly till the sun had risen high.

"Then Mary declared she must rise and return home, about two miles distant. We begged her to stay, as the sky was growing cloudy, with indications of rain; but she said her mother needed her help and she must go.

"She had hardly made half the distance, when a heavy rain began to fall, and, though she made haste homeward, she was drenched and chilled before her arrival.

"That same night, about 12, while Mary and I were soundly sleeping, we were suddenly awakened by a light shining in the room, and, upon opening our eyes, there we saw Martha Stone standing over the bed she had slept in the night before; not on it, but apparently raised about a foot above it. I saw her face as plain as ever I saw it in my life, or as I see yours now. From about her the light seemed to come that softly filled the room.

"I was not in the least scared. There was only one window in the room. It was on the right hand side, rather nearer our bed than the other. I was so cool as to go to that window to look out, to be sure that the light did not come from without. There was no light outside, and turning I saw her brighter and clearer than ever.

"Mary crept out of bed and ran down stairs to tell her father and mother to come up and look at the apparition. She was dreadfully frightened. I stood and watched it till the light began to fade and the features grow indistinct, after which it gradually disappeared, and was quite gone when the old people came up with Mary.

"The chilly rain had given Martha Stone a violent cold, and a month from the night we saw her above the bed she died of quick consumption." Iro

The Last of the Mamelukes.—The Pacha of Egypt, in 1818, assembled together the whole corps of the Mamelukes, as if for a feast; and having secured all egress except a steep and precipitous descent over the sides of the elevation (the platform of the citadel,) he destroyed them with cannon and musketry. They came, according to custom, in their richest costumes, with their finest arms, and bearing about them all their wealth. At a signal given by the Pacha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron, and men and horses were at once weltering in their blood. Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the citadel, and were destroyed by the abyss. Two, however, recovered themselves.

At the first shock of the concussion, both horses and riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant like equestrian riders shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning; they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to El Ezish, the other darted up the mountains; the pursuers divided, one half following each.

It was a fearful thing, that race for life or death. The steeds of the desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, flew along the edges of precipices. Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times, hearing the tramp of his pursuers, he arose and renewed his flight. He fell at length not to rise again. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity; instead of gliding down the rock into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to cavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and awaited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy.

The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed El Ezish, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and in due time became governor of Jerusalem. He was the last and only remnant of that redoubted corps, which, thirty years before, rivalled in courage, though not in fortune, the *elite* of Napoleon's army.

These French!—A French author went into ecstasies the other week over "that noble line of Sir Thomas More's, the celebrated Irish poet, monody, 'We left him alone in his glory!'" These French! . . The French newspapers mention, in biographical notices of Mr. Peabody of London, it was at his expense Dr. Kane's expedition to search for Sir John Franklin was made. . . It is said, during a recent discussion in the French Academy, the Duke de Noailles exclaimed, in reply to an argument advanced by an opponent: "Terence! Ah! that is possible, for I have forgotten almost all the *Greek* I ever knew." . . M. Thiers states Nelson was at the bombardment of Copenhagen, which took place in 1807; Nelson died in 1805! . . Some two or three years ago an eminent resident of Passy (the West Philadelphia of Paris) brought a friend to town with him, and carried him to the house of a college chum, where he was going to breakfast, saying, as he presented his neighbor to his chum and wife, "Let me present you the most *célebre sauteur* of France. He now lives at Passy. I am proud and delighted to have him for a neighbor." The chum and wife were most cordial in their greeting; they evidently were delighted to receive so distinguished a man; they had long admired him with enthusiasm. Breakfast was served. The most *célebre sauteur*, feeling quite out of his element, said little. Everybody paid him, nevertheless, the most marked attention, and after the cloth was removed, the mistress of the house said to him, with her most gracious smile: "Will you not deign to give us some taste of your talents?" He answered: "It has been a long time, ma'am, since I was in practice; but if you wish it, I am at your orders." He rose. There was a dead silence. He gave a bound, and the next instant he had hold of the iron rod to which the table-lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and was turning somersaults between the ceiling and the table, to the stupefaction of everybody but his friend. The chum ran up to his friend, and asked in a whisper: "Why, whom in the deuce have you brought us?" "Whom? Why, Auriol, the clown of the circus. Did you not recognize him?" "Good gracious, no! You said the most *célebre sauteur* of France, and we all made sure 'twas Lamartine."—"*G. S.*," *in the American Literary Gazette.*

Influence vs. Authority.—*Influence* is a slower acting force than authority. It seems weaker, but in the long run it often effects more. It always does better than mere force and authority without its gentle, modifying power.

She who obtains an absolute and perfect government over a child, so that he obeys certainly and almost mechanically, produces effects which are more appreciable in their immediate action on family life; her family will be more orderly, her children in their childhood will do her more credit.

But she who has conscientiously no power of this kind, whose children are often turbulent and unmanageable, need not despair if she feel that through affection, reason and conscience, she still retains a strong *influence* over them. If she cannot govern her boy, she can do even a better thing if she can inspire him with a purpose to *govern himself;* for a boy taught to govern himself is a better achievement than a boy merely governed.

If a mother, therefore, is high-principled, religious, affectionate, if she never uses craft or deception, if she governs her temper and sets a good example, let her hold on in good hope, though she cannot produce the discipline of a man-of-war in her noisy little flock, or make all move as smoothly as some other women to whom God has given another and different talent; and let her not be discouraged if she seem often to accomplish but little in that arduous work of forming human character wherein the great Creator of the world has declared himself at times baffled.

Population of the Austrian Empire.—The empire of Austria consisted in 1857 of thirty-five millions of inhabitants, of which it lost about 2,726,000 by the peace of Villafranca in 1859. Anstria still retains about thirty-three millions, and of these two and a half are in Lombardo-Venetia. The other elements of the population are as follows: Germans, 8,000,000; Slavonians, 3,800,000; Poles, 2,000,000; Ruthenians, 2,800,000; Croatians, 1,400,000; Czecks and Slovacks, 6,000,000; Magyars, 5,000,000; Jews, 1,100,000; and Bohemians, 150,000. With respect to religion, the population is thus divided: Catholics, 22,500,000; United Greeks, 3,500,000; Greeks, non-united, 3,000,000; Lutherans, 1,200,000; Calvinists, 2,000,000; Jews, 1,000,000. Austria proper contains little more than 12,500,000 inhabitants; Hungary, 10,000,000; Galicia, 4,000,000; Bohemia, 4,800,000; Austrian Silesia, 450,000. The population of Prussian Silesia consists of about three and a half millions. The territory taken from Denmark during the late war contained about 888,750 inhabitants, thus divided; Schleswig, 365,417; Holstein, 476,874; Lauenburg, 46,486.

A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

A PRISON IN MADRID.

WE betook ourselves up to the Puerta Sta. Barbara, where stands the debtors' prison. It is called the "Carcel de Villa," and contains not only the debtors, but the criminals of all shades belonging to Madrid, and, besides securing these, serves as a House of Correction for boys from eight to sixteen years of age. Having visited all the prisons in London, besides others in England, all those in Paris, many in the French provinces, several in Belgium and a few in Italy, we consider ourselves in the light of connoisseurs, capable of giving an opinion on the subject, and can safely say that we were wholly unprepared for the interior which here presented itself to our view. Our experience of prison life had never revealed to us anything so forbidding, and so totally unlike what any establishment under the supervision of Government ought to be. The domestic uncleanliness we met with, within those great gaunt walls, was only to be rivalled by the moral turpitude of their denizens; and the lax, irregular discipline by which the place is (mis)ruled was in harmonious discord with the rest. We found the door open, and although there were two sentinels placed before the entrance, we passed in unmolested; these worthies contented themselves with halting for a moment, staring at us, and then continued their oscillations as before. Meantime we proceeded through the *portone* into a paved passage, and, beneath a tolerably lofty archway, passed on till we came to a door on either side; one of these led to a staircase, but we turned to the other, our curiosity being piqued by a deafening din of numerous voices proceeding from that direction: all were talking at once, in the coarsest and hoarsest of tones; women's voices were mingled with those of men, and each seemed to be doing his best to top the others; add to this that the place whence the sound issued gave back a loud reverberating echo, and the effect may be imagined. The door, as it yielded to our push, revealed the mystery. We found ourselves in a long, lofty, wide, and particularly dirty hall, divided into three compartments by railed partitions, and we at once recognized it as the *parloir*. Behind the farthest of these partitions, and stretching through the bars as far as the width would admit, like wild beasts in a cage, were eighty to a hundred prisoners bawling at the very loudest pitch of their lungs—

. . . ostia centum
Unde ruit totidem voces.

In the intermediate compartment, according to the custom established in the *parloirs* of criminal jails, were stationed two sentinels, who walked imperturbably up and down this grilled corridor, while outside the third grating were collected the friends and relatives who had come to avail themselves of the questionable privileges of the "visiting day," and were responsively eager and clamorous in their demonstrations. It was a strange sight to contemplate, and many a touching episode might have been disentangled from the incidents which met our gaze. Gray-haired fathers we saw, and profligate sons, and aged mothers, whose wretched homes were made yet more desolate and destitute by the absence of those to whom they had a right to look in decrepitude and infirmity for some return of the care lavished on their helpless infant years. Wives were there visiting their husbands, brothers and boon companions jesting and making light of a position only too familiar to themselves: the yells, the altercations, and, alas! also the lamentations of those united cries formed an unearthly and lugubrious record. Tales of woe and breaking hearts there must have been mingled with all that brawling and vehemence; but it was not possible to get at any details, or even to discover what class of crime had chiefly contributed to fill this repulsive dungeon; the organization of such places in Spain is so imperfect that facts have rather to be guessed at than ascertained. We gathered, however, that besides those who were merely *prévenus* or accused, this prison contains convicts condemned to periods of incarceration varying from two to twenty years. This was the "criminal" department. Having escaped from this den of abomination, misery and crime, we entered the other door, and ascended the stairs. On the first floor we found a rough-looking office, where three stout, solemn-looking book-keepers—two seated at tables, and one behind an office-desk—seemed engaged in some registering occupation. One wore spectacles, and had a wise, owl-like expression, and all three looked grave and consequential. They raised their eyes inquiringly as we entered, and the most important looking peered at us over his glasses as if thoroughly puzzled: perhaps he thought we had come to deliver ourselves up to justice! We soon put an end to this mystification by telling him we should be much obliged if he would give us a permission to see the prison. "To *see* the prison?" said he, with an air which showed he was totally incapable of taking in the idea. "Yes," reiterated we, "to see, to look over, to visit, the prison." "If I understand you," replied he, "you want to have access to the wards and cells, to go up and down stairs, and inspect the prisoners, and the house, and perhaps the kitchen, and all the rest. Well, it's a strange idea, but I have no wish to prevent you if you find any satisfaction in it;" and the three officials looked at each other, and smiled at the novel and comical notion. He motioned us politely out, and then called a jailer, who appeared with a bunch of keys on a large ring, as if by an afterthought he had recollected that there would be some of the doors we should not be able to get through. Our guide conducted us to the debtors' department, not unlike some of the debtors' prisons in Paris in its arrangements, but far more dirty. The prisoners have rooms to themselves, with alcoves for their beds. These rooms open from a common corridor, to which all have access, and here they walk about with a *nonchalant* air, habited in loose dressing-gowns and smoking caps, visiting each other in their rooms, and seeming altogether to lead a free and easy life. The majority of them were youngish men, but they did not look very happy.—*Cosas de Espana. By Mrs. W. P. Byrne.*

THE STREETS OF VENICE.

UNLESS the gentle, low-speaking Venetians consent to enjoy a festival sitting at their windows and in their balconies, they are a serious obstacle in their way. Besides the canals, which intersect the city in all directions, there is no lack of streets, or *cale*, as they are called. But such streets! They are four or five feet wide, are nicely flagged, indeed, and provided with a channel to carry away the superfluous water; but fancy a Philadelphia dandy conducting a lady in the full panoply invented by the French Empress along one of these streets, and encountered front to front by another gentleman and lady similarly accoutred.

The shops at each side are not so narrow in many cases as the streets. They are pretty and gay, and are furnished with painted Indian mats, screens, glass beads, models of gondolas, and all those pretty, but useless, elegancies found in the shops of the Palais Royal.

Venice, however, besides its square and Piazetta, and Quay of St. Mark, can boast of one street, Merceria, which is fully fourteen feet wide—the Broadway of the sea city. It is nicely paved with tiles, and still presents a comparatively animated and pleasant appearance.

For very excellent reasons the Venetians rarely take their comfort or see company on the ground floor, the streets being narrow, or the canal in front. This lower floor is often used as a receptacle for lumber, the family preferring the one above it for sake of light, or to get at a decent distance from the surface of the water, from which occasionally an offensive smell arises, though not to the extent that strangers apprehend. When the mansion is built round a court there is always a tank in the centre to catch the rain water, and every little square or *campa* in the city is provided with the same convenience. Fresh water, as may be supposed, is an article of value in Venice.

From the second floors, spoken of above, and where once might be seen hanging rich draperies over richly carved stone balconies, and darked beauties, with arms resting on the rich stuffs, and listening to a charming serenade from a gondola, are now frequently found the drying clothes of a working family. The rent of five rooms and a cellar, in a good quarter, is about three dollars of our money per month. A shilling pays the weekly rent of a working family on remote canals. There are a great number of families in poor circumstances, but, apparently, hunger is not a general affliction.

There are no beggars, either because the streets are too narrow to afford them comfortable stations, or that watching round the corners for a copper fillipped from a gondola across the water might entail long delays and small profits. An occasional whimperer is detected in St. Mark's Place, but if the tribe ever flourished, they went out with the bravos and the thieves. Whether it proceeds from the prevailing honesty of the lower classes, or the wonderful ability of the Austrian police, few residents in these our days think it necessary to secure their houses at night.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—That night I was asleep in my tent, when I was suddenly awoke by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in my tent, and I could distinguish a dark object crouching to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed me that my wife also noticed the object, as this was always the signal that she made if anything occurred at night that required vigilance. Possessing a share of *sang froid* admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a *screamer*, and never even whispered; in a moment of suspected danger a touch of my sleeve was considered sufficient warning. My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under the pillow, and noiselessly pointed it to within two feet of the dark crouching object before I asked, "Who is that?" No answer was given—until, upon repeating the question, with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied, "Fadeela." Never had I been so near to a fatal shot! It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum.—*The Albert Nyanza.*

THE Boston Public Library contains 123 000 volumes. Its largest contributors are Joshua Bates, of London, who gave $100 000 worth of books, and Theodore Parker, who left 11,000 books and 3,000 pamphlets. In 1865, nearly 195,000 books were lent, or an average of 708 per day.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THERE was a trial and execution in Dublin, more than a century since, which excited great interest. It was that of a surgeon, well-known in society and esteemed for his amiable character, remarkable for his humanity to the poor. He lived in a retired street. It happened one evening that the milkwoman found the street door ajar—and not being answered when she knocked at it, she made her way to the kitchen. She had no sooner entered it, than, uttering a loud shriek, she called loudly for help. The passers-by and persons from the neighboring houses were soon on the spot, and the kitchen was crowded in a short time.

A sad spectacle presented itself. The young woman who was servant to the surgeon, was lying dead on the flags, while her dress was stained with the blood which had issued from a wound in the side. In looking about the floor, a surgical instrument was found, which also was stained with blood. A medical man, who was present, ascertained that it was the instrument which had inflicted the death-wound. On a further search, a shirt saturated with blood was found huddled up in the coal-hole; it was marked with the initials of the surgeon's name.

He was immediately seized, and, though protesting his innocence, he was evidently under considerable agitation. The silent witnesses brought against him were thought sufficient to prove his guilt, and all attempts to account for their having been found near the unfortunate girl were scouted in the cross-examination.

A living witness was also produced in court, an old lady, who deposed that she lived in the house directly facing that where the surgeon resided; that her drawing-room window commanded a view of his premises, and that it was customary with her to watch his movements; she deposed that she had not taken her eyes off his house all that day on which the murder was perpetrated; that no one had entered his house all that day but himself; that he went home at about four o'clock, his usual hour of returning; and that on knocking at the door it was opened by the servant, who, to the best of her belief, shut it fast when her master went in; that she saw him three or four times pass the windows of his sitting-room; that the last time she saw him was about an hour and a half before the murder; that she observed him look down both sides of the street, and then shut down the window; he held something in his hand, which she thinks may have been a surgical instrument; but this she would not positively swear.

In summing up the evidence, the horror which the prisoner had betrayed when looking on the body of his murdered servant, was eloquently dwelt on as a crowning proof of guilt. The defence was weak and meagre—a bare denial of the crime being its chief substance. A thrill of horror pervaded the court. The jury retired—a brief space sufficed for deliberation; they returned with a verdict of "Guilty." The judge having donned his black cap, exhorted the prisoner on the heinousness of his crime, and pronounced the fatal sentence. It is said that the condemned showed much fortitude throughout, and persisted to the last in asserting his innocence. He was brought to the place of execution amid a vast concourse and the execrations of the people. We were told by an old gentleman that his father remembered having been held up in his nurse's arms to see the procession pass to the place of execution. He was often spoken of in the social circle as one who had been held in much estimation. His untimely end was lamented, but there were few who believed it undeserved.

It was after the lapse of several years that some one who had emigrated to America returned; he was ill and troubled in mind; something lay heavy on his heart and disturbed his conscience; he made his confession and published it. He had been "the sweetheart" of the murdered girl; she had let him in by the back way early in the evening, to take tea with her. As they sat side by side, he asked her for a kiss, which he would have snatched, when she denied him; she took up her master's surgical instrument which had been left out to be cleaned, and which lay on the table beside her, and she pointed it toward him jestingly; in a struggle she fell on it, and it pierced her side; he snatched the shirt, which she had in her lap to mend, and staunched the blood which was flowing with it; but life soon ebbed away, and he saw the girl whom he loved—who had been laughing and talking with him but a few minutes before—lying dead beside him; his agony only gave way to the instinct of self-preservation when he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps; he thrust the blood-stained shirt into the coal-hole, and setting the hall door ajar, he concealed himself behind it; when the crowd had collected on hearing the alarm, he mingled with it, and then passed into the street, and on to the quay, and getting on board an American merchant ship he sailed in a few hours.

When he learned that the surgeon's life had been forfeited he was overwhelmed with anguish. The only reparation in his power was to clear his character from the dreadful imputation; but though he felt a relief in this act of justice, yet it could not undo the injury inflicted.

BRIDAL CUSTOMS IN SWEDEN.

THE Pastor described the wedding supper as being set out on a horse-shoe shaped table ; each guest sat in his or her appropriate place, and the feast lasted from midnight till three o'clock in the morning. one dish of meat and fish succeeding another the whole time. Every dish was flavored with horseradish, this being the correct thing, and was partaken of by every guest; this also being the mode, otherwise it would be considered a slight and an offence. No vegetables made their appearance, they being considered vulgar; and when people had eaten to an incredible extent they rose up to dance.

There are still many curious customs and superstitions relating to weddings, lingering among the Swedish peasants, as for instance : They say, when hands are spoken of, that the news of an approaching wedding will follow. People who eat or sing going to church eat or sing lovers away from them, and will not be married that year. They throw apple-parings over the left shoulder to see the initial letter of the husband or wife's name ; just as is done in England. All sorts of fortune-telling charms and sorceries relating to marriage are practised on Midsummer Eve. In former days, according to the Swedish antiquarian, Raat, the bride used, in some localities, to go round her own and even the neighboring parishes, during the autumn preceding her weddiug, and beg for tow, wool, and hemp, by striking on the house-door with a switch. She did not go in, but waited outside ; and the mistress of the house, understanding the signal, came out with the gift, but did not invite her to enter. The bridegroom, on the other hand, taking some new sacks, woven by the bride, made his journey round at Christmas, begging for oats to sow. In some places, a suitable old woman was selected to represent the bride, and she was permitted to enter the house, but never to ask for anything. These customs, which somewhat resemble the biddings to Welsh weddings, have now very much gone out.

Weddings on New Year's Day, or on Mondays, Wednesdays, or Saturdays, are considered unfortunate. Fridays and Sundays are the luckiest, and are indeed the general days. If the couple be married at church and ride thither, the bridegroom must hold the bridle of the bride's horse, so that no one may ride between them. If there should be any stoppages by the way, it is considered a bad omen. It was customary in the northern provinces, and still may be so, for the bride to give little presents to all her friends and to children, in order that she, henceforth, may always have gifts for the needy. She may also cast away a piece of money, either in the church or churchyard, upon which her coming misfortunes are laid, but woe unto the finder, for they will be transferred to him or her. Weddings generally, however, take place at home, and require endless preparations.

Porridge is eaten at the bride's house the night before the wedding, and a broad-bean dropped into it, which, like the ring in the bride-cake with us, denotes that the young man or woman to whom it falls will be the next married after the bride. The universal wedding-dress is black silk, and the bride is frequently attired by the chief ladies of the neighborhood. It is not considered right for the bride to make her own garments, every stitch she puts in standing for a tear ; nor must she wear pearls, which signify also weeping, but all other ornaments, and as many of them as may be, are desirable.

The " bride's crown," a large silver-gilt crown, which it is considered elegant to adorn with a tuft of feathers, tall enough to sweep the ceiling, belongs to the parish, and is hired out for the occasion on the requirement of the bride being an honest and virtuous woman. It is fixed on a sort of cushion, and firmly placed on the head, though it must of necessity be danced off during the evening. Female friends of the bride are stationed at all conceivable nooks and corners to give notice of the bridegroom's approach ; nor do they mind how long they may have to wait provided only they can secure to her the first view, which is supposed to give her the mastery, especially if she can see him through a ring. The guests assemble at the bride's house in the afternoon, and partake of coffee and rusks, the contributions of some of the guests ; weak tea is drunk, later in the day, not because it is liked, but because it is considered fashionable. The clergyman arrives, and after he too has been regaled with coffee the marriage ceremony commences, the young couple standing under an improvised canopy, usually formed of a large shawl, which is held over their heads by four unmarried people. Superstition cautions the bridal pair against allowing any light to come between them during the ceremony, but they should incline their heads towards each other. Should the wedding-ring be too small, it bodes a great misfortune. As soon as the ceremony is concluded, the bride dances a polka with the clergyman, and afterwards with all the men, the bridegroom, on his side, dancing with all the women. Dancing continues the whole night through, with intervals for lesser refreshments and the great substantial banquet.

Between the courses of pork, beef, pike, and mutton, the healths of all are drunk, from the clergyman and the bridal couple, down to the woman who washes the dishes, the guests having come provided with their own flagons. The bride's father also informs the company of the various articles of his daughter's dowry. After the substantial courses of meat and fish comes the pastry, this being the contribution of the guests who have brought with them gigantic pyramidal tarts, composed of layers of pastry and preserve, each worth about ten riksdalers, and the rule is that everybody must taste everybody else's, otherwise it would be a slight.

People having already eaten enough of the former dishes for a week, the women's large white linen pocket-handkerchiefs, hitherto kept coiled up in their hands as an appendage to their costume, now come into requisition, and if they cannot eat the pieces of tart themselves, as indeed it would be wonderful if they could, they can carry them away in their handkerchiefs. A large pocket too is requisite, as well as plenty of money, for the fiddlers have to be paid by the guests. The fiddling is kept up whilst the wedding feast is eaten, when a plate goes round for the musicians. Besides fiddling indoors, there is no end of firing outside, a supply of gunpowder being laid in for the occasion. When the great banquet is at length concluded, the dishes, with their half devoured joints and other fragments, are shoved under presses and beds, the table taken out, and again dancing commences, and continues till the bride's crown is danced off. In some cases, however, all the girls dance around the bride in a ring, and she being blinded, takes off her crown, and places it on the head of one of the girls, the one, of course, who is to be a bride next after her.—*Margaret Howitt's " Twelve Months with Frederika Bremer.*

THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

ORGANDIES, mulls, muslins, barèges, mozambiques and piques are all the rage, and they are for the summer certainly the prettiest dresses in the world. These goods have, too, the one great advantage over all other goods—that of cheapness. The most modest purse will dress its owner with comparative elegance during the summer months. There is, in several stores on Chestnut street, (says a Philadelphia paper,) a kind of dress goods called English barége, selling for the mere trifle of 37 cents per yard, which makes a dress pretty enough and elegant enough for any lady in the land. One of these dresses, which we select for particular mention, was a plaid pattern, blue ground, with a white stripe crossing it up and down. The skirt was made very full, with a Swiss flounce, set on in box plaits around the bottom, and ornamented with a blue gimp, with small crystal beads thickly strewed over it. A sacque of the same was worn with it, made in the latest style, being without sleeves, (the sleeve of the dress serving for the sacque,) and finished off at the shoulder with a trimming of gimp and pendants of crystal to match those on the skirt. Sacques, without sleeves, to match the dress, are almost universally worn, and they are so cool and thin and light that there is little doubt they will become more and more general so long as the warm weather continues. Toilettes, consisting of a mixture of black and white, are even more generally worn than they were earlier in the season. Black and white check silks, both in suits and in dresses simply, are great favorites. So also are black and white striped silks. We give the following as examples of a suit of each which have been greatly admired. The checked silk dress was made in the Princess style, ornamented down the front and down each seam of the gores with small black velvet buttons. The sleeves half-close, coat-pattern, and trimmed at the wrist with graduated rows of buttons, the same as on the skirt. At the shoulder the buttons were arranged to simulate an epaulette, and to conceal the fact of the tight basque (worn with the dress on the street, and made of the same material,) having no sleeves. The basque was trimmed with buttons down each seam, the same as the skirt. The scond suit consisted of dress and half-tight sacque to match, and was of striped black and white silk. It was trimmed with pieces of black silk, cut in half-diamonds and placed at regular distances all round the skirt and basque ; each piece of silk was then trimmed around with white chintz lace ; and ornamented between each half diamond with a white velvet button. This was a very elegant and dressy costume, and attracted universal admiration. In Paris, at the present time, white paletots are worn in preference to any other style of outdoor cloak, sacque, or shawl, and are greatly preferred to lace shawls or mantles. They are made of alpaca, muslin, barége or grenadine ; but of whatever pattern, they are, without exception, trimmed with black—either guipure, braid, passementerie jet, or embroidery, according to the wearer's taste ; but the one important and apparently absolute necessity, is, that the trimming must be black. Over the basque and the tight-fitting sacques, youthful ladies, both married and single, wear the waistband and buckle. For our own part we do not admire the fashion ; and think that the lady's figure as seen beneath a thin, loose sacque is much more attractive and modest than the closely-defined waists, busts and shoulders, which are the results of a close-fitting basque and waistband. Although much is said about the summer hat and summer bonnet, there is not actually anything new to be said about either ; except that the gipsy is very rapidly verging backward into the Fauchon and Pamela ; and a movement is on foot to introduce the fashion of fastening the bonnet-strings in a bow under the chignon, instead of, as from time immemorial, wearing them tied beneath the chin. The fashion has been already introduced in Paris, and has met with entire success. The natural inference is, therefore, that before the close of August every lady will tie her gipsy in a bow beneath the back hair.

A FREAK OF ROTHSCHILD.

THE Baron de Rothschild has treated himself to a freak, which he does not often do, and it has set Paris in a roar of laughter from the Emperor down.

You know Baron de Rothschild negotiated the recent Austrian and Italian loans, and he has long regarded the Austrian funds as the safest in Europe. The recent political disturbances which have caused all public funds, and, especially those of Austria and Italy, to decline so much, have not only caused great loss of money to Baron de Rothschild, but they have, which is worse, made him lose his temper. Although he is Austrian Consul General here he does not scruple to express openly enough his anger at that Government for its " tamstubit bolicy." He is the banker of Prince de Metternich, not only in the latter's character of Austrian Ambassador, but in his private character. As Baron de Rothschild is perfectly familiar with the Prince's resources the accouut between credit and funds is never balanced with the sternness showed to the majority of customers. He is allowed to overdraw his account for considerable amounts of money, because upon the whole the sum usually to his credit greatly exceeds these occasional over-drafts, and he is in various ways an excellent customer. He gives information, he obliges the Baron's friends, and besides, a Prince and Princess when they are called von Metternich, and are styled Austrian Ambassador and Ambassadress, are double flowers which adoru a dining or a ball-room. The cashier of the bank is not, however, allowed to pay any checks where accounts are over-drawn until the check presented be shown to Baron James de Rothschild. He gives warrant for this irregular payment by writing, " J. de R." in red ink in a corner of the face of the check. There is no exception to this rule, because were there an exception the cashier would grow negligent and fail to keep the accounts of customers balanced.

A few days since Prince de Metternich sent his body servant to Baron de Rothschild's bank with a check for one thousand dollars. The cashier upon looking into the Prince's account found he had already over-drawn his account ten dollars. He took the check into Baron de Rothschild's private room for the Baron to initial and order him to pay it. To his astonishment the Baron said : " Refuse the check." " Refuse the Austrian Ambassador's cheek—Prince de Metternich's check ! Baron?" gasped the cashier, who had never seen the Baron indulge in so wild a freak before. " Unquestionably. Has he any money here?"

The Prince's servant nearly sank to the floor with astonishment. He thought full surely his ears must have turned Prussian and betrayed him. The agitation of the cashier and the close of the little wicket left him no longer in doubt. He hastened down stairs, threw himself into a hack and was soon at the Austrian Embassy. The Prince heard the intelligence with as much surprise as the servant had felt. It created still more astonishment in Baron de Rothschild's bank and house His wife had issued cards for a large party that evening. The Austrian Ambassador and Ambassadress were invited. Mme. de Rothschild and her sons were greatly annoyed by the Baron's conduct. She determined—with the hope of repairing her husband's folly—to send her eldest daughter to wait on Mme. de Metternich, remind her of the invitation for that evening, and in the name of the family express the hope of seeing her at the party. Mme. de Metternich had heard of the incident and was quite vexed. She received Mlle. de Rothschild with Austrian haughtiness ; heard her tell her tale without aiding her once by those words of courtesy which lighten a disagreeable task. On the contrary Mme. de Metternich listened coldly to the gracious message, and at its conclusion replied : " We shall not go out to-night," half-rising as she spoke to intimate to Mlle. de Rothschild the audience was at an end. " *Spiridion," in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

THERE is new rivalry among the law book publishers ; Hurd & Houghton are dabbling in the business ; Baker, Voorhes & Co., an old house in this department of trade, are showing fresh zeal and enterprise ; and Little & Brown, the Boston kings in sheepskin, do not mean to be caught napping, and are getting out new and valuable books for the profession, and also announce a new law magazine.

ANNA DICKINSON remarked, in a public speech, a few days since, that " the nation wants a man "—which is perhaps a modest way of saying that Miss Anna considers herself th nation.

M. DE ROTHSCHILD has, we hear from Paris, refused to give Austria a credit of five millions of francs, which was asked by Prince Metternich on behalf of his government.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

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ENGLAND, NOW AND THEN.

JUST eight hundred years ago a Norman army sailed from France and landed on the coast of England. In one month it had overthrown a monarchy, slain its king, and was master of the entire country. The history of that race is the history of all that is cruel and heroic in our nature, and while in its progress it has reached the highest triumphs in civilization, yet during all its past career—at least down to a very short period—it has always carried with it that peculiar vigor and courage, that enterprize and contempt of danger which, after all, are the highest elements in all national greatness—indeed, without which greatness is impossible. This race, so remarkable in those days when the highest virtue lay in sword and torch, is now the foremost in the world in all the distinctions of civilization—in agriculture, commerce, science, arts, and letters. And yet in this extraordinary development of national wealth and prosperity, it is a suggestive subject of inquiry whether or not, so far as England is concerned, have not been lost that national manhood and that prompt vindication of principle which were so conspicuous as the controlling qualities of the English race up to the commencement of this century.

At no period in European history as late as the dethronement of Charles X., of France, could any matter be mooted—any question of territory, morals or state ceremony—but that England had, by virtue of her pluck and power, the arbitrament of. In all history there can be presented no higher spectacle of moral and military grandeur than when the English, conquerors on almost every field from Cressy to Waterloo, dictated peace to all Europe from the capital of France. In that act seems to have culminated the power and greatness of England. The Norman blood which in the olden time was so fiery; which has been shed on so many fields, and which is associated with all that is great and gloriously pugnacious in the annals of modern races, seems to flow sluggish now; and instead of beating high "in honor's field alone"—where oppression seeks to throttle right, courses slowly on the mart and experiences no sense of quickness except when traffic offers gains. It is for the philosophic historian to trace the cause and gradation of this decadence, and the reason why a nation so combative, vigorous, "sudden and quick in quarrel," through a space of eight hundred years, should have so suddenly, in a period of scarce thirty years, lost all ambition to maintain its old glorious position, should consent to descend to the status of a second rate power. The English dead, whether in Westminster or scattered from the Heights of Abraham to the field of Waterloo, must have, to use the common phrase, turned in their coffins when England abandoned Denmark—a daughter of whose king is the wife of the English heir apparent. Had she then stood faithful to tradition and principle, we would not now see Prussia threatening Vienna, the old ally of England; would not see the Napoleonic monocrasy overriding Europe, and would not behold the British Empire, "on which the sun never sets," accepting any seat in the European circus, provided she is allowed quietly to peddle peanuts. At this moment, it is no exaggeration to say, not only has England lost all hold on the continent, but that she is thoroughly despised everywhere as "a nation of shop-keepers."

From the very moment of the commencement of the war in Europe, down to the present, we have had no appeals from the tricks of the Tuileries to the old honest frankness and cudgel of "John Bull." Even beleaguered and sorely pressed Austria, once the friend and ally of England, has not in her present agony reached out, crying, "Save me, or I perish." The truth is, she is already ruled out as a power in Europe—not simply ruled out, but declared to be a nation that will endure a kick, rather than lose a ship which bears to her shores the goods from which she can turn a penny.

Notwithstanding the gross outrages we have suffered at her hands, at a time, too, when we were battling for very life with the flames of rebellion; although our great commercial fleets have been destroyed by cruisers having no Confederate character beyond the flag and their principal officers, and although we have received from her every species of contumely and oppression, yet, after all, we cannot but regret that a people of such real greatness—of such renown in all the accomplishments which belong to nations as well individuals—should have been thrust into a position so utterly antagonistical to all her traditions, her manliness and virtues. We are disposed to believe that her government did not represent the real opinions of England when we were so treated, and that her apparent decline is simply the rule of a privileged class, whose days of domination and influence are passing away forever. Let us hope that with the extension of the right of suffrage, and the elevation of the middle classes to a share in the councils and government, may come to her again that true courage and manhood, which not only will bring back her old martial spirit and pride, but that appreciation of right and that control of the principle of fair play ever the glory and renown of "Old England."

THE POPULAR SENTIMENTAL.

WHY a gentleman, with his face blackened by burnt cork, and a preposterous shirt collar, should be able, by simply singing "Bright Things Can Never Die," or "Why Do Summer Roses Fade?" to so far overcome the manifest defects of his personal appearance as to win not only the respectful attention but hearty applause of an enraptured gallery, is one of those things for which philosophy offers no satisfactory explanation. It is perfectly understood that the singer cares little about the perishable nature of summer roses; still less is the audience concerned in their ephemeral quality; while in regard to the fact, it is undeniable that bright things *do* die, and that a great deal of the Beauty and Misstrelsy extant is not of a "deathless" quality. It is evident that we must look beyond the mere truth or importance of the abstract statement to find a reason for its extraordinary effect. When the hero in the melodrama avows his intention to rescue somebody or perish in the attempt, we can understand the burst of applause that follows, for the average instincts of humanity are magnanimous, but when this applause reaches a tumultuous climax as he makes the purely abstract and gratuitous addition that the Man who Refuses to aid a Fellow Being in Distress, is Unworthy of the Name of an American Citizen, or a British Subject, as the case may be, we confess we are at a loss. As with the perishable Summer Roses or the immortal Bright Things, there is something that remains to be accounted for. That something is the Popular Sentimental. Cheap, illusive, and diluted it may be, but still popular. It is this one touch of highly artificial nature that makes the whole world kin—that transforms the gaping apprentice for the moment into a poet, and thrills the house-maid with that unutterable and vague longing, above the mere physical appetite for food and drink, which she is pleased to consider is the normal condition of persons of quality.

Now, sentiment is all very well, and undoubtedly has its uses, but the Popular Sentimental, like many other popular things, is very apt to lose the substance and thing itself in the mere symbol and form. The word "Alas," occurring in composition, is to many good-natured people invested with preternaturally affecting qualities. To others the mere fact of keeping a journal or diary is *prima facie* evidence of the existence of sentiment. Reflections upon the uncertainty of human life—no matter how obvious the truism or apparent the proposition, and suggestions as to the deceitfulness of appearances, are valuable symbols of the Popular Sentimental. As with the summer roses before alluded to, it by no means follows that those who reflect upon mortuary possibilities are at all influenced in their conduct by such reflections, or that the deceitfulness of appearances prevents them from being regularly affected by mere show or glitter. They are simply graceful conventionalities. Clever people are often beguiled into the Popular Sentimental. The frequent call upon their sympathy leads them to adopt words and sentences that have passed current and have a recognized value as the equivalents of genuine sentiment. The currency may be depreciated, but the law of society makes it a legal tender, and he would be foolish who would reject it because he has the real coin locked up and is conscious that it is at a premium. The Popular Sentimental mixes largely in the religion of some people—how largely we sometimes shudder to speculate. So long as the "silent tomb," "the narrow house," "rock of ages," "the better land," and reckless and inordinate Scriptural quotation, occupy serious conversation with formulæ to the exclusion of ideas, we find little difference between the white performer and his brother with the blackened face. Politics is equally favorable to the growth of this quality: so long as the bird of freedom is permitted to soar—so long as we hear of a "freeman's privilege," of "Bleeding Kansas," of the "Hard fisted Democracy," we know that the Popular Sentimental does not languish in the hands of politicians.

We need not look far for a correction of the evil. As it is said of certain poisonous herbs that the antidote is always found in convenient contiguity, so in the same plane of thought and action do we find compensation and remedy for the evil. The lesser satirists and humorists—the Josh Billingses and Artemus Wards—are the checks upon the Popular Sentimental. When Mr. Ward listens to his daughter singing "Why Do Summer Roses Fade?" and replies, "Because it is their Biz"—the humor is coarse but demolishing. People addicted to sentimental inquiry in that direction, whose coarse cuticle would turn the polished shafts of irony, are utterly crushed by his rude but straightforward absurdity. Josh Billings has similarly shown up the cheap philosophy of the Popular Sentimental; and we owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Petroleum V. Nasby for his rough but thorough demolition, as "Pastor of the Church of the New Dispensation," of the mingled blasphemous scriptural quotations and cheap political formulas which invest the Popular Sentimental.

AMUSEMENTS.

LADY DON, the latest reigning star here, is achieving great success, not only as an actress, but also as a vocalist. The Opera House has been crowded every evening, though there has scarcely been a change in the bill since her first appearance, on Monday night. She is an actress of spirit and vivacity, and has an off-hand, easy, natural way of saying and doing her parts, with a thorough disregard of the "prunes and prisms" style of the stage, that is truly refreshing. Clever and pleasing as Lady Don is in her impersonations, yet it is her accomplishments as a vocalist that form her strongest charm of attraction. We have frequently been favored with actresses of greater merit, but probably the Opera House stage has never been graced by a vocalist of equal powers—certainly not since the era of the Nelson sisters. She has, perhaps, a mezzo-soprano voice—it is difficult to classify it—of excellent compass, and under complete command and cultivation. As a cantatrice and ballad singer, she takes high rank.

This lady has been excellently supported by Miss Kate Denin, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Jackson, and the Opera House company, and appears to have a wardrobe sufficient to mount half the company.

Lady Don has commenced well, and, as her forte lies in acting burlesques and extravaganzas, with musical interludes, we can heartily commend the entertainments she offers the public as being lively and enjoyable, as well as interesting.

This afternoon the popular burlesque of *Kenilworth*—which has been the chief attraction of the week—will be played for the last time. To-night *Guy Mannering* will be produced with all the original incidental music. *Orpheus and Eurydice* is announced as being the next burlesque feature. It is to be brought out with fine scenic effects and gorgeous costumes.

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Metropolitan Theatre.—Every musician, whether professional or amateur, has doubtless observed many instances in his musical progress where the old rule, "Practice makes perfect," does not seem to hold good. He may take up a piece of music rather beyond his capacity, and in the excitement of the first reading may nevertheless execute it with tolerable, perhaps even brilliant effect; but on settling down to steady practice for the purpose of mastering all its difficulties in detail, he will find himself playing or singing it worse and worse, until he finally throws it aside in disgust, and wonders whether it could not be learned best by leaving it alone altogether. On the other hand, he may take up a piece which he had labored over, in the same unsatisfactory manner, six months ago, and may now find himself rendering it with a perfection quite surprising. By an involuntary and imperceptible process the musical forms have crystallized into shape in his mind; the spirit of the piece remains, while the incidental labor and disgust have dropped out of sight as if they had never been known. The hard practice, therefore, was not lost, although there was a time when it appeared absolutely futile.

That this theory of musical progress applies to whole opera troupes as well as to individual artists, is proved in a striking manner by the two performances which were respectively the very best, and the very worst, of the eleven (including two extra nights) already given during the present season. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, put upon the stage almost without preparation, was given to an audience neither large nor fashionable; but the enthusiasm of that audience was roused by a performance so full of life and fire, so brilliant in its principal points, so delicately perfect in detail, and pervaded by such unity of feeling and expression, that it may be set down as the great *musical* success of the season so far. *Faust*, on the other hand, was in rehearsal for a week—a long time for California—during which the theatre was closed; produced to an absolutely overflowing audience, comprising 'the wealth, beauty and fashion of San Francisco"—the finest house within the memory of our opera-goers, and of course the great *pecuniary* success of the season. But the troupe happened to be at that point of progress in *Faust* when practice does *not* make immediately perfect; and the enthusiasm of that audience was damped as by a cold and drizzly rain. As the repetition of the opera on Wednesday showed marked improvement in nearly every respect, we shall not remember Monday's failure to the disadvantage of the indefatigable manager and his assistants, (whose labors have been extremely arduous,) but shall confine ourselves to the notice of such faults as hap-

pened upon both evenings, and need vigorous correction. There was a constant want of correspondence between the singers and the orchestra, for which we think the former were chiefly to blame, not knowing their parts perfectly; the latter part of the garden scene was a glaring instauce of this on both uights, but the trouble occurred in nearly every concerted passage throughout the opera. The chorus singers, tolerably good in music they have sung for years, do not seem to master this opera, and their weakness and uncertainty, when left to themselves, as in some parts of the Soldiers' Chorus, without accompaniment, were painfully perceptible; though large in nnmbers, they utter no snch distinct and powerful body of sound as we naturally expect. The Second Artillery band was very effective, especially on the second night, when the grand march came out with inspiriting splendor; the whole scene was encored on each eveniug, and with three-fourths of the audience was certainly the most, perhaps the only attractive feature, besides the waltz, in the whole performance; the greater part of Gounod's music being mere sonnd signifying nothing to an uncultivated ear. With the band we find but one fault, which we also observed in their performance on the Fourth of July during the whole procession; the principal cornet player seldom allows rapid passages, especially triplets, (as in the opening phrase of the *Faust* march.) to fill their whole time in the measure, but jerks them out in a fidgetty way, as if desirous to get over some disagreeable duty as soon as possible; and this detracts very much from the quiet majesty which should characterize the music. The stage business and mountings of the opera had evidently received considerable attention, but some points were badly made, and others neglected. Iu the garden, for instance, "Siebel" hid the bouquet carefully away, and "Margarita" had to pass by the conspicuous jewel casket in order to hunt for the offering which she ought properly to have discovered first. The moonlight, which should have been arranged beforehand so as to shine on Margarita's window, and gradually brightened as if discovered from behind a cloud, was on the first night produced by a loud hissing conflagration in the prompter's box, and on the second by a sort of dark lantern, held at the opposite upper corner of the proscenium, and shining in rapid succession on various wrong places before the right focus was established. Stage scenery can never produce an absolute illusion; but it should not be obtrusively unreal.

Signorina Brambilla has rarely appeared to better advantage than in the character of "Margarita," and has never, we think, sung the music more acceptably than she did on Wednesday night. The spinning-wheel song, ("The King of Thule,") and the bijou song, in the garden, and the prayer in the prison scene, were exquisitely rendered, although the last named was taken, both in the solo and afterwards in the trio, a good deal too fast. Morley was in fine voice on Wednesday, and acted the part of "Faust" with care and spirit on both evenings. Milleri's "Mephistopheles" is a powerful impersonation, different from Morelli's, (with which a comparison is unavoidable,) and hardly equal to it on the whole; he indulges in too much buffoonery, especially in the serenade, and looks like such a "Mephistopheles" as Leporello or Sancho Panza might have made; whereas Morelli, with his princely bearing, sardonic counteuance, and eagle eye, looked and acted the character like the very devil himself.

Mancusi made the part of "Valentine" a principal feature, and was, as we remember, the only one of the four leading artists who sang every note of his music in a manner entirely satisfactory. Miss Landesmann, as "Siebel," did very well, but was too languishing and indulged in too much *tremolo* for a boy; she should learn to avoid overacting. M'lle. Tourney was excellent as "Marta Schwerlein," and filled her part iu the garden quartet very creditably. We hope to hear the opera again, and in better style than even on Wednesday; but we think the management will do well to let it rest for the present. Last night *Un Ballo en Maschera* was given for the first time, as the ninth regular performance, bnt the early hour at which we go to press forbids any particular notice. It will be repeated this evening.

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DR. JORDAN'S ANOTOMICAL MUSEUM.—The ceroplastic preparations, in anatomy and pathology, which Dr. Jordan has at great expense brought to this country, are on exhibition at Eureka Hall to-day, from morning till 10 o'clock, P. M. On Sundays the Hall will be open from five to ten P. M. only.

CABLE-TALK.

THERE was a young person called Cyrus,
Whose talk of his hobby did tire us:
Said he, "If I 'm able,
I'll lay this big cable."
He did it. Good Lord! how he 'll wire us!

—

THERE was a yonng girl named Victoria,
Who, when the long wire was stretched o'er here,
Said, "Aint it nice, Audy?"
"Yes! 't will be handy,
It is, marm, THE *mundi gloriæ*." M.

[For the Californian.]

THE SECRET WELL.

I KNOW a well so deep and cool
And hid, the crystal-hearted pool
Hath never thrilled a swallow's throat
Or sweetened a lark's notc.

No fainting stag, though perishing,
Hath ventured to disturb this spring;
No leopard with his fiery breast
This fountain dares molest.

No cunning silver-casèd tront
The sheltered source can e'er search out;
No tongue but mine may ever tell
The secret of this well.

I build abont its guarded rim
With added stones; I know the dim
Still twilight of its mossy cell,
Where the sweet waters dwell.

For spirits go between us two
With flasks; they brim with softest dew;
I drink and am refreshed, and seem
As living in a dream.

This well, that is alone for me,
Is all a fount of memory,
And every year that I have known
Is as an added stone.

My willing thoughts, as spirits, haste
To draw the draught I love to taste.
There is an ever full supply,
Yet who may drink but I?

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

THE horrible case of child whipping in the western part of this State, to which we referred on a previous occasion, is to be lamented not merely on account of the nnhappy little victim, but also for its inevitable tendency to loosen the bonds of parental discipline, by associating the idea of child-punishment with the recollection of this clerical wretch, who seems to combine the language of a Pecksniff witb the relentlessness of a Legree. This act is thrice-acurst, in respect to his baby, to himself, and to society. We cannot donbt that he will receive so much of the punishment which he deserves as it is possible lor the law to inflict. Whether it is possible under legal forms to render him full justice may be doubted.

But we cannot afford to let this solitary instance of parental cruelty blind us to the fact that, as a people, we err mainly in the opposite direction. American parents, as a rule, have very little inclination to tyrannize over their children, and are very strongly disposed to loosen the reins of family government. Looking around among our own acquaintance, we do not call to mind a single parent who is a terror to his children; and we rejoice that it is so. But we do know multitudes of parents who never had their children under their control; aud this we cannot rejoice over. The days when children were tied to bed-posts and flogged for slight transgressions are, thank Heaven, substantially past; but the extreme to whicb our grandfathers carried their notions of discipline is no justification for the other extreme into which we are now disposed to run. If there is really no middle path, doubtless the license which is now allowed to children is better than the excessive severity of old times; but no such excuse for laxity can be truly made. There *is* a middle path; but it requires more patience, perseverance, and enlightened parental love than either of the rival systems of wholesale flogging or *laissez faire*.

A certain distinguished clergyman once told in our hearing an incident which illustrates our meaning. His little girl, then a little over three years old, was playing in his room, when he called upon her to fetch his shoe. She had often done it before, and been proud to do it; but this time she looked at her father with a smiling face, and did not stir. "I repeated my command," said the father, "but with no better result. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'comes the crisis, and we must see who is to gain the day.' I called her to me, and she came quite cheerfully. I pointed to the shoe, but she would not look at it; she threw her arms round my neck, and would kiss me just as long as I would let her; she brought me an apron, a book, anything but the shoe; that she would not touch. And nothing but the shoe would satisfy me. 'Fetch me that shoe,' said I; but no. For more than two hours the conflict lasted, and then she suddenly grasped the shoe in her little hand, and, rushing up to me, threw herself into my arms in a violent fit of weeping, her little frame perfectly convulsed with sobs; but she was conquered." Such struggles as these occur at least once in the life of every high-spirited child. A Liudsley gratifies his brutal love of domination by the use of a shingle upon his child; the majority of American parents find it easier to abandon the contest, and let their children enjoy a demoralizing triumph, than to persist with mingled firmness, tact, and patience until obedience is secured.

Divine wisdom bas made obedience necessary to the true happiness of every child. A spoiled child is the emblem of misery to itself and discomfort to all around. And American children are universally presumed to be spoiled, not merely by the judgment of foreigners, but by the tacit evidence of our own people. Why is it that landlords are so unanimous in preferring tenants without children? Why is it that children, in all other countries esteemed the object of marriage, are here so commonly thought of as its drawback? There can be no doubt that it is because they are expected, as a matter of course, to be a source of irritation and anxiety, undisciplined, little nuisances, worrying their parents' lives and driving off their parents' friends. We go further, and assert that the enormous prevalency of abortion among married women is largely owing to this universal expectation that children will be a source of far more annoyance than comfort; an expectation which no experience of well-trained children would ever justify. Unquestionably the most judicious training fails in many instances; but as a rule it develops a condition of moral health which makes children the joy of the household and the special attraction of visitors. And it is from the rule, and not from the exceptions, that the common judgments of men are formed. We conclude, therefore, from the general anticipation that children, at any rate *other people's* children, will be disagreeable and mischievous, that there is a general belief that children are badly trained.

We have already been led incidentally to remark how much discomfort, and even crime, is indirectly caused by the general lack of proper family discipline. These are, however, only part of the evils to which it gives rise. "Young America" is proverbially pert, obtrusive, and irreverent; unaccustomed to obey at home, our young men are apt to lack respect for lawful authority everywhere; untrained at home, they rush into life with shallow thoughts and little training of any kind. Probably half the cost of our late civil war may be fairly charged to the lack of *habits* of discipline, obedience, and self-command on both sides.

It is even more melancholy to witness the causes which most frequently excite parents to the exercise of their authority, and the manner in which that authority is spasmodically exercised, than it is to observe the general absence of parental control. A falsehood, a petty theft, an act of meanness or cruelty which ought to excite the parent at once to grief and indignation, is usually passed over with slight reproof or total indifference. Charley may torture the cat, or destroy his baby sister's doll, or steal her apple, or show a meanly selfish spirit toward his playfellows with comparative impunity, though he is thus giving way to the basest tendencies of his nature; but woe be to Charley if he breaks his mother's china, or stains her silk dress, even though it should be done by pure accident and in the excess of affectionate zeal. Is not this, in its measure, almost as ghastly a spectacle as that of the Rev. Mr. Lindsley "correcting" his baby with a shingle for refusing to say its prayers? On the one hand the child displays a temper which, if entirely unchecked through life, would make it a fiend. For this it receives no punishment. On the other hand, through mere natural thoughtlessness, it injures a few dollars' worth of goods, which must in any case soon perish. This brings upon it bitter words, perhaps bodily chastisement. Every one knows that this is a contrast daily witnessed in thousands of families. For ourselves, we see it often, and with ever-growing abhorrence.—*The Nation.*

A JEWISH DIVORCE.—A divorce, according to the practice in the Hebrew Church, took place at the residence of the Rev. J. Gabriel. At the present term of the Superior Court a divorce was obtained by Louis Rothschild from Esther Rothschild. One of the parties desired that a divorce should also be granted after the manner of the Hebrew custom. Yesterday it was accomplished. As it is somewhat interesting to know what the ceremony consisted of, we give it. It is as follows: The wife, dressed in black, with a black veil over her face, appeared with her husband before a council of ten men, members of the synagogue. There were also present three rabbins, one of whom acted as the petitioner, and wrote out on parchment a petition in Hebrew, asking for a divorce, and also wrote out the decree of divorce; the second acted as the respondent or defendant, and the third as a kind of judge; the council of ten acting as a jury. The man and wife having appeared, they stood side by side before the council. The rabbins and council then took an oath, all shaking hands—the oath being to the effect that they would always consider the divorce legal and binding. The wife then removed her veil, and the rabbi who acted as petitioner read the petition in German, and stated the case to the council, who, having heard it, decreed the divorce. The decree, folded up, was handed to the husband, and the wife raising her open hands, the husband dropped the paper into them. The rabbi who acted as judge then took it and cut the edge like a fringe. He then handed it to the president of the synagogue, telling him to place it among the records of the society, to be preserved as evidence of the divorce. This having been done, the ceremony was finished, and the parties departed, no longer man and wife.—*New Haven Journal.*

THE Howson Opera Troupe have done a good business at Sacramento during the week.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
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Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
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The Edinburgh Review (Whig.)
The Westminster Review (Radical.)
The North British Review (Free Church.)
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory.)

The interest of these Periodicals to American readers is rather increased than diminished by the articles they contain on our late Civil War, and though sometimes tinged with prejudice, they may still, considering their great ability, and the different stand-points from which they are written, be read and studied with advantage by the people of this country, of every creed and party.

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This Association was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

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It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

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Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

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Have received a Large Stock of
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FURNISHING GOODS,
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THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

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To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S
PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

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and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

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Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

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As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

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au4 6m Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

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ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
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LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

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For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

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They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

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Invariably cure the following diseases:

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Bowel Complaints,
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Chest Diseases,
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Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

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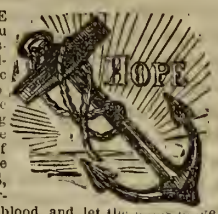
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PILLS.



ARE YOU SICK, FEEBLE and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. At once TAKE AYER'S PILLS, and cleanse out the disordered humors, purify the blood, and let the life move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and deranges its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering and derangement. While in this condition,

TAKE AYER'S PILLS,

and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body, they are rapidly and many of them surely cured by the same means. None who know the virtue of these Pills will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure, such as Headache, Foul Stomach, Dysentery, Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Derangement of the Liver, Costiveness, Constipation, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Worms and Suppression, when taken in large doses.

They are Sugar-Coated, so that the most sensitive can take them easily, and they are surely the best purgative medicine yet discovered.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
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THE FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION of the above Institution commenced July 30th, 1866.

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TERMS.

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Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25
No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of the student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc.

No Student will be received without such deposit.

The terms are so reduced (less than one-half the usual charges in this State) that the Institution can be conducted only on a rigid cash principle; hence any failure in remitting the Pension will oblige the authorities of the College to charge ten per cent. additional, or forward the student to his parents or guardian.

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WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



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Main street, - - Petaluma.

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B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mb25-tf

OUR BOOK-TABLE.

Robi di Roma. By W. W. Story. In two volumes. Fifth edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE fame which Mr. Story—the "W. W. S." of *Blackwood*—has lately acquired as a poet, ought not eclipse the reputation he has fairly won as prose writer through his well known *Robi di Roma*. This series of admirable sketches of Roman life and manners, is now in its fifth edition, and has already become classic. If we except some passages of Hawthorne's *Marble Fawn*, it is universally conceded that no writer has ever approximated to Mr. Story in description of Italian scenery and customs. With that skill in delineating outline, and that delight in color which is born of his profession as a painter, he has been enabled to picture Rome to the reader as no other traveller has done. His culture, classical knowledge, and ready memory give to his sketches the character of historical retrospects, without the stiffness and tediousness of retrospect, while travellers, artists, and pilgrims of all nations, concur in the fidelity of his descriptions of the present. The following passage from the chapter of the Colosseum is an instance of the peculiar blending of the pictorial and retrospective:

"Of all the ruins in Rome, none is at once so beautiful, so imposing, and so characteristic as the Colosseum. Here throbbed the Roman heart in its fullest pulses. Over its benches swarmed the mighty population of the centre city of the world. In its arena, gazed at by a hundred thousand eager eyes, the gladiator fell, while the vast *velarium* trembled as the air was shaken by the savage shouts of '*Habet*,' and myriads of cruel hands, with upturned thumbs, sealed his unhappy fate. The sand of the arena drank the blood of African elephants, lions, and tigers—of *Mirmilliones Laqueatores, Retiarii*, and *Andabatæ*—and of Christian martyrs and virgins. Here emperor, senators, knights and soldiers, the lowest populace and the proudest citizens, gazed together on the bloody games—shouted together as the favorite won, groaned together fiercely as the favorite fell, and startled the eagles sailing over the blue vault above with their wild cries of triumph. Here might be heard the trumpeting of the enraged elephant, the savage roar of the tiger, the peevish shriek of the grave-rifling hyena, while the human beasts above, looking on the slaughter of the lower beasts beneath, uttered a wilder and more awful yell. Rome—brutal, powerful, bloodthirsty, imperial Rome—built in its days of pride this mighty amphitheatre, and, outlasting all its works, it still stands, the best type of its grandeur and brutality. What St. Peter's is to the Rome of to-day is the Colosseum to the Rome of the Cæsars. The Baths of Caracalla, grand as they are, must yield precedence to it. The Cæsars' palaces are almost level with the earth. Over the pavement where once swept the imperial robes now slips the gleaming lizard; and in the indiscriminate ruins of these splendid halls the *contadino* plants his potatoes and sells for a *paul* the oxodised coin which once may have paid the entrance fee to the great amphitheatre. The golden house of Nero is gone. The very Forum where Cicero delivered his immortal orations is almost obliterated, and antiquarians quarrel over the few columns that remain But the Colosseum still stands: despite the assault of time and the work of barbarians, it still stands, noble and beautiful in its display—yes, more beautiful than ever.

"But what a change has come over it since the bloody scenes of the Cæsars were enacted! A supreme peace now reigns there. Thousands of beautiful flowers bloom in its ruined arches, tall plants and shrubs wave across the open spaces, and Nature has healed over the wounds of time with delicate grasses and weeds. Where, through the *podium* doors, wild beasts once rushed into the arena to tear the Christian martyrs, now stand the altars and stations that are dedicated to Christ. In the summer afternoon the air above is thronged with twittering swallows; and sometimes, like a reminiscence of imperial times, far up in the blue height an eagle, planing over it on widespread motionless wings, sails silently along.

"Here, as you lie, towards twilight, dreaming of the past, upon some broken block of travertine, you will see a procession wending its way between the arches, preceded by a cross-bearer and two acolytes. It is composed of a Franciscan friar in his brown serge and cowl, accompanied by the religious confraternity of the 'Lovers of Jesus and Maria,' and followed by a group of women in black, and veiled. They chant together a hymn as they slowly approach the cross planted in the centre of the arena. There they kneel and cry, '*Adoramus te, Christi, et benedicimus te*,' with the response, '*Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.*' Then the monk ascends the platform before one of the altars, plants his crucifix beside him, and preaches a sermon. This finished, the procession makes the round of the stations, and again passes out of the arena. As he advances to the first station he chants:

'L' orme sanguigne,
Del mio Signore,
Tutto dolore
Seguitero.'

And the people respond:

'Vi prego, o Gesu buono,
Per la vostra passione
Darmi il perdono!'

It is strange to hear this chant and sermon in a place once dedicated to blood—strange to hear the doctrine of love and forgiveness on the spot where the gladiator fell and the martyr suffered for his faith!

"As you dream over this change, the splendor of sunset blazes against the lofty walls, and transfigures its blocks of travertine to brown and massive gold; the quivering stalks and weeds seem on fire; the flowers drink in a glory of color, and show like gems against the rough crust of their setting: rose clouds hang in the open vaults above, under which swift birds flash incessantly, and through the shadowed arches you see long molten bars of crimson drawn against a gorgeous sky beyond. Slowly the great shadow of the western wall creeps along the arena; the cross in the centre blazes no longer in the sun; it reaches the eastern benches, climbs rapidly up the wall, and the glory of sunset is gone. 'Twilight now swiftly draws its veil across the sky; the molten clouds grow cool and gray, the orange refines into citron, and pales away to tenderest opaline light, and stars begin to peer through the dim veil of twilight. Shadows deepen in the open arena, block up the arches and galleries, confuse the lines of the benches, and shroud its decay. You rise and walk musingly into the centre of the arena, and, looking round its dim, vast circumference, you suddenly behold the benches as of old, thronged with their myriads of human forms—the ghosts of those who once sat there. That terrible circle of eyes is shining at you with a ghastly expression of cruel excitement. You hear the strange, exciting hum of confused voices, and the roar of wild beasts in the caverns below. You are yourself the gladiator, who must die to make a Roman holiday, or the martyr who waits at the stake for the savage beasts that are to rend you. A shudder comes over you, for the place has magnetized you with its old life. You look hurriedly round to seek flight, when you suddenly hear a soprano voice saying, 'François, where did the Vestal Virgins sit?' and you wake from your dream."

Mr. Story's power of humorous description is no less remarkable in the following account of the *Fantoccini*, or puppet shows:

"Do not allow yourself to suppose that there is anything ludicrous to the audience in the performances of these *buratlini*. Nothing, on the contrary, is more serious. No human beings could be so serious. Their countenances are solemn as death, and more unchanging than the face of a clock. Their terrible gravity when, with drooping heads and collapsed arms, they fix on their great goggle eyes, is at times ghastly. They never descend into the regions of conscious farce. The plays they perform are mostly heroic, romantic, and historical. They stoop to nothing which is not startling in incident, imposing in style, and *grandiose* in movementa. The wars of the Paladins, the heroic adventures of knights and ladies of romance, the tragedies of the middle ages, the prodogies of the melodramatic world, are within their special province. The heroes that tread the *fantoccini* stage are doughty warriors, who perform impossible feats of prowess, slay armies with a single arm, rescue injured damsels, express themselves in loud and boastful language, utter exalted sentiments, and are equally admirable in love and war. No worthy *fantoccino* shrinks before an army, or leaves the board of battle till it is covered with the corpses of his enemies.

"The audience listen with grave and profound interest. To them the actors are not *fantoccini*, but heroes. Their inflated and extravagant discourse is simply grand and noble. They are the mighty *x* which represents the unknown quantity of boasting which potentially exists in the bosom of every one. Do not laugh when you enter, or the general look of surprise and annoyance will at once recall you to the proprieties of the occasion. You might as well laugh in a church."

* * * * * * *

"The scene when we entered was between two puppets, both dressed in armour, speaking in tremendous voices, and flourishing gigantic swords. One was a child *Fantoccino*—the other probably *Selinguerra*. No attempt was made to conceal the agency by which the figures and their weapons were moved. Stout perpendicular wires, piercing the head and passing out of sight above the hangings, sustained the figures, and the hands and swords were moved by the same grossly apparent means. Each *Fantoccino* when it spoke went into a sudden convulsion, as if it were attacked by a fit of St. Vitus's dance, while the sword seemed animated with spasmodic life, and thrashed to and fro in the air with utter disregard to the warrior's anatomy, which it constantly and painfully dislocated with every movement. But no sooner had he ceased speaking than his arms fell into a helpless collapse, his head dropped drunkenly forward, or remained fixed in a dislocation, glaring at nothing, and with his sword stiffly pointing up to the ceiling, and his legs hanging in the air or huddled under him, so as to leave him quite out of balance, he awaited impotently the answer of his opponent. It was a violent dispute that was taking place between the youth and *Selinguerra* and his lieutenant, who were threatening to destroy the castle of the '*terribil Gobbo*.' Both these doughty warriors were a couple of inches at least above the floor, which they never descended or condescended to touch, save by way of emphasis, when down they came on their heels with a sharp wooden rap, and then jerked suddenly up again. The dispute was tremendous. They launched at each other, in loud voices, terrible threats and challenges. *Selinguerra* was especially ferocious, and '*Chi sei tu che osi!*' he cried to the youth; but the latter, not to be outdone in boasting or fury, with a wild spasm of sword and dangling about of his arms, exclaimed, '*Trema! che son il figlio del terribil Gobbo.*' and then collapsed in silence. '*Ah ha*,' with a roar, responded his opponent '*male hai fatto a palesarlo--non posso piu contenere il mio immenso furor. Preparati a morir!*' and with a galvanic twitch and a thundering rap of his heels on the floor he shook defiance at the bold youth. But the youth now showed himself the true son of the terrible *Gobbo*. He roused from the collapse in which he had fallen, and coming down with *his* heels, too (as if Antæus like, to acquire new strength by touching the ground,) he jerked his head and limbs, flung out wildly one leg, and waved a challenge in the name of St. Vitus. Now ensued a terrible encounter. *Selinguerra*, backed by his lieutenant, attacked the heroic son of the *Gobbo*, and all three, rising higher from the floor in their excitement, dashed promiscuously together, clashing their swords furiously, and swinging backwards and forwards half the length of the stage, while their helpless legs beat to and fro in the air All the while a drum behind the scenes was 'rolling rapidly.' It was encouraging, however, to see how bravely the son of the *Gobbo* held his own. Despite the terrible blows he received on his head, each of which would have done forever for a mere '*personaggio*,' and the excited efforts he made with his arms and legs, he never for a moment lost his courage or wind. His expression never changed, but on his countenance might still be seen the same calm supernatural glare, the same unwinking eyes. At last, however, he was brought to his knees, or rather, to be accurate, he was brought halfway down backward, with his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees, sitting on nothing at all, and still shaking the 'fragments of his blade' above him. He was now so weak that his endeavors to sit entirely down seemed vain, and in one of his attempts to do so a gigantic apparition of a superhuman fist appeared like a portent above his head, between the slips. '*Preparita a morir!*' now thundered *Selinguerra*, and all seemed over with him, when suddenly the aspect of things changed. In burst the '*terribil Gobbo*' himself, 'in complete steel,' and, striking the floor with a succession of bold knocks, and waving with convulsive jerks his sword, while he sidled dislocatedly along towards *Selinguerra* with little drifting hops, brought help at the most opportune moment. Well did he sustain in the ensuing conflict his terrible reputation. 'Alone he did it.' At first it was *Selinguerra* and his lieutenant who opposed him, but he soon made minced meat of them; and then the whole army, spasmodically hopping and staggering in sideways to the rescue of their captain, attacked the *Gobbo* altogether. In the rage of the conflict, both he and the army madly swung the whole length of the stage, suspended in the air, smashing against each other right and left in the utmost confusion, and cutting each other promiscuously in their attempts to hit him, as if it were a 'free fight' in Arkansas. But one by one, and platoon by platoon, they fell before the terrible *Gobbo*, until at last he hovered above the heaps of slain, sound as ever in wind and limb, and had a spasm of satisfaction over them as they lay there covering the stage, some with their legs straight up in the air. But a messenger now arrived. Where is the *Gobbo's* spouse? *Oh Dio!* and messenger and *Gobbo* drifted out together, bumping each other recklessly on the way, and disappeared between the slips."

THE LAST PARIS FASHION.—I have to announce, says a writer from the centre of fashion, one of the oddest, queerest, strangest, most curious, unaccountable, inconceivable, incomprehensible, extraordinary, wildest, and ugliest invention ever devised by fancy or fashion, and that is "false eyelashes." The Empress has mentioned them—has put her seal upon the patent. Imagine, courting a lovely Hebe, with a mass of golden curls covering her neck and shoulders, and with long lashes veiling her eyes, like a beautiful silk fringe; and then imagine, if you can, seeing one by one of the curls and lashes disappear within the recess of a board card-box.

THE RIGHT TO HISS.—*Punch* hits the mark exactly in the following: "You will do no good at the theatres until the right to hiss is as much recognized as the right to clap. Abstractedly, these rights are equal; but just hiss and you'll have a dozen snobs crying 'shame,' a fool next you will remark to his friend that it is 'illiberal,' and a policeman will probably say that you 'had better be quiet.' And though a claque may be sent in to applaud, it is called a conspiracy if a group agree to condemn."

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Maggiel is the founder of a new medical system. The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach and paralyze the bowels, must give precedence to the man who restores health and appetite with from one or two of his extraordinary pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of his wonderful and all-healing salve. These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superseding all the stereotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the so-called remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dozen, and of which every boxfull taken creates an absolute necessity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffice to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits light and buoyant. There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected, its functions are restored, and if the nervous system is feeble it is invigorated. This last quality makes the medicines very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfectant power of Maggiel's salve. In fact, it is here announced that *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic and Diarrhea Pills* cure where all others fail. While, for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGIEL, No. 11 Pine street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box. R. H. McDonald & Co., Agents for Pacific coast, corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco. c14

SEWING MACHINES.—We have have written often upon this subject, and urged the value of this implement to a more general use—not only to the wife and daughter, for household purposes, but to the farmers, to make up their grain sacks; by this means a large saving could be made to them. We visited the office of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, the present week, and were gratified to notice the business done. Nearly every machine was at work by those who were trying them, as purchasers, under the direction of the Lady Director. Mr. Tileston, the active agent, was busy in his department, preparing machines to be sent away. We noticed one farmer trying a machine to see how thick a mass could be sewed, in order to learn how to sew heavy bags. We saw *four* thicknesses of heavy cloth sewed as easily as lighter material. The best proof we have of the superiority of the Wheeler & Wilson machine, is that there were *thirty-eight machines* sent off to order the last week, and the business is steadily increasing.—*California Farmer.*

IF YOU want a fashionable and well-fitting suit of clothes, or anything choice in gents' furnishing goods, make your selections from the extensive stock of Houston, Hastings & Co. They import their own goods, keep the choicest and largest stock, and sell at low prices. By the aid of these advantages, and liberal advertising, they do an enormous business and take the lead of all other houses in the clothing trade.

LADIES: With tasteful discrimination, the world of fashion has selected Davidson's Circassian Bloom as the most elegant beautifier of the complexion and skin. There is not a notable soiree, ball or party to which its incomparable dressing does not add zest. Sold by all druggists. CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents.

FEATS of magic, astonishing tricks of delusion, etc., will be performed at the Circassian Saloon to-night, and every night next week. Admission free. See advertisement.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon premature bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other. e7m

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

E GOLDSMITH & Co., at No. 616 Sacramento street, three doors below Kearny, have just received some beautiful new style Garibaldis and Zouave Jackets, that for taste and style are particularly worthy of the attention of our lady readers. They have also a fine assortment of Ladies' Furnishing Goods of the choicest description. French corsets for one dollar. A great variety of French toilet and fancy articles, the newest styles of buttons and dress trimmings, may always be found at Goldsmith's 616 Sacramento street.

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself a well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

DAINTY WORK.—About the daintiest work we ever saw were specimens of hair jewelry at the establishment of Mrs. C. Cook, 645 Clay street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, yesterday. This lady manufactures all sorts of jewelry—watch-chains, earrings, finger rings, breastpins, and various other kinds of ornaments—from human hair. We witnessed the process of manufacture, and it is intricate and ingenious in the highest degree.—*S. F. Examiner.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAN, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. *J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.*
Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church Forty-second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Co Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,
je2 4m NEW YORK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

VINCENT'S COLD PREVENTIVE.

A Sure Cure
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS
DYSPEPSIA,
CONSUMPTION,
NIGHT SWEATS, AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats, and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING
Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY
And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

W. D. FARRAND

J. PEIRCE,
FURNITURE AND
Bedding Warerooms.



Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
je16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

B. F. STERETT, 533 Clay St., a few doors below Montgomery, continues to print all kinds of Books, Bills, Circulars, Cards, etc. in superior style, and at reasonable prices.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
je30 3m San Francisco.

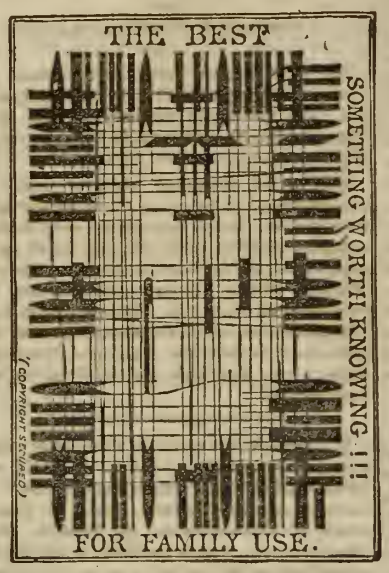
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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.
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EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

YANKEE NOTIONS
AND
FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

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To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND
MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
Cor. Sansome and California streets, San Francisco

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes
Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
MOSES TAYLOR,
ON WEDNESDAY, - - - AUGUST 15,
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

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Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

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M. D. CARR & CO.
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AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

HEUSTON,
HASTINGS
& CO.
The Fashionable Clothiers
OF
SAN FRANCISCO,

Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE
STOCK OF
CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,
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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS OF
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MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY
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RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,
CONGRESS HALL,
On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.



SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. au6-3m

QUINCY HALL,
545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy 21

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR
TAX COLLECTOR,
HENRY A. COBB,
OF THE FIRM OF COBB & SINTON,
jy21 NO. 407 CALIFORNIA STREET.



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VEGETABLE AMBROSIA
IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

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JOHN F. SNOW,
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To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46. steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

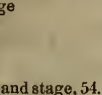
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

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530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 18,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M. je15 3m

PISCO!

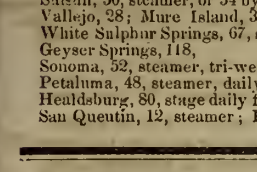
G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
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CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work a all kinds, Spikes,

Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

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On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

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DR. HUMPHREYS' Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
	fants.....	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
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" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
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" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
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" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	50
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" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
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" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
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" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
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" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.....	50
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" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
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" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.00	
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
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A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!

Secret of Beauty!

USE GEO. W. LAIRD'S

See that the name,

GEO. W. LAIRD,

is stamped

ON THE BOTTLE.

No other is Genuine.

BLOOM OF YOUTH,

OR

LIQUID PEARL!

The best article in the world for Preserving and Beautifying the Complexion and Skin.

This magnificent Toilet Article is prepared only by GEO. W. LAIRD, 74 Fulton street, New York, formerly 483 Broadway.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

HOSTETTER, SMITH AND DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay
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GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 19th day of July, A. D. 1866, in the matter of the estates and guardianship of Violet Blair, Jessup Blair and Lucy J. Blair, minors, the undersigned, the guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Monday, the thirteenth day of August, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., at the office of the undersigned, in Rooms Nos. 4 and 5, Barron's Building, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, where offers or bids will be received, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Violet Blair, Jessup Blair, and Lucy J. Blair, minors, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the said city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

1. The lot on the northerly side of Bryant street, commencing 100 varas westerly from Fourth street, running thence westerly or southwesterly along Bryant street, 100 varas front by a uniform depth, northerly or northwesterly, of 100 varas, being the lot known on the official map of the city of San Francisco as 100-vara Lot No. 179. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-quarter of said lot.

2. The lot on the southwesterly corner of Main and Folsom streets, fifty varas square. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

3. The lot on the southerly side of Filbert street, fifty varas square, commencing 50 varas westerly from Powell street, running thence westerly, 50 varas front by a uniform depth southerly of 50 varas, being the lot known on the official map of the city of San Francisco as 50-vara Lot No. 431. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

4. The lot on the southeast corner of Dupont and Broadway streets, being sixty feet front on Dupont street by a uniform depth easterly on Broadway of fifty feet. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

5. Lot on southeast corner of Powell and Greenwich streets, being 137½ feet front on Greenwich street by a uniform depth southerly on Powell street of 206 feet and 3 inches. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-half of said lot—subject to lease.

6. The lot on the northerly side of Silver street, commencing 75 feet easterly from Third street, thence northerly parallel to Third street 70 feet, thence easterly parallel to Silver street 150 feet, thence southerly parallel to Third street 70 feet, thence westerly along Silver street 150 feet to the point of beginning, being part of the 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth—subject to contract for lease and improvements.

7. The lot next adjoining the above on the east, fifty feet front on Silver street by a uniform depth northerly of 70 feet, being part of 100-vara Lot No 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth.

8. The lot on the southerly side of Silver street, commencing 100 feet easterly from Third street, thence easterly along Silver street 175 feet, thence southerly parallel to Third street 155 feet to Bryant street, thence westerly along the northerly side of Bryant street 175 feet, thence northerly 155 feet to place of beginning, being part of 100-vara Lot No. 85. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-fourth. The same can be sold in subdivisions.

9. Lot on the southeast corner of Sansome and Broadway streets, being fifty feet square. The interest of said minors therein is claimed to be an undivided one-eighth—subject to lease.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash, in gold coin of the United States: ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds to be made (including United States revenue stamps) at purchaser's expense. R. C. ROGERS,
Guardian, etc.

San Francisco, July 28, 1866.

NOTICE.—The remaining undivided interests in said lots, except Parcel No. 9, will be sold at same time.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. je30 3m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that, in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco made on the 2d day of April, 1866, in the matter of the Estates of Herman R Haste and Julia Haste, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors, Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, of, in and to all the one undivided one-half part of all that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Merchant street, 23 feet easterly from the north east corner of Merchant street and Dunbar's Alley; thence running easterly along said line of Merchant street 20 feet 2 1 2 inches; thence at a right angle northerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle westerly 20 feet 2 1 2 inches, and thence at a right angle southerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Offers or bids for said property will be received at the office of D. P Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, from this date till Saturday, the 18th day of August, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned,

CHRISTIAN KIRK,
Guardian of Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, minors.
(jy28-td)

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of CHRISTIAN KIRK, the Executor of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heir and devisee of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir and devisee of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 5th day of September, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, San Francisco, August 3d, 1866. 4w

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

THE *Accidental Insurance Co*,

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,

Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to

A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,
Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets
aug4 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

THIS AFTERNOON.....AUGUST 11,

LADY DON,

SUPPORTED BY

Miss Kate Denin,

AND A POWERFUL COMPANY,

Will appear in the glorious historical burlesque,

KENILWORTH!

OR,

YE QUEEN, YE EARLE, AND YE MAIDENNE.

The Earl of Leicester.....Lady Don
Amy Robsat.....Miss Kate Denin

THIS EVENING.....AUGUST 11,

Guy Mannering,

WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL MUSIC.

IN REHEARSAL:

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,

which will be produced with gorgeous scenic effects.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - $1 00
Reserved seats, - - - - - - 50c. extra
Parquet, - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - 25

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,

y19 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

DEMOCRATIC

CANDIDATE FOR

Chief of Police,

P. J. WHITE,

OF THE FIRM OF P. J. WHITE & CO.,

au11 No. 412 Front street.

GRAND OPENING

OF THE

Circassian Saloon,

Corner of Dupont and Pacific streets,

(Formerly "Dinan Saloon,")

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT!—Magic and Gymnastic Feats, free of charge.

☞ The best of WINES, LIQUORS, LUNCH, and CIGARS always on hand,

N. B. Fine Vocal Music, Polite Waiters, etc.

au11 1m

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

ja27-tf between California and Pine.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomary street.

Bianchi's Grand Italian

Opera Troupe.

General Director.....J. P. Crowly
Treasurer.....A. Birrell

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jy14 San Francisco

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 26th day of July, 1866, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Robeson, deceased, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, in two parcels, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Tuesday, the 11th day of September, 1866, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of said Andrew Robeson, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain two lots of land situated in said city and county and described as follows, viz: 1st. Commencing at a point on the west side of Mason street, 77 1 2 feet northerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running northerly along said side of Mason street 60 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 77 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet; and thence at a right angle easterly 77 1-2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d. Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 117 1 2 feet westerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; running thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet; and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the place of beginning. And said administrator will receive offers or bids for said property from this date till said 11th day of September, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon, at said counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county. EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Andrew Robeson, deceased.
San Francisco, August 11th, 1866. au11 td

PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors.

It appearing to this court from the petition this day presented and filed by Robert L. Harris, the guardian of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate belonging to his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estate, appear before this court at the court room thereof, at the court house, in the city and county of San Francisco, on Monday the 10th day of September, 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated August 10th, A. D., 1866. M. C. BLAKE,
au11 4t Probate Judge.

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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[For the Californian.]

PODGERINGS BY THE WAY.

No. 4.

"TWILIGHT dews were falling fast" (that's not quite original,) when I left my perch with the driver and got inside the coach. It was too dark to see who and what manner of man occupied a portion of the back seat, but I thought I could discern an odor of dried fish and stale opium smoke: however, one should not be over-nice when travelling. I dropped asleep, but was roused at the next station by the entrance of another passenger—a lady (every female is called a lady in this country. She of course claimed a back seat. I dropped off in another doze, but after a while was awakened with an oppressed feeling, and discovered that my friends on either side had also fallen asleep and had inclined to the centre, making me a sort of leaning post to support them, and I was carrying weight on both shoulders. The odor of fish and opium was stronger, and on the left there was a suspicion of rancid castor oil not at all agreeable. I could not stand this combination of odors, and very quietly crawled over on to the middle seat, thereby bringing the two heads of my right and left hand neighbors together; and we jogged on, the rattle of the coach being occasionally drowned by the chorus of snores that arose from the four other occupants of the coach. After a time, the moon, having risen, shone in the coach, and I turned around to see who and what my late neighbors were, and discovered a Spanish woman and a John Chinaman with their heads in contact in the most affectionate manner, still asleep: and as the coach jolted and rolled they were rubbing noses together after the most approved manner of some of the Eastern tribes who indulge that time-honored custom by way of salutation and greeting. The woman's head was lying on the Chinaman's shoulder in the most confiding manner; and John, doubtless dreaming of his native land, occasionally muttered to himself, and, for what I know, was giving expression to some most endearing sentiments in the choicest broken China; when suddenly the coach gave an extra bump and roused the lady from her slumbers, and, with a sleepy yawn, she awoke and discovered her close proximity to the Celestial gentleman, whose pigtail had entwined itself about her neck. She started back, and, as she did so, drew the coil of the pigtail closer. She probably thought it some venemous serpent, for she screamed and sprang up, giving an awful jerk on John's highly-ornamental appendage that made him see stars. He started up into an upright position, thus tightening the strain on it and the lady's neck. She, discovering the tie that bound her to Chinadom, commenced forthwith a vigorous application of her nails to John's head and face, and he, in turn, set up a Chinese yell, rousing the other two passengers who, not knowing the cause of the row, fancied John had been taking liberties with the lady, and were going to chuck him out of the coach window, but I interfered, and, after some difficulty, extricated the tangled tie that bound two unwilling heads together. Poor John's nose was bleeding from an incision of the lady's nails, and as he evidently was disgusted with that evidence of her partiality, got out at the next station and crawled on deck, muttering to himself, "Melliky woman muchy frightee; no shabbee, no shabbee."

At two o'clock we arrived at Virginia City, and I for one was glad enough to be released from my oscillating prison, and register my name at the "Hotel de Todos Nationale" for a bed. A gentleman of semi-Spanish extraction, lighting a candle, and taking my carpet-bag, commenced the ascent. It was long and wearying, and what I supposed was the last floor proved to be only the second, owing to the fact that in Virginia City the houses, being built on the steep side hill, are about six stories at one end on one street, and three on the other. I reached the roof after some further vigorous efforts, and was shown my room. I had to call my conductor out to get myself in, and then had to get on the bed to shut the door, and put my carpet-sack under the bed to get a chance to shut one-half the window. I went to bed with great calculations on a sound sleep the rest of the night. I had scarcely closed my eyes when a pair of cats commenced an a-mews-ing argument outside my window, on the subject of opera, and proceed to try their voices. Madame Pussilini Catilini, from the conservatoire of a near neighbor, and La Scala, of Milan' a half, or less, gave a cavatini from Tin Roofi, to which Signorina Meaiu responded. Both being in excellent voice, they luxuriated in a duet from Nacubudoh-no-sir—"No sleep for you." I have an ear for music, and appreciate it on all occasions, and on this I think I did fully. I sacrificed half a bottle of Florida water on my own account, and the soap dish on account of the house, to the cause. As the concert was within a few feet of my window, the shots told, and I am very positive that a couple of cats had urgent business elsewhere. I retired again, but had barely closed my eyes a second time when I heard a thump, thump of small heels along the hall: there was a skuff, skuff, skuffing sound accompanying, that leant a strong suspicion of crinoline. The sounds ceased at my door, and a gentle knock followed. I responded, "Hello!" A voice exclaimed, "Jim, is that you?" I replied, "Yes, it isn't." There was evidently a mistake somewhere—at any rate, I was not the man (her husband, of course) that she was looking for. Several times later; I heard similar heels and similar knockings around that floor, and came to the conclusion that the spirit-rappers were abroad. And I can't say much for the habits of the people of Virginia City, for the lodgers in our hotel came dropping along very promiscuously until daylight. I should not take a sick man in quest of peace and quietness to the Hotel de Todos Nationale; but it is pretty well understood that the hotels at Virginia are of that character known to "run all night."

Virginia City is a place that I enjoy hugely—that is, there is one period of my frequent visits there which I particularly enjoy—that of departure; and the earlier that little event takes place the better it pleases me. A shadow has fallen over that place; times have changed. Two years ago, it was a dangerous enterprize for a man to attempt to cross the street—for the chances were he would get a nip, or a pair of mule heels in his side. The streets were then crowded with six and ten-mule teams, and immense ore and freight wagons blocked the way on the sidewalks, a moving mass of honest and dishonest miners elbowed each other, talked "feet," smoked cigars, and invited each other frequently to "irrigate." But, alas! the streets are quiet enough now, and there's no danger of getting kicked by anything. There is scarcely a team passing as often as once in ten minutes. A few people lean against the awning posts, listlessly whittling and waiting for something to turn up. Now and then a mining superintendent, with a fine pair of horses and a natty Kimball buggy, dashes up to Wells-Fargo's, lands a bar or two of bullion, and accepts an invitation to "moisten" after his exertion. On the arrival and departure of the stage, there is a little bustle of excitement, but it dies away and quiet reigns again. There is a beggarly account of empty houses, "To Let," but they appear to be let alone, and many of them can be had without asking. The city was built in a hurry, and they did not stop when it was as large as it should have been, but kept on and built it considerably larger. It has been hinted that the great staple, gold, has fallen off slightly. At any rate, something has fallen off, and the fall has had a serious effect on the general prosperity of the place, which has sympathized. There is an universal suspicion of shortness of cash, and it is particularly apparent in the deserted state of the saloons. Barkeepers have plenty of time to read the daily papers, and, to keep themselves in practice, throw dice with their friends for the drinks. They are willing to risk the loss for the possible gain—it being nearly all profit when they win, as they keep a decanter of water, colored, to duty as brandy for their own drinks: has the appearance without the cost. The palmy days for judges and lawyers are past, and his Honor may be seen polishing a post at the corner with other gentlemen out of business and out of the "needful." Woe to any non-resident who may have a case to be tried there now, for an outsider is considered fair game and to be victimized. Suits always go against such. A resident must be protected, of course. The law, as construed up there, is very much like some of the surveys of ranches—the lines are run zig-zag, and make many an elbow to take in fertile spots that have no business to be out in the cold. I have had several suits up there. If any one should ever go in my favor, I will take this all back.

Business, and especially mining, is conducted there now on economical and sound principles, and all surplus labor and "splurge" is dispensed with. They have gone earnestly to work, and are now reaping a large product from former wastage. Under this system a town of one-fourth the present size of Virginia City would be quite adequate to the requirements of its present volume of business. The product of the present time is by no means to be despised. A hundredth part of it would run THE CALIFORNIAN for some time, and that is saying considerable, for if a newspaper don't run away with money, what does?

As rough as Virginia City is, it can boast of a little circle of polished society and evidences of refinement not excelled in *any* city, even though it may not be apparent to the stranger passing through or spending a brief time there.

I had "done" the place, and I might add *en passant* that it had done *me* pretty thoroughly previously. I mounted the coach once more, and we rattled towards Carson. At Gold Hill we tarried a few moments to take on board a few hundred pounds of bullion, and at Silver City for a feeble mail bag: and thence on through the sage brush and alkali dust to Carson, that elegant site for a *mint*. (Peppermint would be more popular, with the addition of a little ice.)

I won't say anything against Carson City; I could not do the subject justice. No man who arrives there periodically, just about daylight in the morning, after a hard night's ride, can take a reasonable view of the place—and humanity, before coffee, is not in its best mood for fair criticism. I have taken breakfasts there that sum up the sum total of human endurance. I have breakfasted there and lived; many people have breakfasted there and didn't. I don't know what I ate. Nobody probably was ever able to give a physician any reliable clue to the disease he was after. I always went to the Ormsby House until I went to the National, and then I wished I had stuck to the Ormsby. It was not which was the best, but which was the least worst. Carson is famous for fleas, dogs, and dust. No money was ever seen there, —no money ever went there; and that is probably the reason why they are going to have a mint—*that* will bring there the amount necessary to build the institution; there never will be any more. The officers of this Government workhouse will draw their salaries with great fidelity, and that will be all the labor imposed upon them. There will be rotation in office, for they will board at the Ormsby House. My friend Rice lives there, and performs the duty of stage agent—Wells-Fargo's agent—and everybody's agent; but then *he* is insured. If Wells, Fargo & Co. do not give him a handsome pension for the alkali services he has rendered them for years, they are an ungrateful, unappreciative institution. Rice should be brevetted, and voted a cool spot and a house and lot, for he has earned it all. He has lived in Carson City for several years—but, as I remarked before, I won't say anything against Carson, for, like "San Andreas," it is a very nice place.

As the driver sung out "All aboard!" I mounted the deck seat again, and as we rattled out of Carson I shed an alkali tear of regret that my lot should not have been cast there, for a man who has dwelt for even a brief period in that classic city has nothing to fear in that dim undefined future that all dread.

To the music of Concord axles we skirt along the valley; creep up the six-mile grade; down the broad, smooth grade at Slippery Ford: over the rock-hewn road; down the slope with the roar of the American river in our ears and the spray in our faces; past the Palisades; past the Pyramid Rocks, and rattle up to the cheerful wayside home of Charley Watson, at Strawberry. I'll get down, for I am hungry and dusty.

PODGERS.

THE IRON SHROUD.

BY WILLIAM MUDFORD.

THE castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued—the dark, fierce, and unpitying revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio—fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi; and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage; for the roof and floor and sides were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciously constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink or chasm or projection broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner, and, beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions were alike vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face or voice or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky and upon the smiling earth and upon a beautiful world he loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? or by murderous assault? No; for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine, perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it; but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years in a captivity so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi; for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon; and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ears to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery; and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon; for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that, in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubt and amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished, and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed—the utter impossibility of escape. As however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not; for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor color as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited therefore during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that, in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger; but the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him without apprehension. It might be poisoned: but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi; and the quickest death would be the speediest relief.

The day passed wearily and gloomily, though not without a faint hope, that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared or preparing for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influences of such munificent rewards as he could bestow if once more at liberty, and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if nor bribe nor prayers nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue; and, in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled: for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! *Here* was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A single circumstance convinced him they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them, and the floor and the roof, and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them: he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and, as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and, as nearly as he could judge (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stopped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and, dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and, as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were FOUR! He could *see* only four: but it might be that some intervening object prevented the filth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and, at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! for, had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon *was* smaller. The roof had lowered; and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose, some devilish torture of mind or body, some unheard of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke; "yes, it must be so! I see it! I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God! support me! it must be so! Yes, yes, *that* is to be my fate! You roof will descend! these walls will hem me round, and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! O fiend! O devil! is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony, tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face: he sobbed aloud, he tore his hair, he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to Heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted; and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep.

The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water, and reeling, lik

a drunken man, to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept; but his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him; ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination; he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him; he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up, stare wildly about him, stretch forth his hands to be sure he yet had space enough to live, and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio; but it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three! there were no more! and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination.

Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls and roofs and windows should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise and without motion, almost fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there with anticipation merely of a fate from which, in the crisis of his agony, he was to be reprieved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its lallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments; to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish! Alone he was to wait a slow-coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming.

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence; none to make it familiar to my thoughts, or myself patient of its errand. My thoughts rather will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed, and, should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or, if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate *was* to be what he foreboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and, as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and, in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and, as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed, "Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit."

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows! and *two* days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area; but his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth; with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground; with a hard, quick breathing, and a hurried walk—he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe, the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads:

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose. Miserable wretch, whoever thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with this tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare." Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling. His brain already feels the descending horror; his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls; and his warring spirit demands, "Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought.

As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound, he was beneath them; with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm, green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till, exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive tree or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest, or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals sleeping heavily, and, when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE solitary window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for, as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change the iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that, as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding one had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled with him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi: and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently; he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent; crash succeeded crash; and on and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides; and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud.—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*

AN AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.—A horse recently jumped over the rail at a race-course and seriously hurt a young man. While he was lying on the grass, another young man uttered a piercing cry, and exclaimed, "My brother, my poor brother!" He flung himself on the prostrate form, from which he was at length kindly and gently raised, while the injured man was taken away to receive medical care. It afterward transpired that the affectionate creature who flung himself on the body of his brother, had done so to steal the gold watch and chain, and portmonaie.

THERE is an anecdote of Albert Smith dining with Barnum. The *litterateur* dined amply, nay convivially, but the cry as to dishes was, "Still they come;" and Albert, aghast—apparently—said, "My dear Barnum, I will take the rest out in money."

A CHURCH, as a memorial to Washington Irving, is being erected in Tarrytown, in the famed precincts of Sleepy Hollow.

CAPRI AND CAPRIOTES.

II.

STANDING on the height among the ruins of Tiberius's palace, the patriarch had looked out over the waters, and predicted for the morrow the finest weather that had ever been known in that region; but in spite of this prophecy the day dawned stormily, and at breakfast time we looked out doubtfully on waves lashed by driving rain. The entrance to the Blue Grotto, to visit which we had come to Capri, is by a semi-circular opening, some three feet in width and two feet in height, and just large enough to admit a small boat. One lies flat in the bottom of this, waits for the impulse of a beneficent wave, and is carried through the mouth of the cavern, and rescued from it in like manner by some receding billow. When the wind is in the wrong quarter, it is impossible to enter the grot at all; and we waited till nine o'clock for the storm to abate before we ventured forth. In the meantime, one of the Danish who, after assisting his companion to compel the boatmen to justice the night before, had stayed at Capri, and had risen early to see the grotto, returned from it, and we besieged him with a hundred questions concerning it. But he preserved the wise silence of the boy who goes in to see the six-legged calf, and comes out impervious to the curiosity of all the boys who are doubtful whether the monster is worth their money. Our Dane would merely say that it was now possible to visit the Blue Grotto; that he had seen it; that he was glad he *had* seen it. As to its blueness, messieurs—yes, it is blue. *C'est a dire.*

The ladies had been amusing themselves with a perusal of the hotel register, and the notes of admiration or disgust with which the different sojourners at the inn had filled it. As a rule, the English people found fault with the poor little hostelry and the French people praised it. Commander Joshing and Lieutenant Prattent. R.N., of the former nation, "were cheated by the donkey women, and thought themselves extremely fortunate to have escaped with their lives from the effects of Capri vintage. The landlord was an old Cossack." On the other hand, we read, "J. Cruttard, homme de lettres, a passé quinze jours ici, et n'a eu que des felicités du patron de cet hotel et de sa famille." Cheerful man of letters! His good-natured record will keep green a name little known to literature. Who are G. Bradshaw, Duke of New York, and Signori Jones and Andrews, hereditary princes of the United States? Their patrician names followed the titles of several English nobles in the register. But that which most interested the ladies in this record was the warning of a terrified British matron against any visit to the Blue Grotto except in the very calmest weather. The British matron penned her caution after an all but fatal experience. The ladies read it aloud to us, and announced that for themselves they would be contented with pictures of the Blue Grotto and our account of its marvels.

On the beach below the hotel lay the small boats of the guides to the Blue Grotto, and we descended to take one of them. The fixed rate is a franc for each person. The boatmen wanted five francs for each of us. We explained that although not indigenous to Capri, or even Italy, we were not of the succulent growth of travellers, and would not be eaten. We retired to our vantage ground on the heights. The guides called us to the beach again. They would take us for three francs apiece, or say six francs for both of us. We withdrew furious to the heights again, where we found honest Antonino, who did us the pleasure to yell to his fellow-scoundrels on the beach, "You had better take these signori for a just price. They are going to the syndic to complain of you." At which there arose a lamentable outcry among the boatmen, and they called with one voice for us to come down and go for a franc apiece. This fable teaches that common carriers are rogues in Naples as well as in New York; but that whereas you are helpless in their hands at home, you may bully them into rectitude in Italy, where they are afraid of the law.

We had scarcely left the landing of the hotel in the boat of the patriarch—for I need hardly say he was first and most rapacious of the plundering crew—when we found ourselves in very turbulent waters, in the face of mighty bluffs, rising inaccessible from the sea. Here and there, where their swarthy fronts were softened with a little verdure, goat-paths wound up and down among the rocks, and midway between the hotel and the grotto, in a sort of sheltered rock, we saw the Roman masonry of certain antique baths—baths of Augustus, says Valery; baths of Tiberius, say the Capriotes, zealous for the honor of their infamous hero. Howbeit, this was all we saw on the way to the Blue Grotto. Every moment the waves rose higher, emulous of the bluffs, which would not have afforded a foothold or a crag to cling to had we been upset and washed against them—and we began to talk of the immortality of the soul. As we neared the grotto, the patriarch entertained us with stories of the perilous adventures of people who insisted upon entering it in stormy weather—especially of a French painter who had been imprisoned in it four days, and kept alive only on rum, which the patriarch supplied him, swimming into the grotto with a bottle full at a time. "And behold us arrived, gentlemen!" said he, as he brought the boat skilfully around in front of the small semi-circular opening in the front of the lofty bluff. We lie flat on the bottom of the boat and complete the immersion of that part of our clothing which the driving torrents of rain had spared. The wave of destiny rises with us upon its breast—sinks, and we are inside of the Blue Grotto. Not so much blue as grey, however, and the water about the mouth of it green rather than azure. They say that on a sunny day both the water and the roof of the cavern are of the vividest cerulean tint—and I saw the grotto so represented in the windows of the paint-shops at Naples. But to my own experience it did not differ from other caves in color or form; there was the customary clamminess in the air; the sound of dropping water; the sense of dull and stupid solitude—a little relieved in this case by the mighty music of the waves breaking against the rocks outside. The grot is not great in extent, and the roof in the rear shelves gradually down to the water. Valery says that some remains of a gallery have caused the supposition that the grotto was once the scene of Tiberius's pleasures; and the Prussian painter who discovered the cave was led to seek it from something he had read of a staircase by which Barbarossa used to descend into a subterranean retreat from the town of Anacapri on the mountain-top. The slight fragment of ruin which we saw in one corner of the cave might be taken in confirmation of both theories; but the patriarch attributed the work to Barbarossa—being probably tired at last of hearing Tiberius so much talked about.

We returned, soaked and disappointed, to the hotel, where we found Antonino very doubtful about the possibility of getting back that day to Sorrento, and disposed, when poohpoohed out of the notion of bad weather, to revive the fiction of a prohibitory consul. He was staying in Capri at our expense, and the honest fellow would willingly have spent a fortnight there.

We summoned the landlord to settlement, who restrained all his household, assembled to present the account, from asking *buonamano* by a strong sense of previous contract. It was a deadly struggle with them, but they conquered themselves, and blessed us as we departed. The pretty muletress took leave of us on the beach, and we set sail for Sorrento, the ladies crouching in the bottom of the boat, taking their sea-sickness in silence. As we drew near the beautiful town, we saw how it lay on a plateau, at the foot of the mountains, but high above the sea. Antonino pointed out to us the house of Tasso, in which the novelist Cooper also had resided when in Sorrento—a white house not handsomer nor uglier than the rest, with a terrace looking out over the water. The bluffs are pierced by numerous arched caverns, as I said, giving shelter to the fishermen's boats, and here and there a devious stairway mounts to their crests. Up one of these we walked, noting how in the house above us the people, with that puerility usually mixed with the Italian love of beauty, had placed painted busts of terra-cotta in the windows to simulate persons looking out. There was nothing to blame in the breakfast we found ready at the Hotel Rispoli, and as for the grove of slender, graceful orange-trees in the midst of which it stood, and which had lavished the fruit in every direction on the ground, why I would willingly give for it all the currant bushes, with their promises of jelly and jam, on which I gaze at this moment.

Antonino attended us to our carriage when we went away. He had kept us all night at Capri, it is true, and he had brought us in at the end for a prodigious *buonamano;* yet I cannot escape the conviction that he parted from us with an unfulfilled purpose of greater plunder, and I have a compassion, which I here declare, for the strangers who fell next into his hands. He was good enough at the last moment to say that his name, "Silver-Eye," was a nickname given him according to a custom of the Sorrentines; and he made us a farewell bow that could not be bought in America for money.

At the station of Castellamare sat a curious cripple on the stones—a man with little, short, withered legs, and a pleasant face. He showed us the ticket office, and wanted nothing for the politeness. After we had been in the waiting-room a brief time, he came swinging himself in upon his hands, followed by another person, who, when the cripple planted himself finally and squarely on the ground, whipped out a tape from his pocket and took his measure for a suit of clothes, the cripple twirling and twisting himself about in every way for the tailor's convenience. Nobody was surprised or amused at the sight, and when his measure was thus publicly taken, the cripple gravely swung himself out as he had swung himself in.—*The Nation.*

Mr. Robert Buchanan has in preparation *The Poet: an Essay, a Criticism, and a Biography.* His volume of *London Poems* is to be published immediately.

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne's fourth volume is entitled *Poems and Ballads.* It will appear immediately.

Prof. Aulrecht, of Edinburgh, has just put to press a complete *Glossary to the Rig Veda.*

Mr. B. W. Proctor's *Memoir of Charles Lamb* is nearly ready to be published.

BRILLIANTS FOR THE BALL ROOM.

ORIGINAL OBSERVATION.—1. (To your partner)—Have you been out much this season?

2. You must have been very tired after your party the other night.

3. I suppose we shall meet at the Blanks'?

4. It's very hot, isn't it?

5. Almost impossible to dance.

Fickle Partner (to her favorite waltzer, with whom she is surreptitiously dancing for the third time)—Don't go near *that* corner: I was engaged for this, and he's looking for me.

Fickle Partner (taken at a disadvantage by her Jilted Partner, during an interval of breathing time)—Oh! I don't think this was our dance. I've got you down for the one before this. (Jilted one refers to his tablets, and Fickle Partner, by a stroke of unprincipled genius, turns the tables on him.) You never came to fetch me: ah! I shant forget.

[Shakes her head wickedly at Jilted One, who, being utterly staggered, sees the pair waltz away from him, without being able to get out a word.]

New Idea for the Refreshment Room—Will you take an ice?

Exclamations for Young Ladies on finding an open window (which they welcome like water in the Desert, or water-ice in the Dessert):

Oh! how delicious!

This *is* delightful!

So refreshing!

This is nice!

This is nice and cool.

Original Idea for a Mamma (to her daughter)—How imprudent, dear! Don't go into the draught.

Original Idea for Supper (in answer to the Gentleman's question, "What'll you take?")—Oh! (Considers, glances rapidly at the table, sees the same supper she's met at every other party, and in despair hits on a new idea.) Oh! Some chicken, please.

Cavalier (with persuasive sweetness)—And some tongue?

Last brilliant thing to be said in the cloak-room—Hallo! This isn't my coat; this is torn in the lining. Confound it, the fellow's gone off with my hat, too, a brand-new gibus; only two of the kind in London.

[Walks out savagely and determines to revenge himself on society by taking somebody else's hat and coat to-morrow night.]

Last of all (after feeling in coat pockets)—And (venial expletive.) My cigar-case was in the coat that he's gone off with.

[Expletive, with renewed resolutions about coats, hats and cigar-cases.]—*Punch.*

A BIG INCLINATION.—I was acquainted with a well-disposed young gentleman of large fortune, whose only fault was the habit of swearing—such a habit that he often declared that he would give half his fortune to get rid of it. This desire came to the ears of a Quaker, who thereupon had an interview with the young gentleman, and said:

"I can cure thee of that bad habit."

Whereupon the youth caught hold of the Quaker's hand, and gave it a hearty shake, and said:

"How can you perform this miracle?"

"I can tell thee. I have heard that thou art just my size; nobody will know thee; thou shalt come to my house, put on the cocked hat, the coat without buttons, the knee-breeches and the shoe-buckles, and thou wilt find that the strangeness of the dress will have such an effect on thee when thou art going to talk that it will restrain thee from swearing—as thou, perhaps, knowest, my friend, that we Quakers never swear."

The young man cheerfully assented to the proposal, and accompanied the Quaker to his house, where, after changing his clothes, he took his departure in the garb of a Quaker, and went on his way rejoicing. The period of the young gentleman's tour elapsed, and the Quaker, all anxiety, started to meet him. Having met him, he said:

"Well, friend, how hast thou got on?"

"Very well," replied the young man.

"Hast thou sworn so much with that dress on thee?"

The young man, rubbing the sleeves of his coat, replied: "Certainly not; but I felt a d--d inclination to lie!"

THE mysteries of Shakspeare's sonnets still provoke study and suggestion—they form a tantalizing and seductive secret, like perpetual motion and squaring the circle. Gerald Massey, the English poet, has just produced a volume of 600 pages on the theme. He divides them into the Southampton sonnets and into the Herbert sonnets, claiming that Shakspeare, friend of Lords Southampton and Pembroke (Herbert,) wrote them for these noblemen; not in his youth and poverty, but in the fullness of his fame, after he had become a prosperous gentlemen" at Stratford; that Southampton, who once gave him a thousand pounds (equal to five times the amount now,) had employed Shakspeare to put a series of real incidents into verse, to write a number of sonnets expressing Southampton's passion for his mistress, Elizabeth Vernon; others expressing Elizabeth Vernon's love for Southamptou; and others again expressing Elizabeth Vernon's jealousy of Lady Rich. This theory is very ingeniously worked out.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, the clever burlesque of *Kenilworth*, after having a run of over a week, was withdrawn on Wednesday, to make way for the *Ladies' Club*, a lively little comedietta, with some good points, and *Orpheus and Eurydice*, a mythological burlesque, with any amount of fine music and poor puns. Lady Don appeared to advantage in both pieces, and added to her popularity by the way in which she carried her parts through. Miss Kate Denin's part, "Eurydice," was given with charming grace and finish. Her able support to Lady Don is greatly adding to the success of that lady's engagement. Harry Courtaine, who re-appeared in the last named piece, is also another valuable addition to the support of Lady Don. Barry, too, though for many years kept under a cloud, has at last come come out—like a true California nugget, all the brighter for age—in singing parts; and there has been much controversy among the critics as to the proper classification of his voice, some claiming that it is a tenor, and others a bass. It will be remembered that the same doubt arose in regard to Morelli's voice, upon his first coming amongst us. Upon leaving the question to our opera critic, a very competent judge, to decide, he pronounced it a Barry-tone of the purest quality and the lowest range, and added that he "did not believe there was another like it on the Pacific coast," in which opinion we fully concur.

There have been regular Forrestonian audiences in attendance throughout the week, and Lady Don is proving to be one of the most attractive stars that ever played at the Opera House. The crowded house that she draws (with the aid of the excellent support given her) in the face of the counter attraction of Italian Opera four nights of the week, is sufficient proof of this.

This afternoon, *Orpheus and Eurydice* will be repeated. *Black-Eyed Susan* will be played, with Lady Don as "William," for the first time, to-night.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—*Un Ballo in Maschera* was presented to full houses on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, in the same handsome style which has characterized all the efforts of the management, and with a cast well balanced, and adequate to the requirements of the music, though lacking the exceptional brilliancy of the distribution at the Academy of Music during the combination season a year ago. Signorina Brambilla, always good, did not find in the character of "Amelia" an opportunity for the display of her highest artistic power; and Signor Bianchi sang the music of "Ricardo" rather heavily, though correctly, and with good effect on the whole. Signor Mancusi, as "Renato," distinguished himself particularly in his opening address to "Ricardo" ("Alla vita.) and in the splendid imprecation ("E sei tu,") after the interview with "Amelia" in the third act, both of which he sang with great power and expression. The part of "Ulrica" was ably filled by Siguora Bianchi, while Signor Roncovieri and M. Charles appeared as "Samuel" and "Tom." The important part of the "Page" was assigned to Mlle. Tourny, who made quite a hit, considering her want of experience in such characters; her elegant costume displayed a fine figure to great advantage, and she acted with more spirit than we expected, while her singing of the music was very creditable, the favorite air ("Volta la terrea") in the first act meeting with a hearty encore. The chorus was the weakest point in this opera, the magnificent finale of the second act being given with a vagueness and want of power quite disappointing to the audience. The stage arrangements were excellent, as usual. The Second Artillery Band was a great addition to the masquerade scene, and we could only desire a little more precision in the alternating passages, and in the chorus with both band and orchestra.

Lucia di Lammermoor was given (for the first time to the subscribers) on Monday evening, and excited great enthusiasm, although the performance was not equal in merit to that of the same opera, when given on an off night some time before.

On Wednesday evening, Verdi's grand opera of *Nabuco* was produced, with a remarkably strong cast and great attention to stage effect, the Second Artillery Band being again employed, with a large corps of supernumeraries, an addition of two or three fine voices to the chorus, and of an oboe to the orchestra, which last was under the direction of Mr. Evans, in the absence of Mr. Herold. We have seldom heard in California a more satisfactory first performance of any opera. Signor Mancusi as "Nabuco," Signor Milleri as "Zaccaria," Signor Bianchi as "Abigaile," and Signor Bianchi as "Ismaele," were all in remarkably fine voice; Milleri especially distinguished himself in the splendid music of his part, which we think the most favorable in which he has yet appeared. Mancusi sang with great power and tenderness, especially in the scene of his overthrow and deprivation of reason by the god whom he has insulted, and in the interview with "Abigaile," when begging the life of his child. Signora Bianchi was very effective as the usurping queen, a part well suited to her voice and style. Mlle. Tourny labored under severe hoarseness, but was otherwise excellent in the character of "Fenena." The grand choruses of the opera were rendered with more power and correctness than any we remember during the season, and we are pleased to give credit where we have sometimes had to find great fault. The triumphal march in the first act (the poorest thing in the opera, by the way, and one of the "cheapest" marches we ever heard anywhere,) and the funeral march in the fourth act, were handsomely given by the Second Artillery Band.

Attila was produced last night for the second time, and constituted the twelfth and last performance of a season, which for variety and excellence has never seen its equal on this coast. *Ernani, Trovatore, Traviata, Lucrezia, Norma, Attila, Faust, Un Ballo, Lucia, Nabuco*—ten operas in twelve nights, at the rate of three nights a week, besides extra performances!

While we admire the pluck and activity of the management, we must nevertheless deprecate in the strongest terms the childish and inconsiderate craving for novelty which characterizes the great majority of opera goers in San Francisco—an appetite as totally different from real desire for musical culture as can well be imagined. If we are ever to have a permanent opera here, we must first effect a reform in our own taste, for no manager can go on for any length of time producing two or three new operas a week. It is not by the second, nor yet by the third performance, but only after frequent repetitions, that full justice can be done to the music and to the artists. And until audiences are not only willing but glad to *study* a fine opera by attentively listening, night after night, we shall never have nor deserve performances that approach perfection. As it is, the manager meets the public more than half way. We are promised for the second season of twelve nights, (commencing, probably, with *Un Ballo*, on Monday,) ten operas, including *Crispino e la Comare, Ione*, and *La Juive*, entirely new to us here, besides *Don Giovanni, Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and others which have always proved attractive. Such variety should secure a handsome list of subscribers for the season.

Ernani will be given this evening as an extra performance.

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DR. JORDAN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM should be visited by all strangers. Through no other means can the same information in regard to the organization of the human body be obtained.

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE. — At 3 o'clock, yesterday morning, San Francisco was visited by one of those fearful occurrences which send a shudder of grief and horror through entire communities. A brick lodging-house, occupied by between twenty and thirty people, gave way at its foundations, and fell with a fearful crash, burying over twenty persons in its ruins. A general alarm was struck, and our volunteer fire department, prompt at the call, hurried to the scene of the disaster, and set to work to exhume the unfortunates thus prematurely buried. Huge beams were tossed on one side like straws, and men burrowed in the chaotic mass digging their way with their bare hands towards some spot to which the feeble moaning of a crushed and maugled fellow creature directed their efforts. All day long the work went on. Nine corpses were exhumed, and sixteen persons terribly crushed were at length rescued. The cause of the fall of the Summer Street Lodging House is stated to have originated in the weakening of its foundations by excavations made on the adjoining lot. Fears were entertained that the walls were insecure, and it was suggested to the owner that they should be shored. After an examination had been made, it was decided that this precaution was unnecessary; and this fatal mistake has resulted in the fearful loss of life which has so shocked the city. Had there been the slightest tremor in the earth yesterday morning, probably no blame would be attached to any one, and highly colored accounts of a "Fearful Earthquake in San Francisco," "Appalling Loss of Life," etc., would have been telegraphed to the world. There are still buildings in this city which need no earthquake to make them fall. At six o'clock, yesterday evening, the debris was nearly entirely cleared away, and no more bodies had been found.

THE *Nation* tells the following story: "A woman lives—we presume she still lives, for public virtue is decayed—somewhere in the eastern part of New York, who has just disgraced her city, her sex, and the universal race of man? A few days since the infant offspring of this creature fell headlong into the river from a pier. She could not, and the bystanders, if there were any, would not or could not, do anything to rescue the child, which struggled pitifully, and sank. Just then, a Newfoundland dog, which happened to be near at hand, plunged in and, after the little creature had disappeared beneath the surface, caught it by the hair, and then by the clothing, and at last succeeded in bringing it safe to its mother. That female discovered on the head of the infant two or three slight scratches. She at once set off to the nearest police station, and begged for an order authorizing her to have her benefactor killed. The policeman, or sergeant, or captain, or whoever was in authority, after some demurring, acceded to her request, and the dog was put to death that same day.

MANUFACTURE OF ANTIQUITIES AND TRICKS ON CURIOSITY HUNTERS AT ROME.—The correspondent of a London paper says: There exists at Rome secret workrooms of sculpture where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken torsi—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a color of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marbles. Scattered about the country are goatherds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighborhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystifications, and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the General Artificial Ruin Association, and know well where to apply the pickaxe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and fruitless search before they come finally upon the treasure, for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of months' age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands: for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogahalus, and all the Antonies—filed, pinched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemy for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of middle age antiquities. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs tables, and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquary showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. "It is very fine," said his friend, after examination, "and it will last you long—for it is quite new."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—In Frank Moore's *Women of the War*, we find the following touching story: One day, a well-dressed, intelligent woman called at the door of the diet kitchen, and asked to see one of the "Christian Commission" ladies. The surgeon had sent her to me to help her find her husband, and the directions were, "Bed one hundred and six, ward two." As we went up the steps, I noticed that she trembled with excitement. I inquired if she was tired, and she said "No," though she had slept none since leaving her home. We entered the ward, and the nurse pointed out the bed, but it was empty. I looked at her and saw she was deadly pale, and hastened to assure her that there was some mistake, as she would not have been sent from the office to look for her husband if he had been dead. While I had been talking to her, the ward-master had referred to his book, and told us her husband's leg had been amputated a few days before, and he was removed to ward four. Again her face was in a glow, and I could hardly keep her from rushing in unannounced. We could see his face from the door, and I thought him asleep. As I was holding her by the arm, and beckoning to one of the men to come to us, he opened his eyes full upon her. Such a scream as he gave! She bounded from me, and in a moment had her arms around his neck, both crying and laughing at the same time. I am sure neither of them uttered a whole sentence for fifteen minutes, so overpowering was the joy of their meeting. His recovery was almost miraculous, and one month from the time she came she started home with her husband. The wife remarked, as she bade us good-by, that she was not half so happy the morning she started on her bridal tour as she was now, taking her husband, though he left one leg in a Southern grave."

A FRENCH HERMIT.—It is very seldom that we have an opportunity of studying the life of an individual thrown entirely on his own resources, with no help from his fellow men, and living solely on the supplies furnished by nature. Six years ago, a man named Laurent was seized with the idea of going to live in a forest: he was then thirty-three years of age, and his mental and physical condition has recently attracted a good deal of attention in France, and especially in the department of the Var. It must not be supposed that this man is an idiot, or a morose-minded man, who has taken up his abode in a forest for the mere sake of getting away from his fellow-creatures; on the contrary, he converses cheerfully with any who come to see him, and is remarkable for his readiness to assist the people whose occupations lie in the forest. To those who argue with him on the life he leads, or who question him concerning the motives which induced him to adopt it, he is very communicative. To M. Mesnet he was remarkably chatty, and that gentleman has since made a report concerning him, from which it appears that, sociable as he is, he determined on living alone because men did not live in harmony together. He chooses to live by nature's work; that is to say, by contenting himself with the productions of nature without troubling himself to cultivate the ground. This kind of existence he calls the life of nature. He will accept nothing which could extenuate the misery to which he has condemned himself. He wishes to live a free life, free of cost. He will have no family; a wife, he says, weakens a man in various ways; he will have no money, because it is not the spontaneous production of nature.

A VERY HARD CASE.

ON the —th of November —8—, I quitted Liverpool for Boston in the Royal Mail Steamship *Caledonia*. As I stood on the wharf ready to embark, I saw a man whose face was not unknown to me moving to and fro with an uneasy air, asking to speak to the captain of the ship.

The history of this person, who was the possessor of a great fortune, and was very well known in Paris, is worth telling. It is both sinister and amusing.

"Captain! captain! where is the captain?" exclaimed M. X——.

The captain made his appearance.

"My trunks, Mr. Captain! where are my trunks?"

The captain replied in English, "I don't understand you."

M. X—— said, "Hang such a language! Why don't the English speak French? It would be far more convenient all round. Good heavens! if I only knew where my trunks were."

Seeing M. X——'s embarrassment, I offered to be his interpreter, although Lord Byron's language was not very familiar to me at that time.

M. X—— took me affectionately by the hand, saying, "What a service you do me, sir! I have eighteen trunks and—"

"You have eighteen trunks!" I exclaimed, with great astonishment.

"Yes, and they are not one too many when a man is going to the new world. Unfortunately, here I am about to sail and I cannot find my trunks high or low—although eighteen trunks are anything but like a needle in a haystack."

I made inquiries, and M. X——'s eighteen trunks were found and put on board the steamship. An hour afterwards we were at sea. The sea was smooth, but the wind was freshening, and threatened foul weather for the next day.

M. X—— said to me, in a disdainful tone, "I am disappointed in the ocean. It is wide, I grant you, and deep, but it is perfectly flat."

"It is not always flat; and perhaps you may regret to-morrow that it is so high."

"My opinion is, sir, the ocean has been overlauded to humiliate the rivers; which is all the greater injustice; for I should like to know what would become of the ocean if it were not for the rivers. I assure you, I have no private reasons for landing rivers to the ocean's detriment; but I do love justice, and I must say the ocean is very flat."

The wind freshened more and more. Presently the steamship labored as she ploughed her way through the waves, which at first were slight enough, but now began to swell and break with fury on the steamship's bow.

M. X—— began to look pale. I, too, began to feel the first effects of the vessel's pitching.

He said to me, "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day; but I don't feel well."

"Nor do I."

"And yet I ate a very hearty breakfast."

"So did I."

"But I don't think I shall dine with so good an appetite."

"Neither shall I."

"The trouble seems to be with the stomach."

"Ay."

"It is very odd."

"O no. It is perfectly natural."

"It strikes me the sea is not as flat as 't was."

"Are you less disappointed in it?"

"Yes, but more disappointed with myself. Why, how the steamship rolls! It is agreeable, and yet confoundedly disagreeable. Ah, *mon Dieu!* I begin to believe I am poisoned."

"O no; you are sea-sick as well as I."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"Well, after all, I am glad I sailed."

A person at this moment called me by name. M X—— shook me affectionately by the hand, and asked what I was going to America for.

I replied, "To see the country, and give concerts."

"I lay you cannot guess the object of my voyage. I am going to New Orleans. I am in love."

"In love! That is something serious."

"Yes, I am in love with a woman I met at a ball given at the Hotel de Ville. I never saw anything like her—beautiful, tall, fascinating eyes, and something superb in all her motions, which fires the senses while at the same time it inspires respect. In fine, she is a marvel."

"Of course this marvel is an unmarried lady"

"No, she is married, and lives with her husband in New Orleans."

"But then—if she is married?"

"O, that 's no matter."

"What! that no obstacle?"

"I reckon upon transferring her husband to a lunatic asylum as a madman. As soon as his insanity is proved by decree of court, his wife will sue out a divorce. Then I shall marry her. To be prepared for this happy event I have filled a portion of my trunks with presents for my future wife."

"Really that is an excellent idea, and it proves you possess a most fruitful imagination."

"Love makes men ingenious. And I do so adore her, she is so beautiful! Come down into my cabin and let me read you some of the letters she has written me. You will see how elegant and impassioned is her style. 'Tis Heloise born a Creole, that is, indolence allied with the most exalted sentiments."

"You are a very happy man."

"Indeed I am a very, very happy man."

I wished to remain on deck, having great need of breathing fresh air; but M. X—— insisted so much and so earnestly I was obliged to yield. When M. X—— saw there were several beds in his cabin he became furious.

He said: "This is horrible. I have been swindled. What! I have paid four hundred and eighty dollars, and I shall not be alone in my cabin! And pray who is going to sleep with me?"

The butler replied, "An Englishman, sir!"

"An Englishman! And why do you stick an Englishman with me? Is it because I cannot speak English? No, I have never slept with an Englishman, and I never will sleep with an Englishman."

The captain was summoned. When M. X—— was convinced he could not have a cabin entirely to himself, he begged me to take the Englishman's place. The latter consented to this change of cabins. I became M. X——'s shipmate. He made me read two or three letters of his beautiful Creole every day. He had at least forty of them.

I had been some months in America, when, after landing in New Orleans, I met M. X——. He said to me: "Well, it was perfectly successful!"

"It? What?"

"Why, my scheme. I had the husband sent to an insane asylum; the divorce was decreed, and I married his wife."

M. X—— spoke with perfect seriousness. I was full of horror to think of so monstrous an act. I said to him: "You have resorted to abominable means to satisfy your love. Have you no remorse?"

"No, I have no remorse, but I have some regret at having succeeded so well. If it was not much more difficult to get a sane man out of a mad-house than to send him there, to declare a divorce null than to dissolve a marriage, and if it was not impossible to persuade an unmarried husband to remarry his old wife, long ago the poor husband would have resumed his original position and I mine."

"Has not your marriage proved a happy one?"

"Alas! I have discovered too late that happiness is not to be found in this world, either in the new or old world."

The fascinating Creole who had, with so much alacrity, taken measures to get her first husband adjudged a lunatic, made her second husband so unhappy by her incessant whims and caprices that M. X—— became really crazy. He was carried to an insane asylum upon good ground of reason, and he soon died there in a state of complete prostration."

As for the first husband, the pseudo-lunatic, he laughed heartily when he heard the tragic end of his successor to the favors of his ex-tender half. He obtained his liberty, and confessed he had cheerfully feigned lunacy, because he was afraid he would really become so if he did not get rid of his wife.

The greater lunatic of the two was not he who passed for the madman.

A FROG STORY.—One is half inclined to accept as indubitable what Elian tells us about the water snakes and frogs of Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs—that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog, and, accordingly, when they meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning that ensues. The water snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the intentions of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws, but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast to the protecting twig and laughs. The water snake tries again and again; he glides around his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view, and the end of every attempt is that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The hydra at length gives it up in despair, and "froggy" plumping into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred to be assembled, tells his exciting tale, and raising a very din of croaking congratulations.

EXPERIMENTS have been made with steam as a disinfectant, in New York, recently. The results obtained are said to be highly satisfactory.

OBITUARY ABSURDITIES.

THE doggerel of the tomb stones has always afforded a curious food for laughter. The droll speeches of the dying, the last words of the ruling passion, have always been a feature of the jest-books. A pretty compilation might be made of funny funeral anecdotes. Likeness in things dissimilar and an audacious mixture of incongruous affairs make the salt of wit compound for blasphemy even with the pious, extenuate impropriety with the decent, give a savor to cosrseness, relieve us from the tension of a wearisome earnestness, and force a fleeting smile upon the saddest of faces. Horsce, if he had thought of it, might have affirmed the pleasure of laughing *ex loco* as well as *in loco*. We like to be agreeably irritated and find a fillip in the stroke of an untimely jest. To the least touch of nature our hearts respond. The polite father who apologized at the funeral of his child for bringing so small a body before a company so unexpectedly large, as if he would have provided a coffin six feet long, and not such a sesquipedalian one, had he foreseen the fulness of the house, was a true gentleman in his grief, and only morbidly nervous lest he should fail in some pious point of sepulture. The comic epitaphs, we may be sure, were soberly written, and an honest grief prompted the rudest inscription. When a babe only a span long is dead, the most prosaic are tempted into sending a versified advertisement of the death to the newspapers; and the first mother who placed flowers upon the tomb of her child was an unconscious poet, although these floral offerings have now become hackneyed and cheap. It is the sorrow of a great sorrow that it is so inarticulate and helpless and speechless, and often tearless; in our bereavement we strive, even in some pitiful way, to give words to our agony.

But it is not of these genuine and domestic demonstrations of regret that we propose particularly to speak. We have no jibes for real mourners; but those who are strictly professional and formal in their lugubrious calling, and manage the ceremonies as volunteers or for hire, should either feel assured of their competency for the service, or should keep a prudent silence. It was only the other day, in Boston, that a venerable gentleman, well known in the medical world, was buried, as full of honors as of years. The clergyman who officiated upon the occasion drew a lively picture of the doctor's public and private life; he portrayed his friend's strong religious nature, and went on to say: "With him it was Christ and his kingdom first. He believed in vegetable diet, and lived thirty years without tasting meat. *He believed in calomel and used it through life.* And now he has gone to be at rest in the Lord." Is not this an extraordinary admixture? When a man has ceased to eat altogether of earthly food, one does not readily see why his hostility to beef and his partiality for potatoes should be proclaimed over his coffin; nor is there any occult connection, that we are aware of, between salvation and salivation. In a church at least, and in a church this funeral oration was pronounced, the controversies of the bolus and the pellet, of heroic dosers and infinitesimal practitioners, of vegetarians and of sarcophagicians, might be permitted to subside. To have told the weeping assemblage that the deceased was five feet high, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and

> "Wore not rights and lefts for shoes,
> But changed his every day,"

would hardly have been more untimely than this recital of his dietetic and medical faith.

We have ceased to look for any great oratorical displays in the House of Representatives, nor do we, indeed, think it a proper arena for frequent exhibitions of that character. Speech-making for the sake of making a speech should be intolerable in a body devoted to the business of legislation; because it is well enough known that speeches change no votes and neither affect nor expedite results. Ambitious attempts in that direction are usually either for the purpose of personal display in Washington or of personal aggrandizement at home. The death of a member is one of the few occasions upon which a somewhat elevated style of address may be allowed, because it is natural as the expression of personal friendship and regret, and the utterance of sentiment, however respectable, is not to be restricted by the technical formalities of practical discussion. But, if this license is to be permitted, the credit of the country and common sense require that it should be kept within the strictest limits of good taste. Death is a stern monitor, and the death of a public man is especially suggestive of the emptiness of all which we call honor, and the frivolity of mere display. We think that the late Mr. James Humphrey deserved to have something better said of him than this: "Shortly after midnight he raised himself upon his pillow, repeating the words, 'I faint! I faint!' and, without a struggle or a groan, *the gentlemanly spirit of James Humphrey was wafted into the presence of his Maker.*" Without any coarseness of language to offend us, there is to our minds something painfully coarse in speaking of a departed spirit as "gentlemanly." We need hardly point out to the careful reader that "gentlemanly spirit" is an etymological solecism. A "man" is not a "spirit," and a "spirit" cannot be a "man," in the sense in which the word is here used

But this is a trifle. It is the moral solecism which particularly shocks and offends us. While the title of "gentleman" is certainly expressive of the most noble and praiseworthy qualities of character, it is reasonably to be hoped that all who are entitled to enter upon the eternal joys of paradise are also entitled to the appellation. No "spirit," we believe, is more "gentlemanly" than another. How shocking it would be to our ears to hear the assemblage of the saints spoken of, even by the vulgarest of Hard-shell Baptist preachers, as a company of "ladies and gentlemen!" These are words which have a conventional meaning, and we habitually use them to express something very different from the perfect purification and the complete glorification of the saints. The phrase "gentlemanly angel" would be not merely a contradiction in terms, but it would imply an extension to the next world of the frivolous distinctions of this, and an eternal materiality like that which disgusts us in the revelations of "seers" and of "mediums."

We offer these strictures chiefly in behalf of the violated laws of good taste. The subject, we know, is capable of a higher treatment; but this, perhaps, would not be strictly within our province. Death is certainly not to be regarded with a hopeless and cowardly dread, but still less is that tremendous change to be classed with the common and familiar incidents of our life; and he who cannot attain some degree of extraordinary solemnity in its contemplation, and a reasonable propriety of speech in commemorating the departed, for a thousand reasons had better remain silent.—*The Nation.*

A MODEST ENGLISHMAN WRITES HIMSELF UP.

THE enemy had received re-enforcements, and were keeping up a brisk cannonade. Two of their minié balls had passed through our limber-box, and one of them struck the breeching of a wheel horse. I had put in a shell with the fuse cut to explode in a second and a half just as the enemy started to charge our piece, and was about to fire, when I found that the linstock was extinguished. They were closing on us, which gave no time to relight it, and the colonel had just sent me orders to bring off the gun, as the enemy were outflanking us with an entire regiment. Determined to have one more shot, I ran to a shovelfull of fire, and, picking up a live coal in my fingers, stuck it in the touch-hole. The piece was discharged, and, rebounding, the wheel struck me on the hip, and knocked me heels over head down the hill. But it did terrible havoc also in front. The shell went crashing down the street, jammed full of the enemy, and, exploding in front of Mr. Watson's house, killed and wounded eleven men. I was enabled to save our piece.

* * * * * * *

Settling myself well in the saddle, I dashed in among the blue-jackets, cutting and thrusting right and left, and parrying a blow when necessary. They were from Michigan and Maryland, and for a while fought well. Observing an officer fighting like a Turk, and cheering his men on, I made for him. He was a man of my own size, wore a very heavy beard, and looked, I thought, very savage as he yelled out, "Come on, you damned rebel; I'll soon fix your flint." This promised good sport. I closed with him, making a powerful front cut, which he parried, and at the same instant made a right cut at my neck. By bringing my sabre down in time, my side caught the blow. Now I had the advantage. Quick as a flash I cut him across the cheek, inflicting a large gash, and he fell to the ground. I gave him in charge of one of my men, and then followed after my first ten, who had pushed the column back two hundred yards while the lieutenant and I were busy with our affair.

* * * * * * *

Liberty is a beautiful little town, and, like many others in Virginia, remarkable for the number of pretty girls it has to boast of. I was standing in front of a fine house, talking to some half dozen ladies, one of whom had just given me a glass of water. They were all crowded around us, laughing and talking. I had just placed the empty glass on the gate-post when a bullet struck its top with a loud rap, and jarred off the tumbler. The ladies screamed, and bounded off for the house, one of them losing her slipper in the flight. Major Douglas (who was present) and I jumped off, but I was so fortunate as to beat him in the race, and got that little slipper. I remounted, telling them the owner must come out and claim her property. We had a deal of fun, and finally persuaded two of them to advance. They had scarcely approached near to the gate when another ball crashed through a lilac bush. One made a spring like a deer for the house, while the other, who had lost the slipper, stood her ground, advanced bravely to the gate, picked up the glass, and put it on the post, though I must admit the sweet little thing did turn pale when she saw the bullet-hole in the wood. I sprang to the ground—down on my knees to replace the slipper. The beautiful foot was soiled with grass. What diligent efforts I made to remove every stain; it is astonishing how long I was about it; and then how awkward I was in getting on the shoe! No doubt it was very tedious to her, but the time was *very short* to me. Such are some of the few happy scenes that brighten a soldier's life.

My men had encamped near by, while I turned in upon the lawn, for it was against orders to sleep in a house; but we were not forbidden an hour or two on the portico, discussing our little adventure. *That* young lady, I fear, was told a good many fibs that evening, but I was so utterly worn out and sleepy that I hardly knew what was said. A soldier *will* make love wherever he goes, for the girls all expect it. They say, "Poor fellow! he'll be killed, wounded, or captured soon, and we shall never see him again; let us give him all the pleasure we can." On bidding my charmer good-by next morning I promised to write to her, but I forgot to ask her *middle* name. She never wrote to me.—*Four Years in the Saddle.*

LORD NELSON'S PROTEGÉ.

IT was a bright morning in spring, and the English fleet lay at anchor in Portsmouth harbor, awaiting the admiral's signal to start out on a cruise. The flag-ship, a huge, formidable ship of the line, with its dark sides bristling with guns, was all in commotion. The admiral, the most famous sailor of his day, was coming off from the shore, and the ship was ready to receive him. Already the guns of the squadron were beginning to thunder forth their welcome, and soon the vessel was wreathed in smoke, and quivering beneath the discharges of her heavy ordnance, as Admiral Nelson touched her deck, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Standing near the edge of the quarter-deck, and watching the scene with intense eagerness, was a young lad of about eighteen. He was dressed simply but neatly, and his cheeks glowed, and his eyes kindled, as he watched the exciting events that were going on around him. As he returned the salutes of the officers, the admiral chanced to observe the lad.

"Who is this?" he asked, turning to the captain of the vessel.

"He's a young lad that came on board a few hours ago," replied the captain. "He insists on seeing you, sir, as he says he has something of importance to say to you."

"Well, my lad," said the admiral, kindly, "speak out freely."

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I've come to ask you to take me to sea with you."

"Is that all you have to say, you young scamp?" asked the captain, sharply.

"Let him alone," said the admiral, laughing. "What position do you want?" he asked, turning to the boy.

"If you would take me as your cabin boy, sir," said the lad, "I should be very glad."

"That's a poor chance for you, if you wish to rise above it," said the admiral, kindly.

"It will be a beginning," replied the lad. "If you'll give me a start, I'll work my way up, sir. *You* did it; and *I* mean to *do* so, too."

The admiral gazed at him kindly but searchingly, and then said, with a smile, "I'll take you with me on this cruise; and if you want to rise, I'll give you a chance. What is your name?"

"Edward Lee," was the reply.

"Very well then, Edward, I take you into my service," said the admiral. "I shall expect you to prove yourself worthy of the trust."

"I'll do that, sir," said the boy, earnestly, as he moved aside, respectfully to let the admiral pass.

In two hours the *Vanguard* stood out to sea, followed by the squadron, to join Earl St. Vincent at Gibraltar. The young valet of the admiral made a decidedly favorable impression upon the officers of the ship before the completion of the voyage.

"'Tis too bad," said the admiral to his flag captain, one day, "that that boy should fill a menial's position."

The captain agreed with his commander, and the result of the matter was that a few days after the arrival of the *Vanguard* at Gibraltar, Edward Lee was given a midshipman's warrant by Earl St. Vincent, at the special request of Admiral Nelson.

Then came the famous cruise in the Mediterranean, in search of Buonaparte and his fleet. In the terrific gale which dismasted the admiral's ship, young Lee proved that he merited the kindness his great commander had shown him, and won praise from all on board. Then came the brief halt at Syracuse, the arrival of the wished-for reinforcements, and the departure for Egypt. As the dawn of the memorable First of August revealed to the eyes of the English the tricolor floating over Alexandria, and the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir, Edward Lee was standing by his chief on the deck of the flag-ship.

"There they are!" burst from a score of voices, as the distant vessels came in view.

"Yes," muttered the boy; "and we'll be there, too, before night."

Nelson glanced at him approvingly.

"There's a chance for promotion for us all in here," he said, smiling.

He was right. The fearful encounter which carried such sorrow and despair to so many English homes, brought to these two men fame and honor. Through the whole action the admiral's eye was on the young "middy," and all through that long and thrilling summer night it never lost the gleam of satisfaction which had illumined it as he heard the young sailor's words in the morning. The same dispatch that greeted him as *Lord* Nelson, informed him that his request for a lieutenancy for young Lee was granted.

Steady devotion to his profession, and conspicuous bravery in times of danger, soon made the youthful lieutenant a noted man in His Majesty's navy. The battle of the Baltic was a memorable day to him. It was truly the greatest battle he had been in. Though severely wounded, he refused to go below, and stood at his post until the close of the action. When Sir Hyde Parker gave the signal for discontinuing the fight, Lieutenant Lee reported it to Lord Nelson. The admiral, putting the glass to his blind eye, said, with mock gravity, "I really don't see the signal. Keep our flag for closer battle still flying. That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast."

It seemed that the fortunes of the great admiral and his *protegé* were mysteriously united; for this victory, which made the one a viscount, made the other a first lieutenant, though he had but just come of age. He followed his commander, who had become warmly attached to him, through all the years that intervened, so that when the great day of Trafalgar came he was the second in command to Captain Hardy. As the action began, Lord Nelson approached him, and placing his hand on his shoulder, said:

"We are going to have a hard day, Edward. I hope you may pass through it safely."

"I shall try to do my duty, my lord," said Lieutenant Lee. "But," he added, pointing to the uniform and decorations which the commander wore, contrary to his ordinary custom, "why does your lordship render yourself so conspicuous to-day? You will surely draw upon you the fire of some marksman."

"I have a presentiment," said the admiral, that my race is run; so I have put on all my harness to-day. In honor I gained them," he exclaimed, proudly, laying his hand on the insignia, "and in honor I will die with them."

The presentiment was realized. It was the last action of the great sailor. As he fell on the deck, in the heat of the battle, the captain and lieutenant of the ship sprang to him, in an agony of grief.

"Go back to your post, Edward," he said as the lieutenant knelt by him. Then he added, gently, "God bless you, lad."

With a sad heart the young man returned to his place. The fate which had seemed to unite his destiny with that of his commander was fully realized on this day, for, just as the victory was gained, a heavy discharge of grape from a French ship of the line swept the deck of Lord Nelson's ship, and when the smoke cleared away, Captain Hardy saw his lieutenant lying almost in the same spot where the Conqueror of the Nile had fallen, with his breast torn open by the terrible discharge.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S COURTESY.—The following anecdote is well attested. Sir Richard Hill, the elder brother of the Rev. Rowland, gives it as having happened in his presence: "He happened once to be in the company of three extraordinary persons in very different ways—the Earl of Chesterfield, the Countess of Huntingdon, and Mrs. Macaulay. Lady Huntingdon, with her usual zeal, endeavored to introduce the subject of religion, which Mrs. Macaulay continually avoided by bringing in her own favorite views of republicanism. She launched out into rapturous commendations of the Romans, the Lacedæmonians, the laws of Lycurgus, and the praise bestowed on them by Zenophon. Lord Chesterfield, equally uneasy at the mention of either of these topics, still maintained his politeness, though longing all the while for an opportunity to slip away without any breach of good manners. He praised beyond measure the historical knowledge and ingenuity of Mrs. Macaulay, and passed the most flattering encomiums on the zeal, piety and character of Lady Huntingdon. "Ah," said the latter, "it is for want of your Lordship's knowing me more perfectly that you speak of me in such flattering terms; for I am conscious that I am nothing better than a poor, vile, miserable, sinful creature, such as can only hope to be saved by free, sovereign grace, and without any merit of my own to recommend me to the divine favor. This sincere rejection of the flattery of the Earl gave him the desired opportunity of escaping from the seat of thorns on which his courtesy had long kept him. He rose, made a most profound bow, and retired with these characteristic words: "I never yet was in any room or company where I could stay and hear the excellent Lady Huntingdon abused. I am therefore under the immediate necessity of bidding your Ladyship good morrow. Mrs. Macaulay, your obedient."

Punch has a clever picture entitled "A Sketch from Garrison Society," representing an irate old lady lecturing her pretty daughter at a ball room: "Now, miss," she says, "have you written down the distinctions of rank on your card, as I told you?" Alice—"Yes, ma." Mamma—"Very well, then, recollect you've no excuse this time; and if I catch you dancing with any one below a captain, you don't go out for a month."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1866.

Full volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume: two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

With the present issue, A. A. Stickney and W. J. Bingham withdraw from The Californian, having disposed of their interests in the paper to J. P. Bogardus.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, AND SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

MUNICIPAL bodies, as a general rule, get but little commendation or sympathy from their constituency, and it is really doubtful whether they deserve it. Good measures are, speaking very abstractly and in legal contemplation, deemed the purpose and object of their creation; while people, who will persist in taking a practical and common sense view of them, regard mischief as the usual characteristic of all such elective aggregations. If a Board of Government ever retired with the applause of the people, it was only because the power to do harm was suspended. Few such ever intrinsically earned any honest praise. Perhaps it is because we are difficult to please and ungrateful; given to such suspicions as, that time is idly consumed and expenditures of money wastefully made; that the governing powers are stupid and incomprehensibly dull when the public weal is concerned; but keen and untiring in the pursuit of the personal chances which underlie most public measures. Just here may be repeated to some advantage the old truth we see every day in warning salience, that we are governed too much, and that in our democratic governments, law-making and speech are pushed to a sinful extreme. They constitute evils under which we suffer, but which we cannot abate or abolish. The late war had good effects so far as it went, but while it emancipated the negro, it left the whites under the slavery of ignorant majorities; too free and extended a voting franchise; naturalization laws too unrestricted; incumbencies of office too much a matter of arbitrary change, and inferior governments too centrifugal—indeed too many inferior governments.

Our own Board of Supervisors is a body of many virtues. It meets punctually once a week; once a week it votes according to a strict formule; the proceedings of one Monday are the proceedings of all Mondays, except in the matter of vetoes, and they are sporadic; we have spread-eagleism from one member, grave didactics from another; but voting appropriations is pretty uniform. It is a practical Board, we may say, as one should expect, seeing how long it has burrowed among our sand heaps and drilled Telegraph Hill; and the straightforward way it goes to work to ruin a grumbling constituency by street contracts and changes of street grades. And yet with all these harsh duties, it really has leisure for jokes—jokes so full of humour that one can laugh over them heartily every time they come up to one's memory. For example let the reader go back to the *Alta* of the 31st of July, 1866, and he will find in the published proceedings of that Board the following language, viz.:

SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

An order was introduced extending the time for removing the slaughter-houses till May next. The present order fixes the time in August next.

Mr. McCoppin said that the condition of the slaughter-houses is much better than it was, and he favored the extension.

Mr. Ashbury said the hog ranches are worse than the slaughter-houses, and both ought to be removed.

Dr. Rowell said that the hog ranches must remain with the slaughter-houses, because the hogs are fed on the offal. If people live together they must bear with one another's stinks. He favored the extension.

The order was referred to a special committee.

In order to appreciate this joke feelingly, the reader must visit the *locus in quo;* he must stand in that sweet atmosphere through which half of San Francisco and all of San José pass every few days; he must see troughs of blood and intestines reeking still with the steam of a just-butchered vitality; cattle-pens full of *modern cropolites;* a sluggish stream red with blood from the shambles, and in which float festering carcasses of dead pigs and the viscera of a hecatomb; he must see and smell these things; but he must not laugh there or in that vicinage, for if he does, he will be in danger of asphyxia from irrespirable gases. Is it not a pity that we people cannot bind each individual of our acute and conscientious Board to the railroad ties of Brannan street bridge, to see which of them will longest survive the odors and sights of that spot? And if the cholera does come hitherwards, can we not indnce or compel the aforesaid Board, accompanied by the Health (!) Department, to hold just one session there? If we can, there will be vacancies in the several districts in which our city is topographically divided; and perhaps their successors will have noses, consciences, and an active prevision of that dread missionary from Asia, whose evangelism we fear and flee from. But as the innocent are generally the victims, it is just possible the Supervisors may escape the coming calamity. Be this as it may, we will yet repose on the hope that, as vengeance is the Lord's, He will repay the Board of Supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco, for their unjust and shameful permission to the slaughter-houses to remain where they are until May, 1867.

OUR BOOK-TABLE.

Poems, by Christina G. Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

As there is no one who has yet given a complete and satisfactory definition of poetry, so there is no standard of expression according to which we may determine whether or not a writer will be universally allowed the name of poet. In this uncertainty, talents and genius, varying in strength and texture as noon and midnight, have been classed as poetic, until the name of poet is the most comprehensive of any in literature, including within its family embrace a greater number than that of historian or philosopher. According to one's education, he believes this one to be a poet whose claims as such will be utterly ignored by another equal in education and taste, while he discredits the discrimination of that one whose favorite poet may appear to him entirely without the truest elements of poetry. To some, the vivid rythmical description of nature and the actions of men is the completion of poetic expectation, and to them no one who is not similar in writing to the author of "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," or "The Lady of the Lake," will find favor or win a poet's crown. To others, the concise, musical expression of abstract thought, detached from personalities, and existing only as pure thought, is the high culmination of the poetic art. Whether or not Miss Rossetti, now so favorably received, extravagantly praised by some critics, and for whom so high a place in the affections of the people is confidently predicted, will prove to have any claim upon the remembrance of other generations is a problem which only Time, the corrector of opinion, will solve. If she had been a painter, she would have belonged to the school of the pre-Raphaelites. As she is an artist, she pictures nature with the minuteness and detail characteristic of a very close and careful observer. Her special claim for admiration will be found in her devotional pieces. Her mind is deeply religious, and the expression in her poems of sorrow, religion and death more nearly approaches that musical utterance and melody indispensable to the highest and sweetest poetry. There is perhaps no better specimen of her best powers than the following

SONG.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad song for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me,
With showers and dew-drops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadow,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

A New Book of Flowers. New York: Orange, Judd & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

No one, however well acquainted with flowers, will fail to derive some new ideas from this book, and those who are only admirers, but not enthusiasts, will find much to interest them, and derive more pleasure from its perusal than from that of the very latest novel. It has been finely gotten up by Messrs. Orange, Judd & Co., of New York, handsomely illustrated with engravings which are true to nature, and will give to those unacquainted with a plant a better idea of it than whole pages of descriptive matter. It has been brought down to the present day, and includes all of the late novelties which have been recently introduced; also full directions for planting gardens, grounds, the care and attention of flowers, and how to arrange them in bouquets, vases, etc. No one with a love for the beautiful can afford to be without this book.

Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmor. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

The adventures of Harry Gilmor belong to that class of Confederate war literature, of which the story of Belle Boyd and the notes of a Confederate officer are noteworthy examples. When the *Pirate's Own Book* and *Baron Munchausen* pall upon the youthful taste, we can imagine that it will turn to this marvellous record of Col. Gilmor with a thrill of satisfaction. There is that strong personal flavor in the Colonel's story, which is one of the distinguishing marks of this style of Confederate literature. The book is interesting, if not entirely truthful, and, as the writer is not confined to facts, readers of fiction will find it sufficiently entertaining. We give a few extracts in another column, which, by a misplacement of title, are confounded with another article in type crowded out of this week's issue.

Running The Gauntlet. By Edmund Yates. Boston: Loring. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

[For the Californian.]

ON THE SAGACITY OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE high intellectual qualities which Cuvier, Buffon and Goldsmith agree in attributing to the Newfoundland, I am satisfied, do but scant justice to the mental capacity of that sagacious animal. The point, I believe, usually made in his favor, is his habit of plunging into the water and rescuing people from drowning, but, as I have frequently had occasion to observe that he exhibits an equal solicitude for sticks and stones, or, indeed, anything that his master may first spit upon, and then throw overboard, I do not think that the intellectual quality of the habit is conclusively proven. I am so well satisfied of this, that I feel confident that my dog—albeit an unusually intelligent member of the species—would refuse through logical consistency to rescue even my most intimate friends, unless they had first been spat upon and thrown in by me.

Nevertheless, although I point with pride to the fact that nobody has been drowned at my residence on Bush street since his advent in the family, I base the evidences of his intellect on somewhat higher grounds. He early evinced a disposition to attack passing Chinamen. I should have probably overlooked this circumstance, had not my attention been previously attracted to an editorial in one of the daily papers conclusively proving the inferiority of the Mongolian race, and I at once saw that what I had presumed to be simply a brutal instinct, was really a mental effort of considerable ability. I have seen him bark at an inoffensive John with a persistency that was as offensive if not as convincing, as a column of rhetoric. I have seen him pursue negroes with that fine blending of ferocity and intelligence which I have hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the *genus homo.* When I have watched him *flush*—if I may so call it—a bevy of colored children on their way to school, and stand with his handsome head erect, his silken ears slightly raised at their bases, his tail lightly tossing like a martial plume,—uttering deep-mouthed protests against this manifest abuse of the educational system, he has seemed to me to be an embodiment of chivalrous and aristocratic breeding.

In regard to his literary habits, of which no mention is made by Buffon or other naturalists, I would now speak. My attention was first drawn to the fact by his abusive attitude toward the carrier of a certain newspaper, at whom he continually growled. Although this first attempt at criticism was abstract and vague, he eventually improved upon it so much as to separate the irresponsible agent from the distasteful object itself, and spent his animosity upon the paper. This he literally "chewed up." During the term of my subscription, I do not think that an entire copy of the journal ever reached me; there was usually a column, a page or a paragraph missing. Nor were these objectionable features of the paper apparently confined to the editorial expression; very frequently whole columns of advertisements were the subject of his displeasure. To the savageness he also added the impersonality of the critic; he never permitted himself to be caught in the act, but always wore an air of quiet unconsciousness, when his conduct was the subject of comment, that never revealed his complicity. A few days after this a copy of some Congressional speech was missing from my desk, and was found in the garden, having been clandestinely purloined by him. A preternaturally uninteresting tract, and one or two pamphlets—one, I think, on the cholera—soon followed. Had he occupied himself with this lighter kind of mental pabulum, I should not possibly have interfered. But when his taste for knowledge extended to bound volumes—when a copy of Pope, vilely handled, was found on the verandah—I found it necessary to correct him. He subsequently took Lamb and Bacon, but, as an ingenious young friend assured me that this was evidently through a too literal conception of their titles, I excused him. But when this same young person attempted to justify the seizure of Hogg's Tales as an act not inconsistent with the dog's previous habits, I could only look upon the hypothesis as pleasing in its verbal felicity, but inaccurate in its logic.

That quality of discriminating intelligence which, according to the Ethiopian belief, keeps the monkey from talking lest he should be made to work, was exhibited to a high degree by my Newfoundland. My attempts to teach him certain useful tricks failed solely through his extraordinary sagacity. When I offered him a basket to carry, he would wag his tail and otherwise shew his perfect understanding of the service required, but firmly and quietly decline the office. When I ordered him to go out, he would walk as far as the threshold to show his comprehension of the order, and return to his post

on the hearth-rug, to show his superior knowledge of the comparative merits of the two places. He always helped himself, when unobserved, to the victual reserved for the table, in preference to that set apart for his own use, with a fine discrimination of quality. When I sometimes found it necessary to urge him to attack the strange dogs which infested our garden—if he hesitated and exhibited a desire to bark at them from the parlor windows—if he preferred vocal abuse to prompt and physical action—I generally found that the dogs were larger than himself, and that his decision was the result of reason rather than instinct. So well am I satisfied of his sagacity that I am convinced he only waits an opportunity to find some more comfortable lodgings to desert mine, and far from imitating the mere animal instinct which governed Ulysses' dog, I am satisfied that if, in the mysterious future I should present myself as a beggar to him, he would at once recognize my descent in the social scale, and unhesitatingly attack me.

BRET.

[For the Californian.]

OUR CLUB.

No. 3.

EXPLANATORY.

AS historiographer of the social circle that was accustomed to come together in philosophic convocation at stated intervals, I found, after availing myself of a certain channel of communication with the literary world, that although I might be very entertaining to myself, not having been requested to paint portraits for public display, my services in that especial line could be immediately dispensed with. I merely replied, that in the first place nobody could imagine who under the sun the painter was who subscribed himself "THERSITES"—that being the fictitious name you will remember that I had assumed—and that in the second place they who gave me the above hint were unintentionally passing upon me a compliment of which I felt myself altogether unworthy; for that, although I and they knew the real individuals concealed behind the cognomens by which I described them, to all the rest of the world they were the purest creatures of imagination and would always remain so. In reply to this I was told, that while on the one hand no critical member of the Club had intended by any corrective remark to offer nourishment for my vanity, on the other hand discreet persons generally were quite as much aggrieved at being pictured openly for everybody's recognition. This was quite a new phase presented to my mind, and although I expressed some indignation at this designation of the little etchings I had attempted, as I was without any sympathizer I was perforce compelled to remain silent.

Where and what was the occasion of what precedes, did you ask? Merely this, sir, which I must offer in reply to your very courteous inquiry. About two years ago, having by a very contemplative person, perchance my friend, been invited to the ambrosial feasts of certain literary and philosophic gods, I was recognized by them as a fit associate, and was duly initiated into the mysterious penetralia of their temple. I was made to drink of the nectar which they drank without intoxication. Truly the potation was new to me, and if it did not inebriate, it cheered me in a singular manner. I believed myself to be somebody else, and saw these, who were but men, in the semblance of inhabitants of Olympus. I said to myself that nobody ever knew or heard of such contemplative and wise convocations, and I would make the world wiser, if not better, by drawing the picture of the circle, without letting any word uttered here be heard. I had only half finished the picture ere I was arrested by a direct attack made upon me. The Club had met one evening hour, the highly eminent mysteries of the incipient moments had occurred, when I found myself the object of animadversion. In an idle moment the editor had hinted that a recent novitiate had begun to publish what he had considered some devilish clever papers about Our Club; that the same were given to the world in the columns of an obscure weekly, and that—— Thereupon there arose on a sudden a loud burst of inextinguishable laughter, and every countenance was turned towards me. I immediately answered this phase of the question by saying that I was unable to perceive the relevancy of such a demonstration. Thereupon as if by concerted impulse they each rolled their handkerchiefs into a ball and filled the orifices whence proceeded their loud mirth. When quiet was restored, the nervous disciple asked what might be the name of the eminent sheet which was honored by these contributions. When the name was mentioned, another burst of laughter followed, quite equal to the first. I ventured to remark that, if one might make any allusion to the logical faculty which was at times active and demonstrative and deductive, that an inference from such conduct would be prejudicial to their reputation as reasonable and responsible creatures. This remark drew upon me the scornful and indignant gaze of every person present. A certain individual, whom I need not now otherwise indicate, immediately addressed himself to my attention. I was theoceforward to be aware that the minds of the members of the Club rested upon other topics than such as came within the discussion of ephemeral journals which were issued at regular intervals from printing offices. No one could be a consistent member of that organization whose intellect could not maintain its integrity without recourse to such debile pabulum. Any new work upon Philosophy or any of the occult sciences by any member of the Club, would be respectfully considered. It was hoped that no such error had been committed as to have admitted, among recent members, any who might be in any way indirectly connected with any ephemeral publication. Such a thing was worldly and not clubly. Even the existence of that sodality the world ought not to know.

The very measured tones in which these ideas were promulgated, and the transcendental aspect of the speaker, as if he were detached from any terrestial contact and were only existing in an atmosphere of the purest philosophy, made a very singular and solemn impression upon my mind. I felt my pigmiosss complete in this charmed circle of superior beings. In the degraded depths of self-consciousness, I was about to confess my unworthiness, and ask that some one favor me by bisecting my head and weighing my cerebral composition, as a mere indication of my humility. But I remained speechless. That reticence of the tongue, as by sympathy, was communicated to my pen. I yielded up my earnest purpose to tell the world of Our Club, and so have all this time been silent. If I shall now at intervals, and over my own proper signature, endeavor to continue and complete these papers, it will be because the instantaneous fear that affected me, has recognized its original groundlessness.

The natural depravity of woman causes her to wear the thin tissue before her countenance that the world may exercise its credulous imagination and picture to itself female beauty behind it which Nature refuses to verify. The whole world is given to artifices to call forth demonstrations out of all proportion to the significance of events. The mysteries of the supernatural are pretended with a view to the acquisition of reputation which bursteth as a bubble. I regret to say that what I have narrated of the gentlemen composing the Club was but another instance of an ordinary but not uncomely female, attempting to seduce the world into the belief in her possibly extravagant beauty by thickening the gossamer envelope over her countenance—another instance of mysterious seeming over very ordinary and approachable facts. The movement was entirely strategic, but it was some little time before it became evident to my dullness that all "things are not what they seem." While I found then something different from what first appeared, and found what was substantially quite as worthy and delectable, there was existent the natural disappointment that follows a delusion of the senses and a half-regret that the truth was not what to prolonged experience would probably prove intolerable. It is one of the weaknesses of our human nature that it likes wonderfully to be infallible and to seem to be endowed with impossible capabilities that appertain to a higher nature. Even were a positive disadvantage to follow our perverse primal impressions, so they are true, we would rather endure the penalty of positive misfortune than possible derision. It seems to be the worst thing in the world to be laughed at; and whether any one is looking or not, when we slip on the ice, it takes a terrible amount of blushing and confusion of countenance to be experienced before we get again our natural composure. Even if no one saw us, perchance we shall confess it in our dreams, and then—the immeasurable shame!

PHILIP.

OF George Sand, (Madame Dudevant,) queen now in French literature, a young and enthusiastic admirer, also French, as the style too truly betrays, thus descriptively writes: "This is truly she in the miraculous portrait of Calamata, who represents her in the costume of a man, the clothes loose and too large, and a cravat negligently tied, superb then with youth and heroism. That little head that the waved hair caresses in large masses, the oval face, the forehead more developed, and apparently higher in the middle than towards the temples, the brown eye, a little *rapproche* at the foot of the nose, swimming, almond-cut, and a protruding pupil, a look glistening with a *melange* of *bonhomie* and malice, the aquiline nose with the delicate nostrils raised, flexible and mocking, an extremely small ear, shell-shaped, the generous mouth, with lips of a deep red, full and finely chiseled, surmounted with a shadow of down, the teeth very white, narrow, a little long and protruding, the chin somewhat plump, but where one feels a resolute bone, the neck majestic, the bust ample, rich, and well modeled, the very tiny hands, gilded by the kiss of the sun—express magnificently the love of visible splendors, the enthusiasm for created things, the proud appetite for all noble joys. Who had said, before this rosy and flaming aurora of her infant genius, that she would write in reply to M. Feuillet abstract romances, directed against the sacrament of penitence, and peopled with gossamer-like characters with nothing of life in them?"

Mr. Froude, the historian, is spoken of in connection with the chair of modern history at Oxford which Mr. Goldwin Smith has resigned.

(For the Californian.)

VESPERS.

THE poppies nod their sleepy brows,
And reel adown the opiate air;
The sombre lilies slowly rouse,
And fold transparent hands in prayer.

The climbing roses whisper soft
Sweet messages; the four-o'clocks
Are drowsy now—but far aloft
I see the watchmen-hollyhocks.

The Moslem-lilacs seem to call
On "Allah" through the red sunset;
They rise upon the turret-wall
Of every leafy minaret.

The passionate tulips at this hour
Forget their pride. With good intent
The haughty dahlias yield their dower—
The dusky peony-queens relent.

A thousand lights are swung in view
From heaven's dome. I leave the fair
Meek violets kneeling in the dew:
It is the evening hour of prayer.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE get the following paragraphs from our Eastern exchanges, received by last steamer:

Mr. George Lillie Craik, professor of history and English literature in Queen's College, Belfast, died on the 25th of June. He was born in Fife in 1799, and was the son of a schoolmaster. In 1824 he came to London and got employment under Mr. Charles Knight and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. At the suggestion of Lord Brougham he wrote the *Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties*. Under Mr. Knight's direction he wrote the *Pictorial History of England*. He was appointed professor at Belfast in 1849, and has since been more generally known by his *History of the English Language and Literature*, which was republished in this country. He was also the author of *The English of Shakspeare*, *The Romances of the Peerage*, and several minor works.

Mr. Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend* has been dramatized by Mr. Henry Farnie, and is being performed at the Saddler's Wells Theatre as *The Golden Dustman*. It enjoyed the honor here, if it be one, some two or three months since. Not to fall into the hands of a mere playwright, Mr. Wilkie Collins is dramatizing his *Armadale*, which, we believe, is the first time that he has ever turned his stories into plays. In the meantime, Mrs. Henry Wood, whose *East Lynne* has been brought out at one of the minor London theatres, has been trying to right herself in the matter through the friendly offices of Lord Lyttleton, in Parliament, but without effect. As the English law of copyright now stands, there is no remedy for an author whose works are brought out upon the stage against his or her will.

A writer in *Notes and Queries* gossips in this fashion concerning some of our old childish lore: "Our popular nursery tales are very ancient, and it is probable that many of them are of Teutonic origin. The English stories of *Tom Thumb*, *Tom a lyn*, *Tumlane*, *Tommel finger*, etc., all refer to the same mystic personage, who is of Scandinavian descent, and figures in as many different characters in the legends of the North. The adventures of 'Jack the Giant Killer' may be traced in the fictions of the Edda. At one time he is Thor; at another, he robes himself in the coat which renders him invisible, and which is the cloud-cloak belonging to King Alberich, and the other dwarfs of Teutonic romance; and at another, he wears the shoes of swiftness, in which Loke escaped from Valhalla."

Mr. Dion L. Boucicault has made a great success in Paris with *Jean la Poste*, his translation of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, which is now running at the Gaité; the critics agreeing that no French dramatists could have succeeded nearly so well in placing such entertaining scenes of Irish life on the French stage. The most popular part of the play is the dance at the wedding, with which, by the way, Mr. Boucicault himself has but little to do in his dramatic capacity.

Mr. Henry Kingsley commences a new novel in the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The title is *Silcote of Silcotes*.

Miss Thackeray, the author of *The Story of Elizabeth*, commences a new tale, *The Village on the Cliff*, in the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Mr. John Ruskin has been invited to stand for the chair of poetry at Oxford, which is soon to be vacant by the expiration of Mr. Matthew Arnold's term of office.

Mr. Thomas Woolner has recently finished a bust of the late Richard Cobden, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Emerson is revising his late course of lectures for speedy publication.

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Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. je30-3m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 26th day of July, 1866, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Rohesou, deceased, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, in two parcels, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Tuesday, the 11th day of September, 1866, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of said Andrew Rohesou, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain two lots of land situated in said city and county and described as follows, viz: 1st. Commencing at a point on the west side of Mason street, 77 1 2 feet northerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running northerly along said side of Mason street 60 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 77 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet; and thence at a right angle easterly 77 1-2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d. Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 117 1 2 feet westerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; running thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet; and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the place of beginning. And said administrator will receive offers or bids for said property from this date till said 11th day of September, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon, at said counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county. EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Andrew Rohesou, deceased.
San Francisco, August 11th, 1866. au11-td

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that, in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco made on the 2d day of April, 1866, in the matter of the Estates of Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, minors, the undersigned, Guardian of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Saturday, the 18th day of August, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors, Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, of, in and to all the one undivided one-half part of all that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, and described as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Merchant street, 23 feet easterly from the north east corner of Merchant street and Dunbar's Alley; thence running easterly along said line of Merchant street 20 feet 2 1 2 inches; thence at a right angle northerly 68 feet and 9 inches; thence at a right angle westerly 20 feet 2 1 2 inches, and thence at a right angle southerly 68 feet and 9 inches to the point of beginning.

Offers or bids for said property will be received at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, from this date till Saturday, the 18th day of August, at twelve o'clock, noon, by the undersigned,

CHRISTIAN KIRK,
Guardian of Herman R. Haste and Julia Haste, minors.
(jy28 td)

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of CHRISTIAN KIRK, the Executor of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heir and devisee of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court in the City Hall in said city and county, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir and devisee of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, according to law;

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 5th day of September, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, San Francisco, August 3d, 1866. 4w

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. Petaluma.
mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors.

It appearing to this court from the petition this day presented and filed by Robert L. Harris, the guardian of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate belonging to his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estate, appear before this court at the court room thereof, at the court house, in the city and county of San Francisco, on Monday the 10th day of September, 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated August 10th, A. D., 1866. M. C. BLAKE,
au11 4t Probate Judge.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR AUGUST:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

AUGUST 18th, - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain J. M. Cavarly,
(Connecting with the *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray.

AUGUST 30th, - - - - GOLDEN AGE,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth,
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Bradbury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

GRAND OPENING
OF THE
Circassian Saloon,

Corner of Dupont and Pacific streets,
(Formerly "Diana Saloon,")

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT!—Magic and Gymnastic Feats, free of charge.

☞ The best of WINES, LIQUORS, LUNCH, and CIGARS always on hand.

N. B. Fine Vocal Music, Polite Waiters, etc.
au11 1m

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late ex. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.
mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

QUINCY HALL,

545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21

E. M. TUBBS & Co. PETERBORO', N.H.

RINGS VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR

ERADICATE DANDRUFF AND HUMORS from the SCALP & PREVENT BALDNESS.

IS WARRANTED.

PROPRIETORS. TRY A BOTTLE.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN F. SNOW,

Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 24 Post street,

je23 San Francisco.

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,

Of No. 372, *Broome street,*

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

mar24 6m Main street, Petaluma.

FURNITURE AND *BEDDING!*



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

HEUSTON, HASTINGS & CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

je17-3m

MEAGHER, TAAFE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS OF

DRY GOODS, LINENS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
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MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY

NO. 107 *BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.*

RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

jy21 3m *Lick House.*

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS,

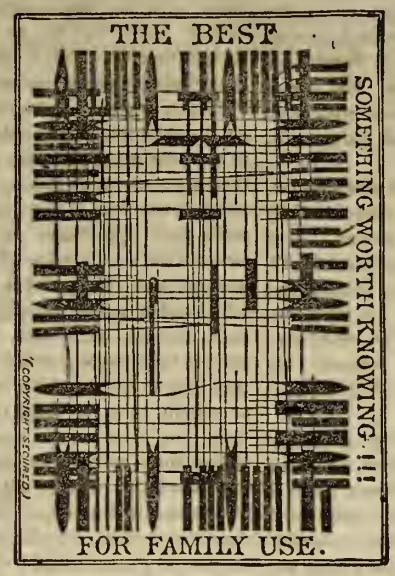


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SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. au5-3m



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE *Accidental Insurance Co*,

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,

Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to

A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,

Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets au4 3m

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - - AUGUST 15,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,

Up stairs, San Francisco.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

je30-3m

J. PEIRCE,

FURNITURE AND

Bedding Warerooms.



Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,

Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,

je16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

B. F. STERETT, 533 Clay St., a few doors below Montgomery, continues to print all kinds of Books, Bills, Circulars, Cards, etc. in superior style, and at reasonable prices.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,

je30 3m San Francisco.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

YANKEE NOTIONS AND *FANCY GOODS!*

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

jy21-3m Battery street, near Pine.

STRANGE HALLUCINATIONS.

TULPINS mentions a painter who verily believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible that they might easily be crushed together, or folded one within another, like pieces of pliable wax. A Lusitanian doctor had a patient who insisted that he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in dog-days. The doctor made him a dress of rough sheepskins, saturated with aqua vitæ, and set him on fire. He then said he was quite warm, rather too much so, and so was cured.

Galen and Avicenna make mention of people who have fancied themselves earthen pots, and therefore have carefully avoided being touched for fear they should be broken. Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker mentioned by Pinel, who insisted that he had been guillotined, and that another head had afterward, by mistake, been put on his shoulders, instead of hit own. "Look at these teeth," he would say; "mine were extremely handsome—these are decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy—this is foul. How different is the hair from that of my own head."

Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions a case of one who insisted that he had no mouth, and when compelled by force to swallow, declared that a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced. Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his life, says that the governor of the castle in which the former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One time he conceived himself changed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time, again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him.

At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do; he likewise used gestures with his hands and body, as if he were going to fly.

Noses have been known to be particularly troublesome to hypochondriacs. One man fancied that his nose was of a ludicrous length, and consequently kept backing off as his friends approached to hold a parley with him, fearing that he should put their eyes out. It is said that frequently this same deluded possessor of a long nose might have been seen going along the street, guiding his nose with his hand to keep it from breaking the shop windows.

A young man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented by the advice of the physician. He was laid upon a bier and carried upon the shoulders of men to church, when some pleasant fellow, up to the business, met the procession and inquired who it was; they answered. "And a very good job it is," said one of them, "for the world is well rid of a very bad character, which the gallows must have had in due course." The young man now lying dead hearing this, popped his head up, and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame, and if he were alive he would thrash them for their insolence. But they continued to utter the most disgraceful language. His excited temper could no longer bear it; up he jumps, they run, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put to bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration, and he got well.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—News of the discovery of a mammoth in the frozen soil of arctic Siberia has just been received from the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, to the satisfaction of palæontologists, who are hopeful that it will afford an opportunity for a complete and trustworthy description of the ancient creature. It was discovered in 1864 by a Samoyed, near the bay of Tas, the eastern arm of the Gulf of Obi, imbedded in the earth, covered with hair, and the skin apparently entire. This state of preservation is due to the almost perennial frost which prevails on the northernmost coast of Asia, and it is to be hoped that partial exposure to the air will not, as in a former instance, have occasioned sudden decomposition. In February of the present year, the Academy above referred to commissioned a well-known palæontologist, one of their body, to visit the spot, and note its geology, together with every possible particular concerning the mammoth. We may therefore hope to have, in due time, a detailed report of the discovery, as well as the appearance of the animal, and should circumstances prove favorable, of the contents of its stomach. The subject is the more interesting, inasmuch as it involves the question of a change of climate since the age when the mammoth roamed along the shores of what is now a frozen sea.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS AT ROME.—A large collection of objects of fictile art, of great interest, although singularly at variance with the remainder of the contents of the Christian Museum at St. John Laterun, at Rome, has recently been placed in one of the great rooms on the principal floor of that palace, consisting of terra-cotta busts of life size, statuettes and tableaux in alto rilievo, illustrating the various tribes of North American Indians, with events in their history, manners and customs, dresses, etc.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.—Newspaper correspondents appear pretty well to understand their relationship one to another—their common duties—which seem to be to get as much space as they possibly can in the prints they address, without paying for it; to treat public journals, in fact, as though they were public property, which they are not. Of their duties to newspaper proprietors, however, they are very oblivious, or choose to be very oblivious. They seem to have got a notion into their heads that they have as good a right to use your pages as to use a public road. But, as they pay their shares towards making and keeping in repair the latter, either in the form of turnpike toll or highway rate, and never make their appearance on Saturday night with their quota towards the week's wages of our compositors, reporters, and machine-men, etc., we refuse to see any parallel between ourselves and a public thoroughfare. We deny their right to stalk through us, or talk through us; nay, more, we insist upon it that people generally have no more reason to expect that they should use our columns, unless we in courtesy choose to permit them, or they, as advertisers, choose to pay for them, than they have to wear our Sunday coat, or insist upon sitting down with us to our Sunday joint. We should not mind the latter, with an old and pleasant friend—one willing to dispense with ceremony, to dine between services, and not expect more than one plain pudding. But correspondents are not always pleasant, and far from being profitable. Courage, too—moral courage we mean—is not a quality they abound in; they sometimes like to say sharp and saucy things to another, keep their incognito, and withhold their card if you will let them do so. Like Teucer, they like to use a broadsheet as he did the broad shield of Ajax—as a shelter under which to fly the arrows. But if anything unpleasant happens to arise out of their effusions, they have at times a great reluctance to stand forth and face the consequences. Not only is the editor expected to find paper, types, and ink for their amusement. but to bear the blunt and the blame of whatever they put forth. One would have thought that by this time people understood this. Nevertheless, if at this moment you refuse a long-winded or unmannerly scribbler the use of your columns, he talks largely about the right of public discussion, and vapors indignantly against your denial, as though you were the post-office, and would not carry his letters, or the dispensary doctor, and declined to visit a patient upon the recommendation of a subscriber.—*Bristol Paper.*

ROMAN LAWYERS AND THEIR FEES.

THE bar with us is one of the great forces of society, and opens a road to affluence and to political success. But the old Roman lawyers seem to have had some advantages over their modern brethren, to judge by an article in the *British Quarterly:*

At first the Roman pleaders received no remuneration beyond the services which every client owed to his patron. Subsequently, when law had become a difficult science, it became the practice for clients to reward their advocates by making them presents, which (to evade the Cincian law passed to prevent this) were often disguised as secret loans. Before the fall of the republic these fees equalled in magnitude the largest fees known in modern times. Even Cicero, who was regarded as a model of disinterestedness, is said to have received from Publius Sylla about $40,000 as a fee for his forensic services. In modern times many large fortunes have been made at the bar, but, we imagine, none to be compared with that of M. Lucinius Crassus, whose fortune is said to have exceeded $15,000,000. One mode of rewarding advocates, by legacies left to them by their clients, appears to have been a source of considerable profit, and was esteemed highly honorable to the legatee. Cicero boasted that in this way he had received twenty millions of sesterces, more than $800,000. We fear that clients in our days are not so liberal in their last wills and testaments.

In fact, during the best days of Rome, success at the bar was the surest introduction to popularity, distinction and political power. No wonder, then, that the art of forensic speaking was greatly cultivated, and with so much success. Probably no age has produced a band of more eloquent men than Cicero and his contemporaries of the Roman bar. Nor were the barristers of Rome distinguished only for oratory. Many of them were men of enlarged erudition, of literary taste, and of varied acquirements. Varo, "the most learned of the Romans," Quintilian, Suetonious, Pliny and Tacitus were all advocates; and the volumes of Cicero still bear testimony to his versatility and power in almost every department of literature. Under the Emperor the eloquence of the Roman bar had greatly declined, as all that is manly and great must decline and wither with the loss of freedom. Moreover, the treatment of the bar was not always such as to encourage much mental vigor. Lord Makenzie relates that one day Gallicus was pleading before the Emperor Claudius, near the banks of the river Tiber, when the advocate, having irritated the Emperor, was by his orders thrown into the river. Some days after a client of Gallicus brought his case to Afer, the most celebrated advocate of the age, and requested him to plead it before the Emperor. "Who told you, said Afer, "that I was a better swimmer than Gallicus?"

WHAT WORKMEN MAY BECOME.—It is not given to all to be masters of song, like Burns; of art, like Palissy or Gibson; of engineering skill, like Stephenson; of critical acumen, like Gifford; or of abstract science, like Furguson or the elder Herschel; yet these, at first, were all poor working men, who gained their education by their own efforts—who did battle with pinching poverty, lack of educational means, prejudice of class, and all those lions which stand in the way of men of weaker mould, who "let I dare not wait upon I would." All cannot be field-marshals in the army of life; but somewhat lower, yet very honorable grades, have been attained by men once in the ranks, who, while never for a moment despising the labor by which they gained honest bread, were not disposed to consider working, eating, and sleeping, all that is worth living for. Their daily labor honestly and intelligently performed, they felt themselves to be free citizens of the empire of thought, in which true men take rank according to what they essentially are, quite independently of the conditions of their life. When the sun shines, it shines for all, lord or laborer; and the precious instincts which make men believe in good and beautiful things, treasure up and nourish the suggestions of universal nature, and cultivate the talents entrusted to their care, are bestowed as impartially as the sunshine. Look into any biographical dictionary, and you will see how little the circumstances of early life have been able to impede the careers of really great men. Real mental energy soon masters them, and makes them even subservient to its will.—*The Working Man.*

Miss Harriet Parr has lately published the *Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called 'The Maid,"* which shows that the heroine was not so much a warrior as a tender hearted woman: "Jeanne was asked which she liked best to carry—her standard or her sword. 'I liked to carry my standard forty times better than my sword. And I always carried my standard myself when I attacked the enemy, to avoid killing any one; and, indeed, I never did kill any one.'"

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT FOR 1866, OF HON. WM. BARNES, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—The Superintendent has noticed with regret that the NORTH AMERICA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY has engaged in the business of insuring AGAINST TRAVELLING ACCIDENTS; thus perilling its Life policy-holders by experiments in a new and comparatively untried field of Insurance not within the scope of their contracts. It is the duty of this Department to warn the public that any Life Insurance Company which engages in Fire, Marine, Casualty, Accident, or any other branch of Insurance, adds new elements of hazard to its engagements, the extent or danger of which it is impossible to calculate with certainty, and which are entirely foreign and repugnant to a legitimate and safe system of Life underwriting. The main object of Life Insurance is thus practically nullified by exposing the policy holders to those perils of business and speculation the avoidance of which furnishes the main incentive for procuring a policy.

It is questionable whether the rapid multiplication of Casualty Insurance Companies has not already exceeded the public demand, unless new branches of miscellaneous business are superadded, for which ample provision has been made in the New York Statute. (See N. Y. Insurance Laws, p. 75.) A disposition has been shown by the Travellers of Hartford and the United States Accident of Syracuse, to encroach upon the field of Life Insurance, which is expressly forbidden by the general Act and the general Legislative policy of this State since 1849. The preservation intact and unimpaired of the vast interests now connected with Life Insurance in this country, demand that this mixture of Life with other branches of Insurance should be sternly resisted; and if the Casualty Company are unable to maintain themselves in their chosen field, and persist in invading the franchises of the Life Companies, our statute should be so amended as to restrain the Casualty companies from issuing any policies insuring against fatal accidents and casualties, thus confining their operations to non-fatal accidents only and other subdivisions of miscellaneous insurance.

DR. BECK, Professor of Anatomy and Medicine, and formerly connected with the Anatomical Museums of New York and San Francisco, has recently resumed the practice of medicine. To those seeking medical relief it is only necessary to state that Dr. Beck is a member of several European and American Medical Universities, and, unlike many practitioners and heads of "Medical Institutes" in this city, who are not graduates but medical imposters, he, as a physician and surgeon, is thoroughly conversant with the requirements of his profession. We can confidently recommend Dr. Beck to the public. His rooms are 314 Kearny street, between Pine and Bush.

WE saw, in Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine Office, the other day, a sewing machine numbered Two Hundred and Thirty-three Thousand. If the demand for their Sewing Machines can be taken as evidence—and we know no better—the Wheeler & Wilson Machine must certainly rank as the best.

JOB PRINTERS.—William M. Cubery, formerly editor of the Wilmington *Journal*, has retired from that paper, and associated himself with B. F. Steritt, of this city, in the job-printing business. The firm of Sterett & Cubery are at 553 Clay street.—*Morning Call.*

LADIES' NOTE PAPER.—Ladies' Note Paper of all sorts and sizes, of the latest Parisian and New York styles, can be had at Chilean Beach's Bookstore, opposite Heuston, Hastings & Co., Lick House; also, works fresh from the English and American publishers, with the best selection of Albums. Ladies, call and supply yourselves.

LADIES: Deserving of your confidence, there is no article at all equal for fragrance, innocency, and perfect imitation of nature to Davidson's Circassian Bloom, for the skin and complexion. It excels every other article in use. Sold by all druggists.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammatiou, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.
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LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no other. e7m

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

SAN FRANCISCO, September 6, 1861.

Dr. Bourne: Last Winter I was nearly dead, by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered the most excruciating pains for about five weeks, without any hope of relief, when a friend, hearing of my illness, called to see me, and assured me that if I would stop "drugging and dosing," and go to you, that you would have me walking about the streets in three days. Sure enough, although I was utterly helpless, and conveyed to your house in a carriage, and carried into it by three stout men, and was by them lifted into the bath, yet, on coming out of the bath I was able to largely assist myself, doing much toward dressing, and without assistance walked from the bath to the carriage. On the fourth day, I discharged my carriage and walked with a friend's aid the entire distance to your house (nearly a mile) and home again, and so on until cured; and I had not taken more than twelve baths when, all pain and swelling having ceased, I *felt* myself in well man. And now I am happy to do this little service of publicly certifying to the simple truth, leaving it to do its own work among such of my friends and acquaintances as may chance to see this. Your friend. JOSEPH SPARROW.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The pictures taken in this city are far superior to those taken in the East and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The best gallery to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The NEW YORK, on the east side side of Third street, a few doors below Market, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

WANTED—Agents to sell, by subscription only the most popular work ever written: "GRANT AND SHERMAN; their Campaigns and Generals." By the world-renowned historian, Hon. J. T. Headley, author of *Washington and his Generals, Sacred Mountains, etc.* Agents are taking as high as thirty subscribers per day, and all agree in pronouncing it the most saleable work they ever took hold of. The people want Headley's illustrated "GRANT AND SHERMAN," etc. For terms and territory, address E. E. SHEAR, No. 8 Montgomery Street, and Box 1,430, San Francisco, California

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READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

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Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN. D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church Forty-second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Co Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

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The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

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YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
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Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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Dr. Bourne's, (Medical,) 10 Post, near Montgomery

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

COLLECTOR.
B. Pulverman, 614 Montgomery—Office hours, 1 to 3 P.M.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COPPER CRUSHER AND SAMPLER.
S. W. Howland, 24 California street, (at Thomas' Mil)

DRESS TRIMMINGS, WORSTEDS, ETC.
Mrs. Norcross, 5 Montgomery street (Masonic Temple.)

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miol Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. C. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
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All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

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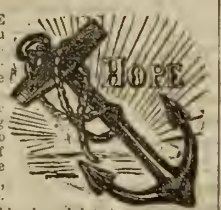
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ARE YOU SICK, FEEBLE and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. At once
TAKE AYER'S PILLS,
and cleanse out the disordered humors, purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They stimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and deranges its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering and derangement. While in this condition,
TAKE AYER'S PILLS,
and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body they are rapidly and many of them surely cured by the same means. None who know the virtue of these Pills will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure, such as Headache, Foul Stomach, Dysentery, Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Derangement of the Liver, Costiveness, Constipation, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Worms and Suppression, when taken in large doses.

They are Sugar-Coated, so that the most sensitive can take them easily, and they are surely the best purgative medicine yet discovered.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
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THE FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION of the above Institution commenced July 30th, 1866.

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Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of the student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc.

No Student will be received without such deposit.

The terms are so reduced (less than one-half the usual charges in this State) that the Institution can be conducted only on a rigid cash principle; hence any failure in remitting the Pension will oblige the authorities of the College to charge ten per cent. additional, or forward the student to his parents or guardian.

Though it be a Catholic Institution, yet pupils of all denominations will be admitted, and their religious convictions respected; but, for the sake of uniformity, all will be required to be present at the public religious exercises.

Bedding, towels, etc., will be furnished by the Institution, to defray the cost of which ten dollars will be paid, once only, by each pupil, as an entrance fee.

Each pupil is required to be provided with a neat black suit for Sundays, and two other plain suits, three pairs of boots, with sufficient linen, stockings, etc.

Five dollars will also be charged annually for medicines and medical attendance.
au4-1m REV P. J. GREY, President.

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Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, for the next
THIRTY DAYS,
At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Corner Bush and Montgomery streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets, San Francisco.
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BY THE
ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.
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THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

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BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

532 MERCHANT STREET,

BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A. A. STICKNEY, J. P. BOGARDUS, W. J. BINGHAM, C. H. WEBB

No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

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OCCIDENTAL *INSURANCE COMPANY,*

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

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CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - - $300,000

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.
mh26-tf

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CORNER OF
Sacramento and Montgomery streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Post Office Address: Lock Box No 1477. je30 3m

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S
Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine,
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NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

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AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
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Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3: over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
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Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
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Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
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Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
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For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
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Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid..... 50
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Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100..... 50

VINCENT'S COLD PREVENTIVE.

A Sure Cure

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS
DYSPEPSIA,
CONSUMPTION,
NIGHT SWEATS. AND PULMONARY DISEASES.

Read the following:

REMARKABLE CURE.

San Francisco, September 5th, 1865.

I desire to make known the fact that I was afflicted with a very bad cough for fifteen years, and, during this time, used everything which I could hear of without getting the better of my disease, until I tried Dr. D. B. Vincent's Cold Preventative or Cough Mixture, which cured me sound and well.

NEWTON MOORE.

This is to certify that my wife has been troubled with indigestion for nearly eighteen months, and, by using one bottle of Dr. Vincent's medicine, has been completely cured.

San Francisco, April 6th, 1866.

JOHNSON J. THOMAS.

San Francisco, July 17th, 1865.

I hereby certify that, having had a Cough some five months since, which had troubled me for two years, and I was so bad that I was able to do but little labor of any kind, and could not walk fast without putting myself out of breath. I was so far gone that I had chills over me and night sweats, and had what other physicians called disease of the lungs. I had been doctoring a part of the time for the last year, when I saw Dr. D. B. Vincent, and he gave me a small vial of medicine, which relieved me of the chills and night sweats and the cough entirely went away, and I do not take cold so easy, and my health is much better in every respect. My appetite is much better; and I heartily recommend all others who are afflicted with similar complaints to him.

JOHN O'NEILL, National Hotel.

The above named diseases nearly all originate from the same or similar causes, and

THE COLD PREVENTIVE

will cure all of them. It is a sure cure for Dyspepsia. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

D. B. VINCENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND OCULIST,

Treats all diseases successfully on the Electric system. Particular attention paid to treating all Diseases of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Paralysis, etc. Cures guaranteed, or all moneys refunded—in most cases even where others fail.

☞ OFFICE—No. 103 Kearny street, first floor, where he can be consulted at all hours, unless professionally engaged. All orders from the country promptly attended to. ap7

TYLER BROTHERS,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

AND 691 MARKET STREET, - - - - CORNER THIRD,

SAN FRANCISCO,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES,
CHILDRENS' PICTURE BOOKS, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we stamp with

INITIALS,

In COLORS or PLAIN.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, OR PRINTED.

je22

OCCIDENTAL HOMESTEAD Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular mouthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
jal 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour; instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S
PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs. Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S
Flavoring Extracts

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON
HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S
Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the renetionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, eased by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
au4-6m Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

THIS AFTERNOON.....AUGUST 18,

LADY DON,

SUPPORTED BY

Miss Kate Denin,

AND A POWERFUL COMPANY

Will appear in

Orpheus and Eurydice,

which will be produced with gorgeous scenic effects.

THIS EVENING.....AUGUST 18,

Lady Don

Will appear for the First Time in California, as

WILLIAM, in the Nautical Drama of BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra,	$1 00
Reserved seats,	50c. extra
Parquet,	50
Upper Circle,	25

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,

y19 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

UNION CANDIDATE

FOR

City and County Attorney,

H. M. HASTINGS.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 5th, 1866; and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called upon to meet in their respective districts for the purpose of electing the following-named officers at said election, to wit:

Attorney and Counsellor
Auditor.
Tax Collector.
Public Administrator.
Superintendent of Pub Streets, Highways, and Squres.
Chief of Police.

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following Districts: First, Third, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Eleventh, for the full term.

Also, one Supervisor in the Eighth District for an unexpired term.

Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of [SEAL.] San Francisco, this fourteenth day of August, 1866. H. P. COON, Mayor

Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk. au18

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William MacMichael, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No 12 Post street, Masonic Temple, in the city and county of San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 18, 1866.

THEODORE L. SCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William McMichael, deceased.

WILKINS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator. 5t

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

Bianchi's Grand Italian

Opera Troupe.

General Director.....J. P. Crowly
Treasurer.....A. Birrell

NON-SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT

SATURDAY EVENING.....AUGUST 18,

Will be presented Verdi's Opera of

ERNANI!

Ulrica	Signora Giovanni Bianchi
Oscar	Louisa Tourney
Sylvano	Mons. Hennecart
Samuel	Mons. Charles
Elvira	Signorina Elvira Brambilla
Ernani	Siguor Eugenio Bianchi
Carlo Quinto	Signor Mancusi
Silva	Signor L. Milleri
Don Riccardo	Herr Schraubstadter
Iago	Mons Ronconvieri
Giovanna	Madame Bernard

In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, Ricci's famous Comic Opera entitled

CRISPINO E LA COMARE,
(THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY.)

MONDAY—First Night of the New Season.

CONDUCTOR.....MR. RUDOLPH HEROLD
Scenery by Mr. Rugers. Costumes by Mrs Taylor.

Regular Subscription Nights, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle, Orchestra and Parquette	$1 00
Reserved seats, 50 cents extra.	
Gallery	50

☞ The Box Office is open from 9 A. M. for the securing of reserved seats for season tickets.

DEMOCRATIC

CANDIDATE FOR

Chief of Police,

P. J. WHITE,

OF THE FIRM OF P. J. WHITE & CO.,

au11 No. 412 Front street.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

FOR

TAX COLLECTOR,

HENRY A. COBB,

OF THE FIRM OF COBB & SINTON,

jy21 NO. 407 CALIFORNIA STREET.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS,
San Francisco, August 13, 1866.

Public notice is hereby given that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the city and county of San Francisco for the fiscal year 1866-'67, will be open for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alterations or reduction of assessment upon Real Estate.

All applications for reduction of assessments are required to be verified by each. (See Statutes of 1863-'64, page 189.)

JAS W. BINGHAM.
Clerk of Board of Supervisors.
au18

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY.

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order. au15

A. ROMAN & CO.'S

LIST OF

Late Publications.

Armadale—a Novel—by Wilkie Collins
The Dove in the Eagle's Nest, by the author of The Heir of Redclyffe.
Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility and Suicide, by A. O. Kellogg, M. D.
595 Pulpit Pungencies with a Table of Contents.
Footlight Flashes, by William Davidge, Comedian.
Hidden Depths—12mo.
Lectures on the Study of History; delivered in Oxford, 1859-61—by Goldwin Smith, M. A.
Kate Marstone; or, Happy Hearts Make Happy Homes.
The Mule Singer—a Novel—by Anna Cora Ritchie (Mowatt.)
Poetical Works of Thomas Buchanan Read—New Edition—3 vols.
Devotions of the Ages; or, Collects, Texts, and Lyrics, illustrative of the Christian Year, by Rev. N. G. Allen.
The Adventures of Captain Castagnette (illustrated, by Gustave Dore.
The Mormon Prophet and His Harem, by Mrs. C. V. Waite.
History of the Gipsies, by Walter Simson.
Josh Billings—His Book.
Beyminstre—a Novel—by the author of The Silent Woman, King's Cope, Mr. Warenne, etc.
Garden Vegetables, and How to Cultivate Them, by Fearing Burr, Jr New Edition.
Brief Biographical Dictionary, compiled and arranged by Rev. Chas Hole and W. A. Wheeler.
Poems of Thomas Hood—New Edition, 12mo.
The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell.
The Dean's English, by G. Washington Moon.
President Lincoln Self-portrayed, by John M. Ludlow.
Temperance Recollections—an Autobiography—by John Marsh, D. D.
The Masquerade and other Poems, by John G. Saxe.
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ADDRESS

To the Voters of San Francisco.

We, the Members of the Democratic County Convention, respectfully addressing ourselves to the Voters of San Francisco, claim for the ticket we have nominated, your approval and support.

We have succeeded in securing gentlemen of irreproachable character and acknowledged fitness to serve as candidates. In making the selection, we have been careful that schemes for personal aggrandizement and mere political success should not shut out from view the future welfare of the community. The peace of the city, protection to property, and fidelity on the part of the custodians and dispensers of the public moneys, are the considerations which have controlled their deliberations.

We are persuaded that a change for the better can be made in the manner of administering the several Departments of the City Government; and this we believe to be the general conclusion in the public mind.

Whilst it is conceded that much credit was due, for a time, to those who managed our municipal affairs in an independent spirit, it is also contended that more recently they have ignored the former proper tests for official position, and have become mere partisans, intolerant in their views and prejudiced in their action. With this change in the spirit of their government, there has also come extravagance in public expenditures, oppression in their license system, and corruption in the police regulations. Reform is therefore needed in the City Government. This reform can be effected only through the agency of the ballot-box. To that end we heartily invite the co-operation of the voters of San Francisco.

Nor should it be forgotten that the result of the approaching local election will, to some extent, affect all the social and monetary interests of our city. Moreover, it will exert an important influence on politics throughout the State; and, in order that the people may fully appreciate the political significance of the victory we fervently hope to achieve, we shall briefly declare the principles which our nominees adhere to, touching their duties and the great issues of the day.

We pledge them to a faithful discharge of the obligation their election will cast upon them.

We pledge them to an unwavering support of those principles of our Government which assert the supremacy and vindicate the dignity of the white race.

We pledge them to the doctrines of the equality of all the States of the American Union, and the right of each individual one to determine, under the Constitution of the United States, the qualification of its electors, and to provide for its local prosperity and domestic happiness in its own way; and

We pledge them to a firm adherance to the policy of the National Administration, looking to the defence of these great principles as the only means calculated to heal our differences, to secure for the Government the undivided affection of the people, and to the Union of the States, that freedom, prestige and power rightfully belonging to a great Republic; and, in conclusion, we declare that they approve of the call for a National Convention, and hope that beneficial results may come of its patriotic purpose.

Finally, we beg leave to say that the evasion practiced by the County Convention of the opposite party on these vital questions, is, in our opinion, designed to accomplish a great political fraud, and trifling with the intelligence of the people and the interests of the State. We condemn as dangerous, ill-timed, and characteristic of Radicalism, the letter and spirit of the address put forth by that body. It is but an appeal to the passions of party at a time when those powerful in war and successful in battle should be just and magnanimous in peace.

By order of the
DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.
au18

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 14.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 25, 1866.

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(For the Californian.)

PODGERINGS BY THE WAY.

No. 5.

STRAWBERRY Valley, so named because there never was a strawberry seen there—but the first way-side inn was kept by one Berry, whose beds were stuffed with straw, hence the name. Who that has travelled over the mountains in early days does not remember with what a sense of satisfaction he dismounted, tired and hungry, from his weary mule, and entered the low ceiling, large public room, to find a cheerful log-fire blazing in that splendid, old fashioned, huge fireplace—vast in its dimensions, hospitable in its bright blaze of pitch pine logs, that threw a ruddy light upon the bronzed faces of the seekers for gold who gathered around it. It was a snug harbor in those days, and is so still; and many a good story has been told as the travellers assembled around its ample hearth, after a solid supper, and smoked their pipes. A good old fashioned fire place is a rare thing in these days of stoves and modern contrivances for warming. Many a night the floor of the old room at Strawberry has been covered with lodgers, who were glad to enjoy its hospitable shelter, and wrap themselves up in their blankets for a night's rest after a long, weary ride over the mountains. Judges, lawyers, and divines have availed themselves of its rough floor to rest their aching bones—it is not necessary now, for beds and good rooms have been added, and all the comforts of a good hotel can be found, and Charley Watson, celebrated for his skill in handling the "ribbons," and who formerly "tooled" a coach and six over the mountains, the crack driver of the Pioneer Stage Company, is now the landlord. Everybody knows Charley Watson, who has now settled down in this snug harbor, and proves that he is just the man that *can* keep a hotel.

As I descended from the coach the cheerful blaze of the pine logs was a comfortable welcome after a ride over the summit, in the chilly evening air, and Charley stood in the door, smoking a long nine, and greeted me cordially. It would have been a high bid that could have induced me to leave such comfortable quarters. I was bound to cast my fly on the ripples of the American River on the morrow, and try my skill upon the speckled denizens of its foaming eddies. After supper we gathered around the social hearth, and as we smoked and listened to the yarns of the Judge, the hours whiled pleasantly away until bed time. The Judge is a character in his way, and a long residence in the mountains has made him familiar with every creek, and favorite haunts of the grouse and mountain quail—an ardent lover of the gun and rod, he is always ready to pilot a friend and take a hand in the sport; and, as for stories, "wise saws and modern instances," he is unequalled. The Judge supports the dignity of the law, as well as a character as a keen sportsman, and although a little heavy on the scales, continues to bag as many birds, and bring in as many trout as "any other man."

Early next morning the Judge and myself, rod in hand, set out for the river, a hundred yards distant, and although not a favorable morning for the sport, the sun being out bright, we came in at noon with a hundred fine trout. Towards evening Charley and I tried another creek in the vicinity which turned out a first rate place for black flies and mosquitoes, but was no great shakes for trout; however, we made a fair average of it and supped sumptuously on our game.

The stage that came in at dark brought a party of enthusiastic gentlemen from Sacramento, who had come up to put themselves under the guidance of Charley Watson for a trip to Hope Valley for a day's fishing. They were evidently skeptical on the question of creature comforts in that region, for I noticed that several suspicious looking cases were exhumed from the boot of the stage, about which the elder gentleman of the party seemed quite solicitous.

The Sacramento *Union* was numerously represented in the party, and that ably represented journal must have "run itself" during their absence.

Having been invited to join the party, I mentally calculated upon the chances of being worsted in the piscatorial encounter to come off at Hope Valley, for I saw that they meant business; there was a bustling air and earnestness of manner, and the way they looked after the "tools," argued that they were fully determined on the question and had come there for no light purpose, and something had got to suffer, whether those cases or the fish, I was not then fully able to determine. It was evidently a great relief to get out of Sacramento; it generally is to most people about these days—not that I would insinuate that it is hot there, not at all.

Before separating for the night it was duly arranged that the morrow's sun should rise upon us on the mountain top, which proposition, I noticed, was not received with any great enthusiasm by one or two members of the party, but Charley Watson being the leading spirit, and installed as chief, no voice was raised in expostulation; it was carried that we were to be up early, get our coffee and be off at 5 o'clock; and strange as it may appear, we did get away at 6. The morning was rather misty, and the mountain air bracing, as we rattled over the bridge across the river and wound our way up the grade towards the summit. It was a jolly party, for all felt a sense of relief and freedom from the confinement and restraints of city life. The Judge, from natural exuberance of spirits, was lively, and before we reached the summit he had told more good stories than the note book of the gentleman who took the notes for the Union could contain. Some of them were rather too large sized for the book, but the pencil was busy. About 8 o'clock we reached the summit and halted in front of a modest looking way-side inn; before reaching which, I observed Charley to run his fingers through his hair and settle his cravat with one hand, while the Judge buttoned his vest and shook himself generally. The mystery of this "slicking up" was soon solved, and resolved itself into the comely appearance of a young woman at the front door, broom in hand, who greeted Charley and the Judge cordially, with a bright face and smile of welcome. Charley was a very long time watering his horses, and the Judge had to get out and stretch his legs while the Union Corps, almost to a man, were seized with a desire to smoke and got out to get a light, ignoring the fact that everyone had a pocket full of matches. There was a good deal of "chaffing" between the Judge and the young lady, and some allusions were made to certain young gentlemen which brought the color to her cheeks. After a while we got off, and I proceeded to cross-question the Judge as to who she was. He said her name was Ida, and she was widely known as the Mountain Belle. She was the sole support of her old parents and younger brothers and sisters; was an universal favorite with travellers on the route, and that there was not a teamster on the road who would not doff his coat and fight in her cause. No man would dare utter a word to her discredit; in fact, he could not, for her conduct and life are so perfectly exemplary, as her face would imply. At the dance she is the center of attraction, and as the Judge remarked, "mighty hard to tucker out." Charley, with apparent reluctance, having resumed his reins, cracked his whip and we rattled away. As we did, so I caught the Judge kissing his hand to the lady, which salutation, she acknowledged by a significant wave of her broom, which, fortunately, was too short in the handle to reach the Judge's head. I noticed, however, that he "ducked" at the motion, just as if he was familiar with the uses of that fememinine weapon.

Turning sharply to the right, we struck off through the shady woods, winding about the bases of huge mountain pines, and under leafy bowers of branching oaks, screening us from the sun, which by this time was warming up considerably.

We soon arrived at the edge of the mountain, from which we had a splendid view of Lake Valley, and commenced the descent of the old original grade, over which Hank Monk rattled Mr. Greeley so merrily, and by the same token scared that respectable gentleman ont of several years' growth, or would, had he not already attained his altitude before coming to California. The road is very narrow, barely wide enough for one wagon. On the upper side, huge rocks seem, as it were, poised above your head, ready to drop on to the wagon; the other, steep down, down, beyond any possibility of calculation, as any gentleman rolling down it would cease any arithmetical ones before he had gone a fraction of the distance. Charley rather luxuriated, I thought, in this break-neck drive; and the way we rattled down that steep, rough, and narrow grade was a caution to the party. The Judge had hinted at walking down, but did not like to propose it; and Charley winked at me as he put his head around and looked inside, and observed the Judge, with his hat smashed down on his head, holding on with both hands to the bows either side, feet braced, and face wearing a troubled and pained expression—the troubled countenance indicating slight suspicions on his part that he had rather "go slow," and the bumps, jumps, and "jounces" of the wagon accounted for the balance. The Union was very quiet, scarcely a word being said, except an occasional Oh! when a severer bump than usual brought out this evidence of Jordan's being a hard road to travel. We were not long in going down, and soon our smoking horses brought up at a bridge across a creek of sparkling cold water, just from the snow-clad summits. Here the Union all got down, and recourse was had to the suspicious-looking case in front, and some mysterious rites were performed, indicative, I presume, of gratitude for safe deliverance from Charley Watson's driving and the Greeley grade.

The Judge must have been badly frightened, judging from the fervor with which he rendered his thanks. His attitude was decidedly devotional, head thrown back, eyes turned towards heaven, and the largest end of a black bottle pointing the same way. There was a perceptible vibration in his throat at the same time, and a short clicking sound like the working valves of the hydraulic ram. It looked and sounded very much like drinking, but I won't say so.

On again, and a long mountain road to climb, which, out of compassion to the horses, we walked. Once on the summit of the second range we mounted again, and thenceforth it was all down hill, and the Judge had to hold on again hard, as Charley's blood was up and he fancied himself on the coach with six in hand again. We went down at a break-neck pace—I may say, a very lively gait, and as we descended the last slope Hope Valley lay spread out before us, and the headwaters of the Carson wound its tortuous way through it like a silver thread. Whooray for Hope Valley trout! And while the enthusiasm was at its height we dashed up to the door of a house, and as Charley threw down the reins, sung out, "Hello there, Jim Green!" The individual so addressed rose from the door-step, threw down the stick he was whittling, and answered. "Hello yourself!"

PODGERS.

THERE SEEMS TO BE a very general impression that Mark Twain's Sandwich Island letters to the Sacramento *Union* possess sufficient intrinsic interest and value to justify their publication in book form. If the writer could be persuaded to collect and revise them, he would have no difficulty in finding a publisher; and we are satisfied that the book would prove both a literary and a pecuniary success.

THE STORY OF THE BURNING SHIP.

WELL, 't is n't a very pleasant life, in the steerage of an emigrant ship bonnd for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rongh ; and so we fonnd it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over ; and as I thought the night before, so it was—there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fonrth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I couldn't help thinking what a little there was between us and death ; and somehow or other the serions thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it, for they don't connt time as we do ashore, when all at once I could hear as there was a great bnstle up on deck, where all throngh the watches of the night everything's mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro ; so I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cantionsly np the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was np, and it gave me snch a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship ; and almost before I conld thoroughly realize it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling ont those fearful words on board ship—

"*Fire! fire! fire!*"

Hnndreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it : all my bitter feelings of being ill nsed came back, and I says to myself—

"Yonr usual lnck, mate ; wonldn't be you if yon weren't unfortnnate. Bnt never mind ; you have your choice, fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketches myself snch a thump in the chest, and rolls np my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do ?" I says.

"Pump !" he shonts ; "and fetch a dozen more np."

Lord bless you ! I had 'em np in no time from amongst the crying women ; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was farthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out, besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shricking and screaming at first ; bnt they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and everywhere, and gets them all together ; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with bnckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there ; and then when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regnlar pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky, qniet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, everything seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was ; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was teemed into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and spnttered ! while volumes of smoke and steam rnshed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered ; but we'd nothing to cheer for ; it was only the fire gathering strength ; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawliug, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shonted the captain. "Don't be afraid ; we shan't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side ; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side ; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good—not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will ;" and then we cheered again ; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all that he did—a brave fellow—and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time ; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done !" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like looking down into the mouth of a furnace ; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's sqnirts ; but I knew enough of duty to feel what I ought to do ; and thongh I'd have liked to have been aside the wife to comfort her, my dnty was to stand there a pouring in what there water till I couldn't do it no longer ; and the more it didn't seem no good, the more I warmed up —obstinate like—and meant to try, for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks, while the look as I got now and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping, and one shouts out—

"'Tain't no good, mates. Boats ont !"

But he hadn't hardly said it, before I saw the captain dart back ; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain ; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares !" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dntch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work too, a-saying they'd be hanged if they'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked, it would be all over with us : and that meant a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn ; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand—I've often laughed since—and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head ; as to t'other—he was a little chap, and I'm six foot and pretty strong—I gets hold of him by the scruff of the neck and strap of his trousers. and afore he knew where he was, I had him up in the air, and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching ; and then— I ain't much given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer ; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped ; and then up comes the captain, for he'd bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did ; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and sworc he'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it on ; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad again, and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This didn't take above five minutes ; but I believe it lost ns the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin ; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful ; so that, do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now, there was a regular roar, and the wind set towards the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I wouldn't give much for it, sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush !" he says ; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads !"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept trying on a cheer ; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the ship must go, for the flames darted up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the tarry things blazed furiously, right up to the mainmast head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or cissing into the sea ; while for far enough off, out into the dark night, the great flaky sparks went flying along for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they must have burnt it—"there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat ! Now for life saving !"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit-bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pnshed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second boat, with a crew of sailors ; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in ; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked and pushed off.

The other two boats were not swnng over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be ont of the way ; but the captain and men left soon had tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down, with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now, then," said the captain ; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain ; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out—

"Stop !" and the captain turns round angrily to me ; and I says, "No water !"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare ; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over towards where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right towards the boat.

That was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror ; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast, which had narrowly missed falling upon the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror ; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any firework I ever saw ; while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were tearing along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing ropes, spars and blocks, fell, red-hot and glowing, into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke ; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying amongst the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set towards the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind ; but then, how it made the flames roar again, and burn more fiercely than ever ! It was a sickening sight ; for every now and then the cruel forky tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us ; then dancing and licking everything up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. I didn't go down on my knees to pray ; but—I don't know—I *think* I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the lurch ; so I says to myself, "Be a man, too, Phil ;" and I did try to, anyhow.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing towards us, while the position of the boats was changed ; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizzen-mast—over the side ; and then I found it was the man had left the steering wheel, and had run up towards the boat.

"Back !" I heard the captain say ; "back, or I'll fire !"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily ; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burnt." And then the captain's hand—the one as held the pistol—fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up ?" I says. "Can I do ?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more ; and as he did it, she just changed round again ; but while all this had been going on, the mizzen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right: hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burnt every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes of that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came all over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the cabin himself; and water, which they did sling in, but dropped one little cask overboard. But, one way or another, he got them at last to take in a good many things such as they'd want, and a compass; and then, with three more men, he rushed down to the cabin again for more food—biscuit-bags—saying as the other boats would want more, and that we must supply 'em. And then up they came staggering and shaking, one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side o' bacon, and two men with bags o' biscuit; and they goes to the side, and I wished my job was done as I saw 'em go.

All at once one of the men gives a yell, throws down his bag, and leaps bang overboard, and the others, running after him, did so too; and then I could see that the cowardly beggars had pushed off--for they lay close under the side, were I couldn't see 'em before, and now they were rowing hard to get away, and I could see that the boat was so full that the least thing must make her fill and sink.

It was pitiful to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as we left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and it was pitiful to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that gently rose and fell seemed waves of blood --glowing blood--with golden crests as they softly broke. But though one man swam so fast that he got up the boat, they pushed him off with the oars; and then I saw him cling to them, and one man pulled out a knife to stab at him if he came nearer; while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this, he just turned round, and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up towards the sky, he gave one wild, bitter shriek, and he went under; and this time I tried to say, "God help him!" but it was only my lips that moved.

There was the other, though, a fine lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three; and manfully he swam for it, raising himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessening the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see quite plain some one holding out his hands to him, and he was took aboard the boat.

Now, all this took place in a very few minutes; and, in spite of the danger, we, the two last on board, could not help stopping to gaze at the terrible incident; but now the captain comes up and takes my hand, and says—

"Brother, it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action: and I don't know but what I'd rather die with a brave man than live with curs."

I know my hand shook, but I don't think my voice did, though I thought of life being sweet, as I said to him—

"Is it very hard to die, captain?"

"Yes," he says, "I believe it is, to a strong man; and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why we must finish it by trying to save two more."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then, again, "But it don't matter—she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl-coops and a grating to the side, and he tied them together—lashed them, he called it—in no time; then we shoved them overboard; and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out o' sight o' the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pieces of wood-work and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hatch thing and tarpaulin into the water by me; slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes; with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin and bits of wood and things in the centre in the handiest way possible —same as only a sailor could do. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still farther and farther off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says; "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of being sucked down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now;" and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing, even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set toward the ship; but we got farther and farther away, and were some distance off when the mizzen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel the breeze; and at length, panting and exhausted, he hung on motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats now farther away from us, and the blazing ship seemed to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which, like sparks, we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Everywhere else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our our raft; excepting the dull roar and crackle of the flames, everything was as still as death.

All at once I started, for the captain spoke sadly as he looked at his vessel; and out of the silence his voice sounded wild and strange—

"If I'd had a crew like you, my man, I think we could have saved her;" and then he spoke no more, for just then, from being quite still, the good ship seemed to roll a little towards us, and then to the other side, slowly, and as if just bending to the breeze; and then we could almost see the water creeping up her burning sides as clouds of steam arose; and with one calm, steady dip forward she seemed to plunge right down beneath the golden waters. Then there was a rising and a falling of the sea, and a deep, dense darkness, out of which close by me came one of the bitterest, heart-tearing sobs I ever heard from the breast of man; and I did not speak, for I felt that it was the captain sorrowing for the loss of his good ship.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice—

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says, "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better;" and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on, and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out loud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learnt kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Delivor us from evil," he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in Whose hands we were, and slept till the warm, bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood, and wedged it in the coop, with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water, and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till towards evening, when we found that the boat was coming towards us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keeping calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry—

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down towards us, picked us up, and proved to be a British-man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left, without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow, since then, things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMID.

In the great American desert, which lies principally on the west bank of the Colorado, and between that river and the California range of mountains, ancient ruins exist in different localities. Baron Von Humboldt, during his researches on the American continent, discovered abundant evidence of the existence, at some greatly remote period, of a race of people entirely unlike, and apparently superior to, those inhabiting the continent at the time of its discovery by Europeans.

These evidences are becoming every day more and more conclusive, as the energy and love of travel of the American people lead them over its most forbidden, sterile and inhospitable wastes.

Recently a party of five young men, from one of the Western States, ascended the Colorado for nearly two hundred miles above the mouth of the Gila, their object being to discover if possible, some large tributary from the west, by which they might make the passage of the desert, and enter California by a new, more direct, and easier route, as numerous small streams were known to exist on the eastern slope of the mountains, that were either lost in the sands of the desert or united with the Colorado through tributaries that were unknown.

They found the country on both sides of the Colorado barren of every vegetable product, and very level and monotonous, but after passing on a considerable distance without any change, an object appeared on the plain to the west, which has so much the appearance of a work of art, from the regularity of its outline and its isolated position, that they determined to visit it.

They passed the distance of five miles over a barren, sandy plain, when they reached the base of one of the most wonderful objects, considering its location, which was the very home of desolation, that the mind can possibly conceive of; nothing less than an immense stone pyramid, composed of layers or courses of from eighteen inches to nearly three feet in thickness, and from five to eight feet in length. It had a level top of more than fifty feet square, though it was evident that it had been completed, and that some great convulsion of nature had displaced its entire top, as it was evidently lying on one of its sides, a huge and broken mass nearly covered by the sands.

This pyramid differs in some respects from the Egyptian pyramid. It is, or was, more slender or pointed; and while those of Egypt are composed of steps or layers, receding as they rise, this American pyramid was, undoubtedly, a more finished structure. The outer surface of the blocks was evidently cut to an angle, that gave the structure, when new and complete, a smoothe or regular surface from top to bottom.

From the present level of the sands that surround it there are fifty-two distinct layers of stone, that will average at least two feet each; this gives its present height one hundred and four feet, so that before its top was displaced it must have been at least twenty feet higher than at present. How far it extends beneath the sands could not be easily determined.

Such is the age of this immense structure, that the perpendicular joints between the blocks are worn away from five to ten inches at the bottom of each joint, and the entire pyramid is so much worn by the storms, the vicissitudes, and the corrodings of centuries, as to make it easy of ascent.

By whom, at what age of the world, or for what purpose this pyramid was erected, will probably forever remain a hidden mystery.

Other evidences were discovered of a nature that would seem to make it certain that this portion of country, now the most barren, was once the garden and granary of the continent, and the abode of millions of our race. Though the party were unsuccessful in being able to cross the desert at this point, yet they came to the conclusion that, at some greatly remote period, this desert was occupied by a people of whom all existing history is silent.

Flowers in Prison.—In one of the prison yards of Millbank, England, there grow very common daisies; occasionally one of the convicts, eluding for an instant the eye of the matron, will snatch one of these and hide it as if it were a priceless gem; sometimes she will lend it, and instances have been known of its passing from hand to hand on many short visits; oftener its possession is made the subject of quarrel, which results only in betraying the presence of the contraband article. Some years ago, a matron, making her round of inspection, saw one of the rudest and most repulsive of her charges sitting with her elbows on the table, staring at one of these common flowers. The woman was not conscious that any one saw her, and was for a time herself—her old self of years ago, when she played among the daisies and laughed with the sunshine. She looked long at the flower with a wistful gaze, then dropped her head on the table before her, and wept till the tears forced themselves through her interlocked fingers. The daisy had spoken to the woman's heart. Six months afterward the same matron found it carefully pressed between two leaves of her prison Bible, and when the doors opened for the poor creature's release, her daisy went with her, her choicest, almost her only treasure.

"MARK TWAIN" ON HIS TRAVELS.

AT SEA AGAIN.

BOUND for Hawaii, to visit the great volcano and behold the other notable things which distinguish this island above the remainder of the group, we sailed from Honolulu on a certain Saturday afternoon, in the good schooner *Boomerang*.

The *Boomerang* was about as long as two street cars, and about as wide as one. She was so small (though she was larger than the majority of the inter-island coasters) that when I stood on her deck I felt but little smaller than the Colossus of Rhodes must have felt when he had a man-of-war under him.

The little low-ceiled cabin below was rather larger than a hearse, and as dark as a vault. It had two coffins on each side—I mean two bunks—though Mr. Brown, with that spirit of irreverence which is so sad a feature of his nature, preferred to call the bunk he was allotted his shelf. A small table, capable of accommodating three persons at dinner, stood against the forward bulkhead, and over it hung the dingiest whale-oil lantern that ever peopled the obscurity of a dungeon with grim and ghostly shapes. The floor room unoccupied was not extensive. One might swing a cat in it, perhaps, but then it would be fatal to the cat to do it. The hold forward of the bulkhead had but little freight in it, and from morning till night a villainous old rooster, with a voice like Baalam's ass, and the same disposition to use it, strutted up and down in that part of the vessel and crowed. He usually took dinner at 6 o'clock, and then, after an hour devoted to meditation, he mounted a barrel and crowed a good part of the night. He got hoarser and hoarser all the time, but he scorned to allow any personal consideration to interfere with his duty, and kept up his labors in defiance of threatened diphtheria.

Sleeping was out of the question when he was on watch. He was a source of genuine aggravation and annoyance to me. It was worse than useless to shout at him or apply offensive epithets to him—he only took these things for applause, and strained himself to make more noise. Occasionally, during the day, I threw potatoes at him through an aperture in the bulkhead, but he simply dodged them and went on crowing.

The first night, as I lay in my coffin, idly watching the dim lamp swinging to the rolling of the ship, and snuffing the nauseous odors of bilge water, I felt something gallop over me. Lazarus did not come out of his sepulchre with a more cheerful alacrity than I did out of mine. However, I turned in again when I found it was only a rat. Presently something galloped over me once more. I knew it was not a rat this time, and I thought it might be a centipede, because the Captain had killed one on deck in the afternoon. I turned out. The first glance at the pillow showed me a repulsive sentinel perched upon each end of it—cockroaches as large as peach leaves—fellows with long, quivering antennæ and fiery, malignant eyes. I made a bed on the floor and lay down.

In a few moments the rooster was crowing with uncommon spirit, a procession of cockroaches had arrived and camped in my hair, and a party of fleas were throwing double summersets about my person in the wildest disorder, and taking a bite every time they struck. I was beginning to feel really annoyed. I got up and put my clothes on and went on deck.

"ROLL ON, SILVER MOON."

It was compensation for all my sufferings to come unexpectedly upon so beautiful a scene as met my eye—to step suddenly out of the sepulchral gloom of the cabin and stand under the strong light of the moon—in the center, as it were, of a glittering sea of liquid silver—to see the broad sails straining in the gale, the vessel keeled over on her side, the angry foam hissing past her lee bulwarks, and sparkling sheets of spray dashing high over her bows and raining upon her decks; to brace myself and hang fast to the first object that presented itself, with hat jammed down and coat tails whipping in the breeze, and feel that exhileration that thrills in one's hair and quivers down his back-bone when he knows that every inch of canvas is drawing and the vessel cleaving through the billows at her utmost speed. There was no darkness, no dimness, no obscurity there. All was brightness, every object was vividly defined. Every prostrate Kanaka; every coil of rope; every calabash of poi; every puppy; every seam in the flooring; every bolthead; every object, however minute, showed sharp and distinct in its every outline; and the shadow of the broad mainsail lay black as a pall upon the deck, leaving Brown's white upturned face glorified and his body in a total eclipse.

I ENDEAVOR TO ENTERTAIN THE SEASICK MAN.

I turned to look down upon the sparkling animalculæ of the South Seas and watch the train of jeweled fire they made in the wake of the vessel. I——

"Oh, me!"

"What is the matter, Brown?"

"Oh, me!"

"You said that before, Brown. Such tautology——"

"Tautology be hanged! This is no time to talk to a man about tautology when he is sick—so sick—oh, my! and has vomited up his heart and—ah, me—oh hand me that soup dish, and don't stand there hanging to that bulkhead looking like a fool!"

I sat down by him to talk to him and so cause the tedious hours to pass less wearily and monotonous, if possible. I talked to him for some time, but strangely enough, pathetic narratives did not move his emotions, eloquent declamation did not inspirit him, and the most humorous anecdotes failed to make him even smile. He seemed as distressed and restless, at intervals—albeit the rule of his present case was to seem to look like an allegory of unconditional surrender—hopeless, helpless and indifferent—he seemed as distressed and restless as if my conversation and my anecdotes were irksome to him. It was because of this that at last I dropped into poetry. I said I had been writting a poem—or rather, been paraphrasing a passage in Shakspeare—a passage full of wisdom, which I thought I might remember easier if I reduced it to rhyme—hoped it would be pleasant to him—said I had taken but few liberties with the original; had preserved its brevity and terseness, its language as nearly as possible, and its ideas in their regular sequence—and proceeded to read it to him, as follows:

POLONIUS' ADVICE TO HIS SON—PARAPHRASED FROM HAMLET.

BEWARE of the spoken word! Be wise;
Bury thy thoughts in thy breast;
Nor let thoughts that are unmatured
Be ever in acts expressed.

Be thou courteous and kindly toward all—
Be familiar and vulgar with none;
But the friends thou hast proved in thy need,
Hold thou fast till life's mission is done!

Shake not thy faith by confiding
In every new-begot friend.
Beware thou of quarrels—but, in them,
Fight them out to the bitter end.

Give thine ear unto all that would seek it,
But to few thy voice impart;
Receive and consider all censure,
But thy judgment seal in thy heart.

Let thy habit be ever as costly
As thy purse is able to span;
Never gaudy, but rich—for the raiment
Full often proclaimeth the man.

Neither borrow nor lend—oft a loan
Both lose h itself and a friend,
And to borrow relaxeth the thrift
Whereby husbandry gaineth its end

But lo! above all set this law:
UNTO THYSELF BE THOU TRUE!
Then never toward any canst thou
The deed of a false heart do.

As I finished, Brown's stomach cast up its contents, and in a minute or two he felt entirely relieved and comfortable. He then said that the anecdotes and the eloquence were "no good," but if he got seasick again he would like some more poetry.

THE ZONES OF THE EARTH CONCENTRATED.

Monday morning we were close to the island of Hawaii. Two of its high mountains were in view—Mauna Loa and Hualalai. The latter is an imposing peak, but being only ten thousand feet high is seldom mentioned or heard of. Mauna Loa is fourteen thousand feet high. The rays of glittering snow and ice, that clasped its summit like a claw, looked refreshing when viewed from the blistering climate we were in. One could stand on that mountain (wrapped up in blankets and furs to keep warm), and while he nibbled a snow-ball or an icicle to quench his thirst he could look down the long sweep of its sides and see spots where plants are growing that grow only where the bitter cold of Winter prevails; lower down he could see sections devoted to productions that thrive in the temperate zone alone; and at the bottom of the mountain he could see the home of the tufted cocoa palms and other species of vegetation that grow only in the sultry atmosphere of eternal Summer. He could see all the climes of the world at a single glance of the eye, and that glance would only pass over a distance of eight or ten miles as the bird flies.

THE REFUGE FOR THE WEARY.

We landed at Kailua (pronounced Ki-loo-ah,) a little collection of native grass houses reposing under tall cocoanut trees—the sleepiest, quietest, Sundayest looking place you can imagine. Ye weary ones that are sick of the labor and care, and the bewildering turmoil of the great world, and sigh for a land where ye may fold your tired hands and slumber your lives peacefully away, pack up your carpet-sacks and go to Kailua! A week there ought to cure the saddest of you all.

THE FAMOUS ORANGE AND COFFEE REGION.

It was only about fifteen miles from Kailua to Kealakekua Bay, either by sea or land, but by the former route there was a point to be weathered where the vessel would be the sport of contrary winds for hours, and she would probably occupy the entire day in making the trip, whereas we could do it on horseback in a little while and have the cheering benefit of a respite from the discomforts we had been experiencing on the vessel. We hired horses from the Kanakas, and miserable affairs they were, too. They had lived on meditation all their lives, no doubt, for Kailua is fruitful in nothing else. I will mention, in this place, that horses are plenty everywhere in the Sandwich Islands—no Kanaka is without one or more—but when you travel from one island to another, it is necessary to take your own saddle and bridle, for these articles are scarce. It is singular baggage for a sea voyage, but it will not do to go without it.

The ride through the district of Kona to Kealakekua Bay took us through the famous coffee and orange section. I think the Kona coffee has a richer flavor than any other, be it grown where it may and call it by what name you please.

There are no finer oranges in the world than those produced in the district of Kona; when new and fresh they are delicious. The principal market for them is California, but of course they lose much of their excellence by so long a voyage. About 500,000 oranges were exported last year against 15,000 in 1852. The orange culture is safe and sure, and is being more and more extensively engaged in every year. We passed one orchard that contained ten thousand orange trees.

There are many species of beautiful trees in Kona—noble forests of them—and we had numberless opportunities of contrasting the orange with them. The verdict rested with the orange. Among the varied and handsome foliage of the Ko, Koa, Kukui, bread-fruit, mango, guava, peach, citron, ohia, and other fine trees, its dark, rich green cone was sure to arrest the eye and compel constant exclamations of admiration. So dark a green is its foliage, that at a distance of a quarter of a mile the orange tree looks almost black.

WOODLAND SCENERY.

The ride from Kailua to Kealakekua Bay is worth taking. It passes along on high ground—say a thousand feet above sea level—and usually about a mile distant from the ocean, which is always in sight, save that occasionally you find yourself buried in the forest in the midst of a rank, tropical vegetation and a dense growth of trees, whose great boughs overarch the road and shut out sun and sea and everything, and leave you in a dim, shady tunnel, haunted with invisible singing birds and fragrant with the odor of flowers. It was pleasant to ride occasionally in the warm sun, and feast the eye upon the ever-changing panorama of the forest (beyond and below us,) with its many tints, its softened lights and shadows, its billowy undulations sweeping gently down from the mountain to the sea. It was pleasant also, at intervals, to leave the sultry sun and pass into the cool, green depths of this forest and indulge in sentimental reflections under the inspiration of its brooding twilight and its whispering foliage. The jaunt through Kona will always be to me a happy memory.—*"Mark Twain," in the Sacramento Union.*

"EVER OF THEE."—A sad story is connected with the name of the beautiful song, "Ever of Thee," which has been sung and admired by so many in this country and in Europe. Foley Hall was a gentleman by birth and education. Wealthy in his own right, with large expectations, he led a heedless life, not choosing his associates, but allowing himself to be drawn into the society of the vicious. His property soon disappeared, and he was left without resources sufficient to buy his daily bread. His musical talents had been highly cultivated, but, as he never heeded them, he scarcely knew to what degree they could be made available. In his distress, however, he wrote the charming song, "Ever of Thee." A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it, but that amount with such a spendthrift would not last long. He wrote other songs, but the money not coming in as fast as he wished, in a weak moment he forged the name of his publisher, and although every effort was made (even by the publisher) to save him, it was all to no use, and poor Foley Hall went to Newgate, and died broken hearted before his trial came on.

A STRANGE CUSTOM.—A correspondent writing from Vienna, the capital of Austria, relates the following concerning the burial customs of the Imperial family:

We had stepped into one of the churches to see the splendid tomb erected by Canova over the remains of Queen Christina, of Sweden, when we were told that in an adjoining chapel was to be seen the hearts of all the deceased members of the royal family. So following our guide through a dark passage, down a pair of stairs, into what was called the Lorette chapel, we were permitted to look through an iron grating into a circular cell, where, on two shelves, were ranged fifty-four hearts, each contained in a silver vase or urn, and arranged in the order of decease. The urns were of different sizes, the one containing the heart of Maria Therese being nearly twice as large as any of the others. We were told that when any one of the reigning sovereigns dies, the heart is put with this curious collection in the cell under the church, and the bodies committed to another church in the city, and the intestines to another.

[For the Californian.]

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

WE give below an extract from a private letter received from a gentleman of this city now travelling in Europe and enjoying the opportunity of hearing large orchestras and celebrated singers for the first time. It will be remembered that prices of admission to the opera in London are enormously high compared with those here, and that the ordinary expenses of management (leaving out the salaries of artists) are comparatively low:

LONDON, June 28, 1866.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"It is now forty-two days since my arrival in London, during which time I have seen a great deal of the town and adjacent country, and been very much pleased with both. The only difficulty, is to make a choice of amusements and not remain in the position of the starving donkey between several stacks of hay.

"To begin with the highest on the list of enjoyments, I must speak of the Opera, which is now given in grand style at two houses—Patti being the chief attraction at Covent Garden, and Titiens at "Her Majesty's." The first opera I heard was *Don Giovanni* at Covent Garden, with Patti as "Zerlina," Tricci as "Dona Anna," Sherrington as "Elvira," and Monsieur Faure as the "Don." The latter's singing was fine, but his acting, to my mind, was too quiet—not so good, I thought, as Morelli's. The "Ottavio" was Brignoli, a stick in acting, and not well up in his part. The other characters were taken in perfection; and the orchestra, of about a hundred, the scenery and the mounting of the opera, were magnificent. The ball-room scene was given as Mozart intended it should be; the stage crowded with peasants, ladies and gentlemen; the dresses beautiful, rich and characteristic; the furniture superb, the gardens seen through the windows at the back; the balconies on each side filled with *real* musicians playing on real instruments, and striking up as the successive dances commenced in different parts of the hall, and finally the three bands playing all together—yet each in different measure. All this made the scene most wonderful and effective. Patti was of course charming in her *role*, but had a much better opportunity for the display of her vocal powers in "Lucia," which I heard a few nights afterwards. I never enjoyed singing so much before. The flexibility, sweetness and compass of her voice, are simply amazing; and, joined with her exquisite acting, fully justify her popularity all over Europe. Her intonation, too, is faultless, and she skips the longest intervals with the precision of any instrument you can name; I believe she could sing all your flute fantasias without giving herself much trouble. I heard her next in *Il Barbiere* with Ronconi, Ciampi, Tagliafico and Mario, and for the first time saw what I considered an *absolutely perfect* operatic performance. Mario is getting a little old now, but sang and acted his part of the "Count Almaviva" like an artist and a thorough gentleman. In the music lesson scene Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home," and the Bolero from "I Vespri Sicilienne," and at the end of the Opera the whole troupe united in "God Save the Queen," it being her birthday. Every one in the house rose, including the orchestra, who played standing. The effect was very fine; and, indeed, the sight of the house itself and the brilliant audience, wouldn't have been a bad evening's entertainment.

"The only other opera I have yet seen here, is *L'Africaine*, in which Lucca takes the most prominent female part. I wasn't much pleased with the music—the best things in it being a bass chorus of inquisitors, and a soprano song with accompaniment of six harps. As a spectacle, however, it is gorgeous. The ballet in the last act is the finest thing of the kind I ever saw or heard of. Before a temple with magnificent surroundings of gardens and natural scenery (which you can look at through a glass without destroying the illusion) there come forward, in succession, about a dozen different troops of warriors, priests, attendants, bayaderes, flower girls, etc., each performing a march, or barbaric dance; that is, the warriors, etc., dance in that way, but the women dance like houris, and are mostly very pretty; and the eye is perfectly bewildered with the beauty and magnificence of the scene, which you think of afterwards as a reality.

"Little trips to the country and engagements of various kinds have prevented my going more frequently to Covent Garden, or to the other opera houses at all, but I intend now to make up for lost time, and expect to hear *Robert* tomorrow.

"I send you programmes of several of the concerts I have attended, and specimens of the explanatory and critical pamphlets they sell at some of them, which will give a better idea of their character than my descriptions could.

"Among them I have heard almost all the musical celebrities now in London: Titiens, Vilda, Sinico, Ilma di, Murska, Trebelli, Bettini, and a host of others from the two opera houses. Parepa (who sings like a bird) and many other fine singers who appear only in concerts, besides a number of distinguished solo players, such as Wienawski, the violinist, Chas. Hallé, the pianist, etc., about all of whom I hope to talk to you some day, but can't write much at present that would be interesting. A few dozen notes of admiration sprinkled through the list of names would very fairly express my sentiments. I have marked on the programmes the performances which pleased me most; but in the first-class concerts here, (notwithstanding their prodigious length when matinees), the excellence is almost uniform. You will notice Grisi's name in one or two of them; people still go to hear her as a matter of curiosity, and some applaud for the sake of what she once was, but her voice is gone. She re-appeared in opera this spring, failed, and is now trying, with a strange infatuation, to re-establish a reputation. "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage," etc * * * *

BUMMERS.

SOME say that bummers are born, not made. I contend that, generally speaking, they are made. Hope disappointed, with regard to political elevation or wealth, turns out a great many.

Ambitious schoolmarms, reminding their pupils that some day they may become the President of these United States, also lay many a bummerial foundation.

So do fond parents when they advise their only son to emulate the example of a Girard or an Astor.

Contentment with a moderate share of the good things of this world is a principle but little recognized in American education. Emulation, elevation, and a universal scramble over each other's heads for the highest point, is the main thing instilled in the youthful American mind.

"Sam Brown, how came you to be a bummer?" I asked of that individual one day, as he stood at his usual 11 o'clock post on the corner. He had upon him the bummerial regular uniform, a shiny, greasy, black coat, bosom modestly covered with a black cravat, a brown collar, well worn pants, badly frayed at the heels, and easy shoes with heels which had once been heels. "A quarter," he remarked, "judiciously expended for whiskey with an accompanying lunch, would much more incline me to conversation. I have had no breakfast yet this morning."

Sam Brown's request was gratified, and, after swallowing food and drink, he commenced:

"I acknowledge myself," said Sam Brown, "to be a bummer. I shall probably always be a bummer, unless something turns up, and the chances of something turning up seem to lessen as year after year of my life is turned down. 'Aim high and you will succeed,' was ever the admonition of my fond parents. I did aim high, and did not succeed. When young, I was termed 'very smart.' While others were spanked through the alphabet, an ambitious schoolmarm who, through the agency of my retentive memory, was desirous of shining as an educatress of youth, crammed my infantile brain with 'isms' and 'ologies.'

"I parrotted through geography, philosophy, chemistry, grammar, with all their divisions and subdivisions, before my ninth year. I ascended into Latin, Greek, and metaphysics ere my twelfth.

"The biggest numskull in the school was daily told that he might be a Governor, a member of Congress, or even President of these United States, providing he learned his spelling lesson in words of two syllables.

"Of course, with my greater degree of advancement, I felt quite sure of obtaining one of these high positions.

"My teachers and parents were to me the highest authority in the world. Is it any wonder, then, that I received implicitly their prophecies of my future elevation to the Presidency? Of course not. At nineteen I had graduated at college. My valedictory, on 'Greatness the Privilege of American Youth,' was pronounced a masterpiece.

"I heard on all sides the remarks: 'Fine young man! charming young man! rising young man! self rising young man! We shall hear of him yet in the halls of Congress!'

"I left college and went out in the world with the impression that my elevation to the Presidency would be as sure, regular, and certain as the upward course of a balloon on a calm day.

"That is an apt simile, sir, between me and the balloon.

"I went forth into the world filled with a mental gas composed of equal parts of ignorance, self-conceit, and high hopes, instilled by pedagogues and fond parents.

"After several years' snubbing and experience, I discovered that there were several hundred thousand other people in the United States, many of them more talented, learned, and far beyond me in worldly knowledge. I discovered that they, too, were all competitors for the Presidency, and that I was about the last in the line.

"Then, sir, the sharp point of truth pricked the balloon inflated for so many years; the gas escaping, it collapsed, and here I am, a bummer.

THE UNION STATE COMMITTEE of California have passed a resolution requesting Senator Conness, together with representatives McRuer, Cole, Bidwell and Higby, to attend the "Southern Union Convention" at Philadelphia, and assure the members that they have the sympathies of the loyal men of this State.

SORROWS OF A LECTURER.

FOR the benefit of a numerous class of ambitions men who aspire to become popular lecturers, I send you a few items of my experience. I went to Southern Illinois to get started as a popular lecturer. I was advertised under the *nom de plume* of the "Fat Contributor." My audience was small, owing to the public being suddenly and severely indisposed--they were indisposed to come to the lecture. My audience, in fact, consisted but of one people. He was a gentleman. I began my discourse, "Gentlemen and ladies," but changed it quickly to "Respected Sir!" Before I could proceed any further, my audience arose indignantly to its feet, as one man. I inquired the cause of the interruption.

"Sir," said he, "the audience is disappointed in the size of the lecturer."

"Well, my dear sir," said I, "the lecturer is disappointed in the size of the audience, and if you will not say anything about size, I won't.

He allowed me to proceed, and at the conclusion was so well pleased that he urged me to stay another night, when he promised a much larger audience. He would not come himself, but would send his wife, who weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds. I didn't stay.

I have had a good deal of money in the house at one time and another, generally in the pockets of some wealthy man in the audience. I always come home with money, however; I borrow a little to come home with.

I have had some large houses. The largest house I had was at Louisville, Kentucky. That house must have been two hundred feet long, and ninety feet wide, while in height it came pretty high--took all the proceeds to pay the rent. A Louisville editor said a good thing about me:—he said, "The 'Fat Contributor' lectured last night to a small house. His style resembles Artmus Ward's, but he has not the ease and grace of Artemus before an audience." As though a lecturer could be at ease before an audience, when the audience wouldn't pay expences. As grace accompanies meat, and there wasn't profit enough in the house to buy meat, where's my grace?

The fullest house I have had was at Pithole City, in the Oil Regions. Every man was full of beer. The lecture went off very well, notwithstanding. It didn't go off as well as my doorkeeper did—he went off with the receipts.

I gave two consecutive lectures at Oil City. At the conclusion of the second lecture, one of the first citizens (the second edition had not yet arrived) arose and assured me that I had delighted them greatly. He said, they hadn't enjoyed themselves so much since the Thayer's were hung. He added, that it was the request of the audience, *en masse*—there were five *en masses* altogether--that I should stay another night. The landlord of the inn where I was stopping arose somewhat hastily, and stated that I couldn't stay another night with him unless my bill was guaranteed. Such is oftentimes the encouragement that genius receives at the hands of the mercenary.

A little town on the Allegheny turned out well. The principal occupation of the inhabitants was to haul oil. That being the only hall they had, I lectured in a grocery shop. The people turned out in a most unexpected manner; they turned out the lights—then they turned out the lecturer--because he wasn't fat enough. They gave me twenty minutes to leave the town. I told them if they'd make it twenty dollars, I'd go!

At the termination of the twenty minutes I felt something come against me very rapidly from behind. My first impression was, that it was an old-fashioned leather valise. Subsequent reflection has convinced me that it was a boot. I shook hands with them all with much feeling. I told them they must excuse me, for I felt that I had got to go! Leaving somewhat hastily, I caught the sound of cherub voices in that grocery shop, singing, in tones of the most pathetic inquiry—

"Shall I never more behold thee,
Never hear that winning voice again?"

I yelled back that they wouldn't—not if I could help it. That "winning voice" didn't seem to win in the neighborhood.

I have tried many agents. They proved unsatisfactory, with one exception. He never asked for money. He never alluded to money but once. Said he to me one day: "You don't care for money, do you?" "No, indeed," said I. "I thought not," said he. "I never saw you have a penny." I humor him in those harmless flights of wit.

THE "CAPE HORN" OF CALIFORNIA.--A correspondent in describing this end of the Pacific railroad, says:

Two miles above Colfax you pass around a precipitous mountain in a notch blasted in the rock. The view is terrific. You look down almost perpendicularly thousands of feet. The north fork of the American is far below, looking like a yellow thread. The road from Illinoistown is seen winding down to the river, and on up the other side to Iowa Hill. It is a fearful view. Should a train of cars ever run off in passing round "Cape Horn," death to every living thing on board, and complete destruction must inevitably result.

"JUBILATE."

"GRAY distance hid each shining sail,
By ruthless breezes borne from me:
And lessening, fading, faint and pale,
My ships went forth to sea.

"Where misty breakers rose and fell
I stood and sorrowed helplessly;
For every wave had tales to tell
Of wrecks far out at sea.

"To-day, a song is on my lips;
Earth seems a Paradise to me;
For God is good, and lo! my ships
Are coming home from sea."

BOGGS' STORY OF WESTERN STYLE.

"ONCE," said Boggs, "I lived on the prairie in Illinois. I tell you, that was the country for sparking. When you went to see a girl there you were expected, as a matter of course, to sit up with her till near morning.

When I had been with my cousin, who was a farmer, a few weeks, there was a Fourth of July celebration at Paw Paw, a few miles distant. The people gathered in from every direction for twenty miles around. There was a Hoosier oration, and a Hoosier dinner, and a Hoosier ball. The Hoosier ball commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon, and they just 'hoed it down' until five o'clock next morning. Well, I was introdnced, at an early stage of the performance, to my cousin's wife's cousin, and she was a stunner, too, I tell you. That girl could talk. She had just come from boarding-school somewhere East. She knew Eastern ways and Western ways, and somehow she seemed to know just how to strike the right balance between them. I was afraid of her at first. She was what your novelists call 'regal, self-possessed, queen-like.' But soon she put me at my ease. She liked fun, too. She had a beau with her, but she threw him off as naturally as possible to flirt with me. Then he went off and got drunk, and about an hour afterward there was a drunken horse and buggy with Popper inside of it, tearing through the single main street of Paw Paw. Well, the buggy hit a post and turned over, and out went Popper, and when he was picked up his sense was all knocked out of him. Then they carried him into the hotel and laid him on the bed, and all the girls and fellows came in and stood around him, and my regal beanty bathed his head with cologne and cried over him. Popper was not long in coming to, but he didn't let on when he did come to. He just laid there and let that girl bend over him and cry and slop his head with spirits of camphor. I saw it all. He had a good thing just then. I'd a taken all his runaway chances for a similar consideration. However, it was soon found out that nothing very bad was the matter with Popper, and then the crying corn-fed beauties quickly dried their tears and put for the ball-room. I had a slight hand in that matter, you see, for I just gave my cousin a hint of the real state of things, and he hinted to his wife, and his wife to Car—(that was her name,) and she came back to her normal condition, and things went on straight again. I felt sorry for Popper, too. He had to lay abed, you see, just to keep up the delusion that he was hurt. I had, for the time, the inside track of him. It's very nice to have the inside track in these matters, especially when you've been standing a long time on the outside. Well, we danced and sung and made love till near morning. They do all these things at Hoosier balls on the prairie. And about three o'clock I parted from my regal, corn-fed beauty, got on the wagon with my cousin and his wife, and as we took our way home I was a thousand miles in love. I never expected to see her again. I went to bed, little thinking that I should see her before I arose from my necessarily virtuous couch. There were just two rooms in my cousin's log-house—the front room and back room. The front room was about the whole house, in fact, and was kitchen, parlor, bed-room and everything. As the guest of the family, I slept in the front room. All of us slept late that morning. The sun was high in the heavens when I awoke. I thought a moment of the Paradise I had been in the night before, when I heard a buggy drive up to the front gate, and then voices, then a voice. Good gracious! It was that of the regal Caroline. I saw it all. Words indicative of a forthcoming visit had fallen on my ear the day before. But I had no idea it was to be so soon. And there I was in bed, and the front door of the house was the front door of the room, and when it opened it would disclose me, a bashful, shrinking youth of eighteen in bed. She was coming up the walk. Now, the fact is, Western style just in that neighborhood was not a bit shocked at seeing a male person in bed. But I was just from the East, where such a spectacle was supposed to knock a single woman down, or worse. I made a lightning-calculation as to the time it would take for me to get out and get on my pants. Could I but get on those pants things would not bear so bad an aspect. 'Twouldn't be quite so embarrassing. Yes, I'd make the venture. I acted on the resolve. I thrust out one bashful limb. Her hand was on the latch. Just time enough had I to snake that leg back again when in she came, looking as blooming and smiling as one of the dew-covered prairie flowers over which she had just passed. And do you think she made any fuss, or called up any extra blushes, or tried to caterpillar, or anything of that sort? Not a bit of it. When she saw me she just took things as easily and quietly as if she had been in the habit every morning of popping in on single gentlemen abed. As for me, I was subjugated. I had nothing to do but to lay still and take things as they came. I did try to make a sort of a bow as she entered, but you can't make a graceful bow when you're almost all horizontal. And then don't you think she walked up to that bed as coolly as if her own sister lay there. and set down on the side of it, and commenced talking about the ball the night before. She seemed to be entirely at ease—but I wasn't. I concluded it must be Western fashion, but it required some little time to get broken in. It was my first experience in that line. I rather liked it, but it was rather too much to come at once. I wanted her to stay, and I wanted her to go away. Well, she stopped there on that beside and talked for half an hour. And then she went into the apartment where the married couple reposed, and there wasn't much time lost on my part in getting on one pair of pants. I soon got broken in to Western style after that. It's a great country for sparking. I shall never see another like it.

A CHARACTER.—Company — had enrolled on its muster-rolls a young man who was nicknamed by his comrades, for some peculiarity, "Puss." Now "Puss" was a tough one. In camp he was a great shirker, and many were the reprimands and punishments he received for neglect of duty; but on the march, the bivouac, or the battle-field "Puss" was a gay and gallant soldier, and many weary miles of marching were made shorter by his lively songs and happy hits at persons and their peculiarities. And better still, "Puss" never shirked a fight. At South Mountain the Second, with the other gallant regiments composing the "Iron Brigade," was assigned the duty of carrying the pass at the point where the main road that passes through Frederick City and Middletown crosses the mountain. Company — was one of the companies selected for the skirmish-line. At first no trouble was experienced in driving back the rebel skirmishers, but finally they came to a halt. Thus matters stood for some five minutes, our boys giving the rebs leaden invitations to vamose, and the rebs giving, in the same style, their objections to any further retrograde movement "Puss" had been doing his best with his "Springfield," but all at once he stopped firing, slammed the butt of his musket to the ground, and with all the vim his lungs would allow, yelled out to the rebs: "Well, you rascally rebel cut-throats! if you are going to run, why don't you git up and skedaddle? Now git!" Whether the invitation to "git" had any effect or not we can't say; but this is certain, a short time afterward rebs were scarce in that neighborhood.

THE DULLNESS OF GREAT MEN.—Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Le Fontaine, celebrated for his fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the grandest dramatist of France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit, on paper, seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation, which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation, Dante was taciturn and satirical. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable when much pressed by talk of others.

PUNCH THAT MAN!—One evening at the theatre, John Phœnix observed a man sitting three seats in front, whom he thought he knew; he requested the person sitting next to him to punch the other individual with his cane. The polite stranger did so, and the disturbed person turning his head a little, he discovered his mistake—that he was not the person he took him for. Fixing his attention steadfastly on the play, and affecting his unconsciousness of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle with the other for the disturbance, who, being wholly without an excuse, there was of course a ludicrous and embarrassing scene, during all of which Phœnix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man with the cane, asked, rather indignantly, "Didn't you tell me to punch the man with my stick?" "Yes." "And what did you want?" "I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not."

CAPACITY OF THE HUMAN BODY TO ENDURE INTENSE HEAT. About the year 1809, one Lionetto, a Spaniard, astonished not only the ignorant, but chemists and other men of science in France, Germany, Italy, and England, by his insensibility to the power of fire. He handled with impunity red hot iron and molten lead, drank boiling oil, and performed other feats equally miraculous. While he was at Naples, he attracted the notice of Prof. Sementini, who narrowly watched all his operations, and endeavored to discover his secret. He observed, in the first place, that when Lionetto applied a piece of red hot iron to his hair, dense fumes immediately rose from it; that when he touched his foot with the iron, similar vapors ascended, which affected both the organs of sight and smell. He also saw him place a red hot iron, nearly red hot, between his teeth, without burning himself; drink the third of a tablespoonful of burning oil; and taking up molten lead with his fingers, place it on his tongue without apparent inconvenience.

Anxious to discover the means used by Lionetto to render himself capable of thus enduring the application of heat, Sementini performed several experiments upon himself, and made several important discoveries. He found that by friction with sulphuric acid, diluted with water, the skin might be made insensible to the action of the heat of red hot iron; a solution of alum evaporated until it become spongy, appeared to be more effectual in these frictions. After having rubbed the parts, which were thus rendered in some degree incombustible, with hard soap, he discovered, on the application of hot iron, that their insensibility was increased. He then determined on again rubbing the parts with soap, and after this, found that the hot iron not only occasioned no pain, but that it actually did not burn the hair. Being thus far satisfied, the Professor applied hard soap to his tongue, until it became insensible to the heat of the iron; and after having placed an ointment composed of soap mixed with a solution of alum upon it, boiling oil did not burn it; while the oil remained on the tongue a slight hissing was heard, similar to that of hot iron, when thrust into water; the oil soon cooled, and might then be swallowed without danger.

A FROG STORY.—About a year and a half ago an army officer arrived at Louisville, and put up at one of the leading hotels. After a few days' stay, he disappeared, leaving his trunk behind him and an unpaid bill. The trunk was stored away among the collections of uncalled for baggage, and remained there undisturbed until a few days since, when the pile was examined.

In this trunk was found a quantity of ammunition, some caps, bullets, a few books and other articles. A singular tin box was also discovered, which was punched full of small holes. This was opened, and revealed to the astonished observers a horned Mexican toad, as lively and cheerful, apparently, as when he was first put into the box.

There he had been in that box, confined in that trunk for a year and a half to the certain knowledge of the proprietors of the house, and how much longer they did not know. His toadship refused all food, and does not seem anxious to feed after his long fast. He has been an economical boarder, for one that has resided a year and a half in one of the best hotels.

THE FITNESS OF ALL THINGS.—Nature is still gracious to all her children who cheerfully obey her laws. We must obey all the changes silently going on within us, that, by acquiescence with them all, we may continue, throughout life, to be dutiful to our great parent, and, in duty, find that enjoyment is provided in all the metamorphoses which our physical, moral, and intellectual being is perpetually undergoing—assured that, if not unwisely and vainly withstood, they are all for good. The child, the boy, the youth, the man, the old man, may each, during his own season, be happy, if, according to Nature's mandate, each be "like the season:" the one thing needful being contentment. Old Age! a brother greybeard counsels thee—never repine. Thus, though dull thy hearing, shall music, nevertheless, find its way into thy spirit; though dim thy sight, its inner regious shall be lustrous; and thy present, which to those who know thee not may appear almost pitiful, solaced by the past, and strengthened by thy future, may be piously felt by thee to be the best, because the holiest, of all the seasons of thy life.

DISCIPLINE.—During the drill of the Highland Cadets on the Boston Common, recently, at a moment of rest one of the lads received a ten-dollar bill from a friend, which he held in his hand when "Attention" was called. To put the bill in his pocket would disturb the line, to hold it and execute the required movement were impossible, and so he dropped it and saved his reputation as a soldier—a ten spot out.

PARKS.—The New York Central Park is more than twice as large as Hyde Park or Regent's Park in London, ten times as large as St. James's Park, less than a quarter as big as the great park at Windsor, one-third of the size of the Richmond Park, rather more than a quarter as big as the Gardens of Versailles, and half the size of the Phœnix Park in Dublin.

EYES AND NOSES.

WHEN I had pondered Lavater, and surveyed antiquities in stone and bronze, frescoes and vases, I looked into the collections of portraits of distinguished men, looking especially, as we always do, and must look, at the most prominent feature. What wonderful noses they have! There was not such a nose in all Europe, in his time, as that worn upon the face of the Emperor Charles V.; and those of Henry IV., Pope Alexander VII., Charles XII., of Sweden, and Frederick II., of Prussia, were scarcely less remarkable. The fierce nose of the youthful Napoleon, compacted into the massive one of the Emperor; and then, for a soldierly and heroic nose, where would you look for a finer one than that which marked, among a million, the striking face of Wellington? All that was great in firmness, patience, and heroism in the character of Washington is stamped on his prominent and handsome nose.

Look now at the beautiful noses of the poets. Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, have noses like the gods of immortal verse. Our own bards are in no way deficient. Study the portraits of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and so down to the present laureate, Tennysou. See also Molliere, Voltaire, Erasmus, Pascal, and Schiller—all men of genius, but how varied! But there is not a greater variety in character than in that feature which the ancients called "*honestamentum faciei;*" and which is all that and something more. Could Schiller's bust change noses with Voltaire's? Try the experiment, and if it proves satisfactory, I will abandon the whole theory, and call science a cheat, and nature an imposter, and Lavater a dupe and a donkey. Show me a thief with the nose of Algernou Sydney; show me an empty fop, if there be any yet extant, with the nose of Lord Bacon; or some soft poltroon with the profile of Philip the Bold, or Elliot, the hero of Gibraltar; find me, in a group of costermongers and potboys the noses of Cato and Cicero, Locke and Johnson, Loyola, Titian, Michael Angelo, or Lord Brougham, and you may have my head for a foot-ball, and do what you like with its special *honestamentum*.

Large eyes have always been admired, especially in women, and may be considered essential to the highest order of beauty, in almost every description of which, from Helen of Troy to Lola Montes, they hold a prominent place. We read of "large spiritual eyes," and

Eyes loving large,

and of "little, sparkling, beady eyes," to which the epithets "spiritual" and "loving" are never applied.

An Arab expresses his idea of the beauty of a woman by saying that she has the eye of a gazelle. This is the burden of his song. The timidity, gentleness, and innocent fear in the eye of the "deer" tribe are compared with the modesty of the young girl: "Let her be as the loving hind and the pleasant roe."

Persons with large eyes give us the impression of being "wide-awake," and ready for action, while small-eyed people have more geuerally "a sleepy look," and a sluggish temperament or habit of body. Dr. Redfield observes, that "persons with large eyes have very lively emotions, think very rapidly and speak fast, unless there be a predominance of the phlegmatic temperament. Of persons with small eyes the reverse is true. The former are quick and spontaneous in their feelings and in the expression of them, and are, therefore, simple, like the Scotch. Swiss, and all who inhabit mountainous regions. The latter are slow and calculating, and, therefore, artful, like the gypsies, a people who generally inhabit level countries. There is a connection between activity and the ascending and descending acclivities, a fact which we evince in running up and down stairs, and which an active horse exhibits when he comes to a hill; and hence the Scotch Highlanders, as well as the sheep, goat, chamois, etc., have large eyes and very great activity."

EARLY DAYS OF JENNY LIND.—In 1837 Miss Agatha Bremer came to Stockholm in the autumn, and was present at a performance by the pupils of the theatre. On her return she related how much she was struck and bewitched by the acting of a little girl as a beggar child. The were wit and genius in every movement. She threw herself heart and soul into the character, and put in droll inventions of her own which were inimitable. There never was such an ingenious, saucy, fascinating little beggar! Miss Agatha, who had a quick, native perception of what was truly good, prophesied a great success for her. The following year her prophecy was fulfilled. The same young girl, Jenny Lind, appeared in the character of Agatha, in the "Hunter's Bride," and won such immense admiration that the very orchestra, forgetting themselves, paused to listen to her heavenly soprano. It is not, however, her enchanting vocal powers, but her thorough womanliness, her Christian love, her faithful and kindly remembrance of her native land, which make Mme. Goldschmidt so beloved here.—*Margaret Howitt's Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.*

Mr. F. T. Palgrave is writing a new *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which is soon to appear.

PUBLIC MARRIAGE.

POURING through the gilded gates of the Bois are *voitures de remise*, gay chariots, fashionable landaus, and cavaliers, mounted on splendid horses, which, while not being in speed equal to English thoroughbreds, are yet superior in gait and action. If you glance at either side of the broad and level drives and see the forest, you will hardly credit that in 1815 those trees were felled to make barricades against the approach of the allied armies, and that soon after this was a camping ground for the English hosts, led by the "Iron Duke."

But what right have we now to think of war when the 'Empire is Peace," and the grim realities of the Bois in fighting costume, with deep moats and naked walls have merged into shining lakes and pleasant waterfalls, where *cofés* and *kiosks* stand in place of tents, and the only belligerent-seeming is the guards of the wood, who dash up and down the level paths, picturesque but harmless. You can either proceed by the grand drives, or, if you follow my fancy, lose yourself in one of the tortuous paths which a sign board informs you is "*Interdicted for Voitures.*" And what can be more charming? As far as the eye can reach there is a lovely arcade of trees, whose interlacing branches overhead hardly permit a glance at the cloudless sky. In the distance men and women on horseback dash across the paths for an instant, and then are lost to view. All at once a black-gowned priest, rapt in meditation, saunters toward St. Cloud, and, close behind him, follow a procession of school-boys, who chatter like magpies, their fresh young voices making you somehow lose yourself in the dreams of your own boyhood. But ere you can indulge in the dangerous task of retrospection your horse carries you forward to a point where broad paths intersect the bridle-ways, and the murmur of cascades remind you that you are near the *Lac*.

Like a picture is the fair sheet of water, from which the mists and smoke of the mimic torrent arise like incense up to Heaven; like a picture are the prettily painted *kiosks* and gilded boats; and, more than beautiful, the graceful swans who shake the diamond spray from their arched necks; but, to complete the charm, fair women promenade in the half-shaded *allées* in the dresses of brides; their robes are of white and the ever-beautiful orange blossoms droop over their long veils. I count one, two, three of these young girls, who are leaning upon the arms of their husbands, and am lost in surprise when I am told it is the custom among the middle and lower classes to be married in the morning at the Madelaine, St. Rock, or St. Eustache, and to spend the afternoon in the Bois with friends, returning in the evening, for dinner, to Paris. I would fain criticize this public display of marriage; it seems to me not fitting that the maiden should be looked upon by the world during these few sacred and solemn moments between the blessings of the priests and the first prayers from the woman's heart for strength, and love, and duty. Her ears should be shielded from the rude jests of the heedless crowd; blushing ever, because of love and joy, and never from embarrassment or shame.

NAPOLEON III. WHEN IN LONDON.—During Louis Napoleons' residence in London, he was an occasional of Lord Combermere. While quiet and reserved, he was quietly studying mankind in general, and the British nation in particular. London fine ladies and gentlemen termed him dull and uninteresting, little recognizing the tact and strength of will which was one day to conduct him to that imperial throne. Yet, notwitstanding his apparent indifference, he was always ready to discuss in an agreeable manner those social questions which interested him. The Emperor of the French would smile now, if he recalled how once, when the princely refugee was invited to dine with Lord Combermere, his non-appearance at the appointed time did not delay the dinner, for no one lady or gentleman was ever waited for at the old veteran's table. Therefore, soup and fish had been removed before the future sovereign arrived, apologising very courteously for an unpunctuality which was not his own fault. Louis Napoleon's love of art was an early passion, perhaps one of the many qualities that recommend him to his countrymen. At his residence in King street, St. James square, he had collected many artistic gems and family relics, which he highly prized, and a few days before his last departure for Paris, he had invited Lord and Lady Combermere to inspect them. For the latter, as well as for the Marchioness of Londonderry, he made sketches of decorations to ornament their stalls at the great military bazaar, for the benefit of the Irish, which was held at the Life Guards' barracks, in the Regent's Park. It was at one of these stalls that the late Duke of Devonshire, besides purchasing from the other ladies at fabulous prices, generously handed Lady Londonderry one hundred pounds in return for her glove, which, with chivalrous grace, he placed near his heart. The Empress, as Mlle Montijo, was, equally with her future husband, an occasional guest at Lord Combermere's house. She was known in London society as the Spanish beauty, but handsome as she then was, her loveliness had not then expanded into that full splendor which it afterwards attained.

EIGHT battle fields can be seen from the top of Lookout Mountain.

ITALIAN WOMEN.—A Florence correspondent speaks as follows of Italian women:

"I have at last, after several years' residence, seen one who may be called beautiful in the Italian sense of the word. Passing by a *cofé* a while ago, I saw a lady of twenty or so sitting in front chatting with some officers, and as she was quite striking in appearance and manners, I lingered, for it is unusual to see a handsome woman in Italy, and this one possessed only the mere symmetry of features. They were, however, really feminine, quite rare to see here, and her complexion was very clear, another unusual sight—almost transparent—but there was too much of marble; the eyes were bright, but wanted the fire of intellect. Intelligence was wanting. Italians, however, don't expect to see this in woman, as she is generally looked upon as an inferior, as with the Turks. This one reminded me of a beautiful face in alabaster—more fascinating, of course, than the lifeless matter—and yet her silly laugh almost dissipated the idea of fascination or attractiveness. Willis says beautiful women are scarce in Italy, but when you see one, she is splendid. Of course that is so, and simply because a beautiful woman is splendid anywhere. Perhaps he means merely comparatively, when compared with the sex generally in Italy. A very prominent and revolting feature of the fair sex is their nose, which Hilliard or some other author speaks of as vulgar. I have often observed this, especially in the middle and better classes. It does seem as though all their ugliness and vulgarity were concentrated in their nasal organ; it is often so large and unsightly and unshapely, often discolored and blotched, reminding me of an old toper's sign-board. This may be pointed language, but facts are stubborn, find them where you will. In the mass all their features lack beauty and expression; their lips thick, their cheeks puffed, their countenances dark and heavy, without any intellectual character, and then many look so sad, as though hope had forever fled from their breasts; they seem real *terra cotta*, without the spirit often imparted to the mere clayey form.

"I attended, in 1863, an entertainment at the Royal Palace in Naples, where were present fifteen hundred to two thousand persons of the upper classes, and among all the hundreds of splendidly dressed ladies I did not see one who would be called even handsome in New York or Baltimore. I can, perhaps, account for all this: the want of education. Centuries of degradation and ignorance have done their work. I have heard of rich fathers neglecting to educate their daughters through the influence of priests, who say to them, "Why educate your daughters? What use is it? Keep your money for other purposes." A new light has begun to shine in this kingdom and every commune has its schools. There are hopes of the rising generation, at all events. On the other hand, the male sex, as a body, are a fine looking race."

WOMAN RULING THROUGH TACT.—Men are very fond of conceding tact to women, and almost all women claim it for themselves, till between the consensus and the assumption of a very doubtful assertion has become almost an established fact. Half womanhood are doubtful of their ability to govern, but no woman at heart disbelieves her ability to "manage," to rule husbands and children, and servants, without recourse to authority, or lapse into fretful bickering. Sometimes the belief is well founded. In the cases where an able woman marries an able husband it is almost always so, for they choose separate domains, and little frictions can be avoided by that self-restraint that is not strictly tact, but has all its value. In cases where the husband knows his inferiority, or thinks he knows it—a wonderfully common alternative, though repudiated by both sexes—the conviction is also well founded. There is but one authority in the end, and the consciousness that there is but one gives the claim which is the very essence of tact. But apart from these two cases, in each of which the woman is assumed to be able, we question whether the palm of tact belongs to the weaker sex. Average women are quicker to perceive than men, but the quickness is compensated by many disadvantages fatal to the development of tact. Few women are quite as good tempered as men. They are constitutionally more irritable, lead unhealthier lives, and from a paucity of interests, exaggerate more the importance of domestic topics. The little meanness of women which men so dislike—though without them every house would be an annexe to the Bankruptcy Court—all spring from a want of perspective very injurious to tact. Women are not really mean, but the household allowance is to them the income, and they think on a false scale. The little thing is treated in such a large way, so often, and at such length, that the man is irritated at the visible disproportion. He will stand being told that he has acted "so like a man" in losing his umbrella, or playing whist a little too high, or taking a second tumbler, and will think the implied rebuke has its justification, but a whole lecture irritates.

MOTHERLY ATTACHMENT.—A German newspaper states that a young man recently married a widow twice his age, and he ascertained subsequently that his wife had once been his wet nurse.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS. } *Publishers.*
C. H. WEBB. }

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25. 1866.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

A "DISGUSTED" LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE New York *Round Table* seems inclined to set up an alarmingly lofty standard of literary excellence; and with reference more especially to "American literature," to be animated by what Carlyle calls "a sublime spirit of discontent." "As publishers of the *Round Table*"—we quote from a recent leader in that journal, entitled "Wanted Writers"—"As publishers of the *Round Table*, disgusted with the recent puerile efforts of American writers, and anxious for a literature which shall have more nerve and muscle, we put forth our plea for writers." Cooper, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, Longfellow, Irving, and Hawthorne, it seems, do not at all come up to the mark. Something absolutely stunning must be done at once, or the *Round Table* will be inconsolable. It is not mere "writers" who are wanted, so much as literary meteors. "The demand of the hour," we are assured, "is for vigorous, original, powerful writing; the day is past for weakness, finical nicety, and long drawn platitudes. The style of ten years ago, is not the style for to-day. The thought and imagination of Americans have grown stronger and more active. On this account we look to see young men coming forward who shall inaugurate a better literature, and more characteristic of the nation than that which has been already honored by the names of Irving and Everett."

Now there may be something very admirable in this hortatory strain, but to us it has the ring of brass rather than of pure metal. If the complaint is well founded, can the want be remedied by old womanish scolding and lamentation? Will even the most vehement bawling for "more nerve and muscle" produce those qualities? Will it not rather, if it has any effect whatever, produce something forced, false, and spasmodic? As to the discrimination or good sense evinced in this odd coupling of the names of Irving and Everett, we acknowledge that we are quite at a loss to perceive it. Everett was an accomplished orator, of the courtly and classic school, and his reputation rests entirely upon his orations. If he has produced any works upon which a claim to citizenship in the republic of letters can be based, (unless the reference is to his contributions to Bonner's *Ledger*)—any works between which and the *Sketch Book*, or *Bracebridge Hall*, or the *Life of Columbus*, or of Washington, a comparison can be instituted—we have yet to make acquaintance with them. The fact is, as it seems to us, that the talent which the *Round Table* evinces for disparaging the genius of American standard writers, is enormously disproportionate to the talent which it evinces for itself producing anything especially worthy of admiration. If the literary ability which it displayed bore any reasonable proportion to the hardihood of its offensive yet ludicrous self assertion, one might experience less impatience at its enormous pretensions, and the shrewish objurgatory tone which is its most distinctive characteristic.

Meantime, it is highly probable that this urgent and passionate "plea for writers" will be enthusiastically responded to by that large class of youthful aspirants for literary distinction who, sharing the lofty contempt of the "publishers of the *Round Table*" for all that has heretofore been done by American authors, experience the delightful consciousness of an ability to achieve something infinitely more worthy.

DEMOCRATIC IDEAS seem to be making rapid progress in England. John Bright, the distinguished Parliamentary orator, says, in the course of a recent speech, that he has seen a letter from one of the largest cotton spinners and manufacturers in Lancashire, expressing the regret of the writer to find that among his workmen there was growing up a much greater interest in American politics, than in the politics of their own country. The Lancashire manufacturer afterwards informed Mr. Bright, in corroboration of the above statement, that in his mill there were nearly as many American as British newspapers to be found.

"THE INTELLECTUAL DEGENERACY OF THE CLERGY."

IT seems to us that those of our contemporaries who have of late been bewailing so pathetically the lack of intellectual prowess in the clergy, have permitted themselves to lose sight of the fact that the most important function of the ministry, is not to prepare discourses which shall satisfy the tastes of critical or *dilettante* hearers. Clergymen have a variety of serious work to do, quite apart from the preparation of sermons, work in regard to the nature and amount of which we suspect that the journalists making the complaints referred to, have none but the dimmest notions. They have to make parochial visits, advise with those of their congregations who are in trouble, console those who are in affliction, to officiate at christenings, marriages, and funerals; and also to give a share of their attention to keeping up social relations with a large portion of their congregations, the neglect to do which, would cause grave dissatisfaction, and materially interfere with their usefulness.

Yet thoughtless and captious persons speak of them as if their whole work consisted of preaching two sermons a week, and keeping abreast of the learning and scholarship of the day in all that relates to theology and religion. And these exacting critics are hugely disappointed if the sermons produced under such circumstances, are not characterized by striking originality, and philosophical depth of thought, forgetting, or perhaps never having reflected, that a clergyman who should frame his discourses with reference to an audience of philosophers and critics, would be guilty of neglecting the needs of those who ought to be his special care, in the attempt to gratify a personal ambition to be thought eloquent or intellectually brilliant. The first duty of a faithful pastor, is to minister to the wants of his flock, even the humblest of them, rather than to win the admiration of critics by splendid rhetoric or profound reasoning. It has been said that if every literary critic were compelled to write a book himself, he would be more likely to discharge his duties justly and considerately; we have no doubt whatever that a similar preparatory discipline, would tend greatly to soften the asperity of those persons who are disposed to exact so much from the clergy. After having taken charge of a parish for a month, they would have made the discovery that a pastor has but little scholarly leisure, and that he has many graver and more important duties than to write fine discourses, and read all the new books of polemics and theology.

THE FREE CHURCH MOVEMENT.

A WRITER in the *California Leader*, alluding to the attempt to establish a free church in this city, speaks of the "pew-selling system" as being a modern innovation, opposed to primitive Christian usage, and seems to think that it ought to be done away with altogether. Undoubtedly there is some force in the suggestion that strangers and others who do not hold pews and cannot afford to pay for them are often prevented from attending church by the feeling that they are in a certain sense intruders. So far as theory is concerned, it would be better that the free church system should prevail, and that there should be no individual and exclusive right to particular pews. But the practical question arises, how under this system church expenses are to be paid? Without a national church establishment there seems to be no method of maintaining religious worship, or at least none that has been found to work satisfactorily, except the one now generally adopted by all denominations throughout the United States. We understand that the free Church of St. James is trying the experiment of raising the means necessary for the support of the pastor, and for defraying the other expenses of the society, by voluntary contributions in the shape of regular monthly subscriptions. Yet, even by adopting this method, the objections which obtain against the pew-selling system are not entirely obviated since the same feeling which would prevent a person from attending a church where he did not hire a pew, would also prevent him from attending a so-called "free church," toward the expenses of which he was unable to contribute what he might consider his due proportion. In order to maintain a church organization there are certain necessary expenses that have to be met, and the practical question is, can the "free pew" system be carried out successfully where there is no national church establishment, and no ecclesiastical endowments.

THE CHOLERA appears to be still spreading, though the mortality attending it thus far, is small as compared with its ravages during former visitations. In the Atlantic cities, it has almost disappeared, but it seems to be steadily marching westward. A Chicago dispatch announces that a number of cases had occurred in that city at the date of the 16th inst. At St. Louis over one hundred cases are reported, including forty-eight that have proved fatal. Scattering cases are reported throughout the West. The disappearance of the disease in the Atlantic cities, and its comparatively limited fatality do not, however, warrant any neglect of precautionary measures on this coast.

EXHIBITION OF CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS IN WASHINGTON.

MR. Horace D. Dunn, of this city, who last year forwarded to the Agricultural Department at Washington a number of samples of the products of California, states, in a letter to the *Bulletin*, that they attracted great attention from visitors, and that a strong desire has been expressed by the Commissioner and other parties that a fuller and more perfect representation of the agricultural productions of California be made during the coming season. By so doing it is believed that great benefits will inure to the State by increased emigration during the coming year. The samples of grain, fruit, etc., when exhibited are proofs that admit of no contradiction, and earnest, practical men can compare them with the productions of the Eastern States and judge for themselves in regard to the soil and climate of California.

With a view to bring about this desired result, he proposes to receive samples of grain of all kinds, dried fruits, raisens, nuts, olives, chicory, flaxseed, canary, hemp, mustard and other seeds of commercial or domestic value; tobacco in the leaf, hops, cotton, flax, hemp, or any other textile fibre, rice, wines, brandies, and other articles that are not too perishable to bear transportation. The samples of grain, nuts, chicory should be in cotton bags holding not over two pounds each; the dried fruits and raisens in boxes of about same weight; the olives in say quart glass jars, wines and brandies in about pint bottles, two samples of each, so that one can be used for testing and the other for exhibition in the museum of the Department, and the tobacco leaf, hops, cotton, flax, hemp or other textile fibre, in well put up bundles of say two pounds weight each. The choicest samples only should be forwarded with memoranda of name of grower, location, time of seeding and harvest, production per acre, number of acres grown, character of soil and course of cultivation. By so doing the whole particulars attending the production of the above named articles can be made known to the people of the Atlantic States by publication in the reports of the departments and the public press who have correspondents at Washington. The name of grape, character of soil, yield per acre, quantity of wine or brandy made, and the process of making should also be given. Parties desiring to send should forward their samples, *expenses prepaid*, to care of Messrs Cummings & Maxwell in this city, and when a sufficiency of them is received he will see the same properly packed and forwarded to Washington, and such mention made of them in the published reports of the Department will be sent to each contributor. Samples can be sent at any time up to the 15th of November, but it would be better to send in advance of that date, so that shipments can be divided among the steamers.

THE "ETHNO-HISTORICAL SOCIETY," is the title of a new scientific association, whose certificate of incorporation was filed in the County Clerk's office on Thursday last. The ground which it proposes to cover seems to be somewhat extensive, embracing, according to the record, "Ethnology, History, and Geography." The *Bulletin*, not unnaturally impressed by the magnificent comprehensiveness of this field of investigation, *naively* and admiringly, says: "It covers the ground usually occupied by three societies," and adds, probably viewing the matter from a commercial and economical point of view, "This is an advantage, as it increases the field, and diminishes expenses." The trustees of the Society are H. H. Haight, John T. Doyle, John W. Dwinelle, J. W. Winans and Louis R. Lull.

THE LIBERAL PARTY in Mexico seems to be gaining the ascendant in the States bordering on the Rio Grande, and according to the latest advices, it is making substantial progress in other quarters. The French forces are reported to have abandoned Monterey and Saltillo, and the army of General Escubido is said to be rapidly increasing in numbers. Tampico, the garrison of which consists of three thousand French and Mexican Imperialists, was attacked on the 4th instant with partial success.

THE NEW YORK LEADER, alluding to the *Round Table's* extraordinary call for "more writers," significantly says: "It is curious that this paper should request contributions, when all other papers that we know of have more than they can use. At some early date we hope to have leisure to explain this contrast, and to tell the *Round Table* how its demand may be promptly supplied." We suspect that the *Leader's* innuendo is that the *Round Table* does not find it convenient to pay remunerative prices for the talent it so noisily invokes.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE, notwithstanding its immense cost, is clearly an unequivocal pecuniary success. The London *Daily News* announces that its patronage is already so great, that the Directors contemplate the establishment of a new scale of prices, arranged in three classes, according to priority—the *third* class to command the same rates now charged. The present charge is *five dollars per word*. We wonder what the charge for despatches, ranked as "first class," will be, according to the new scale.

[For the Californian.]

SEA-CALLS.

ALL the winds blew southerly,
When the sea's heart throbbed to me;
Eyes, all glorious in their shine
Dropped their dusks and stars in mine;
But my heart in bitter throbs,
Echoed the sea's ceaseless sobs,
As it moaned upon the beach,
Out of reach! out of reach!

Stars and stars shone radiantly
When the sea's voice spoke to me,
Lips beside me said in song,
"Friend, my dreams have known so long,
I will hold thee evermore!"
Then the sea cried to the shore,
And it echoed in my breast,
No more rest! no more rest!

Half the moon looked westerly
When the sea's soul came to me:
I have two souls; one said "mine,"
And the other answered, "thine!"
But the pitiful, poor clay,
Each from either turned away,
And the South winds held their breath,
As the caves moaned underneath,
Not till death! not till death!

EMILIE LAWSON.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Applications for the Position of Editor.

IT is said that there is at present considerable excitement in this city in consequence of certain official positions—Chief of Police, Superintendent of Streets, a lot of Supervisors, a batch of School Directors, and a number of Constables—being thrown open for public competition. This may be so. This is perchance a public grief. Ours is a private sorrow which we seek to alleviate by casting it on the public, and begging them to share it with us.

This is our trouble: The press of this city have, with the most kindly motives, mentioned that a change has occurred in the proprietorship of THE CALIFORNIAN, and that one individual has become almost sole owner of this vein for the silver and place for the gold when he finds it. The consequences of these—well meant, no doubt,—notices have been direful in their effects. All the *literati* of the State have applied for the most honorable of all offices—that of editor of THE CALIFORNIAN. What are we to do? How do they know we are in need of an editor? How can we decide? The public must help us. To them we appeal, and lay before them the claims of the various candidates as set forth by themselves.

The Proprietor of the Californian:

SIR:—A concatenation of circumstances having, as I am lead to believe, caused, or brought about a change in the vestment of the proprietory interests of THE CALIFORNIAN, a paper of which none can express any opinion, save laudatory, it occurs to me that you may require an editor. It also occurs to me that I may be the editor of whom you stand in need—an editor who can soar, piercing through the nebulosity of material subjects up, far up in the clear empyrean.

Yours, W. A. K—ND—L.

To the Proprietor of the Californian:

GENT:—The difficulty about your journal is, that it's a devilish sight too "literary" and high-toned for this community. I flatter myself that I am eminently the individual to remedy *that* defect. If there's any other man better qualified than myself to bring the paper down to a level suitable to this latitude, just "fetch on your bear" and I'll hand in my checks. Though I don't go a bogus dime on literary frills, "classical allusions," and all that sort of trumpery, yet I'm reading up Keightley's *Mythology* and Wilson's *Outlines of Ancient History*, besides cramming with a *Dictionary of Quotations*, so as to be able on occasion to "overcome" the vulgar mind "like a summer cloud," by lugging in Helicon or Olympus, or one of the heathen gods or goddesses to round off a sentence neatly. * * * * As to your "Bret," he's about as fit to make a paper popular in California, as a "dear gazelle" is to tow a canal-boat. You might as well try to quarry Folsom granite with a gold tooth-pick, or repair a breach in an honest miner's inexpressibles with floss silk. "Kuzzilbash" is a "fine writer" too, I admit, and that's what's the matter. His writing is like Tom Freelou's "orating"—all varnish and japanning; there's no more *vim* or virility in either than in a moribund Shanhae hen. Neither of them could produce half a column that would be accepted by the *News Letter*—and that's the best test of a writer's metal that I know of. * * * * In short, I'm your man. If we come to terms, I'll send your stock up above par in less than a month, if I have to pile what's his name upon thingummy, (classical allusion to the row between Jupiter and the old Tight'uns,) and burst an intellectual blood vessel or two in the attempt.

Yours truly, F. M. P—X—Y.

P. S. It's understood that you're to support me for next governor, against all the "Acciden cies" that may turn up. Don't forget *that*.

F. M. P.

The Proprietor of the Californian:

SIR:—I have no hesitation in applying to you for a situation which I know I can fill in a manner which will benefit you. As a satirist I am unequalled. As a poet I am free to confess my merit has as yet been but partially acknowledged. What of that? It will be. *It will be.* Perhaps when I am dead. What is Bowman? Can he write a pome? Can Kendall write such pomes as I have written? Is there a line of poetry in *ont-crspping?* I don't care. Let the cusses do what they like. I don't care.

H—B—RT C. D—R.

To the Publishers of the Californian:

GENTLEMEN:—I learn you are in want of an editor for your esteemed journal. If you would give less space to the frivolities of Bohemianism, and more to matters of national concernment, your paper might be made as popular as the *Flag*, which owes its present position mainly to the efforts of my individual genius. At a time when the sables of bereavement shadow thousands of homes from the Des Moines to Piscataqua, and the grass is still incarnidined with patriots' blood, over a corpse-strewn continent fragrant with the votive lilies that consecrate the graves of a nation's dead, and moistened with the inexorable baptism of patriots' tears—at such a time when the awful scroll of Apocalyptic vision is unrolled before the gaze of the blinded nations; when the seventh vial is opened and the seventh trumpet is sounded, and the great Dragon is loosed and Satan is revealed upon earth sitting in the White House, in the shape of Andy Johnson—at such a time it is of concernment to community that the truth should be proclaimed from the housetops as with the tripple thunders that made Sinai quake when the Law was delivered to Moses. * * * If these terms meet your views, let me hear from you with all convenient speed. Yours, etc., C. B. McD—LD.

P. S. It is possible that the low revilements of a viperous little slanderer who exudes the excremental venom of his malignant nature in sundry disreputable, scurril mongering papers, may have created a prejudice against me in some quarters. I incurred the enmity of this purchasable Bohemian whose Digger locks sweep a greasy semi-circle upon the back of his coat, by refusing to loan him a clean shirt and my tooth brush when he was upon the *Flag*, since which time he has pursued me with the untiring worriment of a warlike gad-fly buzzing about a bull in the dog days. C. B. McD.

Proprietor Californian:

Perhaps you want an editor now. Since my "Mouse-Trap" has been out of the paper, I have seen precious little in it that I consider worth reading I can tell you. I am willing to edit your paper provided that you will allow me to devote one column every week to correcting Fitz Smythe's grammatical errors—Good gracious! it's little enough for the work I should have to do—and half a column to pitch into the awful hash the papers generally publish. As I am really the only thoroughly educated man in California, it is hardly worth your while to look farther for an editor. I know Webb is jealous of me, but that is no consequence as you have a controlling interest. Of course you know I don't want you to say anything about this if you don't want me to be editor, but you're a fool if you don't.

Yours truly, TREM.

To the Proprietor of the Californian:

GENT:—You want an editor, and I am satisfied that I am the person you want. You want your paper *popularized*, and I can do it. I think I may say without vanity, that taking all things into consideration, I am the best writer on this coast. If you don't believe it, ask Squarza or M—rr—t. After all, the real test of writing, is its *market value*, and where's the man on this coast who can command as much per column as I? If my merits are not universally recognized, it is mainly owing to my own excessive and morbid modesty. I am probably the only thorough *scholar* (in the true sense of the term) now connected with the California Press. Look at my "Leaden Papers!"—for *I* am "the Mufti," though the fact is not generally known, as I never mention it. But in this country they have a fashion of calling every man "a scholar" who has been through a Yankee College. You are probably aware of my reputation as the best critic in California, as well as the most extensively read. Should I take charge of the CALIFORNIAN, I shall occasionally give it variety by writing a theological article for the benefit of our clergy (who are shockingly behind in professional reading) or an essay on Kant's philosophy. * * * * I am *sure* I can *build up* your paper, and make *a property* of it. Of course I can't all at once elevate it to the standard of the *Dramatic Chronicle* or the *News Letter*, but give me time, and I'll show you what a live man can do. I have studied the taste of this community, and I tell you, you must *pitch in* to persons and things with a free broad-axe if you want to win. In that vein I don't give in to P—xl—y himself, and when it's necessary to do anything in the tomahawking and scalping line, I can operate as neatly as the Tripple Thunderer.

Yours, &c., J. F. B—WM—N.

P. S.—You needn't fear any irregularity about supplying copy. I haven't joined the Dashaways to be sure; but then my friend Squarza has sold out, and so I've dried up on Rum Punch. J. F. B.

FARALLONES. August 20, 1866.

Publishers Californian:

GENTLEMEN:—You had better hire me to fill the vacant editorship of THE CALIFORNIAN. What you want is a good Moral tone to the paper. If I have got a strong suit, that is it. If I am a wild enthusiast on any subject, that is the one. I am peculiarly fitted for such a position. I have been a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and I have got the hang of all that sort of thing to a fraction. I gave such excellent satisfaction in Hawaii nei that they let me off when my time was up. I was justly considered to be the high chief of that Serious Family down there. I mention here—and I mention it modestly—I mention it with that fatal modesty which has always kept me down—that the missionaries always spoke of me as the Moral Phenomenon when I was down there. They were amazed to behold to what a dizzy altitude human morality may be hoisted up, as exemplified in me. I am honestly proud of the title they have conferred upon me, and shall always wear it in remembrance of my brief but gratifying missionary labors in the Islands.

What you want is Morality. You have run too much poetry; you have slathered—so to speak—(missionary term,)—you have slathered too many frivolous sentimental tales into your paper; too much wicked wit and too much demoralizing humor; too much harmful elevating literature. What the people are suffering for, is Morality. Turn them over to me. Give me room according to my strength. I can fetch them!

Let me hear from you. You could not do better than hire me. I can bring your paper right up. You ought to know, yourself, that when I play my hand in the high moral line, I take a trick every time.

Yours, "MARK TWAIN."
Surnamed THE MORAL PHENOMENON.

Proprietor of the Californian:

SIR:—I am pining. The slurs which have been cast in my teeth on the subject of sage brush have rankled and festered my soul. My soul has suppurated; and if perchance this communication may show any signs of gangrenous putridity (I speak metaphorically) think that it is the outpouring of a wronged, a blighted, blackened soul. I pine. Like the deadly shade of the Upas tree, Joe blights my fairest efforts—or worse, claims them as his own. 'Twas I wrote that criticism on "*Outcroppings*," Joe had no hand in it. Enough. You want an editor. I, I made the *Golden Era*. What's the *Era* now? What has it been since I left? What? Ah! Do you remember those contributions over the signature of "Blunderbus?" I guess you *do*. Am I engaged?

R. N. D—GG—TT.

A number of similar applications from others of our *literati*, are reserved for our next issue.

A Model Verdict.

On Monday, August 20th, the Coroner convened a jury of six men for the purpose of ascertaining whether the death of the eight persons, crushed by the fall of the building on Summer street, was caused by neglect on the part of any person; if so, to decide who that person was, and whether such neglect on his part and the consequent death of eight persons, would justify the bringing in of a verdict of "manslaughter" against him. This was the evident duty of J. M. Verdenal, O. P. Sutton, A. M. Comstock, Wm. A. Plunkett, Robert Merrill, and W. P. C. Stebbins, who formed that jury. They were at liberty to call for any number of witnesses for the purpose of satisfying themselves on every point connected with the fall of the building. This conscientious jury after listening to the testimony of numerous witnesses, appear to have come to the conclusions: that is a bad piece of business; the men are dead; the least said the soonest mended; it won't do them any good to annoy the living, etc. But they must bring in a verdict which, while it will not annoy any respectable gentleman by casting blame on him, shall satisfy the public. To do this requires art. He who best understands how, by ambiguous phrases, to conceal thought, must write a verdict for these tender hearted gentlemen to sign. We publish the following extract from this model verdict, calling attention to its beauties by italicizing a word here and there:

"And from the above facts the jury arrive at the conclusion that the fall of said building was caused by an excavation having been made parallel with, and 2 feet 10 inches distant from its eastern wall; that said wall, under these circumstances, reposed upon a clay bank, inadequate to sustain the pressure of so great a weight; that in the eyes of casual observers, as well as practical mechanics, *it was evident*, before the building fell, *that while there was no moral certainty* of it, there was *at least a probability* that the wall *might* give way; that, while such a probability existed, *however faint it might be*, it became the duty of the owner of said building, and likewise of those having made the excavation adjoining it, to take the necessary precautions to guard others against the *smallest possibility* of accident, as it, *apparently*, on one side involved the lives of tenants and on the other of laboring men.

They further conclude, *and are of opinion*, that while no one should *perhaps* be charged with *criminal neglect*, there was, *at least*, a want of due care exhibited on the part of those whose duty it was to see that proper measures be taken to prevent the happening of this terrible calamity.'

If they had concluded by saying "But, after all, the thing's done and can't be undone, and if any one is to blame he did not let the house fall down on purpose, and we are not going to annoy him," a key would have been afforded by which the meaning of this curious non-committal verdict might have been understood by the careless reader. The Grand Jury will probably have sufficient bravery to express in plain words the truth which this Coroner's Jury so shamefully shirked.

Kindly Warnings.

John J. Knowlton having filed his petition in insolvency, and stated as the cause of his becoming insolvent—losses incurred in publishing a newspaper called the San Francisco *Evening Journal*, the *Bulletin* and *Examiner* draw a moral from the misfortune of John J. Knowlton. The former heads the paragraph in which it recounts the facts, "The Result of Starting a Newspaper;" the latter commences: "A Warning," and closes in the following lugubrious style:

"The fate of this newspaper publisher should act as a salutary warning to all who have the desire to rush rashly into the perilous field of journalism."

It is particularly kind of these newspapers to warn people from rushing into the perilous field of journalism, and of course they are entirely disinterested. Isn't this a pretty dodge? Poor J. J. Knowlton is to be stuck up as a scarecrow in the field of journalism to frighten away the rather timid birds of the some day-to-be-published *Times*, who have not yet quite made up their minds to alight in the aforesaid field. All the proprietors of daily papers in this city would be perfectly heart-broken if the *Times* should cause it's prospective publishers to become insolvent—hence these kindly warnings.

Old Acquaintances.

The daily papers are making a great fuss and abusing Judge Rix shamefully, because he admitted two thieves who had frequently been had up before to bail in the sum of $40 each, and on their forfeiting their bail refused to issue a bench warrant, and the next morning sentenced a man to two months' imprisonment for stealing a pair of socks and a handkerchief, this being his first offense. The reason of Judge Rix's pursuing this course must be plain to everyone. The last-named person was entirely unknown to the Judge, and was therefore entitled to no leniency, while the two former were *old acquaintances*.

A Bad Beginning.

No one has ever yet heard of a telegraph line that did not bring false stories, but still the Atlantic cable need not have commenced business with such a yarn as that gunpowder plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament. It is terrible to think that when such an enterprise as the laying of the Atlantic cable has been completed—in these days of nitro-glycerine—we are told that a policeman picked up nine pounds of powder and a match near the Houses of Parliament, and *this* led to the Atlantic cable being used to inform us, on the other side of the ocean, that it was suspected there was a plot afoot to blow up the Houses of Parliament—with nine pounds of powder and a match!

A Slight Difference.

The *Call* publishes a table, compiled from the Great Register, which it says shows "the nativity of the residents of San Francisco." Of course this table instead of showing the nativity of the *residents* of San Francisco, can only give the place of birth of those who were either born in the United States or who have become *citizens* by naturalization. This table shows 8,517 American born voters against 6,301 foreign born.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO
To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibns, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

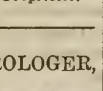
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6-3m Proprietor.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

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G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes,

Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

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my THOMAS MOONEY, President

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR
COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
CONSUMPTION,
And all Diseases of the
CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.

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Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults... fants.....	25 25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faccache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness.....	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.00	
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

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See that the name,

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No other is Genuine.

BLOOM OF YOUTH,

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LIQUID PEARL!

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HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one-half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. } je30-3m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 26th day of July, 1866, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Roheson, deceased, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, in two parcels, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Tuesday, the 11th day of September, 1866, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of said Andrew Roheson, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain two lots of land situated in said city and county and described as follows, viz: 1st. Commencing at a point on the west side of Mason street, 77 1 2 feet northerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running northerly along said side of Mason street 60 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 77 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet; and thence at a right angle easterly 77 1-2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d. Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 117 1 2 feet westerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; running thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet; and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the place of beginning. And said administrator will receive offers or bids for said property from this date till said 11th day of September, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon, at said counting-room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county. EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Andrew Roheson, deceased.
San Francisco, August 11th, 1866. au11-td

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of CHRISTIAN KIRK, the Executor of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heir and devisee of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir and devisee of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 5th day of September, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, San Francisco, August 3d, 1866. 4w

PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors.

It appearing to this court from the petition this day presented and filed by Robert L. Harris, the guardian of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate belonging to his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estate, appear before this court at the court room thereof, at the court house, in the city and county of San Francisco, on Monday the 10th day of September, 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated August 10th, A. D., 1866. M. C. BLAKE,
Probate Judge.
au11 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William MacMichael, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No 12 Post street, Masonic Temple, in the city and county of San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 18, 1866.

THEODORE L. SCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William McMichael, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator. 5t

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON TUESDAY, - - - SEPT. 25,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 16th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

STEAMERS FOR AUGUST:

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

AUGUST 30th, - - - - GOLDEN AGE,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth,
(Connecting with the *NEW YORK*, Captain Bradbury.)

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

GRAND OPENING
OF THE
Circassian Saloon,

Corner of Dupont and Pacific streets,

(Formerly "Diana Saloon,")

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT!—Magic and Gymnastic Feats, free of charge.

The best of WINES, LIQUORS, LUNCH, and CIGARS always on hand.

N. B. Fine Vocal Music, Polite Waiters, etc.
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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my26

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets,

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

QUINCY HALL,

545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guaraatee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also fiad clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21



RING'S

VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale aud retail, by

JOHN F. SNOW,

Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 24 Post street,
je23 San Francisco.

MEAGHER, TAAFE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS OF

DRY GOODS, LINENS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
FANCY GOODS, ETC.

AGENTS FOR THE

MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY

NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
jy21-3m *Lick House.*

MR. AND MRS. COGILL

AND SONS,



Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. au5-3m

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

je17-3m

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 5th, 1866; and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called upon to meet in their respective districts for the purpose of electing the followiug-named officers at said election. to wit:

Attorney and Counsellor
Auditor.
Tax Collector.
Public Administrator.
Superintendent of Pub Streets, Highways, and Squres.
Chief of Police.

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following Districts: First, Third, Fifth, Seventh, Niuth, and Eleventh, for the full term.

Also, one Supervisor in the Eighth District for an unexpired term.

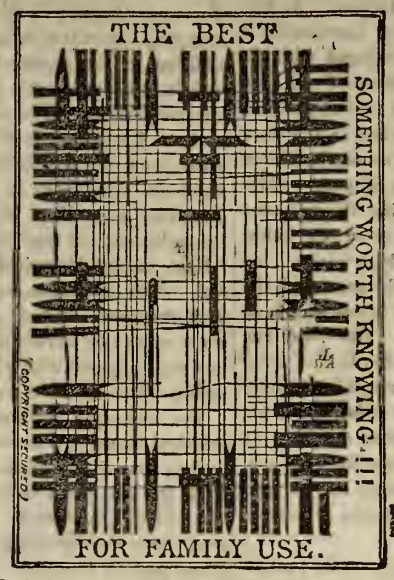
Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of San Francisco, this fourteenth day of August, [SEAL.] 1866.

H. P. COON, Mayor.

Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk. au18

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - Petaluma.
mar24-6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.



To decipher, lower the top of the paper to an angle of forty-five degrees; then close one eye, and read at your ease.

THE *Accidental Insurance Co,*

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, aad death resulting from accident.

In case death does not result from the iajury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exoeed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,

Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to

A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,

Northwest corner Montgomery and Secramento streets
au4 3m

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

je30-3m

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the comiug seasou, aud with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city aad country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should he addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*

J. PEIRCE,

FURNITURE AND

Bedding Warerooms.



NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wauts of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Waro-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
je16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
je30 3m San Francisco.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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YANKEE NOTIONS

AND

FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line shou'd not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before huyiag elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
jy21-3m Battery street, near Pine.

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GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Iustruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furuiture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Geutlemeu's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam-engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOCR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

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THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

Cor. Sansome and California streets, San Francisco

Insnrances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

mediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19

GRAPHIC.—During the campaign in East Tennessee, in the winter of 1863-64, quite a spirited engagement occurred near Bean Station, in the beautiful valley of the Holston. In this engagement Colonel Wolford, of Kentucky, commanded a division of Federal cavalry, and was hotly engaged with the enemy, and at nightfall was compelled to retreat. Some time after we visited Bean Station, and passing over the ground held by Wolford's division we came to a log hut, in the door of which stood a "lone woman" with seven small children and "one at the breast"—one of that class of poor "white trash" who so frequently complained during the war that "we all will *perish to death* if you-uns don't go to your hums, and let we-uns alone." Approaching the "lone woman," we informed her that we were looking over the ground of the late engagement, and asked her if she would please inform us of the position held by the Federal troops. Her reply was thus laconic: "Wa'al, yer see, Captin Woolfords kum along with two long strings of fighters, all mounted on critter backs, and he had two wagon guns, and he stretched his strings of fighters right back o' my house thar, and they fit and they fought till clean dark, and then tore down my ash-house, and Captin Woolfords lit out and never has yet paid me a cent for it. Do you-uns know whar Captin Woolfords is now?"

Fully satisfied with her graphic descriptinn of the engagement, and informing her that we did know of "Captin Woolford's" whereabouts, we passed on.

PARISIAN CAFE.—In a Parisian *café* you will find as many women as men—respectable women, too, who come with their husbands, and bring their children with them. There they sit in a family group, round a marble table, sipping their coffee or their wine, thinking it no shame to be seen by any of their neighbors, because there is nothing to be ashamed of. The *café* is not simply a drinking shop. There is no necessity to drink anything stronger than coffee or *eau sucre;* and you may sit at the table as long as you please, read the paper, play at dominoes, or chat with your friends. All the amenities of private life are strictly observed. The men are gallant and polite; you never hear a word that could offend the most sensitive, and you never—or very rarely indeed—see any one tipsy. There is nothing about the place to suggest the drinking shop, or to impress you with the obligation to drink. You feel that you are at liberty to take your ease and pleasure, and do as you like. So accustomed is the landlord to look upon his house as a place for the convenience and general entertainment of the public, that he will sometimes take more interest in a game of dominoes or piquet than in the vending of his goods. Madame will have to shriek to him to come and attend to his business. In Paris even the lowest classes take their wine like gentlemen; in London they swill their liquor like pigs. A London public house is a trough.

A FACE MAKER.—Europe, which usually sends its artists into all parts of the world, has just received one from America, who is destined to a large amount of success in Paris; the artist in question is what is called, in theatrical language, a *grime*, or face maker. The talent of this singular grimacier consists in imitating the heads of celebrated historical personages. He places himself behind a frame hidden with a white cloth, and beside a table covered with wigs, false beards and paint brushes. As soon as his toilet is made, he suddenly draws aside the curtain, and exhibits to the spectators the head of Washington, Napoleon, Charles I., Wellington, Louis XI., or that of a madman, an idiot, a fury, a criminal, &c. The principal merit of this curious spectacle, is the rapidity with which the artist changes his head, for each transformation is perfect in its truthful resemblance! This genius, who has only as yet appeared in the salons, is about to "make faces" in public, and his appearance is looked forward to with impatience.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S proposed "recreating tour" as far West as Chicago, furnishes the text for a leader in the Sacramento *Union*, in which said tour is characterised as an electioneering raid through the North by "two experienced stump-speakers, whose political existence is staked upon the issue of the contest," Secretary Seward being, we presume, the *other* "experienced stump-speaker."

THE Board of Health has induced the Board of Supervisors to pass an ordinance enjoining the sweeping of streets weekly by all parties in front of their premises, in the populous portions of the city, and the removal of the dirt by the street contractor.

COMMENDABLE.—Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson donated the proceeds of their gallery on Wednesday last—over $200—to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society of thi city.

INSURED.—The late landlord of the Summer Street House, John Brewster, Jr., was insured in the Broolyn Life Insurance Company for $5,000, which sum has been paid to his widow.

THE largest vat in Barclay and Perkin's Brewery is said to contain 108,000 gallons.

AMUSEMENTS.

LADY DON still proves as attractive as ever at the Opera House, and "full houses" is the rule—without an exception, notwithstanding the adage to the contrary. In addition to the regular dramatic entertainments, many fine ballads are introduced in the pieces, or presented in a musical interlude between them, to give the audience an opportunity to hear Lady Don in some sterling old English, Scotch, or American songs and ballads. The ability and simplicity with which she sings many of them, has not been equaled in San Francisco since Kate Hayes sung to her thousands here in the earlier days of the city's history. "Home, Sweet Home;" "Meet me by Moonlight;" "Should auld Acquaintance;" and "John Anderson, my Jo," are sung by Lady Don with such sweetness and feeling as to charm and delight her audiences, and to be worthy of the critic's particular note. Then, how martially and with what vigor she sings that fiery Scotch ballad, "The MacGregor's Gathering."

The burlesque of *Orpheus and Eurydice* has been the principal dramatic attraction throughout the week, accompanied by some little comedietta as an introductory performance, with the exception of Thursday evening, when *Kenilworth* was revived. Last night the organization known as the Veteran Corps was the recipient of a good benefit. Mr. McCullough reciting *Sheridan's Ride* for the occasion.

The spectacular burlesque of *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp*, will be produced for the first time in California this afternoon. This burlesque was originally brought out in London in 1861, and made a splendid hit. Great preparation and extra care in regard to scenic display and costumes, have been bestowed by the management in its production. Lady Don, Kate Denin, Mrs. Jackson, Harry Courtaine, H. D. Thompson and others are in the cast. *Aladdin* will be played this evening, and every evening next week.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The favorite opera, *Ernani*, was given as an extra performance last Saturday evening, and impressed us as the most brilliant success of the season; we certainly have not observed a more enthusiastic and delighted audience, even at the first representation of *Lucia*, already chronicled by us as being the best performance up to that time. Signor Manousi, in the third act, excited an absolute *furore* by his rendering of the beautiful cavatina, "Oh, de verd' anni miei," and in the splendid solo and chorus, "Oh sommo Carlo," (given with such effect as to receive a tumultuous encore,) he introduced a high A flat, which he sustained with marvellous purity and vigor. Signor Milleri's "Silva" was an improvement on his previous effort, although his "Infelice" and "Io l'amo, al vecchio misero" were taken a good deal too slow, a fault made more conspicuous in the latter by Mancusi's rather too hurried rendering of "Vieni meco," which immediately followed. Signorina Brambilla, Signor Bianchi, and the rest, were excellent in their respective characters, as usual.

The second season commenced on Monday with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which was given in a manner by no means creditable to the troupe, especially as it had been twice produced before. Under ordinary circumstances we should feel bound to make this slovenly performance the text for some pretty savage criticism; but as the manager is really a victim to the insatiate craving for new operas, and has done (as we remarked last week) more on his part than the public have on theirs, we shall merely say that the principal singers were in poor voice, the chorus unusually dull, the prompter (necessarily though unsuccessfully) vociferous, the leader apparently indifferent, and the orchestra worse than all the other performers together.

La Sonnambula, full of delightful and popular melodies, was given for the first time, on Wednesday evening, to an audience well pleased. Signorina Brambilla sang the music of "Amina" with exquisite delicacy, and was ably supported by Signor Morley as "Elvino," their voices blending most perfectly in the duets, "Prendi: l'a nel" and "D' un pensiero." M'lle Tourny was very good as "Lisa," although she committed an error in varying at all the second verse of her opening air, "Tutto e gioja;" her voice has not yet the lightness that is necessary to make *any* variations tolerable in music so well known. The great triumph of the evening was Signor Milleri's "Count Rodolpho," an impersonation full of life and spirit, and worthy to be placed by the side of his "Zaccaria" (in *Nabuco*) for artistic excellence, though so different in style as to establish his remarkable and heretofore unsuspected versatility; he was frequently and warmly applauded. We must not omit to notice the lively acting of Roucovieri as "Alessio," and the careful and satisfactory singing of Mrs. Cameron as "Teresa." The chorus was moderately good, but the orchestra grows worse and worse.

Il Trovatore was performed last night. This evening *Faust* will be given. On Monday *Criepino e La Comare* will be brought out, after long and careful preparation, and bids fair to prove a decided success.

DR. JORDAN'S ANOTOMICAL MUSEUM.—The cerplastic preparations, in anatomy and pathology, which Dr. Jordan has at great expense brought to this country, are on exhibition at Eureka Hall to day, from morning till 10 o'clock, P. M. On Sundays the Hall will be open from five to ten P. M. only.

WAR MAP.—A. Gensoul, of the Pacific Map Depot, 511 Montgomery street, has just published a very useful map of re erence, embracing the territory of the seat of war in Europe, with the boundaries of Prussia, Austria, Italy, etc., and the locality of all their principal cities and towns clearly defined. It appears to be very carefully and correctly compiled.

EPIDEMIC CHOLERA: A treatise on the modes of treatment of this disease, their respective results, and directions for prevention; and what to do in cases of sudden emergency, by John F. Geary, M. D., has been laid on our table. H. H. Bancroft & Co. are the publishers.

A NEW AND GRAND EPOCH IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Maggiel is the fonnder of a new medical system. The quantitarians, whose vast internal doses enfeeble the stomach and paralyze the bowels, must give precedence to the man who restores health and appetite with from one or two of his extraordinary pills, and cures the most virulent sores with a box or so of his wonderful and all-healing salve. These two great specifics of the Doctor are fast superseding all the stereotyped nostrums of the day. Extraordinary cures by Maggiel's Pills and salve have opened the eyes of the public to the inefficiency of the so-called remedies of others, and upon which people have so long blindly depended. Maggiel's Pills are not of the class that are swallowed by the dozen, and of which every boxfull taken creates an absolute necessity for another. One or two of Maggiel's Pills suffice to place the bowels in perfect order, tone the stomach, create an appetite, and render the spirits light and buoyant. There is no griping, and no reaction in the form of constipation. If the liver is affected, its functions are restored, and if the nervous system is feeble it is invigorated. This last quality makes the medicines very desirable for the wants of delicate females. Ulcerous and eruptive diseases are literally extinguished by the disinfectant power of Maggiel's salve. In fact, it is here announced that *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic and Diarrhea Pills* cure where all others fail. While, for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. MAGGIEL, No. 11 Pine street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box. R. H. McDonald & Co., Agents for Pacific coast, corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco. c14

"THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR HOW TO LIVE, AND WHAT TO LIVE FOR."—This is the title of an interesting and highly useful little book, published by Dr. Beck, of this city. It is *especially* adapted for the perusal of *young men*, nevertheless its truthful pages should be read by all, as they contain good, sound, healthy matter which can be easily understood and appreciated by every reader. This work is issued *gratuitously* on application to the Doctor, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of postage stamp or envelope addressed to Dr. Beck's office, 314 Kearny street, or post office Box 1599.

Dr. Beck is a member of several American and European Universities, and has published numerous works on *Anatomy, Medicine*, and *Surgery*. His former connection with the principal "Anatomical Museums" of New York, Paris, London, etc., combined with his experience in his profession render him a highly desirable person to consult, and we can confidently recommend him to the public.

WE call the attention of the public to an advertisement, in our today's issue, of Messrs. C. Weiderbold & Co.'s new Piano Warerooms, No. 685 Market street. The above firm have lately been in receipt of a large assortment of fine square and upright pianos, amongst which we notice John B Dunham's, of New York, one of the oldest and most favorably known manufacturers of the Eastern States. Weiderhold & Co. are now introducing, for the first time, his pianos in the California market, and we are sure, judging from the quality on hand, they will succeed in establishing amongst the musical public of the Pacific, the reputation of J. B. Dunham's pianos. These fine piano warerooms are, from this on, kept open evenings till eight o'clock, when all interested in music and fine pianos can call and examine for themselves.—*Alta California.*

THE New York *Tribune*, in speaking of the Pianos of the manufactory of Wm. Knabe & Co., of Baltimore, says: "These instruments are approved by Strakosch, Anschutz, Gustave Satter, Vieuxtemps, Muzio, Robert Heller, G. W. Morgan, and many other first class artists." Fradel, alluding to a recent occasion, wrote: "Your Grand Pianos in Irving Hall told out with brilliant effect. Their tone, richness, power and carrying quality were more than sufficient to fill that large Concert Hall, and I look upon them as instruments of sterling excellence, and as successful rivals to those instruments which have, heretofore, monopolized the concert halls and the markets of the country." Messrs. Frisbee & Scott, No. 8 Montgomery street, are sole agents for these superior Pianos.

THERE is one thing about Dr. Bourne's style of dealing with sick people which distinguishes it from that of many others—he never deceives or makes them promises which he knows he cannot fulfil. That course has obtained for him the unlimited confidence of all who know him.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co. announce in our advertising columns the opening of their new style of Fall Dress Goods, consisting of Silks, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Plaids, Cashmeres, Merinos, De Laines, etc,, to which we call the attention of our lady readers.

RHEUMATISM, inflammatory or chronic, however slight or severe, is cured quicker by Dr. Bourne's method than by any other means whatever, while the process is a pleasant one. Cures guaranteed in all cases if required. No. 10 Masonic Temple Post street.

THE great charm of Davidson's Circassian Bloom, for the complexion and skin, is its perfect assimilation to nature. No one can detect its use, while it beautifies and enhances the purity of the skin.

COLDS are very quickly as well as pleasantly cured by Dr, Bourne's baths, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

NEURALGIA, it matters not how severe, is quickly cured by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold by all dealers, at $1.00 in large bottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take none but LYON'S, bearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot be otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessness, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymen, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedentary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.
E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no othe e7m

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The pictures taken in this city are far superior to those taken in the East and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The best gallery to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The NEW YORK, on the east side side of Third street, a few doors below Market, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries.

ALL GOOD JUDGES OF PIANOS agree that Frishee & Scott have the finest and largest stock of Pianos in this city. They are agents of the celebrated firms of Caleuberg & Vaupel, of New York, and Kuahe & Co., Baltimore. There is certainly not an instrument equal to those imported by them. Mr. Gusvav A. Scott pays, also, particular attention to having their stock of foreign and American sheet music equal to any New York store. They keep at No. 3 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

FOR

TAX COLLECTOR,

HENRY A. COBB,

OF THE FIRM OF COBB & SINTON,

jy21 NO. 407 CALIFORNIA STREET.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

ja27-tf between California and Pine.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

READ the Testimony of a few of the many Eminent Clergymen and their Families of New York city, who, having used the Sozodont for a long time past, are convinced of its excellent and invaluable qualities, and give it their cordial commendation:

Rev. THOMAS DEWITT, Pastor Collegiate Ref. Dutch Church, Lafayette Place.
Rev. *J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D., Presbyterian Church, Fifth Avenue.*
Rev. *J. B. WAKELEY, M. E. City Missionary.*
Rev. *W. F. MORGAN, D. D., Rector St. Thomas Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *E. H. CHAPIN, D. D., Pastor Fourth Universalist Church, Broadway.*
Rev. *SAMUEL COOKE, D.D., Rector St. Bartholomew's Church, Lafayette Place.*
Rev. *SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., Pastor Church of Messiah, Broadway.*
Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
Rev. *W. S. MIKELS, Pastor Baptist Church, Sixteenth street.*
Rev. *GEO. POTTS, D.D., Pastor Presbyterian Church, University Place.*
Rev. *E. E. RANKIN, Pastor Presbyterian Church Forty-second street.*
Rev. *T. E. VERMILYE, D. D., Pastor of Co Dutch Reformed, Lafayette Place.*

FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

HALL & RUCKEL,

jc2 4m NEW YORK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

DEMOCRATIC

CANDIDATE FOR

Chief of Police,

P. J. WHITE,

OF THE FIRM OF P. J. WHITE & CO.,

au11 No. 412 Front street.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
Whitcomb & Dyer, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyee & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peiree, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed *to* 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. C. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

UNION CANDIDATE

FOR

City and County Attorney,

H. M. HASTINGS.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapere (one copy only) sent to actual snbscribers withiu the county where printed and pnblished, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,

751 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO.

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.
au11 3m

THE



AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUM
AT THE
State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,
General Agent,
111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the
AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,
1865.
my10-3m

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS,
San Francisco, August 13, 1866.

Public notice is hereby given that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the city and county of San Fraocisco for the fiscal year 1866-'67, will be open for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alterations or reduction of assessment upon Real Estate.

All applications for reduction of assessments are required to be verified by each. (See Statutes of 1863-'64, page 189.) JAS. W. BINGHAM,
au18 Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

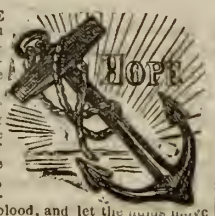
CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. my24-3m

AYER'S PILLS.



ARE YOU SICK, FEEBLE and complaining? Are you out of order, with your system deranged and your feelings uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. At once TAKE AYER'S PILLS, and cleanse out the disordered humors, purify the blood, and let the fluids move on unobstructed in health again. They atimulate the functions of the body into vigorous activity, purify the system from the obstructions which make disease. A cold settles somewhere in the body, and deranges its natural functions. These, if not relieved, react upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering and derangement. While in this condition,

TAKE AYER'S PILLS,

and see how directly they restore the natural action of the system, and with it the buoyant feeling of health again. What is true and so apparent in this trivial and common complaint is also true in many of the deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same purgative effect expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the body they are rapidly and many of them surely cured by the same means. None who know the virtue of these Pills will neglect to employ them when suffering from the disorders they cure, such as Headache, Foul Stomach, Dysentery, Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Derangement of the Liver, Costiveness, Constipation, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Worms and Suppression, when taken in large doses.

They are Sugar-Coated, so that the most sensitive can take them easily, and they are surely the best purgative medicine yet discovered.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
jy26-2m and all Dealers.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION of the above Institution commenced July 30th, 1866.

The age for admission is from seven to fifteen years. For those more than fifteen years of age, it will be necessary to have testimonials of good character from respectable parties.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum to be deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of the student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses, such as books, clothes, etc.

No Student will be received without such deposit.

The terms are so reduced (less than one-half the usual charges in this State) that the Institution can be conducted only on a rigid cash principle; hence any failure in remitting the Pension will oblige the authorities of the College to charge ten per cent. additional, or forward the student to his parents or guardian.

Though it be a Catholic Institution, yet pupils of all denominations will be admitted, and their religious convictions respected; but, for the sake of uniformity, all will be required to be present at the public religious exercises.

Bedding, towels, etc., will be furnished by the Institution, to defray the cost of which ten dollars will be paid, once only, by each pupil, as an entrance fee.

Each pupil is required to be provided with a neat black suit for Sundays, and two other plain suits, three pairs of boots, with sufficient linen, stockings, etc.

Five dollars will also be charged annually for medicines and medical attendance.

au4-1m REV P. J. GREY, President.

A CARD.

Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, for the next
THIRTY DAYS,
At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner Bush and Montgomery streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets, San Francisco.
au4

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE
ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.
Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
au4-3m J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

532 MERCHANT STREET,

BY

J. P. BOGARDUS AND C. H. WEBB.

No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

Is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL

on the Continent.

THE TERMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN are $5 per year, mailed to subscribers, invariably in advance; 50 cents per month served by carriers.

All communications and correspondence must be addressed to the Publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN,
No 532 Merchant street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

FULL SETS

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CALIFORNIAN

TO THE CLOSE OF VOL. IV.

Can be procured at the Office. Price, bound in muslin, per volume, $4. Two volumes bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary. mh25-tf

TRY LE COUNT'S INK.



CORNER OF
Sacramento and Montgomery streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Post Office Address: Lock Box No. 1477. je30 3m

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S *Pills and Salve.*

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine,
ap14-1y Agents for Pacific Coast.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf between California and Pine.

UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

As Amended March 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper..$0	05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivaleut in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchaudise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1	00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1	00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1	00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

TYLER BROTHERS,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

AND 691 MARKET STREET, - - - - CORNER THIRD,

SAN FRANCISCO,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

SCHOOL BOOKS,

STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

BLANK BOOKS,

PORTFOLIOS,

JUVENILE BOOKS,

FANCY ARTICLES,

CHILDRENS' PICTURE BOOKS, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we stamp with

INITIALS,

In COLORS or PLAIN.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, OR PRINTED.

je23

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES, Vice President.
CHAS. R. BONN, Secretary. au17-3m

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY.

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order. au15

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24-6m Main street, Petaluma.

OCCIDENTAL

HOMESTEAD

Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

Now No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
ja1 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour; instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extracts

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
au4-6m Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING..AUG. 25,

LADY DON,

SUPPORTED BY

Miss Kate Denin,

AND A POWERFUL COMPANY

Will appear in H. J. Byron's Original Burlesque Extravaganza, never before acted here, entitled

ALADDIN!

OR, THE WONDERFUL SCAMP!

Aladdin, with Songs.....Lady Don
Princess Badroulhoudour.....Miss Kate Denin
Pekoe.....Mrs Jackson
Ahanazar, a Magician.....Harry Courtaine
Widow Twunkey, Aladdin's Mother, H D Thompson
The Sultan..John Wilson. | The Vizier..H. Sinclair

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Reserved seats, - - - - - - - 50c. extra
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

Bianchi's Grand Italian

Opera Troupe.

General Director.....J. P. Crowly
Treasurer.....A. Birrell

NON-SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

SATURDAY EVENING.....AUGUST 25,

Will be presented Gouno's Opera of

FAUST!

Margnerita.....Signorina Elvira Bramhilla
Faust.....Signor Morley
Valentine.....Signor Mancusi
Mepbistopheles.....Signor Stanislaus Milleri
Siebel.....Mlle Jennie Landesmann
Maria Schwerlein.....Mlle Louisa Tonrny
Wagner.....Mons Roncovieri
Students, Soldiers, Villagers, etc.

The splendid Band of the 2d U. S. Artillery, under the leadership of Joseph Schmidt, will lend its valuable assistance.

MONDAY—First Night of Ricci's famous Comic Opera,
CRISPINO E LA COMARE,
(THE COBBLER AND THE FAIRY.)

CONDUCTOR.....MR. RUDOLPH HEROLD
Scenery by Mr. Rogers. Costumes by Mrs. Taylor.

Regular Subscription Nights, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle, Orchestra and Parquette.....$1 00
Reserved seats, 50 cents extra.
Gallery.....50

☞ The Box Office is open from 9 A. M. for the securing of reserved seats for season tickets.

C. WEIDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,

685 Market street, corner of Third,



WILL BE OPEN ON AND after SATURDAY, Aug. 25th, EVENINGS, till 8 o'clock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,
F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,
GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and
ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.
au25-3m.

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Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Lick House,

SAN FRANCISCO,.....CALIFORNIA.

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York. au25-3m

NEW DRY GOODS!

FALL IMPORTATION, 1866.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

WILL EXHIBIT AT

THEIR RETAIL STORE,

ON

Monday, - - - August 20th,

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Splendid Dress Goods!

CONSISTING OF

SILKS—

Rich Moire Antique, Watered, Chine, Brocade, Plaid, Striped and Plain—all in new and elegant designs and colors.
Black Silks from the celebrated manufactories of "Bonnet's," "Bischoff's," and "Ponson's," of Lyons, France.
Poplin of superior make in Irish and French—in all colors.
Empress Cloth—in all colors.
Plaid, Striped and Plain Poplinets and Cashmeres.
Merinos, De Laines, Prints, Ginghams.
Laces and Embroideries of every description.
Hosiery for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
Shawls—in India and French Cashmere, Paisley, Broche and Woolen.
Cloaks, Basques, Saques and Talmas—made to order in the most fashionable styles.

KID GLOVES—

1500 dozen in all colors and sizes, from the manufactories of Alexandre and Preville, of Paris.

ALSO AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN LANDED, AND ARE

Warrented of Superior Quality.

COTTONS—

1000 pieces Brown Cottons, from 4-4 to 10-4.
1000 pcs 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Cotton Sheetings.
200 pieces New York Mills Shirtings.
300 pieces Wamsutta Shirtings.
500 pieces White Rock Shirtings.
400 pieces Lonsdale Shirtings.
700 ps Masonville and Williamsv'le Shirt'gs.
600 pairs of Lace Curtains.

LINENS—

500 pieces Super Shirting Linens.
200 pieces Superior Sheeting Linens, in 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, and 12-4.
200 pieces Barnsley and Scotch Table Damask, of superior quality.
1000 Table Cloth, from 8-4 to 10-4.
800 dozen Table Napkins—all sizes.
1500 doz Towels, suitable for the Bath, Chamber and Kitchen.

WOOLENS—

1000 pairs Blankets, in 6-4, 8-4, 10-4 & 12-4.
500 pieces Flannels of every description.

CLOTHS FOR MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

1000 Marseilles and American Quilts.

9 Montgomery Street,

LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

au 25

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Trodden Down, a Novel, by Mrs. C. J. Newby.
Land at Last, a Novel, by Edmund Yates.
The Apostles, by Ernest Renan.
Christina Rossetti's Poems.
The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, by S. W. Baker.
Old Merchants of New York, by W. Burrett, Clerk
Life of Junius Brutus Booth, (the Elder) by his daughter.
Medical Recollections of the Army of the Potomac, by J. Letterman, M. D.
Constitutional and Party Questions,—S. A. Douglas.
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Crums from the Round Table, by Joseph Barber.
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417 and 419 Montgomery street,
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EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE!

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

I. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

☞ Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.
au25-4m

DEMOCRATIC

City and County Ticket.

For Chief of Police,
P. J. WHITE.

For Tax Collector,
GENERAL H. A. COBB.

For Auditor,
WASHINGTON BARTLETT.

For Superintendent of Streets,
LEANDER WINTRINGER.

For City and County Attorney,
SELDEN S. WRIGHT.

For Public Administrator,
COL. M. C. SMITH.

For Fire Commissioners,
JOHN BARR, SIMON T. WALSH.

For Supervisors,

WARD		WARD	
First	P. H. Daly	Seventh	Peter Whelan
Third	W. B. Fairman	Eighth	Dr. J. W. Winter
Fifth	M. O'Neil	Ninth	Jas. B. Carson
Eleventh	F. McCoppin		

For School Directors,

WARD		WARD	
First	Michael Daly	Seventh	T. G. McGuire
Third	Peter Dempsy	Ninth	
Fifth	J. C. Shorb	Eleventh	Peter Johnson

For Constables,

First Township.....Samuel Bridgewood
Second Township.....Cornelius Mooney
Third Township.....
Fourth Township.....Michael Hawkins
Fifth Township.....Thomas Aguew
Sixth Township.....

ADDRESS

To the Voters of San Francisco.

We, the Members of the Democratic County Convention, respectfully addressing ourselves to the Voters of San Francisco, claim for the ticket we have nominated, your approval and support.

We have succeeded in securing gentlemen of irreproachable character and acknowledged fitness to serve as candidates. In making the selection, we have been careful that schemes for personal aggrandizement and mere political success should not shut out from view the future welfare of the community. The peace of the city, protection to property, and fidelity on the part of the custodians and dispensers of the public moneys, are the considerations which have controlled their deliberations.

We are persuaded that a change for the better can be made in the manner of administering the several Departments of the City Government; and this we believe to be the general conclusion in the public mind.

Whilst it is conceded that much credit was due, for a time, to those who managed our municipal affairs in an independent spirit, it is also contended that more recently they have ignored the former proper tests for official position, and have become mere partisans, intolerant in their views and prejudiced in their action. With this change in the spirit of their government, there has also come extravagance in public expenditures, oppression in their license system, and corruption in the police regulations. Reform is therefore needed in the City Government. This reform can be effected only through the agency of the ballot-box. To that end we heartily invite the co-operation of the voters of San Francisco.

Nor should it be forgotten that the result of the approaching local election will, to some extent, affect all the social and monetary interests of our city. Moreover, it will exert an important influence on politics throughout the State; and, in order that the people may fully appreciate the political significance of the victory we fervently hope to achieve, we shall briefly declare the principles which our nominees adhere to, touching their duties and the great issues of the day.

We pledge them to a faithful discharge of the obligation their election will cast upon them.

We pledge them to an unwavering support of those principles of our Government which assert the supremacy and vindicate the dignity of the white race.

We pledge them to the doctrines of the equality of all the States of the American Union, and the right of each individual one to determine, under the Constitution of the United States, the qualification of its electors, and to provide for its local prosperity and domestic happiness in its own way; and

We pledge them to a firm adherance to the policy of the National Administration, looking to the defence of these great principles as the only means calculated to heal our differences, to secure for the Government the undivided affection of the people, and to the Union of the States, that freedom, prestige and power rightfully belonging to a great Republic; and, in conclusion, we declare that they approve of the call for a National Convention, and hope that beneficial results may come of its patriotic purpose.

Finally, we beg leave to say that the evasion practiced by the County Convention of the opposite party on these vital questions, is, in our opinion, designed to accomplish a great political fraud, and trifling with the intelligence of the people and the interests of the State. We condemn as dangerous, ill-timed, and characteristic of Radicalism, the letter and spirit of the address put forth by that body. It is but an appeal to the passions of party at a time when those powerful in war and successful in battle should be just and magnanimous in peace.

By order of the
DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.
au18

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 15.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

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[For the Califoruiao.]

CLEOPATRA.

AN old ranchero entered a book-store once
To make a purchase, and surprised the vender
That any good thing could come from a dunce,
In preface, page, appendix, or addenda.
Thus said he: "Have you Webster's 'Cleopatra?'"
The clerks surprised, refered to catalogues,
And words grew spicier than "Old Sumatra;"
More potent far than physic thrown to dogs!
By closest questioning as to time and fact,
One clerk, at last, revealed his native tact,
And all of "Webster's Works" in haste repeats;
Then by this process it was found the speedier,
That "Cleopatra" was a *Cyclopedia*
Of just seven thousand "Family Receipts!"

SAN FRANCISCO, August 25, 1866. HENRY PROVERB.

(For the Californian.)

PODGERINGS BY THE WAY.

No. 6.

THE individual answering to the name of Jim Green, who ceased whittling on our arrival, came forward and remarked, "What's out?" He might have observed that nine fishermen were *getting* out, as fast as possible.

To his second inquiry, "where are you bound?" Charley Watson replied, "we are bound to stop right here." Jim scratched his head, hitched up his trousers, and says, "Mighty sorry gentlemen that I can't accommodate you."

"Why not?" said Charley.

"Waal, you see, Charley, the old woman is off her feet, and there ain't a soul in the house to cook a meal of vittles, and their ain't any vittles to cook, neither."

"What's the trouble with the old woman?"

Jim scratched his head again and looked sheepish, but finally replied, "Waal, you see the old woman thought the population a little skerce hereabouts, and she's been helping the matter out, and there's a little Jim on hand, and he ain't quite ready for busiuess, bein' he's only a couple of days old." To this objection we all protested we could do our own cooking, and take care of ourselves—but Jim shook his head and brought out his knife again, picked up a chip and began to whittle away, protesting that there was not a morsel in the house to eat, and he had not had a square meal himself for a week."

"Nonsense," Charley replied, "we are going to stay, Jim Green, and there's no use talking."

Jim still objected and protested, but at this stage of proceedings the chief of the Union staff displayed a little strategy most commendible. He went to the wagon and drew forth a small box, and knocking off the cover, displayed half a dozen bottles of prime old whisky, and informed Jim that his partner, who had partaken of Jim's hospitality the week previous, had sent him the whisky with his compliments. Jim shut up his knife, and appeared suddenly to take a more liberal view of the situation, he looked at the whisky, a cork was drawn, and a proposition to "irrigate" met with no dissenting voice—Jim took about "four fingers," smacked his lips, drew his hand across his mouth, and remarked, "Waal now, that's good stuff! Young Jim would take that natarly." That whisky did the business, we could stay, "if we would put up with what he had—there was the house, and there was the kitchen, and we must do the best we could." The result was, a table was soon spread, and from various closets there appeared a most substantial lunch of cold meat, fresh bread, fresh butter, and fresh milk enough for a regiment. We lunched heartily, and then every man prepared his rod and taekle. The chief representative of the Saeramento *Union*, having finished his preparations, proeeeded to put a bottle of "green seal" in his eapacious pocket, which he aunounced was to be opened on the capture of the first fish. The creek was but a dozen yards distant, and we adjourned to the bank, aud in a moment one of the party landed a fine trout. The fishermen were at once called to order, the cork popped, and the first bottle was sacrificed to the achievement.

I started off up the creek, and had not proceeded far before I heard a shout, and looking back saw that the Judge had caught a fish, and another bottle was sent for. I don't kuow how many fish were caught in that place, but I could see that a "fast freight line" was being run between the creek and the wagon, and when I returned to the scene, about dusk, the number of useless bottles. dead marines, laying about, argued that fishing must have beeu thirsty work.

On assembling on the porch at dusk 350 fine trout were laid out as the result of our few hours fishing. Jim Green's larder appeared inexhautstible, for the table was spread splendidly, and we did justice to as fine a supper as any one would wish; after which we gathered around a cheerful fire iu the huge fireplace, and the Judge opened his prolific budget of stories again, and we made a gay evening of it. As the clock struek ten another bottle of "green seal" did duty as a night cap, and we retired each man to a clean nice bed, which, after the fatigues of the day, was partieularly acceptable. After a refreshing sleep, and a cup of coffee at sunrise, we rallied forth again, scattering ourselves along the creek, and had glorious sport until the hour set for reassembling came, when 300 more fine trout were added to our previous evening's work. The fish were dressed and packed in grass. After a fine dinner the horses were put to the waggon, three cheers were given for Green, Senior, and the same for Jim Greeu, Junior, Charley cracked his whip, shouted to his horses, and away we rattled on a keen jump down the slope, plunged into the creek, up the opposite bank aud aeross the table land towards the mountains. The last I saw of Jim Green he was waving his hat from a stump and whooraying us all sorts of good luck, and I really believe, was sorry to see us go.

Jim Green may be set down as a character in his way—first impression of his character tor hospitality may not be favorable, but you have only to know him to discover a rough diamond. In early days he roughed it all over California with his dog, rifle and blankets; lived in the mountains—seldom sleeping under a roof—hunting grizzles and deer, and leading a wild and roving life; he finally pitched upon Hope Valley as his resting place, built a log cabin, and as he prospered, added to his domicil until he has a fine house of hewn timber, a wife and a young Jim. as aforesaid. Occasionally he starts out for "a day's shooting," and extends his excursions into the coast range, some two hundred miles distaut, up the coast to the Oregon line—often making a trip of four or five hundred miles—returns and subsides until the old spirit breaks out again. Jim invited me to come up and have a little "shoot" with him, but as I am not partial to grizzles and a four hundred mile excursion on a mule, I don't antieipate accompanying him on his next raid.

As the grade was rather heavy on the horses, we all got out and walked up the mountain, a distance of three miles. On reaching the summit we halted in a cool, shady spot where a sparkling stream of snow water crossed the road, and indulged iu a loll upon the grass and rested half au hour; then set out again. A drive of three quarters of an hour brought us to the foot of the other slope, and we were at the bend of Lake Valley, and travelling aloug over a fine. smooth, natural road. The Judge's budget of stories still holding out, as we passed down the valley he told us of the exploits of a famous Norwegian who, in early days, travelled on snow shoes over the mountains, and carried letters into Carson Valley in the dead of Winter, sleepiug upon the snow wherever night overtook him. The Judge told us of a famous race on snow shoes up at the Norwegian settlement, at Silver Mountain, where this man came down the mountain a half mile on his snow shoes in eleven seconds. The Union appeared skeptical, but the Judge pledged his character for truth and veracity, for the truth of the performance, and recounted in support of the skill of these people; that at a ball given at Silver Mountain, some of the girls came on snow shoes forty miles to attend the ball; danced all night and went back in the morning. This performance, on the part of the delicate Norwegian ladies, required that their health should be drank with honors—not standing, for the road had now become a little rough, and the Judge lost his first drink by a jolt that sent it into his neck the wrong side of his shirt collar; but being of a persevering nature, he succeeded on the second attempt, and if the Norwegian ladies are uot in good health it is not from any fault on the part of the Judge. About 3 o'clock we reached the main road and drew up at Yank's Station, where I left the party, who were bound to Lake Tahoe to "do" that beautiful sheet of water. (A full account of which is given with great fidelity, and in a masterly manner, by one of the gentlemen of the *Union*, and which appeared in that excellent paper under the head of "Cruise on a Mountain Sea," extraets from which can be found in this number of THE CALIFORNIAN.) Bidding good bye to the party, I dismounted to wait for the stage to proceed homeward, while they continued on their way to the Lake, where they appear to have met with adventures that should be read to be appreciated.

At 9 o'cloek the stage came along. Mounting the box with the driver, I find myself in Placerville next morning; and at Sacramento at noon of the hottest day I ever experieneed *anywhere*. On going on board the *Capital* I found her a fiery furnace; not a breath of air, and the atmosphere like a kitchen in dog-days. I mentally resolved that I never again would complain of San Francisco fogs and breezes—I have hardly cooled off yet; and if any man proposes a trip to Sacramento at this season, I shall exclaim, in the words of a well known capitalist here, "No more Hums! No more Hums!"

I have settled down to the hum-drum duties and pursuits of every-day life again, but I find my thoughts too often reverting to my trip to Hope Valley, and long for a repetition. The Judge promises me a few days' splendid grouse-shooting at Strawberry, if I will "come up," and has a story or two left to tell; and Charley Watson says he kuows of a splendid trout stream near by.

A boy's idea of happiness is a stick of candy and a smooth eellar door to slide on—mine is a life on the mountain aud a home at Jim Green's. PODGERS.

BE SPARING OF DRUGS.—Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation as a physician runs neck and neck with his literary popularity, in his valedietory address to the medical students of Harvard University, delivered recently, gives the following, we doubt not, judicious advice to the medical students who were about to graduate:—"With regard to the exhibition of drugs as a part of your medical treatment, BE SPARING. Many remedies you give would make a well person so ill that he would send for you at once if he had taken one of your doses accideutally. It is not quite fair to give such things to a sick man, unless it is clear that they will do more good than the very considerable harm you know they will cause. Be very gracious with the children, especially. I have seen old men shiver at the recollection of the rhubarb and jalap of infaney. You may depeud upon it that half the success of homœopathy is due to the sweet peace it has brought into the nursery. Between the gurgling dowu of loathsome mixtures and the saccharine deliquescence of a minute globule, what tender mother could for a moment hesitate?"

DESTROYED.—The town of Mariposa was almost entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday night last. Two hundred thousand dollars damage was sustained.

THE new city directory of New York, just issued, contains 176,511 names, an increase over last year of 10,367.

SINGAPORE AND HONG-KONG.

IN the Indian cold season—that is, from the 1st of December to the first of March—the voyage from Calcutta to Hong-Kong is delightful as far as Singapore. Looking down one calm cool morning over the ship's side into the streaks and eddies of the transparent sea, I was startled during the voyage thither by the sudden appearance of a dead Chinaman's face, as the body floated with the ebb tide slowly turning along the vessel's counter. It was the face of a man in the prime of life and the best of health. An old salt who had had much experience amongst Chinamen, and who was standing by my side, observed thoughtfully: "He's been a winning at the dice, ye see, and when they got him to the water-side, they fetched him handsome over the afterpart of his skull with a thick stick, and took his money, and hove him in, and that makes no marks, ye see." And in this way many a gambler meets with his end, without detection of the murderers, against whom their countrymen will not, when they can, give evidence. The police force at Pinang would be no match for the Chinese in any very serious affray, but the magistrate can easily and promptly procure the aid of any number of Malays from Wellesley province, and these people would eagerly obey an order to kill every Celestial in the country.

It is scarcele possibly to conceive anything more beautiful than this entrance to Singapore harbor. The ship glides in between islets and little hills clothed in verdant forest, fringed by a pebbly or white sandy beach. The water is perfectly calm, or moved gently by long lazy undulations, and so transparent, that the fishes, some of gorgeous hues and fantastic shapes, which infest such localities, are plainly to be seen gliding about far below in the shadow of the hull. Cheerful-looking villas and prettily painted houses are scattered along the summits of these islands, and increase in number as the ship advances into a basin connected with the outer harbor, in which are the mooring wharves and coal-sheds of the opium China steamers and of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels. Hardly is the ship fast when she is assailed by a fleet of canoes, manned by Malay men and boys. The boys come to dive for sixpences or eight-ana pieces which the passengers throw over for them, and the men bring pine-apples, shells, paroquets and other birds, and animals, such as tiger-cats, civet-cats, monkeys, &c., for sale. The shell boats are really beautiful, being filled to the uttermost nook and corner with the most lively specimens, arranged in perfect order, so that the boat looks as if it were a floating cabinet. The diving-boys are of all ages, from seven to seventeen. Some paddle themselves singly in tiny canoes little larger than a butcher's tray; others go three or four together in larger skiffs; but all are equally eager, crowding under the gangways and keeping up an incessant gabble in broken English to attract attention. "Massa, massa, massa! now, massa! I dive very good, massa! You throw sixpence, I dive very quick, good dive, massa!" When a sixpence is pitched overboard, the whole mob of them throw themselves out of their canoes headlong in, and their sprawling limbs may be discerned far down as they strike towards the bottom, till a lucky fellow clutches the prize, when they all return to the surface puffing and blowing, and scramble into their respective canoes, where they are soon ready for another dive. This feat of catching the sixpence is by no means so difficult as a stranger might imagine. In the first place, the sixpence, or any similar flat thin object, when thrown into the water, descends by gyrations, and therefore settles so slowly that a moderately expert swimmer can meet and grasp it.

In the mean time, the wharf begins to fill with a heterogeneous crowd of Malays, Coringamen, Chinese, Surutties, Eurasians, and Europeans, and little palanquin carriages drive up for hire. These are most useful vehicles, exceedingly light, but strong, holding two, and, at a pinch, four people, and drawn by one of the indomitable little Burmah ponies up the heaviest and toughest road. They are driven by half-naked Madras men, who perch on a small seat placed on the front of the carriage, and, never understanding a syllable that is said to them, goad, poke, and worry the pony on till brought up by the shouts of the passengers. The carriages are all numbered, and their owners and drivers subject to strict rules.

After landing from the ship, and elbowing his way among vendors of paradise birds' skins, China and Indian fans, Bombay work-boxes, &c., the traveleris taken by thē indefatigable diving-boys, who strive to earn a sixpence on land as well as in the water, to one of the palanquin carriages or "gárees" aforesaid, and driven off to the town, which is nearly two miles from the wharf. The road, which is good, leads at first through a mangrove swamp, above which, however, it is well raised. A little farther on it rises, where pretty cottages and suburban villas, with neat hedges and gardens, and a large Chinese burial-ground, indicate close approach to the town. Singapore is substantially built, laid out in regular streets, and consists almost wholly of Chinamen's shops. There is a good iron suspension-bridge over an inlet or creek in the town, a pretty though small square, planted with flowering shrubs and shady trees, and some handsome brick and stuccoed houses bordering the strand, or drive, along the beach of the outer harbor, which, with its dark blue waves, is seen outside the town, crowded with vessels of every size, class, and nation.

This strand road is bordered inland by a strip of lawn, planted with flowering shrubs, forming a pleasant promenade and playground for children. The lawn is again skirted by a road bounding a series of gardens and enclosures, in which are contained a line of detached and handsome houses, including a good church. These buildings, embowered in trees, sweep round along the curve of the harbor, and are ended by Government House, an imposing edifice in beautiful grounds, crowning the end of the high land, which in gentle undulations encircles the landward side of the town. The homes of the merchants, government officers, and private individuals, are scattered all around the suburbs, in fine airy situations. The grounds and gardens are exceedingly tasteful, and kept in admirable order; and the roads, shaded by neat hedges of the China or dwarf bamboo, and trees of elegant and varied foliage, are kept carefully in the best repair. A large body of life convicts, some three thousand in number, enables the municipality to preserve the communications throughout the station in thorough order. About a mile and a half's drive along this pleasant suburb brings the visitor to the public gardens, which, though new, are already beautiful, and only need the ripening of time to make them still more so. The exquisite neatness of the lawns and paths is a welcome sight, and, although there are very few flowers, they are large and brilliant. Amongst the houses facing the outer harbor, which command a full view of it, and all day enjoy the refreshing breeze of the sea, is a very comfortable family hotel, kept by an enterprising Frenchman. The "compound" of the hotel contains a detached building for bachelors on one side, and another for the *table d'hote* in the opposite quarter. This hotel appears to fill well. The passenger-traffic between Europe and the southeastern archipelago is rapidly increasing, and English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese from and to Batavia, Borneo, Manila, and Sumatra, have to wait at Singapore for the smaller steamers to convey them to their destinations, or for the large Peninsular and Oriental and Imperial Messagerie ships from Hong-Kong, as the case may be. Besides these, numerous young clerks and assistants in counting-houses take up their permanent abode in the hotel, and help to increase the crowd at the *table d'hote*, which is capable of accommodating about sixty. The fare is good, and served in a style half French and half English. About twenty Chinese lads, clean and well-dressed, fly about, serving the dinner with great briskness, while the master of the hotel stands at a side table with a couple of assistants, carving for his customers. Fish (in great variety and excellence), poultry, and pork, are the chief meats; beef being scarce and poor, and mutton, as in Penang, and throughout Burmah, procured from Calcutta at an extravagant price. European vegetables do not thrive, nor are there any fine fruits, with the exception of pine-apple and the deliciously refreshing mangosteen. But the steamers—whether the opium vessels from Calcutta, or the Peninsular and Oriental ships from Galle—afford but scanty leisure for a survey of Singapore. In twenty-four or thirty hours the traveller has to proceed on his voyage to

HONG KONG.

The first indication of the coast of China is usually the sight of numerous fishing junks, in pairs, towing between them large trawl-nets, and beating steadily up to windward. The ease and safety with which these odd-looking vessels ride over the tumultuous seas is beautiful to see, and the intrepid fellows who manage them come fearlessly out two hundred miles from land. They are pirates, and, whenever they have opportunity, attack and plunder the small junks and lorchas of the coasting trade. The first land seen, as we near Hong Kong, is the southernmost of a series of barren rocky islets, on which the heavy rollers break with a loud roar. The sea-bird breeds upon these rocks, and amongst them may be seen, but rarely, the only species of albatross which ventures north of the equator—*Diomedea brachyura* of Temminck. Increasing in size northwards, the rocks attain the size of rugged, lofty islands, and encircling Hong-Kong—itself an island—on the south and west, inclose a tolerably smooth and land-locked harbor.

Hong-Kong is, in its way, as beautiful a port as Singapore. The town is built of white granite, laid out in regular streets, which rise in terraces one above another. It spreads over a considerable portion of the southern face of the island, and, standing in bold relief against a background of rugged mountain, is carried down to the water's edge, the strand being faced by a stone wall or quay for its whole length. The harbor is generally full of shipping—merchant vessels of all nations, and French, English, American, and Russian men-of-war. Between these glide all day long boats of all patterns, junks, and sampans. Those belonging to the counting-houses and offices in the strand are secured at night by being hoisted up to regular davits built into the quay wall—an admirable plan, which I have not seen followed in any other port. Chinese boatmen, and boatwomen with their fat ruddy babies slung to their backs, have been so often described, that I will say no more about them here, except to express an opinion that the Chinese mode of handling their boats does not appear to have been duly appreciated. There is no craft in the world safer and handier than a Chinese sampan, which has no more grace in its outlines than a butcher's tray. The boatman, who stands and rows facing forwards, can twist and turn it in ways not to be attempted by our boats, thus worming his way safely through crowds of other boats, all, like itself, too broad to be upset, too pliant and tough to be injured in a squeeze. The Chinaman also makes more use than we do of sculling. Lighters, and other heavy barges, reaching up to seventy or eighty tons burden, are invariably furnished with a huge steering or sculling oar, which is worked by six or seven men, and drives the vessel much more powerfully than an equal number of men working with sweeps. We have also some lessons to learn from this people in sailing, and, until we condescend to stiffen our canvas with battens, cannot expect our vessels to lie in the wind's eye as does a Chinese junk.

A pull of five or ten minutes brings the traveller to the stone quay, and, as he mounts one of the numerous flagged stairs along its face, he finds himself surrounded by eager coolies or porters, and chair-men, with their light, pretty sedans, ready to take him up the hill. If the new arriver have friends in Hong-Kong, or has been provided with an introductory letter to some one of its hospitable residents, he is landed in a handsome private boat, sent for his accommodation, and under the care of a comprador or steward of the household placed in a chair or sedan, and carried off to his host's house. These sedans are most useful things. They are nearly as commodious as an Indian palanquin, and far more comfortable, as the rider sits in a large easy-chair, instead of being borne along like a bedridden patient. To enter the sedan the passenger has simply to pass in through the front shafts, which are uplifted for the purpose, the sedan remaining on the ground. When he is fairly seated, the bearers (a man at each end) squat down under the cross-bar near the ends of the shafts, and rising up, chair and all, stride along at a rapid pace up hill and down dale, their sandaled feet making a loud slapping noise on the road. They do not go at the half running pace of the palkee-bearers in India, but with a sturdy step and a stiff knee. Two men are enough for a sedan; but if there be a long journey to make, or the fare be of such proportions as led Mr. Banting to his useful researches, two additional men are added to temporary yokes lashed across the shafts. Thus reinforced, they will run all day. These chairs are sometimes prettily painted and glazed, with awning roofs. They are to be had in numbers for hire in all the principal streets and thoroughfares, and the stranger is greeted in such places, as he passes on, by a chorus of "Chá!" (chair) "chá!" from the bearers seated about their unemployed vehicles.

The main street in Hong Kong, running parallel to the strand, is handsome and regular, with excellent shops, English and Chinese. The banks, counting houses, a handsome club-house, and a church, are in this street. The consular and steam agencies, warehouses, ship-chandlers' stores, and such like offices and buildings, some of considerable size, occupy the strand. A little way up the hillside, and parallel to the main street, are smaller streets, containing hotels, lodging-houses, and some private residences, with their court-yards and enclosures, chiefly European, but with some Parsee, Coringa, and Chinese dwellings. These streets are connected at right angles by smaller ones, steeply ascending the hillside, and thickly crowded with shops, chiefly Chinese. Still higher up are the stately villas and semi-detached houses of the English residents, the governor's house, a handsome building, with the public gardens, the residence of the general, the barracks, and the cathedral. These all communicate by excellent roads, bounded by neatly-finished stone walls, and interspersed with gardens, flowering shrubs, and shady trees. From the level of this quarter extends a magnificent view of the harbor and the opposite island of Kowloon, and the traveller can, if he pleases, ascend the rugged barren hights above him to the flagstaff peak, nearly two thousand feet above the sea; but the mountain is cheerless and lonely.

The suburbs of "Victoria," as Hong-Kong is called (or should be called, although nobody in my hearing ever called it so), are not extensive, but are thickly crowded with Chinese houses, inhabited by fishermen, boat-builders, umbrella and sedan-chair makers, masons, and coolies, a lawless set, and whom the police of Hong-Kong find plenty to do. Indeed, to this day it is reckoned unsafe to go along the skirts of the town after sunset, unless well armed or with a party. Chinamen are both adroit and audacious highwaymen, but they have great dread of firearms, especially of a revolver, and the sight of a pistol insures safety to the traveller. The quarrymen, who are employed in great numbers on the hillside skirting the roads, and many of whom pass the night in temporary hovels where they work, are all thieves. And as the police force is composed of Hindoos, for whom physically Chinamen have great contempt, and as the punishments sanctioned by the laws are altogether insufficient to check crime amongst this people, it is not matter of surprise that

Hong-Kong should be a nest of thieves, while the neighboring city of Canton is a pattern of good order and security. Indeed, it is a known fact that all the worst characters in the latter place, finding their own government too hot for them, repair to Hong-Kong, as a genial region for misdeed. It was only a short time since that they robbed a bank in the town with singular skill and audacity, entering the treasure room through a drain and subterraneous passage dug by themselves at right angles to it, under the foundation-wall of the building.

At the west end of the town the level land of the beach penetrates the hill, forming an oval-shaped flat space of meadow-land, which has been turned into a very excellent race-course, and on the eastern side of this, at the foot of the hill, is the Christian cemetery. The roots of the hills are here covered with forest trees, and a pretty little stream or "burn" runs along the bottom of this "Happy Valley," as this west-end suburb is termed by the English residents. The races take place here once a year, and are exceedingly good; for there are two great millionaires who spare no expense in importiug first-rate horses.

Hong-Kong is a good deal colder than Calcutta, but the seasons are as to time much the same as in India. The rains are short in duration, but very violent, drenching the streets with mountain torrents which the numerous and deep drains cannot always contain. The summer is unpleasantly hot only in June and July, and the cold weather, during which fires are absolutely necessary, lingers ou till near the middle of April, with gloomy, misty skies, and chill driving rain coming in gusts from the hills above.—*All the Year Round.*

THE ARCHANGEL'S TRUMP.

A GOOD story is told in this city (says a Parisian correspondent,) at the expense of a very handsome and rich widow of most exemplary character, who has a small and elegant retreat at Versailles, in addition to her town residence. At this pretty rurality she was passing a week at the close of the autumn, having for her guest a lad in his teens, who was a distant relative, and who was thus passing his vacation from school. Madam's housekeeper and cook was a respectable female, who, however, had an admirer. a trumpeter, stationed in the barracks near by, and the stolen pleasure of whom was to come in and dine stealthily on the remaining dishes of the mistress' luxuriant table.

Madame and her boy relative having started after dinner for a walk, the trumpeter took advantage of the absence: but unluckily prolonged his meal a few minutes too long. In his hurry to conceal himself when taken by surprise, he became ensconced under the bed of the lady of the house, thinking to escape while she passed the evening in her drawing-room as usual. Madam was tired with her walk, however, and proceeded to her room for an hour's repose immediately on her return.

The trumpeter, in full uniform, with his brazen instruments beside him, was of course in a position of considerable dismay. As he lay racking his brain, the door suddenly opened, and in walked the schoolboy, who, to the astonishment of the lady, fell on his knees, and made a tumultuous declaration of love!

"In the name of Heaven," cried the astonished object of his passion, "rise, and leave the room immediately! What would be thought of me if you were seen in this indiscreet situation and posture! Rise this moment and retire!"

"No!" firmly persisted the academical. "I live but to love you! No power on earth shall tear me from this spot—no—no—not even if the trump of the last day—"

At this moment the trumpeter, whose lips were at the edge of his instrument, blew a blast, into which was poured the overwhelming torrent of his previous impatience, "*Trrrrr—ta, ta, ta, ta, ta*"—a thunder-blast, to which the walls of the little cottage trembled to their foundation.

The room was vacated by dame and lover in a trice, and the trumpeter made his escape; but the story got wind, and, without name or place, was all over Paris.

It was being narrated one evening by a gay man, in a small circle, when the narrator remarked:

"I would have given anything in the world to have seen the face of the lady at the moment of the trumpet's sounding."

"The face of the boy on his knees was much better worth seeing, I assure you," exclaimed in a tone of pique, a lady among the listeners—unguardedly revealing, by this hasty comment, that she was, herself, the heroine of the story.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—This song, written by John Howard Payne, whilst residing in England, was first produced on the stage in the opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The music was furnished by Sir Henry Bishop, who derived the air of "Home, Sweet Home" from an old Sicilian melody.

TELEGRAPH poles in South Australia are made of mahogany at a cost of about four dollars and a half apiece, because other wood will not stand the climate and burial in the ground.

A TURTLE has been caught in Australia seven feet in length and weighing 700 pounds.

DOES LAGER BEER INTOXICATE?—DIARY OF A MAN WHO TESTS IT.

"DOES lager beer intoxicate?" That is a question which has agitated this country for years—courts and communities being divided upon it. As a scientific experiment, and for the purpose of satisfying my mind upon the subject, I went among the beer gardens and beer saloons, yesterday, keeping a journal of my progress, which I herewith append:

9 A. M.—Took a glass of lager at a Third street saloon. Exceedingly cooling to the system. It diffuses a gentle and agreeable exhilaration throughout the brain.

9:05 A. M.—Took another glass, with brown bread, salt, and cardamon seeds. Thoughts run in agreeable channels. Disposed to look leniently upon the frailties of humanity. Wouldn't refuse to receive cash in full from a debtor, or force money upon a man I owed. Pat the head of a little Dutch baby that toddles by me.

Am carried back in imagination to the days of my youth (which the nights of my mature years had put out of my head, somewhat.) I remember my early love, and muse in a kindly vein upon the morning of my existence. Had had some annoyances in the morning, which vanished with the froth of the beer.

9:10 A. M.—Took another glass, joined by a friend. A kindly feeling toward the friend. I allow him to pay for the beer, however, retaining my presence of mind. We indulge in cheerful conversation. I become eloquent on German literature. Quote from Gœthe, Schiller, and glow at the mention of Rembrandt.

Other friends enter. I allow them to pay for beer, also.

10 A. M.—I call for more beer, and tell the bar-keeper that he is "in." Ask a stranger to "join us." Another member of the party calls vociferously for "hard-boiled eggs." I check him, and feel a sympathy for a man who "shows his beer."

10:30 A. M.—We have indulged in more beer. Disposition on the part of some to tell old anecdotes, at which the party laugh inordinately. The bar-keeper "smiles" at our expense. Some one proposes that we go up Teuth street. Another glass of beer, and we go.

11 o'clock, A. M.—Shook hands with every acquaintance we met on the street coming here. Remember patting one or two very particular friends on the back, and urging them to "go 'long." Gave a newsboy twenty five cents for a morning paper that I had read, and declined to take any change. Had a glass of beer.

12 M.—The party gets larger and *fuller*. All talk together, as a general thing.

Think we stopped twice on the way and drank beer. One man has left the party. He said he had "business" to attend to. Remember feeling a sort of admiration for the man who had the nerve to leave a party and go about his business. Wished I had some business, and had the nerve to go about it. Concluded to have some more beer.

1 P. M.—More beer. Some of us leave half a glass undrank, while others order "kleine" glasses. One man "switches off" on whisky, and another "takes a cigar in his'n."

2 P. M.—Another round. I tell my stories over once, and just as I reach the point in the story a friend breaks in with—"that reminds me of a little incident," etc.

Called for more beer. Boisterous man grows suddenly silent, his head drops over on his shoulder, and he goes to sleep. Another man sings a song. We all join in the chorus without any particular regard to key. More beer.

3 P. M.—"Sixty-six" is introduced. We play for the beer. Two or three suspicious-looking strangers worm themselves into the party. They laugh extravagantly at all my stories, and call for beer, which is applied to my account.

4 P. M.—A man who had been silently drinking his beer for some time, suddenly breaks out in violent denunciation of some individual who is absent, and whom none of us know. We immediately sympathize with him, and proceed to denounce the absent individual with great warmth, all talking together. More beer.

5 P. M.—I sing a song, forgetting the third line in the second verse, and nearly go to sleep in trying to recall it.

I insist upon paying for all we've had. A total stranger borrows five dollars of me until he can "see Stofe." The glasses are filled up again by order of a party at the other end of the room.

6 P. M.—Men with their coats off, vociferating violently. Everybody in intense perspiration; disposition to spill beer on our shirt bosoms and our clothes. Beer mugs knocked off the table. Bar-keeper gets excited and wastes his German on the desert air, the air not understanding it. I imagine that he is asking us all to drink, and accept the invitation. It is charged to me.

7 P. M.—More beer spilled on our shirt bosoms. Fellows grow pale and go out in the back yard, and more men suddenly recollect that they have business to attend to, going about their business as though it was the "rail fence" business.

Lager beer won't intoxicate!

Man asleep across the table. Another man offers to "rassle" any one in the party for the beer (having "rassled" a large quantity of beer.) A stranger takes it up, the "rassle" proceeds, and—and I go under. More beer.

10 P. M.—More men sleep. I embrace two or three Dutchmen at the next table—telling them "you're my friend." Look around and discover all of a sudden that my party has changed. All gone "wot I knowd," and a lot of strangers there. Think it is time to go home. Drink a glass of beer and go it.

11 P. M.—Am rudely awakened by some one. Open my eyes, and see a couple of watchmen. I am on a door-step on Tenth street. The watchman says:

"You don't want to sleep here."

"The devil I don't. Do you suppose I would be (hic) foolish enough to lay down and go to sleep here if I didn't want to?"

"But you can't sleep here."

"That's a different thing altogether. You said I didn't wan't to, and (hic) I never wanted to so bad in my life before."

11:30 P. M.—I reach home. Experience a good deal of difficulty in unlocking the hall-door with a lead pencil. Try a pocket-knife, and then blunder upon the night-key. Suddenly remember that I have got the hiccups, and getting under the hall gas-light I try to cure them by seeing how near I can put my two little fingers together without touching them. I "job" them by each other, clear up to the elbow. Then experience a glow of triumph as I hold them very near together, *two feet apart.*

11:55 P. M.—The hiccups cured. Congratulating myself on the cure as I go up stairs. Think of taking out a license to practice in that line. I open the door—give a hiccup that starts the roof, and nearly throws my head off. Wife starts up in bed, and says:

"*Drunk again!*"

I protest that I am (hic) not. I wax dignified and learned, and ask her if she (hic) uuderstands the diag (hic) nosis of hiccups. She says she had ought to; she had seen me have them often enough.

Said I, in an injured voice:

"Do you know, madam, that (hic) hiccups come from (hic—comes from a cold (hic) stomach?"

She said she thought it came from a beer garden.

I insisted that a cold fit of (hic) hiccups often comes from a severe stomach, and remember wandering off into a dissertation upon the intoxicating properties of quails, while she was pulling off my boots.

Lager beer won't intoxicate! O, no!

"HUN-KI-DO-RI."

POSTING HIM.—Sir Walter Scott told the story of a placid minister near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said:

"Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark. Or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae saumon. Or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin."

Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out:

"Aiblins, sir, it was a dunter," (the vulgar name of a species of whale common on the Scotch coast.)

"Aiblins, madam, ye're an auld witch for taking the word of God out of my mouth," was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

GERMAN BOOKS.—It is a singular fact that in spite of the great number of books—more than ten thousand separate works in a year—published in Germany, the Germans as a nation are not a book-reading people. The editions of works printed there are very small, varying from three to seven hundred. Novels have a larger sale than any other books, being taken in great numbers by the circulating libraries, from which every one who reads at all hires all his light literature. The price in many of these libraries is not more than a cent or a cent and a half per week. In all the principal towns you can see antiquarian bookstore on almost any of the principal streets, and many of the scholars patronize no other booksellers. They have choice assortments, for, whenever a great man in the world of letters dies, his library is purchased by some of these stores. New books are advertised but very little; but the notices of them by editors are more elaborately and conscientiously written than elsewhere, and carry more weight.

PUNCH has written to Mr. Darwin to inquire if it is possible, under his theory of development, for a bay-pony ever to become a sea-horse.

INVINCIBLE fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

A CONNECTICUT railroad company advertise that until they can get money to buy cars, they will run coaches over the route, and have bought one coach to accommodate the travel.

"MARK TWAIN" ON HIS TRAVELS.

AFTER journeying through the sugar and coffee regions of Kona, and having a missionary conference with "Brown," "Mark" comes to the place where exists

NATURE'S PRINTED RECORD IN THE LAVA.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we were winding down a mountain of dreary and desolate lava to the sea, and closing our pleasant land journey. This lava is the accumulation of ages; one torrent of fire after another has rolled down here in old times, and built up the island structure higher and higher. Underneath, it is honey-combed with caves; it would be of no use to dig wells in such a place; they would not hold water—you would not find any for them to hold, for that matter. Consequently, the planters depend upon cisterns.

The last lava flow occurred here so long ago that there are none now living who witnessed it. In one place it inclosed and burned down a grove of cocoanut trees, and the holes in the lava where the trunks stood are still visible; their sides retain the impression of the bark; the trees fell upon the burning river, and becoming partly submerged, left in it the perfect counterfeit of every knot and branch and leaf, and even nut, for curiosity seekers of a long distant day to gaze upon and wonder at.

There were doubtless plenty of Kanaka sentinels on guard hereabouts at that time, but they did not leave casts of their figures in the lava as the Roman sentinels at Herculaneum and Pompeii did. It is a pity it is so, because such things are so interesting, but so it is. They probably went away. They went away early, perhaps. It was very bad. However, they had their merits; the Roman exhibited the higher pluck, but the Kanakas showed the sounder judgment.

As usual, Brown loaded his unhappy horse with fifteen or twenty pounds of "specimens," to be cursed and worried over for a time, and then discarded for new toys of a similar nature. He is like most people who visit these Islands; they are always collecting specimens, with a wild enthusiasm, but they never get home with any of them.

CAPTAIN COOK'S DEATH-PLACE.

Shortly we came in sight of that spot whose history is so familiar to every school-boy in the wide world—Kealakekua Bay—the place where Captain Cook, the great circumnavigator, was killed by the natives nearly a hundred years ago.

Kealakekua Bay is a little curve like the last kink of a snail shell, winding deep into the land, seemingly not more than a mile wide from shore to shore. It is bounded on one side—where the murder was done—by a little flat plain, on which stands a cocoanut grove and some ruined houses; a steep wall of lava, a thousand feet high at the upper end, and three or four hundred at the lower, comes down from the mountain and bounds the inner extremity of it. From this wall the place takes its name, *Kealakekua*, which in the native tongue signifies "The Pathway of the Gods." They say (and still believe, in spite of their liberal education in Christianity,) that the great god *Lono*, who used to live upon the hillside, always travelled that causeway when urgent business connected with heavenly affairs called him down to the sea-shore in a hurry.

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Plain unvarnished history takes the romance out of Captain Cook's assassination, and renders a deliberate verdict of justifiable homicide.

When he landed at Kealakekua Bay, a multitude of natives, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, flocked about him and conducted him to the principal temple with more than royal honors—with honors suited to their chiefest god, for such they took him to be. They called him Lono—a deity who had resided at that place in a former age, but who had gone away and had ever since been anxiously expected back by the people. When Cook approached the awe-stricken people, they prostrated themselves and hid their faces. His coming was announced in a loud voice by heralds, and those who had not time to get out of the way after prostrating themselves, were trampled under foot by the following throngs. Arrived at the temple, he was taken into the most sacred part and placed before the principal idol, and tendered distinguished civilities never offered by the islanders to mere human beings. The belief that he was a god saved him a good while from being killed—protected him thoroughly and completely, until, in an unlucky moment, it was discovered that he was only a man. His death followed instantly. Jarves, from whose history, principally, I am condensing this narrative, thinks his destruction was a direct consequence of his dishonest personation of the god, but unhappily for the argument, the historian proves, over and over again, that the false Lono was spared time and again when simple Captain Cook of the Royal Navy would have been destroyed with small ceremony.

The idolatrous worship of Captain Cook was repeated at every heathen temple he visited. "For a brief period he moved among them an earthly god—observed, feared, and worshipped." During all this time the whole island was heavily taxed to supply the wants of the ships or contribute to the gratification of their officers and crews, and, as was customary in such cases, no return expected.

At one time the King of the island laid a tabu upon his people, confining them to their houses for several days. This interrupted the daily supply of vegetables to the ships; several natives tried to violate the tabu, under threats made by Cook's sailors, but were prevented by a chief, who, for thus enforcing the laws of his country, had a musket fired over his head from one of the ships. This is related in Cook's Voyages. The tabu was soon removed, and the Englishmen were favored with the boundless hospitality of the natives as before, except that the Kanaka women were interdicted from visiting the ships. The officers and sailors went freely about the island, and were everywhere laden with presents. The King visited Cook in royal state, and gave him a large number of exceeding costly and valuable presents; in return for which the resurrected Lono presented His Majesty a white linen shirt and a dagger—an instance of illiberality in every way discreditable to a god.

"On the 2d of February, at the desire of his commander, Captain King proposed to the priests to purchase for fuel the railing which surrounded the top of the temple of *Lono!* In this Cook manifested as little respect for the religion in the mythology of which he figured so conspicuously, as scruples in violating the divine precepts of his own. Indeed, throughout his voyages, a spirit regardless of the rights and feelings of others, when his own were interested, is manifested, especially in his last cruise, which is a blot upon his memory."

Cook desecrated the holy places of the temple by storing supplies for his ships in them, and by using the level grounds within the inclosure as a general workshop for repairing his sails, etc.,—ground which was so sacred that no common native dared to set his foot upon it. Ledyard, a Yankee sailor, who was with Cook, and whose journal is considered the most just and reliable account of this eventful period of the voyage, says two iron hatchets were offered for the temple railing, and when the sacrilegious proposition was refused by the priests with horror and indignation, it was torn down by order of Captain Cook and taken to the boats by the sailors, and the images which surmounted it removed and destroyed in the presence of the priests and chiefs.

The abused and insulted natives finally grew desperate under the indignities that were constantly being heaped upon them by men whose wants they had unselfishly relieved at the expense of their own impoverishment, and, angered by some fresh baseness, they stoned a party of sailors and drove them to their boats. From this time onward, Cook and the natives were alternately friendly and hostile until Sunday, the 14th, whose setting sun saw the circumnavigator a corpse.

Ledyard's account and that of the natives vary in no important particulars. A Kanaka, in revenge for a blow he had received at the hands of a sailor (the natives say he was flogged), stole a boat from one of the ships and broke it up to get the nails out of it. Cook determined to seize the King and remove him to his ship, and keep him a prisoner until the boat was restored. By deception he got the aged monarch to the shore, when a multitude of natives flocked to the place; great excitement ensued, and Cook's situation became perilous in the extreme. He had only a handful of marines and sailors with him, and the crowd of natives grew constantly larger and more clamorous every moment. Cook opened hostilities himself, by firing on and wounding a threatening native. A speedy retreat of the English party to the boats was now absolutely necessary; as soon as it was begun, Cook was hit with a stone, and, discovering who threw it, he shot the man dead. The officer in the boats now ordered his men to fire; this occasioned Cook's guard to face about and fire also, and then the attack became general. Cook and Lieutenant Phillips were together a few paces in the rear of the guard, and, perceiving a general fire without orders, quitted the King and ran to the shore to stop it; but, not being able to make themselves heard, and being close pressed upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having at length reached the margin of the water, between the fire and the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing and come in; and while he was doing this, a chief stabbed him from behind with an iron dagger (procured in traffic with the sailors), just under the shoulder-blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water and immediately expired.

The native account says, that after Cook had shot two men, he struck a stalwart chief with the flat of his sword, for some reason or other; the chief seized and pinioned Cook's arms in his powerful gripe, and bent him backward over his knee (not meaning to hurt him, for it was not deemed possible to hurt the god *Lono*, but to keep him from doing further mischief), and this treatment giving him pain, he betrayed his mortal nature with a groan! It was his death-warrant. The fraud which had served him so well was discovered at last. The natives shouted, "He groans!—he is not a god!" and instantly they fell upon him and killed him.

His flesh was stripped from the bones and burned (except nine pounds of it, which were sent on board the ships). The heart was hung up in a native hut, where it was found and eaten by three children, who mistook it for the heart of a dog. One of these children grew to be a very old man, and died in Honolulu a few years ago. A portion of Cook's bones were recovered and consigned to the deep by the officers of the ships.

Small blame should attach to the natives for the killing of Cook. They treated him well. In return, he abused them. He and his men inflicted bodily injury upon many of them at different times, and killed at least three of them before they offered any proportionate retaliation.—"*Mark Twain*," *in the Sacramento Union.*

SHARK-KILLING.

ON the coasts of Sumatra, sharks are sought for and killed as a sporting exercise. A traveller thus speaks of this dangerous pastime:

"I was walking on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies were employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before.

"I found on inquiry that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey.

"At this moment, a native on the chuppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in this most frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other.

"The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, *Tun, tan!* The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight; and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and dispatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal."

STEEL CALVES.—Domestic animals generally seem to be doing well this summer. The last few windy days have been particularly favorable for the development of "calves." There have, perhaps, been no periods in the history of this city where so many of them have been seen on the streets. They mostly go in pairs. While many of them are quite slim and gaunt this summer, others appear remarkably large and thrifty, and we are informed that in many cases some have nearly doubled their size in a single night. To a city-bred young gentleman, no branch of stock-growing is so peculiarly interesting as this variety of live-stock. Somewhere in the Old Testament it is stated that Jewish women were once punished for adoring a false calf. The lesson has its warning.

PROCTOR'S CAVE, recently discovered about three miles from the celebrated Mammoth Cave, is said to surpass the latter in extent, grandeur and the beauty of the mineral formations. Prof. Wright, of Louisville, is making a thorough exploration of this subterranean wonder.

How to catch fleas—go where they are.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Magnire's Opera House Byron's burlesque of *Aladdin* proved a light and agreeable entertainment, well produced, with fine scenery and costumes, and pleuty of good music. Lady Don made a very taking "Aladdin," and Kate Denin a particularly graceful "Princess." Courtaine, as the "Magician," introduced some good local hits, and the "Chinese Widow," as played by Thompson, was exuberantly amusing.

The live petty comedy of *Simpson & Co.* was played during the fore part of the week with *Aladdin*, and from its brilliant points and finish, as well as from the excellent fitting of its parts in the cast, was a particularly noteworthy production. The piece is full of life, sparkle and character, and was very effectively personated. Lady Don as the jealous "Mrs. Simpson," gave us a characterization that forcibly reminded us of Mrs. Charles Kean's "Mrs. Oakley," in the *Jealous Wife*. In action, in the modulation of the voice, in the apparently natural impetuosity of jealonsy, the personation was excellent. Mrs. Jackson, too, as the dialectical and impressive "Mrs. Bromley," confidant in her intriguing husband's innocence, and believing poor innocent "Simpson" a perfect Don Juan, was admirable. Of course, Courtaine was in his element as the double-dealing, and often sadly perplexed "Bromley." Mrs. Judah and Miss Sallie Goodrich ably supported the lighter parts. In adding that Anderson was an excellent personifier of "Simpson," we have finished the commendation of one of the best and the best played little comedies we have seen for a long time.

The Colleen Bawn, with Lady Don as "Eily O'Conor," was brought out on Thursday evening, and was played again last-night. This afternoon and evening the burlesque entitled *Mazourka*, or, *The Pole and the Tartar* will be produced. We suspect the plot is founded on some poor "Pole" who gets treated as usual with his countrymen, to Tartar Sauce. *Tommy and Sally* will be the introductory piece. On Monday and Tuesday *Rob Roy*, with all the original music, will constitute the bill, Lady Don as "Francis Osbaldiston."

METROPOLITAN THEATER.—The second representation of *Il Trovatore*, after an interval of several weeks, (and we believe without rehearsal), was given on Friday of last week, to a full house, and with a degree of spirit and completeness quite remarkable. Signora Bianchi was more than usually impressive as the fierce Gipsey, and her rendering of the duet with "Manrico," (ably sustained by Signor Bianchi), elicited a hearty recall. Signorina Brambilla and Signor Mancusi, were in fine voice, and Signor Milleri, as before, gracefully assumed the secondary part of "Ferrando," to the great advantage of the cast. The chorus and orchestra were unusually prompt and harmonious, and the general effect of the performance deserves all praise.

Faust, which drew the largest audience of the season on its first representation, and a good one on its second, was given for the third time last Saturday evening to a thin house. It has never won its way into the public heart, and a San Francisco audience is probably the last one that would he impressed with its subdued beauties.

The long expected novelty, *Crispino e la Comare*, was produced on Monday evening, and repeated on Wednesday and Friday, to the great satisfaction of crowded and fashionable audiences. The light and graceful character of the music, not strikingly original, but fresh and sparkling, is admirably adapted to the public taste here, and will not easily grow tiresome; while the broad comedy of the plot, after weeks on weeks of tragic opera, seems doubly grateful. The leading feature, of course, and we are glad to say also, the great triumph, of the performance, is Signor Mancusi's capital impersonation of the title character, *Crispino*, in which he developes such an astonishing amount of comic talent as almost to make us doubt his identity. While every one has from the first acknowledged the fine quality, unusual compass, and very artistic management of his voice, we cannot say that his style of acting in serious parts has found much favor; but the only difficulty in *Crispino* is to imagine that it can have a better representative, or to remember that we have ever seen him in anything else. His capital make-up, and the complete removal of his heavy black beard, increase the illusion, and we are now only afraid that we shall never be able to look upon him seriously again. Among the gems of his part were the "Cobbler's Lament," sung with real pathos; the duet and dance with "Annetta"; the tumultuous trio with "Mirabolano" and "Fabrizio"; and the little address to "La Comare," begging leave to see his wife and children before death. Where there is so much to applaud, we regret to find even one fault, but must unite with several of our daily contemporaries in a protest against "gags," especially in English; they excite a little laughter from a few, but are nevertheless in bad taste anywhere, and in opera should be looked upon as an insult to the audience, and met with instant signs of disapprobation. Signorina Brambilla was very charming as "Annetta," though a part quite out of her usual line. Her singing of the three principal airs, "Ho qui di cal di palpiti," in the first act, "Io non sono," in the second, and "Non ha gioja," in the last—all bearing, by the way, a strong family likeness—and also of the piquant little canzonet, "Piero mio, go qua una fritola," was heartily enjoyed; and her quarrel, reconciliation, and dance with "Crispino," after the gift of money from the fairy, quite brought down the house. Signor Bianchi filled acceptably the small part—reduced by cutting out whole scenes relating to his love for "Lisetta"—of the "Contino del Fiore," and sang his single romanza, "Bella siccome un angelo," with taste and expression. MM. Charles and Roncovieri, as the Doctors, "Fabrizio" and "Mirabolano," were excellent, as was also M. Hennecart as "Don Asdrubale," while M. Guinde, as "Bartolo," looked more really like a ghastly sufferer than was altogether pleasant. The part of "La Comare" was assumed by Mlle. Tourny, who evidently needs more time to make herself acqnainted with it; we believe she has only had it for four or five weeks, and therefore merits the indulgence of the public. The chorus and orchestra display new life and precision under the temporary but very competent direction of Mr. Evans, and the whole performance, even on the first night, was remarkably smooth and successful. The careful attention paid to costumes, scenery, and other details, was shown by several changes—all for the better—made on the second night. *Crispino* is likely to draw many a crowded house before the public will consent to its retirement for the season.

This evening, for the benefit of the Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, *Lucia di Lammermoor* will be performed. *Belisario* is announced for Monday, on which occasion Miss Brannan, heretofore favorably known in private musical circles as a refined lady and cultivated singer, will make her first appearance in opera, doubtless to a crowded house.

The Howson Opera Troupe performed last week at Nevada, and are at Grass Valley for the present week. They are to open the Marysville Theatre with a sacred concert to-morrow evening; and will give the Marysvillians an opera season during the coming week, which will be the "Fair week" at that place.

DR. JORDAN'S Anatomical Museum is on exhibition at the Eureka. An inspection of the wonders of this establishment cannot fail but prove instructive.

LITERARY AND MUSICAL NOTES.

"IT is more than probable," says the *Saturday Review*, "that during the next twelve months at least half a dozen new books about the Mormon settlement, the Rocky Mountains, Colorado Territory, and all that wonderful land lying to the north of Mexico, and midway betwixt the Mississippi and California, will appear in London and at New York. Two English authors have signified their intention of visiting these parts very shortly; a French celebrity, whose work on China has recently attracted wide attention, is going; and an American artist, Mr. W. Beard, in company with Bayard Taylor, has already started for this district, with the intention of producing an illustrated work."

The completion of the 50th volume of *Punch* was celebrated early in this month, by a banquet at Maidenhead. The entire literary and artistic staff and the proprietors dined together; and, in recognition of the services of Mr. Mark Lemon, who has for a quarter of a century been sole editor of *Punch*, a silver "loving cup" was presented to him by the proprietors, and a testimonial of a very gratifying character was also handed to him by his fellow-workers.

Among recent notable London publications are: a pamphlet on "Steam as the Motive Power in Earthquakes and Volcanoes;" "Thecla," a drama; a "Collection of Two Hundred Chess Problems;" Lamartine's "Biographies and Portraits of Some Celebrated People;" and "The Faire Gospeller," by the author of "Mary Powell."

The profits of Lord Derby's version of the "Iliad" amount to £1,350, and have been invested as a prize for the pupils of the Wellington College.

Mr. James Russell Lowell is said to have been, for some years, engaged on a novel which is to be a kind of American "Wilhelm Meister." So says an English literary gossiper.

The author of "Felix Holt" was paid £4,000 for her novel, which is about a fifth of the sum demanded for a sensational drama. She has gone to Germany to escape the temptation of reading, and the annoyance of listening to, criticisms on her new work.

It is understood that Mr. Shirley Brooks, whose novel-inditing pen has too long lain idle, has commenced a story, which will shortly be published in the monthly serial form, with illustrations by Mr. Du Maurier.

The lively Paris correspondent of *The American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular* is Mr. Osborne, who writes the "Spiridion" letters in the Boston *Gazette*, and the "Gamma" letters in the New Orleans *Times*.

The tenth thousand of "Ecce Homo" has been published, with a new preface.

Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life" has been republished in England, from the original Harper edition.

Dwight's *Journal of Music*, in quoting the preamble and list of officers of the "San Francisco Italian Opera Association," premises it as follows: "Music-lovers and fashionables in the Golden Gate city, taking it for granted that Italian Opera is the height and sum of all musical felicity, are anxious to make it a permanent institution among them, and to this end have lately organized an Association on the following basis:" and naively adds: "Judging by the following list presented to the Directors by Signor Bianchi, the season will be stunningly Verdi-ish." Our seasons always are.

No less than nine new operas are in preparation for the next season in Milan: Verdi's "Don Carlos," Pacini's "Streghe di Hofbau" (Witches of Hofban), Georgio Micelli the Neopolitan's "Convito di Baldossare" (Belshazzar's Guest), Bazzini's "Turando," the "Eloisa di Cleve," by Quaterez of Naples, "I Promessi Spossi," by Pincherle of Trieste, "Il Romito di Legnaro" (Hermit of Legnaro), by Borivi of Bergamo, and "Rosamonda," by a very young maestro, Parlo la Villa, of Palermo.

The great Organ just erected in Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church at Brooklyn, by the Messrs. Hook of Boston, has been exhibited to a select musical company. A public exhibition of this instrument will soon be given. The Organ cost $25,000, and is the largest ever built in this country. It is next, in size, to the great Boston Organ, which was built in Europe.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, during the last week or two of June, Meyerbeer reigned almost exclusively. M. Dumestre was successful in the "Africaine" as Nelusko. Next came the "Prophète" before Gueymard's vacation; then "Robert le Diable," "L'Africaine" again, and so on.

The facade of the new Grand Opera, now building in Paris, will be decorated with the busts of the most celebrated composers. The sculptor, Denechaux, is commissioned to provide those of Cherubini, Mehul, Nicolai, Weber, Rossini and Adam; and M. Bruyer is to provide those of Lesueur, Berton, Boieldieu, Herold, Donizetti, and Verdi.

Milan, during the last two months, the only novelty has been the performance of Cagnoni's opera "Claudia" at the Cannobiana. The libretto has been adapted from the work of George Sand and was commenced by the late Signor Marcello, a man of great talent, especially with regard to adaptations. There are too many recitatives, and altogether it hangs heavily, and is wearying to the listener.

VIENNA.—Both German and Italian operas are closed, and of course, by the latest war news from Bohemia, the old Austrian empire must be singing from the other side of its mouth. The last operatic event of interest was the performance of Weber's "Preciosa," with Walter for tenor, Boch for baritone, and Mmes. Prauze, Dustmann and Tollheim.

BERLIN.—The journals complain of the falling off of receipts at the theaters, consequent upon political troubles. The same cause renders musical and theatrical news from all parts of Germany of the scantiest description.

The musical world is anxiously expecting the appearance of Mr. Thayer's "Biography of Beethoven." Part of the MS. is translated into German, and it will appear in both countries simultaneously. Mr. Thayer is American Consul at Trieste.

The mobilization of the Prussian army has ruined the theater at Carlsruhe. The tenor Stolzenberg has been drafted into the Rhenish Contingent, and another singer—Roberstin—has also been compelled to take military service.

"Emanuel d'Astorga," which has awakened such interest at Stuttgart, is Herr Albert's third work. He is already favorably known in Germany for a symphony called "Columbus," and for his opera "Enzio."

THE ADRIATIC SEA.—The events now transpiring in Europe are drawing the attention of all the world to the famous sea that once floated the lords of the world's commerce. The Adriatic is from the Strait of Otranto, which connects it with the Ionian Sea, to the mouth of the Tagliamento, four hundred and eighty miles long, and its average width is a hundred and thirty miles below the mouth of the Po, above which the Peninsula of Istria reduces it to sixty miles. The Adriatic receives few rivers of importance save the Adige and the Po. The western coast is flat and swampy. It is unfit for habitations, and its harbors are few and poor. The eastern shores are steep and rocky, and contain several excellent harbors. The northwestern part of the Adriatic is known as the Gulf of Venice, and the northeastern as the Gulf of Trieste. During the summer, the navigation is safe; but, in winter, the northeast winds produce many dangerous shipwrecks. Its depth, between Dalmatia and the mouth of the Po, is twenty-two fathoms; opposite Venice it is twelve fathoms; and southward it deepens rapidly. Its waters are salter than those of the Atlantic, and its tides are almost imperceptible.

Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" has reached its third edition.

A DIAMOND was recently sold in Paris for $12,000.

SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

GLIMPSES AT CALIFORNIA SCENERY.

LAKE TAHOE.

THE Hand-book of some California Murray will tell you that Tahoe is twenty-two miles long, ten miles wide, six thousand one hundred and sixty-seven feet above the sea, over fifteen hundred feet deep in the center, and surrounded by mountains, the summits of which vary from fifteen hundred to thirty-five hundred feet in hight above the level of the lake. And when you have got through with that arithmetical description, you will have as clear a conception of this Sierra sea as you would gain of the Big Trees by reading of their dimensions. Stand upon the pebbled shore at the southeastern end, soon after sunrise, and the lake and all its conspicuous landmarks are within the eye's unaided grasp. A lake in a lower atmosphere, five miles long and two miles wide, circled by hills covered with grass, instead of trees, deep blue in the center and a brilliant green near the shore, would make the same first impression, for the vastness of the expanse of water and the hight of the surrounding mountains do not appear until after closer inspection and comparison. Yonder point, one of the capes of Emerald bay, looks like a small grassy knoll, to which you could easily pull a Whitehall boat in fifteen minutes. That little knoll is a hill three hundred feet high, covered with pine trees and chapparal, and there are just nine miles of water between your eye and the point where a boat would land its passengers. Upon a very clear day, a guide will direct your attention to two white specks on the edge of the water near the northwestern corner of the lake, and it will seem as though you might row a boat over to the foot of that hill within an hour. The faint white specks are Tahoe City, located on a bluff sixty feet high, and a fast-sailing schooner of twenty tons burden may, if the winds be favorable, carry you there in about six hours. The vessel may be on its way toward your stand-point now, and yet be invisible. The smooth, green hill, above the white specks, is a mountain two thousand feet high, and covered with stately sugar-pines. Enter a boat, and row out for a distance of a half mile. The water will be a clear, translucent green, every pebble on the bottom being visible, and you may be tempted to strip and wade. First cast a line, with a broad sinker, and, before you pull it in, you will decide not to wade; for this green "shoal" water, a half mile from the beach, will be probably one hundred and twenty or thirty feet deep, though you can see the glimmer of the sinker at the end of the line. Push out a little further into the blue water, as blue and sparkling as any sapphire that decks the hand of beauty, and you may piece out several of your longest lines without touching the quiet ooze. The highest summit in sight at the southeastern end of the lake is Pyramid Peak, which is still covered with snow in July, and looks like a nice point to reach in a morning's climb. It would be a good day's work to cross the lake and journey to the edge of that snow by the shortest practicable route, and then the traveler would need a long day's rest. When such facts as these are learned, the mind begins to grasp the grandeur of Tahoe. There is much more which can only be learned by embarking, under the care of a skillful navigator and an intelligent guide, upon the sparkling water of this mountain sea. Smiling and lovely as she looks, Tahoe has fits of anger, when an old salt would prefer to encounter the wildest winds and the most threatening waves of the Atlantic to braving her perilous, freakish wrath.

LAKE AND HOPE VALLEYS—A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

Lake Valley was clothed in the beauty of May, while the far plains were withering under the scorching sun of July. The meadows were fresh and gaily decked with flowers. The pine and the tamarack towered in symmetrical elegance, forming groves free from underwood, and making the valley look like a well kept park. The southern wall was crowned by snow-clad peaks. The eastern wall arose at first with an easy swell, and then shot up into straight, sheer, brown rock, with lofty cliffs of perilous edge.

A very pleasant, exhilarating drive brought Oldbuck and his friends, through a forest of pines, oak and aspen, having a rich carpet of grass and flowers, to a point whence they gained their first view of Hope Valley. Here Church should study to paint the "Heart of the Sierra," as a companion picture for his "Heart of the Andes." Here is May in the lap of January. Here are gathered within a space that may be grasped at a glance the beauty and sublimity of the mountain land. Below, fresh green meadows, through which the clear and rapid Carson flows, its circuitous route marked by willows and bowlders of granite. A complete frame of mountains, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the stream. The segment on the extreme right shows masses of snow and dark-gray rock, from which descend forests of pine and tamarack, with straight trunks and spires of evergreen foliage, through which the sunlight falls upon the gently sloping sward. Elsewhere, the mountains are green to the summit, but spotted with bowlders that look like flocks of nibbling sheep. The meadows far below are fenced, and two or three houses and barns may be discerned, for men have fixed their homes here, "shut out from the rude world by Alpine hills." From this valley of emerald splendor, freshness, and bloom, where the yellow-bird and the blue-bird are warbling in the meadows and by the stream, and wild flowers, blue, purple, and golden—larkspur, gentian, and flowers unnamed—are swaying in the sunlight, the Great Artist of Nature had not long withdrawn the screen of snow. The emigrant who, after weeks of slow toiling across the hot, sterile, dusty plains of the Utah basin, emerged from the rocks of Carson Canyon, to meet such a vision as this, might well fix it forever in his heart as the Vale of Hope—the beautiful gateway of the Promised Land. * * * * *

The sun was high in the heavens when these delighted tourists caught a first glimpse of Hope Valley from the summit of Luther's Pass. The air was cool and delicious. How light it was Oldbuck and his friends did not know until they undertook to walk up the road on the eastern side of the valley, where Wohaugh said the grade was too steep for a heavily laden stage. An up-hill walk of a quarter of a mile was sufficient to give most of the party a bellows to mend. The unaccustomed citizens were not the only sufferers. Buoy, otherwise strong and capable of enduring severe toil and exposure, puffed like a porpoise, lagged behind, and finally managed to deposit his two hundred and eighty pounds in the stage, to the snorting indignation of the horses. The others jogged on, helping themselves with improvised alpenstocks, and occasionally complaining of feeling oppression at the upper portion of the lungs. Tenderloin, resting on a wayside rock, quoted, with parenthetical puffs, the opening lines of Beattie's "Minstrel," thus:

"Ah! who can tell (puff) how hard it is to (puff) climb
The steep where Fame's proud (puff) temple shines afar."

* * * * * * *

And now, as they were about to take a farewell look at this lovely vale, the dazzling light of noon was kindling all its wealth of graceful line and varied hue. Here and there the Carson could be seen glimmering through the meadow grass or covering the rocks with snowy foam. The straight pines and their shadows were distinctly defined upon the lower slope of the mountain, and the snow glistened on the crowning peaks. Below was the lush verdure of May. Above, the bald and white-haired Winter kept eternal guard.

NAVIGATION ON THE "MOUNTAIN SEA."

Next morning, as soon as the matin meal had been dispatched, the party gathered on the little wharf which had been built for a landing, and also as a protection for small boats against the breakers when the lake was in a tempestuous mood. The water was perfectly calm now, and near the shore shone like an emerald in the sunshine. On the adjacent beach the sand was thickly sown with jasper and cornelian, beautiful specimens of which were transferred to the pockets of Jenkins and Tenderloin. No schooner was in sight. She would not come into view until she should round Sugar Pine Point, a long, low peninsula on the western shore, covered with valuable timber. Hours passed before the white sail was detected—a mere speck against the green—by the keen eye of Buoy, who knew exactly where to fix his gaze."

"Thar ain't enough wind here to snuff a candle," observed the big man, "but thar's a stiff breeze blowing over yonder. They've got Meeks' wind by this time."

"Whose wind?" inquired Hardtack.

"Meeks'. The wind blowing out of the gorge at Meeks' creek. The winds to reckon on here blow out of Blackwood's, Emerald bay and Fallen Leaf Lake. If they don't blow, a sailing vessel might as well be anchored, for she can't make any headway. The schooner is heading for this point now, but if we don't see the white caps running out of Emerald bay she won't get here till near two o'clock."

Jenkins looked at the waters of the lake, so quiet and unruffled as far as he could see, and couldn't help expressing a wonder whether it was possible for white-capped waves to show themselves on that calm surface.

"White caps!" responded Buoy; "why I've seen 'em running across here like a flock of sheep in a sweet potato patch."

Jenkins booked the smile, but thought it would hardly be of service to a poet smitten with the charms of Tahoe. He would take Tenderloin's opinion on that point.

"Yonder," said Buoy, pointing to a streak of smoke near the eastern shore, but far to the northward, "is the steamboat coming out of Zephyr Cove. She is an old schooner, with a steam engine aboard, and drives a fair business, carrying lumber across the lake for the sawmills. There's not many people around here now, and all kinds of trade are dull. But thar's the making of a great country here. Just look at it. Here we have plenty of the finest timber in the world, enough to keep fifty sawmills busy. And right over that ridge," pointing to the eastern range, "is a God-forsaken region that won't grow anything. Barren? Why, if a man owned seventy-five thousand million acres of it he couldn't pasture a whip-poor-will. But silver draws people thar, and they must have timber. Then thar's mines near this lake that will be worth something one of these days, and at this end, where the Lake House stood, will be the Saratoga of the Pacific coast.

"Saratoga!" exclaimed Jenkins with a nauseating recollection of Congress Spring. "If they had such a lake as this anywhere in the Atlantic States, Saratoga, Newport and the White Hills would be deserted."

No white caps were running out of Emerald bay. The schooner seemed to creep slowly along the western shore of the Lake, though far on her way across, and scarcely a ripple floated over the smooth, bright expanse of water between her and her destination. And when the vessel at last showed her hull and appeared to be within a mile of the landing, the party of tourists ascertained that they would have ample time to get dinner before she would be near enough to receive them and their traps. And they began to realize the magnitude of this Lake, where all apparent distance was a deception.

The schooner had a graceful model, and, with every inch of canvas spread to catch the faintest breeze, moved over the calm waters with swan-like ease. She was dedicated to pleasure and unstained by trade. Her captain, a veteran of lower but wider seas, had studied the lake, for he had soon discovered that the longest experience on the ocean would not suffice to qualify a man for navigating this innocent-looking water. He was a cautious, considerate captain, looking far ahead, confident of his perfect mastery of his vessel under perilous circumstances, but taking no risks while the lives of others were intrusted to his care. His whole crew consisted of one man, equally familiar with the squalls and cross seas peculiar to Tahoe.

When the sun sank behind the western range, "in one unclouded blaze of living light," when the purple shadows of evening crept up the mountain sides, while the rosy light still played upon the higher peaks on the eastern side of the lake, the schooner was not more than two miles from her anchorage. It was the captain's opinion that she could not reach Emerald bay that night, although the entrance appeared to be within rifle-shot, and therefore the tourists prepared to enjoy a sleep on the lake.

With night and the moon and stars came a gentle breeze, enough to ripple the water or rustle a leaf, but the schooner seemed to sleep upon the quiet bosom of the lake, with heaven below and heaven above. The evening star, just over a western peak, made a pathway of light across the glassy surface, and all the bright hosts of the sky were mirrored in the lake. The mountains loomed up darkly, their summits being sharply defined against a sky o'erspread with silver radiance.

The night was delicious—the scene enchanting. But the temperature was unmistakably frosty. Tenderloin and Jenkins, with buttoned overcoats, seated upon the bow of the schooner, recalled the poetry applicable to the hour and scene, had intervals of silent communion with all this affluence of loveliness, during which it is to be supposed their thoughts were too deep to cast a spray of words, shivered, yawned, and finally sank upon the deck to rest for the night, with a soft bundle of rope for a pillow, a spring-plank for a mattress, and two thick blankets for a mutual quilt. The rest of the party, except the sleepless captain, stowed themselves away in various eligible spots; and before midnight all were wandering in dreams, though sleeping under the moon, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

EMERALD BAY—A HOME IN THE WOODS.

Emerald bay opened before the party—a sheet of quiet, green water, a half mile wide, and perhaps two miles long, but looking much smaller, on account of the hight of the steep mountains by which it is surrounded. Shoal at the entrance, with a bottom of boulders, the favorite haunt of silver trout, the bay deepens suddenly, and would easily accommodate the *Great Eastern*, if she could cross the stony bar. At the extreme western end, the mountains culminate in two remarkable round peaks, which have a name only mentionable to stag parties. Beyond them are higher summits, spotted with snow. On the right of this beautiful background, a snowy cascade foams down from the summit of the green range, but is broken by rocky steps into three falls ere it reaches the level sward at the base. Between this cascade and the waters of the bay, a new and elegant cottage, a summer-house, a landing, a sail-boat, and several skiffs were

seen, indicating that somebody with a fine appreciation of beauty had made a home here. In the center of the bay, but near the western end, arose an island, thirty or forty feet high, a mass of rugged granite, made picturesque by the contrast of the evergreens with the rocks. A party of Sacramento ladies visited this place some time ago, and one of the ladies named the island the Coquette, because, "being the center of a brilliant circle of admirers, attracted by her beauty, she still has a stony heart."

The adventurous cruisers lauded where the sail-boat was moored. They saw children playing on the fresh grass beneath the shade of towering pines. They saw a home, enchantingly located, and marked by evidences of genuine taste. They cultivated the acquaintance of the "lady of Emerald bay," as a Washoe minstrel ventured to sing, and her lord—once a busy man in Sacramento and San Francisco, now "monarch of all he surveys" about this mountain home. Among the pets were a bald eagle caught on Eagle Point, a pointer capable of intelligent tricks, a tame specimen of the wild goose, tame trout in a tank, and a model of a quartz-mill in full operation. The accomplishments of the queen of this beautiful realm included rowing, shooting with a heavy rifle, trout-fishing, managing a sail-boat in a squall, designing and building a summer-house without the aid of architect or carpenter, and administering the affairs of an isolated household; and, strange as it may seem to the delicate manipulators of pianos in town, this life of vigor and daring implied no loss of gentleness or neglect of the usual attractions of the sex.

Jenkins thought of Diana, the huntress. Hardtack was tossing and talking nonsense to a lively baby. That would never do. Diana with a baby! Tenderloin was climbing the mountain to get a good view of the cascade. Mr. Oldbuck, Buoy, Shorty and Wohaugh were examining everything in general, the citizens seeming to be fascinated by the beauty of this secluded home and the novelties assembled around it by the taste and energy of its fortunate possessors.

Ice, purer than the best Sitka, and trout a foot long were taken aboard here, and the Captain insisted on a short leave-taking, because a wind had sprung up which would carry the schooner out of the bay and further on her voyage. Every inch of sail was set. The party were cheered by the prospect of a genuine ride on the lake, under the impetus of a spanking breeze; yet, as the schooner slowly sailed out of the bay, away from the pretty home in the shadow of the hills, the foamy cascade, the picturesque island and the various charms of this delightful piece of lake scenery, there was a general expression of regret.

As they sailed over the stony bar at the mouth of the Bay, Buoy, as they say in the French reports of Parliament, "took the word." He had the deck:

"Nearly all the points of attraction about this Lake are at the southern end. When you get to Tahoe City you will have one of the finest views of the lake, as a whole, that can be obtained anywhere, but around here you might spend a week and see something new every day. This Bay has been painted several times. One of the Washoe aristocracy has a picture which he says is 'pooty, only it haint got distance enough into it.' Right over that low range," pointing north, "is Fallen Leaf Lake, about two miles long and a half mile wide, walled in by steep mountains—one of the most beautiful sheets of water the sun ever shone on. Over here," pointing over Eagle Point, "is Cascade Lake, with a higher cascade than this one at the Bay. Away up above that is Echo Lake, where there is a wonderful chorus of echoes. It's like advertising for a wife. Pop the question once and you get more answers than you can attend to in a month. Then thar's Pyramid Peak, which you've seen at a distance. That used to be called the highest mountain this side of Lassen's Butte. But Job's Peak—that yellow summit over thar, with a small patch of snow on the tip, goes about a thousand feet higher—say eleven thousand feet above the sea. It's just fourteen miles from the upper end of this lake to the top of Job's Peak, though it looks so close. Them barren yellow summits represent Washoe. These green mountains are California, you bet. That pile of rocks just north of Emerald bay is called Rubicon Rocks. Thar the blue water comes close to the shore, and if you cross that Rubicon you go down about nine hundred feet, unless the big trout make a meal of you."
—"*Winkle*," *in the Sacramento Union.*

In the diary of the Japanese mission who visited England in 1862, it is noted that at Dover they were received with cries of "Peyapipehare," evidently intended for "hip, hip, hurrah;" and the writer adds, "The meaning is not clear, but it appears to be a congratulatory expression."

Ivory.—A scarcity of ivory is predicted; the demand for Sheffield alone kills twenty thousand elephants a year. In process of time no more elephants will remain to be killed, all the tusks will be used up, and then what shall we do for ivory handles to our knives?

The Prince Imperial of France is to be taught printing, a press having been put up for his use in the Tuileries.

A BURLESQUE BULL-FIGHT.

A RECENT traveller in Spain describes a burlesque bull-fight which he witnessed while in Seville:

The great attraction of the day was the first appearance of an "intrepid *señorita*"—"tauromaniac," we should be disposed to call her—who was to face the bull single-handed This drew crowds of spectators; and when the ring was cleared, and the young lady entered, in a kind of "bloomer" costume, with a cap and red spangled tunic, the audience rose to welcome her. She bowed to the president, and was conducted at once into the center of the arena, when, lo! a great tub, with one end open, was brought and placed upright, and the "intrepid" lifted into it! It reached to her armpits, and there she stood, waving her "banderillas" or darts, when at a given signal the bull was let in. It was a young bull, with horns cut short and padded at the ends; and as the animal could only toss or do any mischief by *lowering* its head to the ground, the risk did not seem great or the peformance promising. For some time the bull would not have anything to do with the tub, evidently not considering it fair game; but, after walking two or three times round the arena, he turned round suddenly, and, without the slightest warning, rushed headlong at it. Away went the tub, rolling half across the arena, with our fair señorita, who had evidently rehearsed her part, coiled up inside. This was all very well, and the lady might enjoy a sport usually confined to the hedgehog and other lower animals; but when the bull, who soon began to get angry, at last caught up the barrel on his horns, and rushed bellowing round the ring, it looked serious for the tenant. There was a general rush of "banderillas" and "chulos" to the rescue; but some minutes elapsed before they could surround the bull and rescue the performer from her perilous position. When extricated, she was smuggled ignominiously out of the arena, and we saw the brave señorita no more; the bull was not killed, but "bundled" out of the ring. The next act was "Skittles." Nine negroes ("Bedouins of the Desert," we should call them), dressed grotesquely, stood up like "ninepins," within a few feet of each other, and a frisky "novillado," or young bull, was let in to knock them over. They understood their duty, and went down flat at the first charge. The bull struck out right and left, and soon overturned them all. They then sat in rows in chairs, and were again bowled over, to the delight of the assembly.

This was great fun, and was repeated several times—the bull liked it, the "ninepins" seemed to like it, and the people gloried in it. The third act was the burlesque of the "picadores;" a grotesque but a sadder sight. Five poor men in rags, who, for the sake of two or three reales allowed themselves to be mounted on donkeys and receive the charge of the bull. We could not help thinking that it was not alone Cervantes who had "laughed Spain's chivalry away," if the stately Sevillians could enjoy such sights as these. But we must not stay to moralize: the sight is too ridiculous. Here they come in close phalanx, cheered by at least 5,000 people; the five donkeys with their ears well forward and their tails set closely between their legs; the ragged "picadores," without saddle or briddle, riding with a jaunty air, and a grim smile on their dirty faces, that was comical in the extreme Would that Gustave Dore could have seen the group! The gates are opened again, and the bull goes to work. He charges them at once, but they are so closely packed that they resist the shock, and the bull retires. He has broken one of the poor animal's legs, but they tie it up with a handkerchief, and continue marching slowly round, keeping well together as their only chance. A few more charges, and down they all go. The men run for their lives and leap the barriers, and the donkeys are thrown up in the air! Such is the general outline of the performance, which had many variations and interludes, and lasted more than three hours. As evening approached, the whole scene made one of those pictures that delight an artist. The "Plaza de Toros," at Seville, is half in ruins, one side of the wall being destroyed; and through this gap we saw the city. The foreground was an irregular mass of people, scarce distinguishable in the twilight, but twinkling with the light of thousands of "cigaritos," and covered with a complete canopy of smoke floating in the still air. Beyond, the city towers just tinged with the sun's departing rays, and "La Giralda," high above them all, glowing as if it were yet broad day. The finale was a wonderful sight. Two or three young bulls were let into the ring, and then all the people. We left them there rolling and tumbling over one another in the darkness, shouting and screaming, fighting and cursing—sending up sounds that might, indeed, make angels weep.

Precocious.—The other evening, as I was sauntering slowly down the main street in our village, I drew near one of our groceries, and perceived a dirty-faced boy and girl, about nine years of age, standing by the store window. Just as I was passing, the boy broke out with, "Mag, do you love Sam Galey better nor me?" When out came the young lady's reply: "Sam Galey to blazes! I don't like you nor Sam Galey either." Just phancy that boy's phelinks.

OUR EYES.

AN eminent Boston physician says indigestion is the principal source of weak eyes. Reading in the cars often seriously disturbs the vision. A delicate and wonderful apparatus within the eyes is constantly busy adapting it to the varying focal distances. The jerking motion of the cars compels an exhaustive effort to maintain the required adaptation. Thousands of eyes are spoiled by reading in cars and other vehicles. Recently I was consulted by a railroad expressman who had become blind by reading the newspapers in the cars. Thousands, who have never consciously suffered any inconvenience from the habit, are obliged to wear glasses prematurely, to correct an unsteadiness of vision produced in this way. Reading with the gas-light before you is another cause of weak eyes.

The light should always hang quite high and behind you, and allowed to shine over the shoulder. If convenient it should be over the left shoulder. If using kerosene, it is best to employ the lamps which hang on the wall. Neither should you read with your face toward the window.

Reading by twilight is dangerous. Gradually accommodating itself to the receding light the eye is unconsciously strained. I have seen more than one case of grave disease of the eye produced by an undue effort to use the vision too long at twilight.

White paint is another mischief to the eyes. White paint inside, white paint outside, white paint everywhere. During the season of the brightest sunshine the glare hurts the eye. I wonder if it is not in bad taste also? I notice that artists have none of it about them.

In our constant reading, the eyesight is much tried by the white paper. I hope that the tinted paper, with still deeper color, may become fashionable.

Avoid reading by artificial light when you can. We read too much. We read as we eat—pell-mell, hotchity-potchity; no mastication, no digestion. If, as a people, we read less, we might know more. Few indications are more unpromising in a child than a remarkable passion for books. I doubt if a good lady, who called on me the other day with her son, will ever forgive me for what I said to her. Her boy was of the regular Boston type—great head and eyes, with small and narrow chest. She said with a mournful voice, but with evident pride: "Ah, doctor, he has such a passion for books. As soon as he is out of bed, he is down at some great book, and scarcely leaves it but for his meals. He never plays like other children."

I told her, among other things, that unless she could break up that habit, her son would very likely turn out a dolt. She left very soon with the belief that I did not understand her son's case. I should have about as much hope of a man who gave himself up to childish sports as I should of a child who gave himself up to the habits and life of a man.

The newspapers have much to answer for in the way of small type and imperfect printing. I would cheerfully give two hundred dollars a year to support a newspaper which would give us, morning and evening, a half column of the really reliable news, instead of fifteen columns of diluted speculations and tricky canard, the reading of which bursts our eyes and wastes our precious time.

The Schoolmaster's in that Bed.—One evening, after school, one of my scholars stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, father said you would come home with me."

"Very well," said I, and forthwith set out for my patron's house, which was some two miles.

Now, be it known, James McHenry—for such was his name—had two daughters, the pride and envy of the whole community. I had heard so much about them that I was anxious to see them. It seemed, however, I was to be disappointed.

When we arrived, I heard that the girls had gone to a party on the other side of the creek; so I went to bed, execrating the luck which deprived me of seeing them that night. The night had well advanced, when I heard one of the girls come; and passing into an adjoining room, she warmed herself before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seems that the old gentleman and lady slept in the same room, which I was not aware of then. Having warmed herself, she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke.

"Girl," said he, "the schoolmaster is in your bed."

"Very well," said Sarah, and passed through the room I slept in, and went up stairs.

An hour elapsed, when I heard Judy, the other one, come. She stood at the door a long time, talking with her sweetheart, then entered softly.

Disrobing her feet, she entered the room where I lay in her stocking feet, carefully undressed herself, and coming to the side of the bed, prepared to get in. Now it happened I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes, she gave me a shake, and said, in a suppressed whisper:

"Lay over, Sarah."

I rolled over, and whipped the corner of the pillow in my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it, and called out:

"Judy!"

"Sir!" was responded in a faint voice from the bed beside me.

"The schoolmaster is in that bed!"

With one loud yell, and "O, Heaven!" she landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer up stairs.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, C. H. WEBB. } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

THOUGHTFUL READING.

RUSKIN says, in one of his recent publications, that Englishmen have no taste for "thoughtful reading." This is, perhaps, true enough; but is it exclusively or especially true of Englishmen? Are Frenchmen at all more remarkable than Englishmen for "a taste for thoughtful reading"? Does the prevailing strain of the more popular French literature of the day indicate such a taste in those who have created a demand for it? And how is it, even in this pre eminently "enlightened" nation? Is there any particularly vociferous demand among *us* for "thoughtful reading"? Are not halting wit, bastard humor, vulgar gossip, the "gushings" of sickly sentimentality, the snarls of a mean and malignant cynicism, the inanities of triflers who juggle with words, and never approach a subject except to play with it,—are not all these far more popular with us than sound, manly, healthy literature? What is the character and quality of the poems that are most popular, of the novels that are most extensively read? Tupper has more readers than Tennyson, Pierce Egan than Anthony Trollope, Miss Braddon than the author of "Romola," the "Country Parson" than Ruskin, and Bonner's *Ledger* is said to be the most widely circulated unillustrated weekly in America.

Such is the cynical view of the case; but there is another and wiser, as well as brighter view. If there is little taste for "thoughtful reading," the taste for reading of some sort is almost universal; and this is in itself a great gain for civilization and humanity. A thirst for literature of the outrageously stimulating sort, is better than no thirst at all, and as Wordsworth philosophically observes, there are certain "inherent and indestructible qualities of the human mind," and certain "powers in the objects that act upon it," which have a continual tendency to bring men back to a true and healthy standard of taste.

The youth who kindles into enthusiasm over the "Proverbial Philosophy" and finds delight in frantic novels, having once formed the *habit* of reading, may, and under favorable circumstances probably will, acquire by degrees a relish for a very different kind of intellectual pabulum. Indeed, which of us is there who has not had frequent occasion in his riper years to smile and wonder as he glanced over the pages of some early favorite, at finding how utterly the charm and glory that once seemed so magical, had vanished.

THE HON. HORACE HAWES has given by deed of trust a newly erected building, with four surrounding acres of ground, in the heart of Redwood City, for the purpose of establishing a Select School. The trustees, to whom is committed the control of the school, are Bishop Kip, Thomas H. Selby, B. G. Lathrop, George Kellogg and —— Livingston. Mr. Hawes has always been one of the most public spirited of our citizens, and we are glad to see that his attention has been called to the great need in our State of educational endowment. It is to be hoped that, in taking the initiative in this matter, he will lead others of our wealthy and philanthropic citizens to a consideration of the subject.

THE DESCRIPTION of Lake Tahoe and the surrounding scenery, which will be found in to-day's issue of THE CALIFORNIAN, is taken from four letters which recently appeared in the Sacramento *Union*, over the signature of "Winkle." We regret that we were unable to afford space for these letters entire, as they are no less interesting in their narrative than they are admirable in their descriptive parts. These descriptions will furnish many of our readers in the Atlantic States with new ideas of the beauties and wonders of some of our California scenery. "Winkle" is generally supposed to be the *nom de plume* of Mr. Watson, the principal editor of the *Union*.

WHY is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

CYNICISM IN LITERATURE.

ONE of the most marked characteristics of our more recent periodical literature, seems to be a certain hardness and lack of enthusiasm in its tone. A cold austerity in its critical judgments, an exaggerated dread of anything that might be characterized as sentimentality, fastidious solicitude in regard to form and expression more than in regard to pith and substance—these are a few of the worst features of our most fashionable, modern literary style. A large portion of the recent popular literature of France is characterized by coarse and low notions of feminine character; abounds in sneers at the foibles of women, and in insinuations against their purity. As is almost invariably the case, this want of respect for woman is accompanied by a repulsive spirit of cynicism and scepticism in reference to society and religion. It is well, however, that this species of literature, however popular for the moment, is not destined to endure. Like the foam upon the wave, it sparkles and perishes. The order of nature, the law of God working in the constitution of the human mind and of society, are against it. Those of our American *feuilletonists* who have attempted to imitate the vivacity and sprightliness of Parisian originals, have only succeeded in reproducing the hateful *animus* without catching the grace and sparkle that serve to make it attractive. Spite, and cynicism, and jaundiced misanthropy, always repulsive in themselves, can only be rendered palatable by the most artistic manipulation. When associated with dullness or stolidity, or owlish assumption, they cannot even amuse.

THE BULLETIN of the 29th ult. says: "Telegraphic correspondence of over seven hundred words from the Empress Carlotta in Europe to Maximilian passed over the Cable on Sunday, and was forwarded to Galveston, whence a dispatch boat would be sent to Vera Cruz." Maximilian is said to have been one of the largest patrons of the Cable so far. It must be important business that warrants the expenditure of so large a sum in telegrams in the depleted condition of the Imperial treasury. We fear that if "the Cable" depends at all for its success as a pecuniary enterprise upon the continued patronage of Maximiliau, it will prove a disastrous failure.

SENSATIONAL.—The New York *Leader*, quoting from "an exchange," says that within a month after the opening of the New York Inebriate Asylum, over fifteen hundred applications were made by "wealthy parents" for the admission of their daughters, "who had contracted habits of intemperance from the use of wines and liquors at fashionable parties." This paragraph has the genuine ring of a Bowery melodrama, and we regard it as a purely sensational exaggeration.

THE TELEGRAPH announces that there is some talk in Boston of sending Wendell Phillips to Congress from the Third District. We hope that if such a thing is contemplated it will not be carried out. Such extremists are needed for certain work; but we are inclined to think that Wendell Phillips' work, so far as our national affairs are concerned, is completed.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a Photograph copy of the "Cone picture" of the late President Lincoln, from W. E. Loomis, stationer and news dealer, corner Sansome and Washington streets. The picture derives its title from its beautiful and unique frame made from the cones of the pine and cypress trees.

IT IS STATED by the New York *Evening Post* that within the past two years more than a million of dollars has been paid in New York city alone for the works of foreign and native artists. It should be remembered that all this has been done under the burden and infliction of a great war.

STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—J. W. Winans, Esq., a prominent member of the Bar of this city, and President of the Board of Education, has been selected to deliver the annual address before the State Agricultural Society at the ensuing State Fair at Sacramento.

NEW MUSIC.—M. Gray, No. 613 Clay street, has favored us with a copy of his second edition of "Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by," as sung by Lady Don. Also, "O, ye Tears," and "Call Me Thine Own," from his series entitled the "Vocal Beauties of Germany and France."

THE CHINESE POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—Figures from Chinese sources give a total Chinese population in California of 58,300 persons, one fourth of whom are employed upon the Pacific Railroad.

THE NEW YORK LEADER says: "We believe that there is a great deal of truth in the *World's* theory that Greeley is trying to have capital punishment abolished in anticipation of the trial of the Radicals for treason."

THE rag business in New York amounts to $30,000,000 per annum.

NOT AFRAID OF CHOLERA.

IT is evident that the great Asiatic Missionary of cleanliness, the progress of whose steady westward march over mountain and prairie toward the Pacific is regularly chronicled in the morning papers—it is evident that this mighty preacher, "whose evangelism we fear and flee from," is regarded as a myth by our municipal authorities. The Board of Supervisors does not believe in the cholera; at least such is the only conclusion upon which its course can be reasonably explained. To the city of New York, the dread of the coming of the pestilence has proved an almost priceless blessing, the effects of which will be felt for ages. Never, in the history of any municipal body, has there been an instance of reform undertaken so promptly, on so large a scale, and so thoroughly carried out, as is furnished in the sudden and complete purification of that city in anticipation of the coming of the cholera. Persons recently arrived from there speak of the present condition of New York, with reference to cleanliness, as something "beautiful and wonderful." It is doubtful if there is in the world to-day so thoroughly "clean" a city.

If, when the scourge comes to us, it touches us as lightly as it has New York, we certainly shall not owe it to the same cause. San Francisco is, so far as proper sanitary precautions are concerned, in an alarming condition. Many of the smaller streets and alleys are reeking with filth or garbage; and even in some of the most respectable portions of the town, the municipal regulations, in regard to minor sanitary matters, are daily violated.

ENGLISH GOSSIP ABOUT AMERICAN ACTORS.

MR. HENRY MORLEY, Professor of English Literature in the University College, London, has recently published an interesting contribution to the history of the English Stage, under the title of "The Journal of a London Playgoer." This journal extends over a period of nearly fifteen years, beginning on the 30th of August, 1851, and ending on the 7th of April of the present year, and consists of extracts from articles contributed by Mr. Morley, of the London *Examiner*, of which he was the theatrical critic.

All the good actors who have appeared in England during the last fifteen years—English, French and German—figure in Mr. Morley's pages, as well as the bad ones, whose name is legion, not forgetting the singers in opera and the players in pantomime. Nor are American actors neglected, with the sole exception, we believe, of Mr. Edwin Booth. Mr. Murdoch, who was playing at the Haymarket in the fall of 1856, is pronounced "vigorous without excess, lively and manly, his acting abounding in shrewd and well-considered by-play.' Of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams Mr. Morley says: "In farces suited to their humor these artistes excel, and they have the rare merit of a complete absence from vulgarity. They know how to act broad farce with refinement. Of the two actors, the lady, as is fit, appears to be the better artist, and her whimsical songs, which are of a kind that any lady might sing who had enough power of ludicrous expression, have already found their way into the London streets."

Mr. Jefferson is praised for his excellent playing in "Rip Van Winkle," although the play itself is severely censured. Speaking of the third act, Mr. Morley says: "The drama in this act is at its poorest, but Mr. Jefferson is at his best. Retaining his old Dutch English with a somewhat shriller pipe of age in its tone, he quietly makes the most of every opportunity of representing the old man's bewilderment. His timid approaches to an understanding of the change he finds, his faint touch of the sorrow of old love in believing his wife dead, and reaction into humorous sense of relief, his trembling desire and dread of news about his daughter, and in a later scene, the pathos of his appeal to her for recognition, are all delicately true."

Miss Bateman is evidently no favorite with Mr. Morley, who thus mentions her:

"At the New Adelphi, Miss Bateman's 'Leah' is an American version of the German 'Deborah,' in which Madame Ristori acted one night in London not very long ago. Of Miss Bateman let me say first, that she can hardly be said to act the part at all, but only recites it, until she comes to the fourth act, in which she displays some dramatic energy. But in the fifth act she gives the greatest hope of what she may hereafter do. She is still young, unassuming, although it was her misfortune to be on the boards as an infant phenomenon, as one of the two 'Bateman children,' some ten years ago. She has no set faults, and in the fifth act of 'Leah' she plays with a genuine tenderness. Her *Leah* is not, of course, to be named with Madame Ristori's *Deborah*, but the difference is not altogether of her own making. The charm of the pastoral play has all been trampled out by the hoof of the American adapter. 'Deborah' is to 'Leah' as the cottage flower garden, neat and trim over night, is to the same garden, in the morning after a jackass has run loose in it."

Sir E. B. Lytton is to be Baron Lytton of Knebworth—and the last of the Barons.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

More Who Want to be Editors.

WE were unable last week to afford space for all the epistles received by the publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN in consequence of the rumored vacancy of the editorial chair. Within forty-eight hours after the rumor got abroad, *thirty-seven* of these epistles came to hand. Below are a few more specimens:

Publishers Californian:

GENTLEMEN:—I should *like* to take the editorship of THE CALIFORNIAN, but at present it is, I fear, quite out of the question. You are probably aware—for in some mysterious manner quite incomprehensible to me, the report of it has leaked out—that I am concentrating my entire intellectual energies upon the production of a great Californian novel, or more properly *the* great California novel; and for the propriety of my substitution of the definite for the indefinite article I appeal with confidence to the verdict of posterity, who will have a more favorable opportunity of passing upon the merits of my work than this generation, very few of whom, indeed, are likely to be alive when it is completed. For it is designed to be no ephemeral sensational production such as are reeled off by the yard for Sunday papers by those mechanical hacks who may be not inaptly designated the tapeworms of literature. I am "going slow," but when my task is achieved, I flatter myself that it will be "finished" in more senses than one. I have produced three chapters during the last two years, which I have "tested" somewhat as Webb used to test his puns before putting them in print—that is, by seeing how they take. I have read those chapters to men, women, and children, of every grade of culture; and from all, they have elicited the highest praise, as invariably as a corkscrew elicits a tight cork, or a patent forceps a double-pronged molar. Among those upon whom I have thus experimented, are two clergymen, a lawyer, five editors, seventeen lady teachers, thirty-nine school-girls, and innumerable literary persons. As my plan is to "test" each successive chapter in the same manner as fast as it receives the finishing touches, you will perceive that my time is likely to be pretty well occupied for some years to come. I write you therefore, solely in consequence of a rumor prevalent among my friends that the editorship was to be tendered me, and to prevent any delay in consummating your arrangements which might arise from the expectation of securing my services.

Yours appreciatively, RALPH K—L—R.

P. S. I would esteem it a favor if, in your "literary gossip," you would occasionally make an allusion to "Allaquiz's" forthcoming novel. You might mention in your next issue that I expect to furnish another chapter sometime this Fall. R. K.

To the Proprietor of the Californian:

GENT:—I have, after much deliberation, concluded to accept the editorship of your paper should it be tendered me, as I suppose it probably will be—or would be if you had any idea of my readiness to assume the position. Since the disturbance in my establishment on Sacramento street, caused by the preparations to start the *Times*, my berth has been a rather disagreeable one. McC—— is quite demoralized; W—d—d has taken to—smoking, more recklessly than ever, and the entire labor and responsibility of running the machine has come upon my shoulders My *regular* work of fixing up U-t-n's "leaders," infusing a little wit into Fitz Smythe's "items," correcting L-v-ngst-n's and H-tt-l's grammar, and manufacturing "despatches" when the wires are down, was enough, God knows, for one man—but under existing circumstances it would kill ten. * * * If I take the position, I can supply you with all the novels and stories you want. Although it is not generally known, I have a natural genius for fiction, and even my ordinary conversation is a romance. * * * The fact is, I'm tired of the drudgery of daily journalism, otherwise I would have accepted the position of *chef* on the *Times*, which was offered me at a salary of $750 00 per month before they sent for Dana, who is to get only a beggarly $200.

Yours truly, M. M. N—H.

P. S. Whatever hesitation I may have felt about it is ended. I have had a d—l of a row in the office, and have been obliged to discharge H-tt-ll and L-v-ngst-n, and to order McC-ll-sh (who undertook to interfere) out of the sanctum. D—d if I'll stick by the concern any longer. W—d—d has just gone down on his knees begging me to overlook it, but I told him it was no use and I had sailed the craft for him long enough, and that now I should just let 'em all go to the d—l their own way. M. M. N.

Proprietor of the Californian:

SIR:—I will, for an adequate consideration, edit your paper. I am not urged to make this offer so much by hope of pecuniary gain—or as a jokist I know would say the "mopusses"—as by the conciousness that the field I now occupy as local editor of the *A-ta*, is too confined for me. I do my best to enliven its columns with *jew despries*, but a commercial puper is not the sort of paper which is suited to me, or, I may say, *ne suitor ultera crepidum*. I can, when I am editor of THE CALIFORNIAN, bring out the talent for literature which I possess. I can write articles on natural history, and give reminiscences of the Audubon Club. I can cultivate my vein of humor which is now, perhaps, unappreciated when it crops out in a murder item. I can do many things. I can be a general utility editor. During the opera season I can write criticisms of the beautiful works of the great masters. In the *A-ta* how weak are the so called criticisms! I wished to write a notice of Beethoven's beautiful opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*; I was refused permission. With my soul throbbing ecstatically, my whole being thrilling with music, I returned from hearing Salvator Rosa's great creation of *La Traviata*, in which the splendid anvil chorus must find an echo in every heart. N—h was "how came you so?" I volunteered to write a criticism. Again I was refused permission. I want a larger field. I was not born to remain a local editor of a commercial paper, to chronicle drunks and misdemeanors. I will edit THE CALIFORNIAN. I will make jokes, write sentiment, quote foreign languages, write pathetic *in memoriums* when respected citizens die, and in addition to all this will gain for your paper an extended circulation among the Chinese population.

Yours respectfully, FITZ SMYTHE.

The Proprietor of the Californian:

SIR:—I will accept the editorship of your paper. You need *determination*, and I have it. I have increased the size of my arm seven inches in seven days, in the gymnasium, by determination. By determination I have been enabled to walk from the "Nightingale" to the Plaza in 3¼ minutes. I have offered to bet that upon any given subject, or upon no subject at all, I can talk for twenty-four hours consecutively upon my legs. In other words I am a John Bull-Dog. I do not admit it to everybody, because it might excite envy. My professional business is most weighty and important. I only give it up out of consideration for the other members of the Bar. I can make a great deal better speech than Harry Byrne, Tom Freelon, or Aleck Campbell, and can talk longer. As to literature, I may say that I have measured myself with all the so-called celebrities in that line on the Pacific slope, and, in the language of our Yankee friends, they are "no whar." Judge H—ff—n talks too much. He is an egotist and a bore. As to the pestilent tribe of Bohemians, with little Bowman at their head, I can only say *odi profadum vulgus*. I delivered a lecture at Sacramento before the State Agricultural Fair, the best ever delivered in California. I stood upon my feet seventeen hours without one moment's rest for food or drink, to write that address. I have also been the principal writer of the principal articles of the principal magazines of Great Britain. Col. H—rstb—y has so stated in a public restaurant in this Metropolitan city, and has stated that he has seen the manuscript of the leading articles of the magazines aforesaid in my hand writing. One advantage of employing a man like me is, there will be no necessity of dictionaries or encyclopedias—since I am a library in myself. Sometimes I have stood in doubt and wonder as to whether I was greater with the pen or the tongue. I have concluded, however, that perfection cannot be compared—it is itself—I am myself. I sign myself

Yours confidently, H. H. HIGH-TONE.

Proprietor Californian:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter inquiring whether my engagements are such as to render it possible for me to take charge of your paper, and whether I am willing to do so. In reply, I beg leave to assure you that if I were obliged to choose between the two, I should prefer engineering a hand-cart.

Besides, I haven't the knack of "fine writing" of the mincing sort that has come into fashion with the "literary" journals. The most admired style now seems to be one that is destitute of all force and directness, its chief characteristic consisting in saying pretty nothings prettily; or, rather, of *seeming* to say something without saying anything at all. For my part, I belong to the old-fashioned school, and don't believe in "literature" that consists of a mere patchwork of dainty phrases. Another disqualification is, that I never could learn to blow my own horn, and as I do not belong to the little literary coterie of mutual admirers, who for some years past have been so industriously engaged in puffing one another into local notoriety, I find myself in a measure crowded out of a recognized position, as a general writer, by new men having greater disposition to keep themselves before the public, and push their claims than I possess.

Republics are said to be ungrateful, and I once thought Republicans and the world in general to be in the same category. But since getting into Federal office, I am inclined to revise my opinion on that subject, and if I can only stir up the Department at Washington to square up accounts and send along the arrears due me for money advanced to keep the revenue office running, I shall be content.

Yours etc., FRANK S—LE.

[We reserve until next week the remainder of these epistles, including one from Kuzzilbash, revealing throughout the idiosyncrasies of his genius, and replete with the felicities of his exquisite style. We have been holding these letters back, on the same principle upon which a thoughtful and self-denying urchin reserves his biggest sugar-plum to swallow last.]

Fully Appreciated.

In the last issue of THE CALIFORNIAN two articles were published, headed respectively "Bogge' Story of Western Style" and "Bummers." Everyone who read these articles said they were capital. Eveyone wanted to know who wrote them. There is no secret about the matter. "Dogberry" is the author; he wrote them originally, we believe, for the *Golden Era*, a very creditable weekly paper published in this city. Since then they have been going the rounds of the press. We intend to hunt up some more of "Dogberry's" sketches, and if we again omit to give due credit to author and paper, because we do not find either attached, we shall always be happy to make the *amende honorable* if "Dogberry" will write us a good-natured letter, such as he published in last Sunday's *Golden Era*.

Very Probable.

The *Flag*, after mentioning the fact that a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in this city at about ten minutes past 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning, says it was "accompanied with rather more Tartarian effluvia than is agreeable to the inhabitants of *this* sphere however it may be in another. A strong sulphurous smell pervaded the air for about a minute prior to the shock." This statement is probably true as far as the *Flag* office is concerned, but we don't believe any one *outside* the *Flag* office smelled brimstone.

The Grand Jury.

As we anticipated would be the case, the Grand Jury have spoken boldly and decisively on the subject of the fall of the building on Summer street. The Coroner's Jury said "no one should perhaps be charged with criminal neglect;" the Grand Jury in that portion of their report in which they refer to the killing of eight or more persons by the undermining of this building say:

"We hold this to be the natural fruits of carelessness on the part of those who should be and are, intelligent, practical, and responsible; and that the parties thereto should be held amenable to the law that provides against criminal neglect."

The Grand Jury have spoken well. They have decided that eight persons have been deprived of life by the *criminal neglect* of certain parties. It is to be hoped that the matter will not be allowed to rest here, but that these parties, whoever they may be, will be punished for their crime.

The Mexican Situation.

The *Call* thus disposes of the present situation of affairs in the Mexican Empire:

"Carlotta has fled to Europe in her night-clothes, so to speak, and Max. and Bazaine are now gathering up the pots, kettles, pans, and spoons of the Imperial kitchen"

Now this is a terribly disrespectful manner in which to speak of an Empress. Carlotta has not "fled to Europe in her night-clothes." She has gone for the purpose of trying to prevail upon Louis Napoleon to lend a little more money on her husband's crown, which is already in pawn for a considerable sum. Louis does not like the security, but as he has already advanced more on the article than it will ever prove to be worth, is willing to afford Max. an opportunity of paying his debt. The evacuation of Mexico and the restoration of the Republic is only a matter of time. Probably two more leading articles on this subject in the *Morning Call* will bring about this much-to-be-desired event.

Swill-Milk.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper increased its circulation by many thousands of copies by agitating the subject of "swill-milk." The *Bulletin* of this city publishes an article every other day, informing the public that there is not a drop of wholesome milk to be obtained in this city. We hope that the *Bulletin's* statements are exaggerations of the facts. If it be really true that the majority of the cows which supply San Francisco with milk are fed on the refuse from distilleries; if it be true that much of the mortality among infants is caused by unwholesome milk, then, indeed, this subject cannot be too much agitated. The *Bulletin* does not, however, appear to perfectly understand the proper method to manufacture a strong sentiment of disgust in the community against milk produced from cows fed on the refuse of distilleries. It has not adopted a sufficiently sensational style. This is the sort of thing:

"ANOTHER DRUNKEN COW.—Another of the unhappy quadrupeds which are fed by degraded dairymen on distillery refuse, was seen in a state of disgusting intoxication yesterday."

Then again:

"INTOXICATING MILK.—There is no doubt but that the milk produced by cows which have been fed on distillery refuse is intoxicating. Three babies, which were being brought up on the bottle, died last week from a disease which presented all the symptoms of delirium tremens."

This sort of thing, published daily, would very soon create a panic, and the Temperance League would lend their powerful influence to suppress all cows fed upon such intoxicating food as distillery refuse.

A Model Advertisement.

In the fourth column, second page of Wednesday evening's *Bulletin* appeared the following "new" advertisement:

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED—By a family who has no children with gas; water and bath in house, and not more than fifteen minutes walk from the Plaza by a responsible party. Address "William," *Bulletin* office.

Will "William" please inform us how many children *without gas* said family is blessed withal, and what distance, according to ordinary measurement, is indicated by the phrase "fifteen minutes walk from the Plaza by a responsible party;" furthermore, what the precise difference may be by statute measurement between "fifteen minutes walk from the Plaza by a responsible party," and the same amount of "walk" by an irresponsible party. Upon receiving satisfactory information upon these important points, we shall be able to inform "William" whether he can have our cottage.

Poetry.

Some persons firmly believe that a number of lines which begin with a capital letter at one end and rhyme at the other, constitute poetry. Such people cannot imagine it possible that, while they are reading what appears to their eyes simple prose, some beautiful poetic image is being impressed on their minds. Poetry is allegory By it a picture having a deep and subtle meaning is often photographed on the mind. which, if presented in prosaic and material manner, could not reach the inner consciousness. In this, which might perhaps be termed "prose poetry," the *American Flag* excells. What can be more beautiful than the following picture of the President of the United States, the chosen leader of this great people?

"PRESIDENT JOHNSON might be pictured in the similitude of an immense equatorial gorilla, sitting cross-legged, ripping out the delicate and compact stitching of a skillful seamstress, which he attempts to reconstruct with a sail-needle and a fishing-line."

Sharp Practise.

That extremely liberal association, entitled the "Omnibus Railroad Company," have announced that on and after Thursday, September 6th, 1866, the price of their car tickets will be at the rate of four for a quarter. Thus we see the liberal Omnibus Railroad Company is ahead of all the other companies in lowering its fare, after learning that the other companies intended doing so. More than this: to express its abhorrence of the illiberal policy pursued by the other railroad companies, it has positively decided that it will not receive their tickets for fares; thus totally ignoring all thoughts of public convenience, and forcing every chance patron of the Omnibus line to buy a quarter's worth of tickets, good for that line only.

The three other companies reduced their fare yesterday, a little earlier than intended, in consequence of the smart action of the Omnibus Company in forstalling them; and will continue to oblige the public by accepting each others tickets on any of their routes. But in self-defence they will have to refuse the Omnibus Railroad tickets, as that liberal company has tabooed them outside of the boundaries of their own cars.

The Chief (of Police) Consideration.

P. J. White, one of the candidates for the office of Chief of Police, is likely to be supported extensively on humanitarian principles. Mr. White has, as everyone knows, a large provision store on Front street. The police have been forbidden of late to give poor, homeless wanderers bed and breakfast in the Station House. Mr. White, it is confidently expected, will go in for square meals for the lodgers in the city mansions, and his friends have adopted the war cry of "P. J. White and good provisions!"

EDUCATION.—The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petalnma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petalnma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so barmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. Tbey have received the bigbest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
	fants.....	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Billious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*. blind or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Eularged Glands, Swell-	
	ings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weak-	
	ness.....	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*. even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.	00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of tbe above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has npened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will findi Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can he had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
y19 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON TUESDAY, - - - SEPT. 25,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.
au25-3m.

NEW DRY GOODS!

FALL IMPORTATION, 1866,

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.

WILL EXHIBIT AT

THEIR RETAIL STORE,

ON

Monday, - - - August 20th,

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF

Splendid Dress Goods!

CONSISTING OF

SILKS—

Rich Moire Antiqne, Watered, Chine, Brocade, Plaid, Striped and Plain—all in new and elegant designs and colors.
Black Silks from the celebrated manufactories of "Bonnet's," "Bischoff's," and "Ponson's," of Lyons, France.
Poplin of superior make in Irish and French —in all colors.
Empress Cloth—in all colors.
Plaid, Striped and Plain Poplinets and Cashmeres.
Merinos, De Laines, Prints, Ginghams.
Laces and Embroideries of every description.
Hosiery for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
Shawls—in India and French Cashmere, Paisley, Broche and Woolen.
Cloaks, Basques, Saques and Talmas—made to order in the most fashionable styles.

KID GLOVES—

1500 dozen in all colors and sizes, from the manufactories of Alexandre and Preville, of Paris.

ALSO AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN LANDED, AND ARE

Warrented of Superior Quality.

COTTONS—

1000 pieces Brown Cottons, from 4-4 to 10-4.
1000 pcs 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Cotton Sheetings.
200 pieces New York Mills Shirtings.
300 pieces Wamsutta Shirtings.
500 pieces White Rock Shirtings.
400 pieces Lonsdale Shirtings.
700 ps Masonville and Williamsv'le Shirt'gs.
600 pairs of Lace Curtains.

LINENS—

500 pieces Super Shirting Linens.
200 pieces Superior Sheeting Linens, in 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, and 12-4.
200 pieces Barnsley and Scotch Table Damask, of superior quality.
1000 Table Cloth, from 8-4 to 10-4.
800 dozen Table Napkins—all sizes.
1500 doz Towels, suitable for the Bath, Chamber and Kitchen.

WOOLENS—

1000 pairs Blankets, in 6-4, 8-4, 10-4 & 12-4.
500 pieces Flannels of every description.

CLOTHS FOR MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

1000 Marseilles and American Quilts.

9 Montgomery Street,

LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.
au 25

CHILION BEACH,

Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Lick House,

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York. au25 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street.
je30 3m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 26th day of July, 1866, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Robeson, deceased, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, in two parcels, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Tuesday, the 11th day of September, 1866, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of said Andrew Robeson, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain two lots of land situated in said city and county and described as follows, viz: 1st. Commencing at a point on the west side of Mason street, 77 1-2 feet northerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running northerly along said side of Mason street 60 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 77 1-2 feet; thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet; and thence at a right angle easterly 77 1-2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 117 1-2 feet westerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; running thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet; and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the place of beginning. And said administrator will receive offers or bids for said property from this date till said 11th day of September, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon, at said counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county. EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Andrew Robeson, deceased.
San Francisco, August 11th, 1866. null td

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of CHRISTIAN KIRK, the Executor of the estate of GEORGE D. HANSEN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heir and devisee of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Wednesday, the fifth day of September, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir and devisee of the said George D. Hansen, deceased, according to law;

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 5th day of September, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated, San Francisco, August 3d, 1866. 4w

PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors

It appearing to this court from the petition this day presented and filed by Robert L. Harris, the guardian of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate belonging to his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estate, appear before this court at the court room thereof, at the court house, in the city and county of San Francisco, on Monday the 10th day of September, 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated August 10th, A. D, 1866. M. C. BLAKE,
null 4t Probate Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William MacMichael, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No 12 Post street, Masonic Temple, in the city and county of San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 18, 1866.

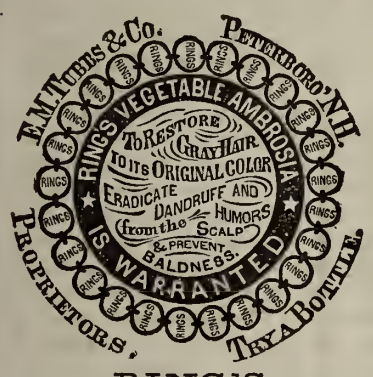
THEODORE L. SCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William McMichael, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator. 5t

QUINCY HALL,

545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21



RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN F. SNOW,

Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 24 Post street,
je23 San Francisco.

MEAGHER, TAAFE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS OF

DRY GOODS, LINENS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
FANCY GOODS, ETC.

AGENTS FOR THE

MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY

NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
jy21-3m *Lick House.*

MR. AND MRS. COGILL

AND SONS,



Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soriees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. au5-3m

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

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AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

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& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

je17-3m

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 5th, 1866; and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called upon to meet in their respective districts for the purpose of electing the following-named officers at said election, to wit:

Attorney and Counsellor
Auditor.
Tax Collector.
Public Administrator.
Superintendent of Pub Streets, Highways, and Squres.
Chief of Police.

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following Districts: First, Third, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Eleventh, for the full term.

Also, one Supervisor in the Eighth District for an unexpired term.

Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of San Francisco, this fourteenth day of August, [SEAL.] 1866.

H. P. COON, Mayor.

Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk. au18

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - Petaluma.
mar24-6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late ea. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,

685 Market street, corner of Third,



WILL BE OPEN ON AND after SATURDAY, Aug. 25th, EVENINGS, till 8 o'clock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,

F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,

GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and

ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

THE *Accidental Insurance Co*,

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident.

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,

Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to

A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,

Northwest corner Montgomery and Secramento streets
au4 3m

GRAND OPENING

OF THE

Circassian Saloon,

Corner of Dupont and Pacific streets,

(Formerly "Diana Saloon,")

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT!—Magic and Gymnastic Feats, free of charge.

☞ The best of WINES, LIQUORS, LUNCH, and CIGARS always on hand.

N. B. Fine Vocal Music, Polite Waiters, etc.
au11 1m

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

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J. PEIRCE,

FURNITURE AND

Bedding Warerooms.



NOS. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
je16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,



ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
je30 3m San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna,*

SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
au4-3m J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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YANKEE NOTIONS

AND

FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
jy21-3m Battery street, near Pine.

SKETCH OF ERNEST RENAN.

M. RENAN, author of the "Life of Jesus and the Apostles," was born in 1823. The Jesuits took him under their protection, and gave him a place in their school. He showed himself a slow but brilliant scholar. He was long in acquiring anything, but when it was acquired it was thoroughly mastered and assimilated. He not only knew what he had learned, but he polished it with his own intellect and made it shine. The reports periodically addressed to Paris upon the young men in the training school, directed attention to young Renan as a Levite destined to reflect the greatest honor on the church. Abbe Dupanloup (now the eminent Bishop of Orleans) was always on the watch to discover young men who promised to bring talents to the service of religion, and he read these reports with most careful attention. Struck by the constant commendations bestowed on young Renan he made him come up to Paris, where he could have him under his own eye. The abbe soon loved the young Levite with the tenderest friendship, and reckoned upon his attaining the highest honors of the church. When young Renan had stayed the proper time at the training school of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, the abbe transferred him to St. Sulpice's School. It was while he was at St. Sulpice's School that Mons. Renan, after profound studies, came to the conclusion that the religion which he was to teach, and whose offices he was to celebrate, was radically false. He struggled long against this conclusion. Abbe Dupanloup and all the professors tried to argue with him, hoping to convince him of error. Ernest Renan turned his back on the sanctuary, and sallied forth from the quiet haven of St. Sulpice's Seminary into the great desert of Paris, alone, unfriended.

The moment he quitted St. Sulpice's Seminary he went to a teacher's office and got an usher's place in a small boarding school. Here his salary was table and lodgings—no money; but all his time was not taken up by the duties of usher. He could attend to lectures at the Sorbonne, and visit the great public libraries. He worked hard. When the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres offered a prize for a dictionary of the Semitic languages, he won it; and when it offered a prize for an essay on the study of Greek during the Middle Ages, he secured it too.

These academical successes introduced him to learned society in Paris, and four years after he quitted the seminary he resigned his place of usher to go to Italy, to make researches for the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. On his return he was appointed as aid to the maker of catalogues of manuscripts in the Imperial Library, on the meagre salary of $300 a year. He soon received a permanent appointment at the library with a salary of $500 a year, which petty income was increased by the money received for his contributions to the *Revue des Deux de Mondes* and *Journal des Debate*, and for the sale of his work entitled "Philosophical Essays." As soon as his revenues increased, he married the daughter of Henri Sheffer—the nice of Ary Sheffer—and he was a happy man. He had now begun to turn his attention to his "History of the Origin of Christianity." The French Government gave him, in 1860, a mission of exploration in ancient Phœnicia, which was then unusually open to French travellers, for the French army then occupied the country. Upon his return to Paris he was appointed Professor of Hebrew at the College of France. The attacks he made on religion, even in his first lecture, raised so much indignation throughout France, that the Government was obliged by the pressure of public opinion to suspend his lectures. He continued in possession of the chair for two and a half years. The Government hoped he would resign, and tried to persuade him to do so. He refused, and was dismissed after the publication of the first volume of his "History of the Origin of Christianity." The Government, at one time, thought seriously of seizing this work, but was prevailed upon to keep aloof. You know how it sold. It is said Mons. Renan received $30,000 copyright from the sale of this one volume, and the demand it created for his other works put another $10,000 into his pocket. The Government offered him his old place at the Imperial Library, (where, I had forgotten to mention, a series of promotions had raised him to a place with a salary of $1,000 a year), but he declined to accept it. He devoted himself sedulously to the second volume of his "History of the Origin of Christianity," and before sending it to the press he visited the scenes where apostles (to whose career it is dedicated) lived and labored. He was absent twelve or eighteen months. His wife went everywhere with him. He set to work on the second volume on his return, and it was seven months going through the press, so numerous were the corrections he made; it is said he required eight proof sheets of every page before the work reached what he thought the utmost pitch of perfection which he could give it. He has a most tenacious memory, especially for words. He knows—beside Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, Latin and French—English and German thoroughly. You may easily imagine, from what I have said, he is a man of even temper, and quite agreeable. A friend, who met him several times at dinner, told me he was one of the most agreeable men he had ever met. He described the tones of M. Renan's voice and his perfect articulation as fascinating. I should have thought the monotonous tone of M. Renan's voice in conversation would have fatigued one in the course of several hours. My friend told me my supposition was erroneous. M. Renan is not a brilliant talker; at least he is not a brilliant talker after the fashion of M. Villemain or M. Victor Cousin and other brilliant talkers of the day. They shine in their happy *bon mots*, by their skill in juggling with words and phrases. M. Renan never made—he never so much as stumbled into a *mot* in all his life. He is intelligent, intellectual, often ironical—never witty. I add, to complete his portrait, he is awkward at all physical exercises. On horseback he is at the complete mercy of the horse; in the water, he has a millstone's alacrity of sinking; he never had a gun his hand. You see this the moment you lay eyes on him. He is short, thick-set, heavy, slow, awkward. He was never touched bodily by the graces, or mentally by grace. He plods, even in our streets, as if he were among furrows; walk he cannot. Whenever I have seen him I have thought he looked much more like a college tutor or head accountant than like an eminent literary man. He has a turn for no amusements. Chess, backgammon, dominoes, cards, he holds in equal aversion. His pastime is a good book, a comfortable chair by a warm fire, after a hearty meal. He has love for and knowledge of art, as he showed by his work on the 14th. His library is both handsome and comfortable. He has several children. They have all been baptized, and with their mother go regularly to church. He spends his summer chiefly at Sevres. The success of his new work will be great. The whole of the first edition (20,000 copies) were exhausted to supply booksellers' orders before it was published. The second edition of 20,000 copies is sold fast. The demand for the first volume ("The Life of Jesus") still continues. It is confidently predicted M. Renan will receive $200,000 at least from his history.

"The Ole Man's Dead, Stranger."—The author tells of a Virginian traveling in the same locality, who, on testing the whisky of his Arkansas host, found it rather raw and unpalatable, and mixed it in the shape of a "mint-julep," which was a novel idea to the Arkansan. The latter, however, was delighted with the new style of drink, indulged in it quite liberally, and learned the method of concocting it. The mournful result is told thus: "The ole man's dead, stranger." The Virginian continued on his journey toward Texas, and in due course of time set out to return. On arriving at the house before mentioned, he concluded he would call and renew his acquaintance with the friendly old host. Accordingly, he rode up to the gate, and seeing one of the boys of the family

The boy, with an air of the most perfect indifference, reslanding near, asked him: "How is the old gentleman, your father, my son?"

plied: "Why, the ole man's dead, stranger."

"Is it possible? How long since?"

"About two weeks, stranger."

"Ah! indeed! Pray, what was the matter with the poor old gentleman, my son?"

"Waal, now, stranger, I'll tell ye what it war. Thar war an old feller from Virginny, he 'com'd along this way last summer, and he jist ups and larns the ole man to drink greens in his licker, and you can bet your life on't it knocked him higher nor a kite."

Upon the Virginian's suggesting to the boy that it might have been possible that the bad quality of the whisky exercised a more deleterious influence upon his father's health than the mint, he replied:

"No, stranger, it war not the whisky, for we've allers used licker in our family, and though it made old mam powerful weak, yet it never phazed ole pop arry time—no, it war the greens, as sure as yer born."—*Col. Maury's Army Life.*

The Able-bodied Minister.—God provided a body for the soul of Adam, before he sent that soul into the world; and I have learned, if we want a soul to *stay* in its human body, we must keep the body in good repair. I know some people think that a minister of the Gospel should be as nearly spiritual, in all respects, as possible; and they find their ideals in those unfortunate clergymen, destitute of physical vigor; lean, pale, and ghostly, whose symptoms of *dysdepsia* they have mistaken for godliness. And I have known a few clergymen, who, falling into the same error, have tried to crucify the flesh by living on short rations; giving the lie to their appetites, when they had eaten exactly four ounces, *by calling that a meal.—Rev. L. J. Fletcher.*

Ladies can always depend, that for delicacy of touch, and adaptability to nature, Davidson's Circassian Bloom excels all other toilet dressings. And what is more, it renders the skin smooth, soft and delicate. Sold by all Druggists.

Meussdorffer, importer and dealer in Hats, No. 635 Commercial street, will open his styles to-day. Mr. M. has just returned from Europe with the latest style of hats, such as Chapeaux Mechanique, Sadowa, Fontainebleau, Palmerston, etc.

THE EDIBLE BIRD'S NESTS OF CHINA.

NOT only in their ordinary form, or acted upon by the culinary art, are the mosses employed as food; but one of the most admired luxuries of the table in China is the edible bird's nest formed from them. A small swallow, called, from his peculiar instinct in building this sort of habitation, *hirendo esculenta*, makes his nest from several of these species, and amongst others, it is said, from the Ceylon moss, in the highest and most inaccessible rocks, in deep damp caves. Craufurd tells us that none but those accustomed from childhood to the dangers it offers, can pursue the occupation of collecting the nests; for they are only approachable by a perpendicalar descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and ratan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must be performed by torchlight, by penetrating into the recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would instantly be fatal to the adventurers, who can see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rocks. The high price given for these delicacies, is, however, a sufficient inducement for the gatherers to follow "this dreadful trade." The nests are formed of a mucilaginous substance; they resemble ill-concocted fibrous isinglass, and are described as of a white color, inclining to red; their thickness little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce. When dry, they are brittle and wrinkled, the size nearly that of a goose's egg. The qualities of the nest vary, according to the situation and extent of the caves in which they are found, and the time at which they are taken; if procured before the eggs have been laid, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but if the young are in the nest, or have just left it, they are nearly worthless, being dark-colored, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt. After they are procured, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for market. The best sort are sent to Pekin, for the use of the emperor. The labor bestowed to render them fit for the table is enormous; every feather, every stick, or impurity of any kind, is carefully removed, and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, they are made into a soft delicious jelly; they are likewise served up in broths and soups; they have the reputation of being nutritious, and gently stimulating. The extravagant prices given for these nests by the Chinese render them a most expensive article of diet. The sale has become a monopoly of the government in whose dominions they are found. Meyen, in his Voyage Round the World, states that the Japanese had long ago discovered that these bird's nests are nothing more than softened sea-weed and that they now prepare the substance itself in an artist-like manner.—*Dr. Sigmond, on the Ceylon Moss.*

Speaking of Baths, it is in order to quote from a letter received per last steamer from a lady, now at the East, in which she says: "I went to Laight street (New York) to try a Turkish Bath; it did not come up to my expectation, by any means. I find no baths like those of Dr. Bourne. These people are behind *our* [meaning California] age." A New York gentleman who became acquainted with Dr. Bourne's baths while on a visit to San Francisco, on returning to New York writes thus: "In Laight street they have steam baths, and hoping to find the style similar to Dr. Bourne's baths, of your city, I gave them a trial; but such a woful disappointment! for although the place is a Water Cure, I found their baths totally different, being what they term the Turkish bath, and may the Turks live forever to take all of them. Give me those of Dr. Bourne." Such, too, is the feeling of all Californians at the East, who have ever enjoyed Dr. Bourne's baths, and their testimony is uniform and unanimous, that no baths are to be found either at the East, or in Europe or Asia, which compare with them; yet there are many contemptible persons in San Francisco doing all that malignity and falsehood can prompt them to do, to injure, and if possible, destroy them. Base persons, you have both the pity and contempt of Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

"The Science of Life, or How to Live, and What to Live For."—This is the title of an interesting and highly useful little book, published by Dr. Beck, of this city. It is *especially* adapted for the perusal of *young men*, nevertheless its truthful pages should be read by all, as they contain good, sound, healthy matter which can be easily understood and appreciated by every reader. This work is issued *gratuitously* on application to the Doctor, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of postage stamp or envelope addressed to Dr. Beck's office, 314 Kearny street, or post office Box 1599.

Dr. Beck is a member of several American and European Universities, and has published numerous works on *Anatomy, Medicine*, and *Surgery* His former connection with the principal "Anatomical Museums" of New York, Paris, London etc., combined with his experience in his profession render him a highly desirable person to consult, and we can confidently recommend him to the public.

Pianos.—The house of Knabe & Co cannot now supply its orders while making near fifty pianos per week. Their small factory has changed to an establishment which is certainly one of the largest in the United States. Their main building is five stories high, 95 feet front by 45 feet deep; the other is four stories, 110 feet by 30. Besides these there are two wings each 30 by 50 feet, and a large engine, lumber, and storage-houses. The whole manufactory is supplied by a vast collection of labor-saving machinery, some of which belongs exclusively, by right of invention, to the firm of Knabe & Co. Messrs. Frisbee & Scott, No. 3 Montgomery street, are sole agents for these pianos.—*New York Tribune.*

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight. Superior to any cologne. used to bathe the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to allay inflammation, to perfume clothing, for headache, etc. It is manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia, and is obtaining a patronage quite unprecedented. It is a favorite with actresses and opera singers. It is sold hy all dealers, at $1.00 in large hottles, and by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York, Wholesale Agents.

Lyon's Magnetic Insect Powder will exterminate Fleas, Ticks, Roaches and all insects almost instantly. Its reputation is well known, and hence has been counterfeited. Inquire for and take noue hut LYON'S, hearing the stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., and the signature of E. LYON.

"OUT OF SORTS" expresses the feelings of many that cannot he otherwise described. Languor, weakness, enervation, listlessuess, sleepiness, melancholy, want of appetite, etc., compose a class of ailments greater than all others combined. It is exactly for these indescribable complaints that PLANTATION BITTERS are prepared. It is for the relief of these same complaints they have become so famous. Hence it is that they are so extensively used by clergymeu, merchants, ladies, and persons of sedeutary habits. They are as pleasant to the taste as they are beneficial to the Stomach. The extent of their sale is almost incredible.

Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met hy the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westhrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold hy all dealers.

Lyon's Kathairon is a most delightful article as a Hair Dressing—to eradicate scurf and dandruff, to keep it clean, soft and silky, and the head cool. It also prevents the hair from falling off nd turning gray, and promotes its growth upon prematurely bald heads. It is sold by all dealers.

E. THOMAS LYON, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER—for Indigestion, Nausea, Hearthurn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morhus, Flatulency, etc., where a warming stimulant is reqnired. Its carefnl preparatieu and entire purity make it a cheap and reliahle article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. Ask for "LYON'S" Pure Extract. Take no othe c7m

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his paymeuts of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace iu the paymeut of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is hut the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, hut without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not hy defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must he gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The pictures taken in this city are far superior to those taken in the East and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much hetter pictures look here than at home. The hest gallery to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high huildings surrounding it. The NEW YORK, on the east side of Third street, a few doors helow Market, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgamery street galleries.

ALL GOOD JUDGES OF PIANOS agree that Frishee & Scott have the finest and largest stock of Pianos in this city. They are agents of the celehrated firms of Calenherg & Vaupel, of New York, and Knahe & Co., Baltimore. There is certainly not an instrument equal to those imported hy them. Mr. Gusvav A. Scott pays, also, particular attention to having their stock of foreign and American sheet music equal to any New York store. They keep at No. 3 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Rohert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Rohert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted hy the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold hy us are warranted to he manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to he equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. my24-3m

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death he the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilhlains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallihle. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per hox.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

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Rev. *B. M. ADAMS, M. E. Church, Duane street.*
Rev. *HEMAN BANGS, late Pastor Centenary M. E. Church, Brooklyn.*
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FROM G. F. J. COLBURN, DOCTOR DENTAL SURGERY, NEWARK, N. J.

The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," hesides heing a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teetb.

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HALL & RUCKEL,

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AYER'S

Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, hut powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the everyday complaints of everybody, hut also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and hest physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, heing purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have heen made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated hy men of such exalted position and character, as to forhid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations comtribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.

Costiveness, Billious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Hearthurn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morhid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the hlood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not he supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the hody, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not he put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the hest aid there is for them, and they should have it.

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Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

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Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

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Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomh, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Bosiness College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 Californin street.

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N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street,

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTEERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenhlatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morsbead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, helow Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s. 527 Washington, ahove the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza. 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

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YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,

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Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

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Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

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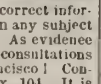


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THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING
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IMPROVED IN 1861;
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Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

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6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.
7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.
9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.
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***Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

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Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.
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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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Though it be a Catholic Institution, yet pupils of all denominations will be admitted, and their religious convictions respected; but, for the sake of uniformity all will be required to be present at the public religious exercises.

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These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

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It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

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Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

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They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

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Invariably cure the following diseases:

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Bowel Complaints,
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Inward Weakness,
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Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

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CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

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Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
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If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
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Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
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Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fractional part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
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Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
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For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
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Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
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Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
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To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

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Insurance Company.

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Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

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ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

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We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order. au15

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

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OCCIDENTAL

HOMESTEAD

Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth. The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the TURK street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,
Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,
my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour: instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

mh25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
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Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

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Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
au4 6m Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
The Farce of
TOMMY AND SALLY.

Lady Don, as.....Sally
Harry Courtaine, as.....Tommy
With Songs, Duets, etc.

To conclude with another new Burlesque, never before acted here, entitled
MAZOURKA;
OR,
THE STICK, THE POLE, AND THE TARTAR

ON EONDAY AND TUESDAY, SEPT. 3d & 4th,
ROB ROY,
With all the Original Music.
Lady Don, as.....Francis Osbaldistou
To conclude with
MAZOURKA.

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Dress Circle and Orchestra,	$1 00
Reserved seats,	50c. extra
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Bianchi's Grand Italian *Opera Troupe.*

General Director.....J. P. Crowly
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HEBREW LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY!
SATURDAY EVENING.....SEPT. 1,
Will be presented Donizettis Opera of
Lucrecia di Lammermoor.

Lucia.....Signorina Elvira Brambilla
Edgardo.....Signor Morley
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CONDUCTOR.....MR. RUDOLPH HEROLD
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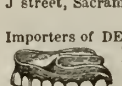
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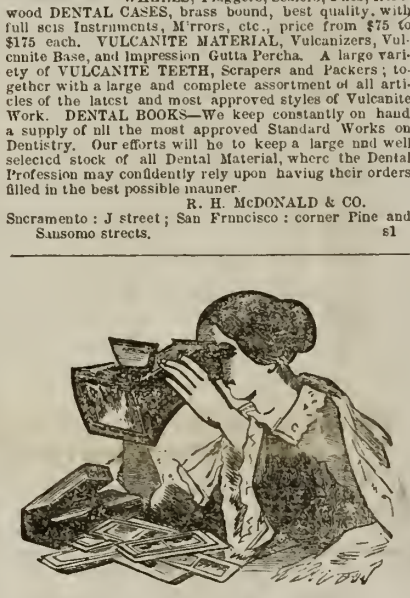
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For Fire Commissioners,
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WARD		WARD	
First	P. H. Daly	Seventh	Peter Wheelan
Third	W. B. Fairman	Eighth	Dr. J. W. Winter
Fifth	M. O'Neil	Ninth	Jas. B. Carson
Eleventh	F. McCoppin		

For School Directors,

WARD		WARD	
First	Michael Daly	Seventh	T. G. McGuire
Third	Peter Dempsy	Ninth	S. B. Thompson
Fifth	J. C. Shotb	Eleventh	Peter Jobuson

For Constables,

First Township	Samuel Bridgewood
Second Township	Cornelius Mooney
Third Township	William S. Jones
Fourth Township	Michael Hawkins
Fifth Township	Thomas Agnew
Sixth Township	John Kelly

ADDRESS
To the Voters of San Francisco.

We, the Members of the Democratic County Convention, respectfully addressing ourselves to the Voters of San Francisco, claim for the ticket we have nominated, your approval and support.

We have succeeded in securing gentlemen of irreproachable character and acknowledged fitness to serve as candidates. In making the selection, we have been careful that schemes for personal aggrandizement and mere political success should not shut out from view the future welfare of the community. The peace of the city, protection to property, and fidelity on the part of the custodians and dispensers of the public moneys, are the considerations which have controlled their deliberations.

We are persuaded that a change for the better can be made in the manner of administering the several Departments of the City Government; and this we believe to be the general conclusion in the public mind.

Whilst it is conceded that much credit was due, for a time, to those who managed our municipal affairs in an independent spirit, it is also contended that more recently they have ignored the former proper tests for official position, and have become mere partisans, intolerant in their views and prejudiced in their action. With this change in the spirit of their government, there has also come extravagance in public expenditures, oppression in their license system, and corruption in the police regulations. Reform is therefore needed in the City Government. This reform can be effected only through the ugency of the ballot-box. To that end we heartily invite the co-operation of the voters of San Francisco.

Nor should it be forgotten that the result of the approaching local election will, to some extent, affect all the social and monetary interests of our city. Moreover, it will exert an important influence on politics throughout the State; and, in order that the people may fully appreciate the political significance of the victory we fervently hope to achieve, we shall briefly declare the principles which our nominees adhere to, touching their duties and the great issues of the day.

We pledge them to a faithful discharge of the obligation their election will cast upon them.

We pledge them to an unwavering support of those principles of our Government which assert the supremacy and vindicate the dignity of the white race.

We pledge them to the doctrines of the equality of all the States of the American Union, and the right of each individual one to determine, under the Constitution of the United States, the qualification of its electors, and to provide for its local prosperity and domestic happiness in its own way; and

We pledge them to a firm adherance to the policy of the National Administration, looking to the defence of these great principles as the only means calculated to heal our differences, to secure for the Government the undivided affection of the people, and to the Union of the States, that freedom, prestige and power rightfully belonging to a great Republic; and, in conclusion, we declare that they approve of the call for a National Convention, and hope that beneficial results may come of its patriotic purpose.

Finally, we beg leave to say that the evasion practiced by the County Convention of the opposite party on these vital questions, is, in our opinion, designed to accomplish a great political fraud, and trifling with the intelligence of the people and the interests of the State. We condemn as dangerous, ill-timed, and characteristic of Radicalism, the letter and spirit of the address put forth by that body. It is but an appeal to the passions of party at a time when those powerful in war and successful in battle should be just and magnanimous in peace.

By order of the
DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.
au18

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 16. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

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A Recent French Religious Writer.
Obituary Notices.
Literary Gleanings and Gossip.
"Lion's Mouth."
Applications for the Position of Editor.
Capt. Jagger's Opinion on Opera.
The President's Bounty.
Poor Stricken Ones.
Amusements, Etc.

SELECTED:
Hazeley Mill, a Story.
Decided People.
African Elephants.
A Ride on a Cow-Catcher.
The Rocky Mountains and Denver.
The Last French Notion.
An Important Subject.
Paris Fashions.
POETRY.
Sleeping.

THE LAST FRENCH NOTION.

A GRAND banquet has been given at Lemardelay's, in honor of the official introduction of horse-flesh into the Paris market. Several horse-flesh shops have been opened in this city within a few days, and, accordingly, one hundred and eighty hippophagists assembled to celebrate the auspicious innovation. M. Quatrefages, of the French Institute, was in the chair. The dinner was composed mainly of the new article of food, and was pronounced to be fit for the gods. The horse-flesh soup, the horse-flesh sausage, horse flesh *a la mode*, horse-flesh pie, and lastly, fillet of horse-flesh, were devoured amidst general acclamations. Other dishes were served during the repast, but the guests declared the horse flesh so "superior" that they ate little else. At the dessert various speakers proposed toasts, and grew excited on the topic of the hour. The chairman toasted the "Hippophagic Committee," which has been fighting the battle of horse-flesh for the last six years; M. Duméril, representing the Acclimative Society, toasted the new food; M. Sibère thanked the committee in the name of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; Dr. Blatin, President of the Hippophagic Society, gave a general glorification of the same, as did the Marquis de Béthizy and other gentlemen. An enthusiastic working-man thanked the gentlemen interested in the "movement" for having introduced a "new and delicious element into the humble larder of the poor;" a rather hard saying, seeing that even a fine, fat young horse's flesh is admitted to be "firm" even by those who will by no means allow it to be "hard," that the flesh of old, worn-out horses is confessedly rather "firmer" than ordinary shoe-leather, and that, therefore, as the cost of a prime horse ranges from eight to a hundred times higher than that of an ox, we have no choice between the aforesaid shoe-leather and an outlay absolutely out of the reach of the laboring population. But this somewhat obvious reflection not appearing to suggest itself to the excited minds of the hippic revellers, the working-man's outburst had an immense success. M. de la Bédolliere, the veteran editor of *Le Siecle*, next sang two new songs, composed expressly for the occasion, and which, being regarded as extremely witty and appropriate, were applauded to the—chandeliers. The company then became generally jolly, and enjoyed the gathering so much that they remained together until near midnight. In spite of which brilliant demonstration, and the opening of the fine shops for the legal sale of horse-flesh (each joint "stamped" by the market inspectors, and thereby warranted to be "all right,") the unappreciating public is still asking itself, with a not very flattering expression of its nasal organ, "How near to starvation must I find myself reduced before I could contrive to swallow a first mouthful of this new species of butcher's meat?"—*Paris Correspondent of the New York Nation.*

CAPT. MAYNE REID'S style is thus successfully approached: Alonzo seized the maiden, leapt on his bare boned steed, and with a yell; disappeared from the wondering Apaches! Away, like lightning, swept the steed at about four miles an hour, till just when they had reached the forty-two mile-post on the confined prairc, they saw an object crouching behind it. The Jaguar of the wilds of Africay!' whispered Alonzo in stentorian accents. But, wait a bit—here goes! To bound from his steed, draw his knife, stab the jaguar to the heart, skin and dress it, catch up with his horse—now about sixteen miles distant—throw the skin around the lily shoulders of his dusky bride, was the work of about half a second.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND DENVER.

THE view of the Rocky Mountains from the divide near Kiowa creek is considered one of the finest in Colorado. From the breezy ridge, between scattered groups of pine, you look upon 150 miles of the snowy range, from the Sangro de Cristo to the spurs away toward Laramie. In variety and harmony of form, in effect against the dark blue sky, in breadth and grandeur, I know no external picture of the Alps which can be placed beside it. If you could take away the valley of the Rhone and unite the Alps of Savoy with the Bernese Overland, you might obtain a tolerable idea of this view of the Rocky Mountains. Pike's Peak would then represent the Jungirau, a nameless snowy giant in front of you Monte Rosa, and Long's Peak Mont Blanc. The altitudes very nearly correspond, and there is a certain similarity in the forms. The average hight of the Rocky Mountains, however, surpasses that of the Alps.

The situation of Denver is well selected. Were it nearer to the mountains, it would furnish a more convenient depot of supplies for the Clear Creek mining region, but it would not concentrate, as now, so many radiating lines of travel. It lies, apparently, in the center of the chord of a shallow arc of the mountains, governing the entrances of some half-a-dozen different canyons and overlooking a belt of farming land fifty miles by ten in dimensions.

Its prosperity, of course, depends on the activity of mining operations in the mountains. There is at present a stagnation, occasioned principally by the enormous price of labor. Although the new methods of reduction promise a much greater production of the precious metals, and fresh discoveries of gold, silver, copper and lead are being made every day, wages are so high that many companies have been forced to suspend business until the agricultural supplies at home and the gradual approach of the Pacific Railroad shall have brought prices down.

I should estimate the population of Denver at about 5,000. Probably no town in the country ever grew up under such discouraging circumstances, or has made more solid progress in the same length of time. It was once swept away by the inundation of Cherry Creek; once or twice burned; threatened with secession; cut off from intercourse with the East by Indian outbreaks; deprived of a great portion of its anticipated trade by our war; made to pay outrageously for its materials and supplies—and all this within seven years!

I was interested in noticing how attached the inhabitants are to the place. Nearly every one who had recently been East seemed rejoiced to return. Even ladies forget the greater luxuries and refinements of the Atlantic coast, when they see the Rocky Mountains once more. The people look upon this glorious Alpine view as one of the properties of the town. Every street opens (in one direction, at least) upon it, and the evening drives along the Platte or over the flowering ridges become as beautiful as any in the world, when the long line of snowy peaks flash down a brighter gold than ever was unpacked from their veins.

There are no manufactories as yet, except a brickyard and two flour mills—the latter driven by water-power. A good gray building stone is found about four miles off. The timber is all brought from the mountains, which, I fear, are in a fair way to become disforested. Coal, however, is coming into general use as fuel, several mines having already been opened in the neighborhood. It resembles the brown coal of Germany, burns freely, and is said to produce a great amount of gas. General Pierce, the Surveyor General, considers the coal-bed of the Rocky Mountains one of the largest in the world. Along the Smoky Hill there are indications of an uninterrupted supply all the way to Kansas.

I find myself constantly returning to the point which my eyes seek, with unwearied interest, whenever I lift them from the paper. Ever since my arrival I have been studying the mountains. Their beauty and grandeur grew upon me with every hour of my stay. None of the illustrations accompanying the reports of exploration, and other Government documents, give any distinct idea of their variety and harmony of forms. Nowhere distorted or grotesque in outline, never monotonous, lovely in color and atmospheric effect, I may recall some mountain chains which equal, but none which surpass them. From this point there appears to be three tolerably distinct ranges. The first rises from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the Plains; it is cloven asunder by the canyons of the streams, streaked with dark lines of pine, which feather its summits, and sunny with steep slopes of pasture. Some distance behind it appears a second range of nearly double the hight, more irregular in its masses and of a dark, velvety, violet hue. Beyond, leaning against the sky, are the snowy peaks, nearly all of which are from 13,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea. These three chains, with their varying but never discordant undulations, are as inspiring to the imagination as they are enchanting to the eye. They hint of concealed grandeurs in all the glens and parks among them, and yet hold you back with a doubt whether they can be more beautiful near at hand than when beheld at this distance.—*Bayard Taylor, in the New York Tribune.*

BLACK RAIN IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.—The "black rain" showers, which are now so well known in Scotland, and about which the inhabitants of a part of Aberdeenshire are in the way of speaking with no greater astonishment, when one of them falls from a peculiarly-colored dark cloud, blackening materials exposed to it, than they speak of a white shower from a snowy cloud, have been at last recognized in England. Between the beginning of January, 1862, and the middle of January, 1866, there have been no fewer than eight authenticated black showers in Scotland. Seven of these fell in Slains and the extensive surrounding district. Two of them were accompanied with pumice stones, some of the balls of which measured eight to ten inches in diameter, and weighed upwards of a pound avoirdupois. The first four, including the Carluke shower, and the eighth, were contemporaneous with outbursts of Vesuvius, and the intermediate three with those of Etna. It has been discovered that England gets her share likewise of black showers, although she did not think that she was so distinguished. On the 3d of May of the present year (1866), at 11 A. M., and again at 4 P. M., the town of Birmingham and surrounding country were for three-quarters of an hour each time enveloped with black clouds producing darkness and rain. Accidents took place in the streets, vehicles were upset, and gas had to be lighted at some of the crossings, and nearly in all the places of business. A large quantity of black rain, similar to the Scottish, fell, and blackened rain water in tanks and clothes on greens, not only in Birmingham itself, but at rural places many miles distant, unaffected by soot and smoke, and even windward of that town. So far as known, however, no word has yet arrived of any volcanic outburst, although, judging from what has taken place in Scotland, a probability exists that some volcano has been in a state of activity, emitting its contents, whether it be heard of or not.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

DEMOLITION OF THE WALLS OF FLORENCE.—The work of demolishing the ancient walls of Florence has commenced. These walls, of different ages and styles, are in plan and circuit the same, the building of which was ordered by a decree of the Republic in 1283, and resumed, after many interruptions, in 1324, when they were fortified by barbicans and by square towers, 80 feet high, at intervals of 400 feet: also provided with a moat, of which no trace is left, and pierced by sixteen gates and posterns, eight of which were built up in the earlier years of Medicean government. Their actual circuit is five and three-fourth miles; they are still guarded by those high old towers, and for the extent on the southern side have an antique and picturesque aspect, elsewhere being quite insignificant and uninteresting, save in the mediæval gateways, four of which are in the fourteenth century; and one rebuilt in 1340, from the design of Andrea Pisano; but only one other retains its original height, with stories of deep-recessed archways, gaping, gloomy, and cavern-like, in dusky stonework on the inner side.—*Athenæum.*

HAZELEY MILL.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—BY LOUISA CROW.

CHAPTER I.

A BUSY place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whirr steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labors.

And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside; and wagons from the neighboring villages, or broadfaced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller: or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea, with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of laborers' cottages, half-a-mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still further from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very doorstep, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a footstore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or—and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered, greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards were almost unknown

Katie Morris, from the time she was a merry active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail, and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family, whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive regular wages for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their *protégé* as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In Abel Weston's great Bible there were registered generations of staunch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the country; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly, when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.

Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown gray in their own service, or that her father—ay, here lay the greatest difficulty of all——

Abel Weston had his hobbies, as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he staunchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes rehearsed at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, and so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favored few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions; and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent, but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must *he* be permitted to link himself with their family, and, perhaps, infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbor seized the first opportunity of condoling with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down his plane, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket, and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie, on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.

"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me? Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!" and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But, with the sound of that name, Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree, she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool, or I should have seen this long ago, and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"O, no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first, Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labors.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay crossly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town, and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the missus shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something towards the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old lady, tremulously. "I shall miss ye, sadly. I wish——"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart, the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house, bidding a mute farewell to the cosy chambers her willing hands would arrange no more. On the morrow, when the wagon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned, another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness?

The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realize that she was going away, and forever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"Thee needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston ere she departed, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up-stairs; an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children a-bed, and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at D——, a market-town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go, and seek a service in some secluded farm-house, where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavors to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read, to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathizing tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round, and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in sombrely, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future, which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones, now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened rencontre.

The next moment, three men, in the rough garb of the working-class, came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow, which they vainly sought to avoid, was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener, when she started up, with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her, she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old, but neatly-patched, jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste, and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a

bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards more, and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fire-side in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber-windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch, as it had sometimes been for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But suddenly a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

CHAPTER II.

Pale as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe, when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I cannot open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why what's this on your pretty handkerchief?"

Aye, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living-room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defence of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old master and missus, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! Oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road towards Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking, plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?"

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given, the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to anyone the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came towards her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them?"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean *this* when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavorably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but the absence of any evidence—no one but Katie having encountered them—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller: and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire, had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out-of-the-way public house on the road-side, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awaking from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head, *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists, only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely, "when Katie hid her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believed me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him."

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harrassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there's no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here! I'm like Ishmael; every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of this struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage, and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people——" her voice died away in a sob.

"But *I* do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and flitted to a distant country. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this, Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages; and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was always followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now labored assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr.——, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night, and receive some final directions, etc.

So, gathering the wild roses and honeysuckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies, begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but closing the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr. ——, who was magistrate, was quickly summoned, and

Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county goal.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston?—he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you before this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these stolid, sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear, as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.—*Once a Week.*

Degrading Superstition in Sweden.—At a late execution in Scania a vast crowd was assembled, some of whom endeavored to become possessed of some drops of the blood of the victim, thinking they would so obtain a specific against epilepsy, cramp and other diseases. It was even observed that a family in the higher ranks of society, in a large town, had gone from some distance to the place of execution for the express purpose of obtaining this talisman, which they were most eager to procure as a remedy for one of the children who has been grievously afflicted. Immediately after the execution the crowd pressed around the scaffold, and the military guard had great difficulty in keeping them off; but no sooner had the troops and the police been withdrawn than men and women rushed forward and scraped the ground with their hands that they might collect some of the bloody earth, which they subsequenty crammed into their mouths, in the hope that they might thus get rid of their diseases.

Sunstroke and Shade.—Sunstroke is to be found in the bottom of a glass of whisky oftener than in the open sun. The shade is far more harmful, all told, than the bright light of the sun. None of us get as much of its heat and light as we require. It drives away paralysis and rheumatism; newly magnetizes the animal being; pours a new reservoir of electric power into the veins; and revives what has become slow and sluggish in the shade. We live in the shade more than we ought. The sun should not be shut out of houses as it is. It being the source of all life and strength, we are criminally at fault by declaring our purpose to have none of it, to have as little to do with it as if it were an enemy. It is generally something besides the sun that produces sun stroke.

An Affecting Incident in Court.—About the middle of last month, a woman thirty years of age appeared before a Paris court of justice, mixed up somehow or another with a cause on trial. She was very beautiful, and her beauty seemed more fascinating from the simplicity of her costume. The judge examined her. "It appears, madame, from the information before the court, your youth was extremely dissipated." "The information is, unfortunately, but too true, your honor." "Nevertheless, it appears your conduct has been irreproachable since 1860." "Aye, aye! and the reason is plain—my daughter was born that year." The tone and manner of the woman in giving this answer thrilled the court and audience and won her cause.

The son of Madame Ristori, the actress, has been named captain for his gallant conduct at the battle of Custozza.

A RIDE ON A COW-CATCHER.

It was past seven o'clock in the evening when we left Toledo for Detroit, a distance of sixty-five miles. E. H. Field was conductor, and Charles Luce stood engineer. The night was blacker than a black cat's back, but the road was smooth, and the train a mighty fast one. The first station out from Toledo we coaxed Bob Langan, of the Detroit Daily *Free Press*, to try a night-ride on the cow-catcher in front of the engine to get up a new sensation! Bob said he had as soon ride inside, but, not wishing to see our neck broken alone, he said yes, and us two clambered on, braced our feet, leaned back, tied a handkerchief about the throat, buttoned our coats and were ready. No one knew that we were on ahead. The bell rings—Chuff—chuff—chuff—chuff—chuff—chuff-chuff-yuf-yuf-yull-ff ff-ff ff ff-f-f-f-f-f-f! And away we go like a cannon shot from a mortar. How the steam talked to the engine, and the engine growled as if it wanted to sleep but could not! The valves sucked and pounded in the huge one-eyed devil behind us! The iron steed of pandemonium seemed like a ghost of some furnace let loose for noon, as we struck out for Detroit. Gracious! How dark the night was! Black clouds hung low ahead of us, and the gloom was like that which envelopes the damned. Like the head of a nerveless man the engine shook from side to side as we roared, rumbled and rushed on. The great goggle eye—the bright headlight—threw a circle of illumination a few rods ahead, showing the narrow track and the spider-web like rails, looking in the darkness no bigger than telegraph wires. And how the engine went! The half circle of light on ahead of us spread away but could not escape. The huge engine was behind its confines—and such a roar. How like an angel the reflection of the great lamp sped ahead of us—how like a black devil came the train thundering behind as if determined to capture the gloom-piercing fugitive!

On and away! How the patch of light fled ahead! How like a spirit of light it pierced the darkness as truth pierces error! Over the ground; ever on the track; now over some bridge; now close in a cut; now over a culvert, jumping like a fawn; now brushing past a hill; now revealing a house or barn, a wood pile or a station, on went the fugitive, and behind it thundered and rumbled the iron monster!

But 'twas glorious! Not a word could be spoken. It was hold on or death. No time for jokes or foolishness. This playing "knuckle down" with death is no boy's pastime. A broken rail, an obstruction, a misplaced switch, a creature on the track, a coming engine on the wrong time, and into the earth, stones, or timber would have gone the cow-catcher at the rate of twenty six miles an hour, and into eternity would have passed two Democratic editors, without as much as "by your leave, gentlemen!"

The sky and the earth were lost in the black horizon! The groves, fields and houses seemed to shoot past us as if bent on being somewhere on time to a second. The darkness hung like a pall ahead of us, only pierced at the edge by the reflection of our lamp. The track all the time seemed to be pointed down hill at an apparent angle of twenty degrees. It seemed as if the end of the road was but five rods ahead, and we were just ready to make a frightful leap into some dark, yawning, horrible gulf. A lump of brimstone to have smelled of would have completed the picture! As it was, the objects we passed seemed like ghosts, devils, damned spirits, goblins and hobgoblins!

Every second it seemed as if the end of the road was but just ahead of us. Lights flashed for a moment, and were gone; houses were shot by in a twinkling. Lights in windows seemed like lightning-bugs, and vanished into dark air as if fearing annihilation by the monster on whose chin we were riding; while his single eye gleamed in hate, and his open mouth on the top of his head laughed its hellish ha-ha-ha-ha! in fiendish delight!

How we rode, still seemingly down an inclined plane; still rushing after the golden glimmer ahead; still rubbing our face on the cheek of death, yet no more fearing it than the infant fears death while asleep on its mother's breast. We had faith! The form and features of a loved one seemed to be ahead of us smiling and saying by her smile that he who had pluck would surely win the race! We never thought it possible to be killed, but we did decide how we should jump in case of an accident. Station after station—over the culverts, the bridges, past the fields, through the cuts, around curves, through swamps, over stretches of level country, past mile posts—ever in the same cloud of darkness we rushed. The night wind whistled by us, cold and keen. The stations came and went as down into the blackness of night we rushed at the rate of a mile in a fraction over two minutes! But it was *glorious!* The hair fairly stood erect when the hat would be removed from our brow, and in a kind of delirious fancy it seemed as if it would be fun to die and surprise folks up yonder by rushing in upon them at their devotions, and telling them we had an item in advance of the train! and that a whole lot of slow people were close behind us, but not in time to secure *front seats!*

"*Detroit!*" And here we were without an accident, safe and sound, in advance of the train, having gained on it since we left Toledo. The engineer wanted to know who we were as we leaped or rather eased ourself down from the cow-catcher to run almost in his arms, while Bob disappeared on the other side of the train. We gave the man some name, and walked off while he stood lecturing us, and while some old fogy, nervous passengers, said that no money would tempt them to such a bit of fun as riding about sixty miles in a dark night on a cow-catcher. Let those who have no fear of death, who have clear consciences, and perfect faith, try it some time and see if it does not make them think of a trip through the inferno during recess for noon.

Brick Pomeroy.

AMUSEMENTS.

Lady Don has drawn another good week's business at the Opera House during the present week, the attractions having been *Rob Roy* on Monday and Tuesday evenings; *Rural Felicity*—Buckstone's lively and entertaining little comedy, exceedingly well-dressed and acted by all who took part in it—and the burlesque of *Mazourka* on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. *Tommy and Sally* and the above named burlesque was the bill last evening for the benefit of the Independent Hibernia Green's, who were greeted with a full house and treasury.

This afternoon Brough's new burlesque entitled *Prince Florizel*, or, *The Winter's Tale*, will be brought out. Gray's famous *Beggar's Opera*, one of the first operas ever produced on the English stage; and the relrains of which were popular with our grandmothers in their girlhood, and yet live in the nursery rhyme books of the present day, will be produced tonight, with the original music. On Monday and Tuesday evening the bill will consist of the musical comedy of *The Black Domino*, by Charles Mathews, in which all the principal gems of Auber's opera of *Le Domino Noir* will be sung by Lady Don, and the new burlesque of *Prince Florizel.*

Metropolitan Theatre.—On Saturday evening of last week *Lucia di Lammermoor* was performed to an overflowing house for the benefit of the Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, which must have realized a very handsome addition to its resources. The cast of the opera, and its admirable interpretation, were the same as on two occasions already noticed.

Belisario was produced on Monday evening, furnishing an opportunity for the debut of Miss E. C. Brannan in the character of "Antouina," a part not so well suited for the purpose, we should think, as some others in which we hope to hear her during the season, the music being rather too heavy for her voice and style. In a musical point of view, however, her success was quite encouraging, and proved that she not only knew her part thoroughly, but was entirely capable of executing it with delicacy and precision; while her acting, though too intense and nervous, (as is very natural with a *débutante* of keen artistic temperament,) promised abundant material for culture and experience to work upon. Neither too lifeless on the one hand, nor too brazenly confident on the other, she is a singer who will surely, in our opinion, win success by dilligent application. We hope to have an early opportunity of hearing her again. The other characters in *Belisario* were ably sustained by Signora Bianchi, Signori Bianchi, Mancusi, and other members of the troupe.

Norma was given on Wednesday evening, with the same cast as on two previous occasions. Some of the concerted pieces were rendered with great spirit, and the leading artists were twice called before the curtain; but there were several mistakes arising from carelessness, which somewhat marred the performance; and the chorus and orchestra were several times quite out of tune.

Last night the first representation of Rossini's immortal *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was given to a crowded house, and will be noticed more fully in our next issue. This evening *Crispino a la Comare* will be repeated.

Female Taste in Dress.—Taste in dress can scarcely lead its possessor astray, and is indeed, a moral guide. It is full of reminders and admonitions; nor can a woman dress herself in perfect taste without a distinct knowledge of her personal defects. A hundred fashions are pretty and charming in themselves; but she knows they are not for her, and resists them. They are forbidden by something in figure, complexion, station, age or character, which, though not flattering to her vanity, she does not permit herself to forget. Passion for dress is profuse and extravagant; taste in dress is full of wise, philosophical economies, knowing that the merit of decoration is not in its elaborate richness or expense, but in its adaptation. Taste in dress is essentially moderate and self-collected; never forgetting that the object of dress is not to exhibit itself, but its wearer; that all that the most splendid toilet has to do is to set off a noble, graceful, and winning presence, and itself to be lost in a pleasing or effective, or, it may be, dazzling general impression. Passion for dress is always intent on what others will think—or taking some new eye by storm; taste has self-respect, and, before all things, must satisfy its own notions of propriety and grace.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

"TRIED AND TRUE, OR LOVE AND LOYALTY," is the title of a new novel founded upon the war, by Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer, a lady well known in literary circles at the East, who has very recently become a resident of San Francisco. It is stated in the N. Y. *Tribune* of August 8th, that the first edition was exhausted in two weeks after its issue, a fact which would seem to afford evidence that the book contains elements of popularity. The scene of the story is laid in the South, which was the residence of the author from her early childhood up to her sixteenth year. During the progress of the war she also made frequent visits to the army of the South West, spent several weeks at Paducah during 1862, and afterwards spent two summers at Corinth; during the second of which her husband served as chief of staff under Gen. Dodge, then in command. During this time she says: "Many visits were made to the sick and wounded, and the miserable Refugees who swarmed through our lines. Many were the long horseback rides into the country, passing fearlessly beyond our pickets to any place which our fancy might select; and it is to such a life I owe what knowledge I possess of the suffering, wrong, and oppression of a people whose position was worse than that of the slave."

The following extracts will furnish an idea of the author's style, and the general character of the book:

AMONG THE WOUNDED.—A HOSPITAL SCENE.

She knelt beside a heavy, giant like fellow who lay with his bright eyes wide open and twinkling restlessly. A ball had passed through his right hand; that must be dressed first; then a deep flesh wound in the arm just above the elbow. These done he moved with some difficulty and displayed another flesh wound upon the right shoulder, beginning to canker for want of proper attention. "You see I couldn't git to that myself," he said grimly, "I fixed the others up in some sort o' shape; but this one was too high up."

"Do you tell me that you have had no one to care for you since receiving those wounds?"

"Nary! What's the use? I lost a power o' blood among 'em, but then I was a sight stronger than any of the other fellers round, an' I told the medicine chaps tc let me alone an' tend to 'em."

"You are a brave, unselfish man, and deserve to be rewarded! What regiment do you belong to?"

"Berge's sharpshooters. But you never mind. I don't want no promotion; I'm fightin' fur my ole woman an' the chillen, an' don't need to be paid fur it. Guess if we was all officers, thar wouldn't be any men to fight."

"Hurrah! you're a trump!" shouted a wild young fellow, lifting himself upon his sound arm to look at his comrade. "I say, Stevens, you'll wear a Corporal's bars before you know it, old fellow."

Those around laughed; Stevens grunted.

"Don't want 'em."

"A Lieutenant's then; they'll be better."

"Don't want 'em."

"A Captain's."

"Don't want 'em."

"Suppose, then, you take a Colouel's."

"Don't want 'em."

"What *do* you want, I'd like to know?"

"Want you to shet up yer jaw an' let a feller alone. If ye need 'em, I give ye all my chances to put a feather in yer cap."

"Now I think I have finished," said Astrea taking up her sponge and basin. "I hope you feel comfortable."

"Not quite," and he drew one foot up slowly. "I guess the rebs found my heels in spite of me, as they shot one purty nigh off." Astrea removed the bandages and revealed a terrible wound. A piece of shell still remained in it, which must have caused untold agony.

"I cannot dress it until this is out. Can you bear to have a slight operation? It is a wonder it is not past all help. I am not sure, indeed, that we can save your foot now."

"Hope there aint any more," spoke a quiet voice a little beyond them. "I should think a few mere shots would have left nothing of you."

"You see the advantage of being big," answered Stevens, stoutly. "It gives more space to work on, an' still leaves something fur the doctors."

"What is this you are saying, my man?" and Doctor Clarke stopped beside him.

"Nothing o' consequence; but I think this lady wants you to do something or other."

Astrea looked up.

"Here is a piece of shell in this wound which must come out," and she displayed it. He looked at the foot and then at the man.

"I think I heard somebody call you a 'trump' a moment ago. That is no name for you, if you have borne all this without complaint. I suppose you would not mind having it out, now?"

"As ye please."

The next extract shows that Gen. McPherson, so long a resident of San Francisco, is introduced into the story; in which, however, he makes one or two much longer speeches than most of his acquaintances will think quite characteristic of him:

A FREIGHT-TRAIN OF REFUGEES.

General McPherson rose and excused himself. He was superintendent of the military railroads at that time, and it was necessary for him to be present at the arrival and departure of every train.

Standing at the front windows, our party watched the train as it came in from Iuka, loaded heavily with freight and swarming with human beings black and white. Major Thornton laughed aloud as he saw the comical figures the poor wretches made as they began to clamber from their perches to the platform. They were but half-clothed, stiff, and cramped by their long ride in such an uncomfortable position. Huge bundles of clothing and bedding had been piled upon the top of cotton bales, and the smaller children, both white and black, were literally packed between them, as the only mode of travelling safely, never daring to move lest they should fall from the train. The little creatures had become perfectly helpless, and when set upon their feet, were unable to stand. Some cried piteously, while others sank mutely upon the floor, putting on most ludicrously long, grave faces.

"Look at McPherson," exclaimed Thornton suddenly. "I told him he would have a chance to exercise his benevolence."

They saw the General reaching up to aid an old negro who had been vainly striving to descend from his high seat. Catching the old man's arm he steadied him carefully until he was safely landed upon the platform. Then came the old woman, creeping over her bundles and in danger of falling with each new essay, until the General weary of delay, caught her in both hands and lifted her bodily from the train. A shout of laughter from Major Thornton caused him to look up reproachfully, his grave face expressive of genuine pity for the miserable beings thrown thus upon his mercy. That look showed him two other figures, and one face bright with approving smiles, while the other grave and sweet, was wet with tears which rolled slowly down her cheeks. It was enough. Had he needed any other reward than the approval of his own conscience, he found it in that brief glance, and the picture it left in his memory.

Ten Years of a Lifetime is the somewhat unsuggestive title of a new work of fiction by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, of this city. Those who have read *The Morrisons*—much the best novel yet achieved by any California writer—will be pretty sure to extend a cordial welcome to a new book from the same author, and they will find in the present volume all the characteristics that made its predecessor so attractive. The style is very much above the average standard for popular fiction, and the characters are well conceived, and vigorously drawn. The following graceful bit of character-sketching and dialogue will furnish a good idea of the "quality" of Mrs. Hosmer's new book:

ADDIE'S IDEAS OF ART.

The dust was no sooner gathered up, and the little threshold mat laid in place again, than a slow and cautious step was heard upon the stairs, and an old man, with a bent head, apparently lost in thought, came quietly up and turned at the landing coming towards the open door. He had a mild, absent-looking face, with large, gentle, brown eyes, and a small, child-like mouth, that was fresh and rosy enough for a girl. His hair was very gray, but he was neither shrivelled nor wrinkled, and had a pleasant, cleanly look about his plain dress that was in unison with his fresh complexion and sweet and cheery voice. Addie recognized him with some displeasure and annoyance. "There now," she said, pettishly, "you're come back, so you are, just as I was beginning to get you dusted, and Kitty will blame me, and say I wasn't hurrying; and I don't want her to do so, for fear she won't take me out to-night."

The old gentleman glanced at the girl in mild surprise, then he laughed pleasantly. "Oh, you are afraid I'll be in your way," he said, "but I promise you I won't. I would go out again, but I had forgotten a bit of sky I promised for to day, and so I came back to get the colors ready, or I shall not have it in time."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Addie, merrily, "I like to hear you talk, Mr. Siebert; it seems so funny to say you promised a bit of sky, as if any one could give a piece of heaven to any one else. But yours don't seem the least like the real thing, so I suppose it don't matter what or how you call it. Why don't you give it the deep-water look it has when you try to pierce it with your eye, so soft and clear and endlessly deep, while yours is a thick coat of blue, that would crack or scale away, but never melt under your look as the real sky does. Can't they do it at all?"

The painter stroked his chin while he followed the child's glance out of the open window.

"No," he said, softly and thoughtfully, "I have never seen it. God made the sky, my cricket, and man mixes paints."

"That isn't it," said Addie, decidedly, "and I'll tell you why. God made women and children, but you paint prettier ones, I think. They don't look like the real, but they're far, far prettier."

"Some day," said the artist, laughing, "I shall paint you, and then you'll do me justice, and not be so hard a critic."

"Could I be painted?" cried Addie; "would I make a picture? Oh, it would be such a funny one. I never saw such thin, brown hands in a painting and I wouldn't have them, either. I should make you do a beautiful, white, slender pair, with plenty of rich lace round the wrists."

"They wouldn't be true hands, then, cricket," said the painter, who had thrown off his coat in favor of a short jacket, in which he was now busy compounding colors, "and you know that is why you object to my skies."

"No, that is not it," said Addie, in strong dissent; "it wasn't because the sky you paint isn't like the real, because if you had made it prettier than the real one I shouldn't have minded it a bit. What I think is, that if you touch anything you ought to improve it; so I don't mean to be painted to look as I am, you know, but prettier—just as I would be if I could."

The great event, however, in the literary world, so far as works of fiction are concerned, is the appearance of a new novel by the author of *Adam Bede* and *Romola*. *Felix Holt, the Radical*, will in no wise detract from "George Elliot's" reputation. It is a production of amazing originality and power, and contains elements of a much wider popularity than most of the author's previous efforts. We believe there is no difference of opinion at all among judicious critics as to "George Elliot's" title to the very first place in the highest rank of contemporary female novelists. At any rate, it would, we think, seriously perplex the most ingenious literary advocate to frame an argument designed to dispute her absolute right of precedence. For subtlety and vigor of thought, for genuine healthy strength, both in the main idea and in all its collateral outgrowths, this novel is, to say the least, fully equal to the best of the day, whether produced by man or woman. But proof by example is better than mere critical disquisition, and our readers will judge for themselves as to the kind of stuff "George Elliot's" latest effort is made of by the following excerpts, though they can of course furnish no idea of the larger merits of the book, in the way of plot, and the delineation and gradual development of character:

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

"Day after day, year after year, had yielded blanks; new cares had come, bringing other desires for results quite beyond her grasp, which must also be watched for in the lottery; and all the while the round-limbed pet had been growing into a strong youth, who liked many things better than his mother's caresses, and who had a much keener consciousness of his relation to her; the lizard's egg, that white, rounded, passive prettiness, had become a brown, darting, determined lizard. The mother's love is at first an absorbing delight, blunting all other sensibilities; it is an expansion of the animal existence; it enlarges the imagined range for self to move in: but in after years it can only continue to be joy, on the same terms as other long-lived love—that is by much suppression of self, and power of living in the experience of another."

The following sentences, selected almost at random, have the weight of apothegms, and are of a quality rarely found in novels: "A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them."

"Under protracted ill, every living creature will find something that makes a comparative ease; and even when life seems woven of pain will convert the fainter pang into a desire."

"Truth-vendors, like medicine-vendors, usually recommend swallowing. When a man sees his livelihood in a pill or a proposition he likes to have orders for the dose, and not curious enquiries."

Felix Holt's brief and brusque criticism of Byron is judiciously put into the mouth of a young Radical:

"A misanthropic debauchee, whose notion of a hero was that he should disorder his stomach and despise mankind. . . . be a gentleman of unspeakable woes, who employs a hairdresser, and looks seriously at himself in a glass . . . his Corsairs and Renegades, his Alps and Manfreds, are the most paltry puppets that were ever pulled by the strings of lust and pride."

We should like—did space permit—to give our readers a specimen of the amazingly nervous dialogue that abounds in this book, and that exhibits a closer approximation to the dialogue of Scott than is to be found in any of our contemporary novelists; but we must close with a single additional quotation:

WHAT IS STRENGTH?

"The stronger will always rule, say some, with an air of confidence which is like a lawyer's flourish, forbidding exceptions or additions. But what is strength? Is it blind willfulness that sees no terrors, no many-linked consequences, no bruises and wounds of those whose cords it tightens? Is it the narrowness of a brain that conceives no needs differing from its own, and looks to no results beyond the bargains of to-day; that tugs with emphasis for every small purpose, and thinks it weakness to exercise the sublime power of self-renunciation? There is a sort of subjection which is the peculiar heritage of largeness and of love; and strength is often only another name for willing bondage to irremediable weakness."

Among the more noteworthy publications received here by the last two steamers, and to be found at the great bookstores on Montgomery street, are the following:

"History of the Atlantic Telegraph," by Henry M. Field, D. D.; "Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln," by F. B. Carpenter; "Venetia Life," by William D. Howells; "Inside, a Chronicle of Secession," by Geo. F. Harrington; "Culture of the Grape," by W. C. Strong; Elster's Folly," by Mrs. Henry Wood; "Spare Hours," by John Brown, M. D., second series, Boston, Tickner & Fields, containing fifteen articles, essays, and criticisms on various subjects; "New Physiognomy, or Signs of Character," by Samuel R. Wells, with more than one thousand illustrations, New York, Fowler & Wells, an interesting collection of very good portraits whether one accepts the theories of the author or not; "The House by the Churchyard," a novel, by J. Sheridan Le Fame, author of "Wylder's Hand," "Uncle Silas," etc., New York, Carleton; "Royal Truths," by Henry Ward Beecher, Boston, Ticknor & Fields, reported from an English collection of extracts from Mr. Beecher's Sermons, which went through six editions before Mr. B. ever heard of the book; "The Montanas, or Under the Stars," a romance, by Sallie J. Haucock of Kentucky, New York, Carleton; "Our Neighbors in the Corner House," a novel, by T. S. Arthur, New York, Carleton; "English Travellers and Italian Brigands," a Narrative of Capture and Captivity, by W. J. C. Moens, map and illustrations, New York, Harper & Brothers; "Our Refugee Household," by Mrs. Louise Clack of Louisiana, New York, Blelock & Co., a war romance: "The South," Its Battle-Fields and Ruined Cities, a Journey through the Desolated States and Talks with the People, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," etc., full page illustrations and maps, Hartford, L. Stebbins.

THE income returns in Chicago foot up less than two-thirds as much as they did one year ago.

SLEEPING.

THE violet eyes lie shaded deep,
Beneath the white lids closing;
The cheeks flushed faint with rosy sleep,
The dimpled hands reposing—
The sweet red lips held half apart—
Smiles coming and retreating;
God bless and keep the little heart,
Within the white breast beating,
As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet
Lie still in cradle nestling—
The clinging arm full white and sweet
Upon the pillow resting;
Close out the burst of noise and glare—
Harsh sound, and harsher seeming—
And let the soft, sweet Summer air
Float gently through his dreaming,
As baby sleeps.

And life and time go hurrying on,
Their varied meshes weaving;
And Heaven is lost, and Heaven is won,
And joy gives place to grieving,
The Summer comes, the Summer flies,
And brings the Autumn's glory—
While still my darling's violet eyes
Repeat the same old story—
That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet apace
The future years are winging,
And think what gifts of love and grace
Their hidden hands are bringing;
What paths the little feet may tread—
What work the hands be moulding—
What crown awaits my darling's head,
When heart and soul unfolding,
No longer sleep.

Ah! hope has many a fairy theme,
From her sweet lips unfolding—
And life has many a golden dream,
That some fond heart is holding:
But none so glad as those that rise,
In light and beauty blending,
To shine before a mother's eyes,
Above the cradle bending,
While baby sleeps.

Boston Pilot.

DECIDED PEOPLE.

AT first sight it may perhaps appear somewhat odd that self-satisfaction should be impartially distributed throughout all classes and orders of mind, that, as Hume puts it, it should be alike within the reach of the wise man and of the fool. It would seem only in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that there ought to be some sort of proportion between the consciousness of merit and the success which has called it forth; that, for instance, a statesman who has served his country should enjoy a stronger sense of self-esteem than a tradesman who has invented a patent for destroying fleas. As a matter of fact, experience points rather the other way. The more self-satisfied a man is, the more difficult it is, as a rule, for others to see what he has to satisfy him; and we may perhaps go further than Hume's statement that self-satisfaction belongs both to the wise man and the fool, and add that the fool generally gets the lion's share. A little reflection, however, shows that the too frequent disproportion between self-satisfaction and desert, however paradoxical in theory, in practice works well. In life there is so much more of what is commonplace than of what is heroic, there are so many more fleas to be destroyed than States to be saved, that the world would never get through its everyday work if each workman put no more than its just value upon his own share. The poor Frenchman who killed himself rather than live a grocer might have been a highly useful member of the body politic if he had believed that the welfare of society depends chiefly upon the delicate adjustment of its sugar to its sand, and that there is no nobler calling than that of parcelling out tea and figs; just as Molière's dancing-master believed that "la danse" is the mistress of all arts, because it teaches to avoid "false steps"—dangerous alike to kingdoms and quadrilles. The more twopenny and trivial a man's duties, the greater perhaps the need for his belief in his own importance to the State, if he is to discharge them *con amore*. A cock will crow all the more lustily if he believes, despite the satirical Mrs. Poyser, that the sun has risen for the express purpose of hearing him. Some such theory of self satisfaction is certainly wanted for various cases in which there is a fussiness of self-glorification bearing no sort of proportion to the achievement which has called it forth. And the mistake of this fussiness is that, by claiming more merit than it deserves, it provokes, by a natural reaction, the desire to concede to it less merit than is really its due.

It is a great thing to be able to decide off-hand what you will have for dinner, without risking a twinge of remorse at discovering too late that, having ordered roast, you are after all more likely to enjoy boiled; a great thing to be able to decide that on Wednesday fortnight you will take the 5.40 train, conscious that, through fair weather and foul, you will adhere to your decision; a great thing to be able to determine, after five minutes' conversation with a stranger, whether you mean to hate him or like him for life. There is no end to the small uncertainties and doubts which people are spared who are never at a loss what course to take. No one would dare to question the merits and advantages of decision if decided people were only content to take something like a fair estimate of their own superiority, and to leave weaker brethren alone. But their unconscionable aggressiveness forces even the mildest nature into rebellion, and obtrudes irreverent doubts as to whether their superiority is really so great as they would wish us to believe. They cannot find language to express their contemptuous pity for the unhappy man who, as they phrase it, "does not know his own mind;" who can leave it an open question where he is going to dine, and who, if he were told that his single vote would determine the fate of the Ministry, would anxiously inquire the latest moment at which it would be necessary for him to decide whether he ought or ought not to bring the Opposition in. Such a man is, in their eyes, a poor, weak creature, with no settled views, a sort of *asinus Buridani*, perpetually starving between two bundles of hay, because he cannot make up his mind which bundle to choose. It is this wholesale and one-sided contempt that provokes the question whether after all, there is not someting to be said for the much-abused weakness of indecision. In the first place, we are inclined to suspect that indecision comes in for a good deal of undeserved contempt merely because few people are at the pains to discriminate between the two very different sources from which it springs. There is an indecision of the moral and of the intellectual nature, and though the two are in themselves as distinct as they well can be, they are in their results so similar that they are too commonly confounded, and each has to bear the praise or dispraise really due to the other. Perhaps the commonest kind of indecision is that which is due to a defect of the moral nature. It is certainly the commonest among young people, although by no means confined to youth. There are persons whose whole happiness in life seems to hang upon the approbation of others, who cannot speak or move without considering whether this or that neighbor will like their looks and gestures, and who are cut to the quick if they hear that Mr. A. pooh-poohs their conversational powers, or Mrs. A. sneers at their clothes. The agonies which undergraduates and school-girls endure from causes of this kind will perhaps never be fully revealed until the Judgment Day has laid all human weaknesses bare; for the sufferings are not of a kind to command respect, or even to conciliate sympathy, and the more therefore the victims suffer, the less likely are they to make their sorrows known. Mr. Dickens illustrates this temperament, with his usual powers of broad and humorous caricature, by the overwhelming difficulty Mr. Toots experienced in deciding whether he ought or ought not to button the last button of his dress waistcoat. Having formed no fixed principles of art, or having at least no confidence in his own ubility to apply them to dress-clothes, Mr. Toots weakly took his tone from his fellow-guests, and, as each arrival displayed a fresh arrangement of buttons, was kept playing wildly upon his waistcoat, as if it had been a musical instrument. Indecision of this sort is no doubt a poor sort of quality enough, and may deserve all the contemptuous pity which decided people heap upon it. It has its root in fear—the undue fear of what our neighbors may think or say of us; and it would be well for the world if it were never found in persons older or more experienced than Mr. Toots. Unluckily the old gentleman in the fable, who was so anxious to please everybody that he pleased nobody, has too commonly his counterpart in real life. Macaulay gives a vigorous sketch of such a character in General Conway, who, "afraid of disobliging the King, afraid of being abused in the newspapers, afraid of being thought factious if he went out, afraid of being thought interested if he stayed in, afraid of everything, and afraid of being known to be afraid of anything," presented a laughable mixture of great physical courage with the weakest moral timidity. An undecided character of this kind is no doubt a fair object for compassion or mirth.

But there is another sort of indecision which is purely intellectual, not moral, or which, where it is related to the moral nature, is so as the result of excessive conscientiousness, not of undue fear about the opinions of others. A man may be utterly and helplessly at a loss what course he ought to take in a given case, without even bestowing a thought upon the verdict likely to be passed upon his conduct by his fellows, or at any rate without allowing the verdict to have more weight than a rational man will always assign to it. Rapid decision may be a proof rather of weakness than of strength. The mere faculty of keeping the mind fairly balanced between two or more courses implies a certain degree of intellectual power which some are wholly without. Whately complains that there are "persons who can no more refrain from deciding immediately, and with full conviction, on one side of a question, than they could continue to stand, after having lost their equilibrium, in a slanting position, like the famous tower of Pisa." They cannot keep the mind erect in statiouary suspense. The case resembles that of a man walking along a very narrow plank, who must fall if he attempts to stand still, unless he is a bit of a Blondin, and knows how to balance himself. The quick jump of such people to a conclusion does not imply that their conclusion is a good one, but that they cannot rest without some conclusion or other. It is a significant fact that women, whose education is far less fitted than that of men to develop this power of preserving mental equipoise, are usually loudest in their praises of decision. In some the admiration amounts to a frantic idolatry, which will not tolerate a hero unless he be decided, even though he be only a decided donkey. We remember in a lady's novel coming upon a hero whose very railway-rug bore testimony, by its strong straight lines of black and gray, to his character for decision, and of course the rich and beautiful heroine fell down straightway at his feet and worshipped—probably feeling, like the opossum in the American story, that a man whose resolution determined even the pattern of his railway-rug must sooner or later bring her down, and that she may as well save him trouble by at once capitulating. If this be true of railway-rugs, it is awful to reflect how much more applicable it must be to clothes; and that a man's chance of securing a rich and beautiful heroine may be lost, and his happiness wrecked, merely because—thanks to a feeble-minded tailor—an irresolute pattern is permitted to wander vacillatingly down his legs. It must have been a woman that invented the story of the recluse who, suddenly resolving upon matrimony, rang the bell, and proposed to the cook. The cook, cursed with the fatal weakness of indecision, hesitated; so he rang the bell a second time, and proposed to the housemaid, who accepted him on the spot, and, as the just reward of her decision—herein lies the moral of the tale—lived happily ever afterwards. It is no doubt a very lucky arrangement that women should set so much store upon decision, inasmuch as it is usually their province to deal with minor matters of life, about which it really signifies very little how they are decided, so long as they are decided somehow. A habit of mind once formed cannot always be used or laid aside just as the occasion requires, and a man constitutionally prone to ponder over all the bearings of an important question is apt, from mere force of habit, to spend an absurdly disproportionate time over questions which ought to be settled off hand. Hence the readiness with which a man of sense resigns himself to the guidance of a woman in the lesser concerns of life. The intrepidity with which she at once takes upon her own shoulders the responsibility of ordering the household, arranging six months beforehand the autumn tour, or conducting a delicate dispute on the question of precedence with the doctor's wife, makes her invaluable to him. Unhappily, the same fatal law of habit which afflicts him with ridiculous hesitation in matters trivial gives her perilous promptitude in matters grave. If he takes an absurdly long time in choosing his dinner, she often takes as dangerously short a time in making a choice which may affect her happiness for life.

Self-satisfied people decide easily, for the simple reason that, be their decision what it may, it is sure to please them. If the results turn out badly, so much the worse for the results; the decision itself was their own, and therefore must be sound. There are people who seem gifted with the power of getting satisfaction out of any thing or action whatsoever, provided it belongs to themselves. They will tell you that they never give a penny to a beggar, or that for twenty years they have eaten roast beef on Sunday, with the air of men who by so doing have laid their fellow-creatures, not to say their Creator, under a special obligation. Their simple creed is a personal optimism; whatever they do is best. Their attitude towards indecision differs from that of the man who cannot remain in suspense between two conclusions, for they never even wish for more than one.—*London Saturday Review.*

THE NEEDLE GUN.—It is certain that the fire of the needle-gun is terrible in its swiftness. In the assault against Klum all the leading officers and men fell as they pushed up the hill. I have been told that a cavalry regiment breaking into a charge at the distance of 600 yards had been so pelted with the hail of these bullets that more than one-third of every squadron in front, horses and men, were down before they could deliver a sabre cut; that the second line, tumbling about over the men and horses of the first squadron, were similarly smitten with annihilating fire: and that when the regiment withdrew on the flanks in disorder, the plain over which they had advanced was piled with their corpses."—*Dr. Russel, in the London Times.*

THINK.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper—another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think for yourself, and use other people's thoughts—giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps—homely and shapeless; but no matter—time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think, the better you express your ideas.

PARIS FASHIONS.

A LETTER from Paris reports the following changes in the world of fashion :

A few weeks ago, ladies who could afford to wear large nine or ten flounced muslin petticoats discontinued their crinolines. Of course this made but very slight difference in the circumference either at the bottom or top of the skirt, as all the petticoats were so gored as to be quite plain on the hips. The weather is now so warm that so great a weight of skirts would be unbearable ; therefore, at the present moment, under thin dresses, one thick petticoat and two thin ones are worn over a small crinoline, under thick skirts two petticoats, the one next the cage being always white. There are two forms of crinoline worn,—one round and rather short for out-of-door dresses when looped up ; the other rather larger, and with a train, for indoor dress or when the skirt is allowed to rest on the ground. The petticoats are now so much shown that they are generally more ornamented than the dresses. For morning-toilets, they are generally made either of the same material as the dress and paletot, or of cachemire, the color of the ornaments on the dress. For more dressy occasions the petticoats are made of white or colored silk. The petticoats worn under thin dresses are most elegant,—little gauffeced flounces edged with lace ; perpendicular tucks, alternating with embroidered insertion of Cluny ; medallions of embroidery or guipure, over colored ribbons ; in short every day introduces some new and elegant manner of trimming them. When the dress is looped over a petticoat for out-of-door wear, the petticoat should not touch the ground, but be merely a short distance from it. In some cases the under-skirt is made full length, with a train, but then it is intended for a double skirt, and not merely a petticoat.

For morning wear the paletots are almost always of the same material as the dress. They are sometimes made loose and short, with or without a hood, but always with sleeves. With this form, a white body is worn with the skirt. When there is a body the skirt, to obviate the necessity of wearing an extra covering out of doors, a pepulum basque is made separate from the body, and, being sewn on to a narrow ribbon, is fastened round the body under the waistband. The small black cachemire loose paletots, spotted with beads, are not now so elegant or so fashionable as the small circulars of the same material, ornamented with beads, or edged either with a bead fringe or a lace flounce.

Muslin and other thin dresses are generally accompanied by mantles of the same. These can be made either circular cloaks, only reaching just below the waist, or small paletots quite loose or *demi ajuste*, according to the taste of the wearer. When made in these materials, the waistband should never be worn outside.

THE MAELSTROM.—Much has been written concerning this famous whirlpool, which lies off the coast of Norway. A recent examination by an official commission appointed by the Government of Norway, report the following facts concerning its true nature : "When the wind is steady, and not too violent, boats may venture upon it at ebb-tide in summer, when it is still for about half an hour. At the point half way between flood and ebb, it is most violent, and boats would then be in danger. At certain times, it may be passed at any state of the tide by steamers and by large ships with a steady wind. But in winter and in storms it would be highly dangerous for any vessel to attempt to pass the Maelstrom. Its direction and violence are in a high degree dependent on wind and weather. When there blows on the sea a storm from the west, the stream in winter runs continually to the east at the rate of six knots an hour, without changing its direction with the rising or falling tide ; and, if at such a time the tide is rising, the stream becomes excessively violent, and entirely unnavigable for steamers or any other craft. At certain states of the wind and tide in winter, the whole stream boils in mighty whirls, against which the largest steamer could not successfully contend. Those whirls, however, would not draw vessels to the bottom, as was formerly believed, but would destroy them by dashing them against the rocks, or, in case of small vessels, by filling them, and thus causing them to founder."

The old stories of the terrors and dangers of the great whirlpool are thus proved incorrect. Indeed it has very little of terror to the inhabitants of the coast, who laugh at the tales of travellers concerning it.

ITALIAN CITIES.—The population of the eight principal cities in the kingdom of Italy at the beginning of this year is thus stated in a recent official document :—Naples, 447,065 : Turin, 204,715 ; Milan, 196,109 ; Palermo, 194,463 ; Genoa, 137,986 ; Florence, 114,363 ; Bologna, 109,305 ; Messina, 103,324.

A NEW HAVEN company has begun the manufacture of a compressed stone for building purposes. It is made of sand, pulverized quartz, and silicate of soda, and hardens within twenty-four hours from the consistency of paste to the solidity of stone.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

ONE of the most important as well as one of the most interesting things to every landholder is the proper arrangement of his residence. Especially is this so to persons living in the suburbs of our cities, or on farms. They are very careful to have their dwellings as neat and handsome as their means will admit, and spare no expense to make them comfortable and pleasant. But there is one thing about which they are not careful, and which is always a fruitful source of disease, and that is the location of their dwellings. They generally select the most beautiful and attractive spot, not reflecting that this is not always the most healthy location.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may be interested in this subject, we purpose laying before them a few practical hints concerning the matter.

The great cause of unhealthy houses is the prevalence of a noxious gas known as *miasm*, which is generated from decomposed vegetation, through the action of heat and dampness. From what is known concerning this gas we can assert that miasm prevails in hot weather ; that miasm cannot exist as a cause of disease in cold weather ; and that miasm exists only as a cause of disease at a heat of over eighty degrees Farenheit which is required to reduce the vegetation to a state sufficient to produce the gas. In dry localities it cannot exist, because all three of the conditions of dampness, vegetation, and heat, are necessary to its presence. Therefore, if one builds in a dry, well drained locality, his house will be healthy. If he builds over a "filling," on "bottom-land," "made lands," where streams of water have been in the habit of depositing mud and vegetable matter, he will certainly have sickness in his family, unless a system of perfect draining is resorted to.

Ponds, sluggish streams, marshes, or dam meadows near a dwelling, will produce disease if the prevailing winds blow from them to the house, thus carrying the miasm to the dwelling. Miasm is not supposed to pass a swift-running stream, and hence, if you build near a watercourse, take the high, rolling side in preference to the low one, no matter how fertile the latter may be.

Again, if building on an elevation, let it be on an abrupt steep hill, rather than on an eminence which slopes gradually to the water. The latter is more beautiful, it is true, but it is also more dangerous. Miasm is generally checked in its course by a bold bluff, but it rolls up a sloping hill like a cloud up a mountain. A thick hedge or row of trees, at least a hundred yards from the dwelling, sometimes forms a guard against malaria ; and the thicker and higher it is, the better.

If you cannot drain a pond situated in dangerous proximity to your house, it is best to keep it covered with two or three feet of water, as miasm cannot rise through such a depth of water.

Thus, to sum up what we have said, it will be seen that miasm cannot cross a wide, rapid stream ; that it is absorbed by thick, living, luxuriant foliage ; that it cannot travel against the wind ; and that it cannot ascend a steep, high hill.

Every one should try to make the ground upon which their houses are built perfectly dry, and should exercise a similar care for the country surrounding their homes.

Miasm being a gas is of course influenced by heat and cold. The latter condenses it, and causes it to sink to the ground ; the former rarefies it, and causes it to rise. In the early and late portions of the day, therefore, it is most dangerous, being at an elevation at which it can be breathed by man. In the warmer parts of the day it is too high to be injurious.

In the South the people living in the sickly regions are exempt from the effects of malaria provided they are careful to use a very simple means of protection. Each one there has a cup of hot strong coffee, with milk, brought to his bedside before he rises in the morning. This strengthens and fortifies the system, and enables it to resist the effects of the malaria.

The habit of sitting in the open air very early in the morning, and late in the afternoon, is dangerous, because at those times the miasmatic vapors are so near the ground that they may be breathed.

By a proper care, and a little thoughtfulness, the dangers arising from this terrible enemy, which is present in almost every portion of our country, may be avoided, and we may escape the many fevers and other similar diseases to which we are now subject.

"EARLY rising contributes as surely to personal beauty as the dawn does to the beauty of the world." We have some doubts about this, but if you persist in taking the advice of the poets and literary men, most of whom never see the sun rise themselves, be sure and eat a cracker and drink a cup of hot coffee before you venture out, particularly if you live in a fever-and-ague country.

IN consequence of the singular success of his paper, Emile de Girardin has given a dinner to the newspaper men of Paris. We hope to be able to observe a similar occasion in regard to THE CALIFORNIAN some time.

LOVE OF BEAUTY IN THE FRENCH.—It is quite certain that unless you go into the very haunts of vice, where misery is born and bred, you will never see any in Paris. The boot-black, from the peculiar nature of his occupation, appears to be on less familiar terms with soap and water than any other of the human family, and in England and America holds his rags and dirt as prerogatives. But the Paris boot-black is always a man ; he is always clad in a uniform generally of blue plush, and any lady might shake hands with him without glove and without fear. His box is very large, and he carries a camp stool, which supersedes the necessity of balancing on one leg during the process of polishing. When asked what is due them they invariably reply :

"What you please."

The fee is about five cents, but I tried one once with a one cent piece, to see how much sincerity there was in his "what you please." Off came his hat—down went his bow—and you might have supposed, by his actions, that I had given him a franc.

The workmen have also a uniform, or they all dress alike with white pants and blue blouses. Instead of poor stuff, in fluttering rags of every hue, vests wrong side out, and grandfathers' coats on small boys, one sees in the French laborers, a respectable and really picturesque company. I think there must be some law against rags, for the very beggars wear the same white pants and blue frocks, cheap and coarse, but decent looking until entirely worn out. The women who sell gritcracks at street corners, and even the fat fishmongers in their greasy stalls, looking fresh and blooming as possible in their white caps and clean calico. The very herrings seemed graceful under their touch, though they had arms like Amazons. It was wonderful to see into what a garden the vegetable market could be transformed, merely by the arrangement of carrots and cabbages. Workmen, fishmongers, beggars and all had flowers. It does not seem like real life. You are constantly saying, "this is theatrical," "this is like ideal state life, where everybody is romantic. Is it possible that these are real men and women, or is all a dream that so bewilders me."

Then you walk through the gardens of the Tuileries again, where hundreds of women have brought their families to pass the day under the shades of the trees. There the children of the rich and the poor play together, but there is no squabbling or rolling in the dirt, no screams of delight or of fear. —*Boston Traveller.*

PROGRESS IN THE PRINTING ART.—While in Philadelphia, the other day, we saw realized the dream of inventors for the last hundred years—a printing press that is self-feeding and capable of working both sides of a sheet at the same time.

It is well known to all conversant with printing in the slightest degree, that hitherto it has been necessary, upon the most improved presses, to have manual assistance in laying on the sheets to be printed, while a double impression has been thought hardly possible. Sometimes as many as six or eight persons are employed in the former service, especially on the cylinder or fast presses now so common for daily papers of large circulation, like the *Express*. But for the press of which we speak, which is in the *Inquirer* office, and which is the invention of William Bullock, of Philadelphia, the paper is fed by machinery in continuous sheets, each about one mile long, is printed on both sides at the same time, and is cut off and piled in regular heaps, without any manual aid. The Bullock press prints fifteen thousand copies of the paper on both sides, equivalent to thirty thousand single impressions per hour. To superintend this press requires one pressman and two assistants.

In this connection it may be mentioned that there is in Philadelphia an establishment for the conversion of poplar wood into paper, which is also a great success. The patentee of the process is John Dinou. The pulp works are very extensive. The great feature is the economy in the chemicals, which disintegrate the wood and bleach the pulp.

Excellent printing paper is made with thirty per cent. of wood pulp and twenty per cent. of straw pulp. From twelve to fifteen tons of wood pulp are turned out daily. The works have but recently gone into operation. A poplar tree has been converted into paper in the space of five hours.—*Commonwealth.*

THE Dutch village of Brock sets an example to the world. It is said to be kept so clean that boys are hired to scare away the flies from the principal streets. The inhabitants hate dirt ; and one woman, we are told, died of pure chagrin because she could not scour a black man white. Washington Irving gave a quaint description of the universal spotlessness of the place. He said no vehicle of any kind was permitted to approach nearer than the outside edge of the village, lest it should defile the well-scoured pavements. The cows, when driven home from the rich pastures for the winter, were provided with well-built houses, painted and maintained in perfect order, the floor being scrubbed and polished every day. What a refuge Brock would be in cholera times, with none of the long accumulated dirt of New York, and none of the Church Street odors of Boston—a retreat as romantic as the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, C. H. WEBB. } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

WANTED.—Agents to canvass the city for THE CALIFORNIAN. Apply at the office, 532 Merchant street.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $4 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

THE APPROACHING CRISIS IN ENGLAND.

IT must for some time have become clear to the perception of all thoughtful persons who take pains to keep themselves informed in regard to public matters, that England is rapidly approaching the verge of a great political crisis. For several years symptoms have not been wanting that have unmistakably indicated the necessity of speedy reform as the only means of averting bloody revolution. English character differs from French character, yet both partake of the passions and the infirmities common to our nature. Causes similar to those that led to the French Revolution may produce the violent subversion of the existing order of things in England, and some at least of those causes are already at work.

Unless we mistake greatly, the formidable riot in London of July 23d, is destined to become as important a historical event as the collisions between the townspeople and the soldiers in Boston, that preceeded the battle of Lexington.

Perhaps the most ominous feature of the whole affair, was the method and deliberation with which the people set themselves to oppose the government. The English masses have always been characterized by a reverence for law that verged upon superstition. No matter how grievous the oppression to which they were subjected, no matter how insufferable the provocation; like Sampson in Romeo and Juliet, they have been fain to say to the powers that be, "We do not bite our thumbs at you," unless they could enjoy the clear assurance that "the law is on our side."

But this blind respect for authority seems to have been strangely weakened of late. There is an inquiring, questioning, self-respecting and self-asserting spirit abroad among the lower orders of the English people that is well calculated to create uneasiness among the "privileged classes." It is evident from the details of this great London riot that a sinister Jacobinical feeling has been aroused, which has less respect for the constable and the magistrate than for abstract id as of right and justice. This state of things is very un-English, and it bodes no good to a system whose only safeguard has long been the hereditory veneration of an oppressed and suffering majority for certain traditional ideas. Evidently the English masses have, to a certain extent, become Americanized. When the leaders of a London "mob" have come to making argumentative speeches, in which they talk about "trying the question whether the parks are the property of the Crown or of the people, it is time to prepare for changes compared with which all previous reforms are of slight consequence. But perhaps the most significant circumstance connected with the riot, is to be found in the tone of John Stuart Mill's speech on the occasion in the House of Commons. Mr. Mill thought that "the noble Lords and honorable gentlemen on the ministerial side of the House did not fully estimate the seriousness of the occasion, and the direct consequences that might result from the step which they had taken. * * * Already the newspaper scribes, who were supporting the Government, were declaring that no open air meetings ought to be tolerated in the metropolis. He advised the Government to adopt that declaration, and he promised them that in such an event they would have to encounter resistance of a very different kind from that they had as yet encountered."

This language admits of no other interpretation than as a distinct threat of revolution in case the Government shall dare to attempt to enforce its own view of the question at issue; and it is such language as has not been used in the House of Commons by any Englishman during this generation. Coming from such a man as Mr. Mill, it must be considered as possessing no ordinary significance.

A RECENT FRENCH RELIGIOUS WRITER.*

A MORAL and religious Frenchman would be an anomaly in modern civilization. Morals and religion appertain particularly to the conduct and business of life. Their growth is the result of inward culture and experience, but it is the culture and experience of the heart, for they depend for their development comparatively little upon the presence or strength of the intellect. The French are eminently an intellectual people. The domain of their research is without any limit, and whatever is the impression of their lives, their active intellect does not find any subject without the reach of their contemplation. They are a people of ideas and theories, and they are great in whatever department they indicate as a proper field for abstract thought. They are especially great in those departments which are the fields of pure thought unsullied by the interference of any passion or sentiment of the heart. In the mathematical sciences no other people claim an equality with them. In the natural sciences they have furnished some of the most eminent names in history. In philosophy they have produced the most eminent thinkers; and among the most prominent schools of philosophy to-day are found those which acknowledge French scholars as their heads. And it will not be generally denied, that in the departments of the sciences and philosophy, our libraries would not be complete or supplied with its most valuable contributions without a selection from eminent writers of France.

The French, however, do not confine their intellectual researches to these studies. They confess with infinite courtesy the existence of the heart, but it is rather one of the ornaments than a part of the substance of true life, a subject fit only for the most delicate and polite allusion, but concerning which no urbanity of expression is to be taken as pure and genuine feeling. They have really no comprehension of the sentiment of love or the domestic affections, and, reasonably enough, no word for "home," which is based upon the active existence of those sentiments. We do not look into their literature for the highest poetry, for although the French mind has been sufficiently exercised in that direction, yet into the best poetry there are elements whose source is the human heart, and therefore they have failed to produce any great poem which can be favorably compared with any of the grand epics which are found in the other languages of Europe. The French people have never, as we might expect, given their best thought to the study of religion or theology; and for the best works upon either of those subjects we should select from the writers of other people's. Not that that people have not had their ideas of religion, their theologic dogmas, their national church establishment, their religious revolutions, their "persecutions for righteousness' sake," but these have not arisen out of the longing desires of the individual hearts of the people, but were rather the natural products of the restless intellectual action of the people—the concordance of the active mind of France upon the great subjects of religion and theology, with its activity upon those topics of inquiry, which it has most readily and congenially pursued. If occasionally a work of a strictly religious character has appeared in French literature, it will be found to be less the manifestation of great religious ideas than the restless aspiration for the complete development of a scholastic thought—the anxious inquiry into the true solution of an intellectual problem.

The volume upon "*The Apostles*" is the second which M. Renan has put forth in the pursuit of his studies into the *History of the Origin of Christianity*. The first volume upon "*The Life of Jesus*" left the minds of men sufficiently prepared for the reception of any work however startling in its tone and development. As a religious work, "The Life of Jesus" was generally confessed to be entirely without the sympathies of people educated to believe the long settled dogmas of the church. By religious veterans it was considered false in its theories of Christ, unsustained by the facts of history, dangerous in its conclusions, and in its teachings prejudicial to the success and interests of the Christian Religion. As an intellectual product, it was the work of one of the most learned scholars of France, singularly fascinating in its style, startling in its bold interpretations of history, unique in its conclusions concerning the force and circumstance of Jesus' life. It was the feat of a mental harlequin, whose every successive movement was startlingly queer though dangerous, and left many with the impression of a wonderful exhibition of intellectual gymnastics.

Those who found any intellectual want met by the first volume of M. Renan will read the present volume with avidity, and will be but a little less pleased than before. That the volume will have numerous readers there is no doubt, for besides those whose religious wants are met by intellectual solutions of old problems, and who are in accord with the thought of Renan, and those who would keep pace with the progress of religious thought, others will grasp it as a piece of the forbidden fruit, the sweeter for being so. To say the volume is equally dangerous with the first would be the surest endorsement to those who have never known any intellectual freedom, and who will run the risk of danger in the taste of the bewildering cup.

From the study of M. Renan's "Life of Jesus," the reader goes away impressed with the stature of a man—not a God—with such a stature of Jesus as few, who had not given the years of intense thought of the author to the subject, would ever by their own logical deductions have obtained. The study of "The Apostles" leaves on the mind somewhat new impressions, but less vivid and less startling than that which necessarily follows a careful pursuit of the author's studies in the former volume. M. Renan promises and has already in press the third volume of his "History of the Origin of Christianity," which is the "Life of Saint Paul." The present volume intimates Renan's opinion of that person who has figured so largely in Christian history. It is a safe deduction from our knowledge of his works already published, that the Paul of Renan will not be the Paul of the catechism, and will not resemble in an eminent degree any of the individuals who have been canonized and indicated upon the calendar of the Saints.

*THE APOSTLES.—By Ernest Renan—membre l'Istitute—author of "The Life of Jesus," etc., etc., translated from the original French. New York: Carleton, Publisher, 413 Broadway. Paris: Michel Levy Freres. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.—1866.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

THE phrase, "He occupies a nameless grave," has a sad sound. The feeling which prompts people to erect a stone "in memory of" a relation or friend who has passed from earth, is a very natural one. They are unwilling that the memory of one who was dear to them while on earth should perish. The same feeling often prompts editors of newspapers to write obituary notices. Sometimes it were better that the editor should not call in the public to share his grief over the death of a friend. An obituary notice, which was in very bad taste, appeared in the local column of the *Alta* on Thursday. The telegraph brought the news that a gambler was shot by his mistress in a drinking saloon in Chicago. There was nothing in this intelligence to excite the sorrow of the public of San Francisco. We find an attempt to stimulate their grief in a paragraph in the local column in which the virtues and good deeds of George Trussel, the gambler, are set forth: "He was a young man of fine natural abilities, fine appearance, and pleasing address, and had he put his talents to a proper use, he was capable of doing credit to any profession and adorning any position in respectable society. Some time since he shot one of the editors of the Chicago *Times*, on account of an attack upon him, made by that paper, but did not inflict a fatal wound. Like William Chapman, who was killed in this city, he had at least two traits of character worthy of admiration—devotion to his country and liberality."

The fact of the subject of this obituary notice having attempted to murder one of the editors of the Chicago *Times* does not, in our estimation, nor in the estimation of the public, we imagine, add lustre to his character. He did not, we are told, inflict a fatal wound. The worst effect of an obituary notice of this description, is that many an honest man on reading it will think to himself "I wonder whether I shall get an obituary notice in the newspapers when I die," and on reflecting that in consequence of living a moral and respectable life, and not by his bad deeds, bringing himself prominently before the public, he will not receive this honor, as he considers it, he will probably feel discontented. Besides this, it is wrong for the sake of letting the public know that George Trussel possessed private virtues to draw their attention from his public misdeeds. It is really of very little consequence to the public whether this gambler was—as most gamblers are—liberal, or penurious, and of as little importance whether he loved his country or no. Far better would it have been to let the public draw a moral from the facts that George Trussel was a gambler, kept a mistress and was shot by her in a drinking saloon, than to attempt to weaken it by publishing an apologetic obituary notice of him in the *Alta California*.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB ELECTION on Monday last was a very spirited affair. The members' Regular Ticket, a model of taste and typographical neatness, bore on its reverse a cut of a number of Olympians propelling a huge ball inscribed with "The Opposition, how it goes out!" which proved to be prophetic, as the Regular Ticket was elected throughout. The following officers were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: President, David Wilder; Vice-President, Arthur K. Hawkins; Treasurer, Henry B. Russ; Secretary, Frank E. Brown; Leader, Joseph Mansur; Directors, Sidney Smith, E. M. Furbush, T. R. Butler, and F. A. Sacket.

THE municipal election that took place on Wednesday was characterized by a degree of quiet and good order, rare even in San Francisco. The total vote polled was 13,193, being about 1600 less than the number of voters duly registered on the poll lists.

NEW BOOKS.—We have received from A. Roman & Co., a number of new publications which will be duly reviewed in our next issue.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me"
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

More Who Want to be Editors.

The Proprietor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—I once had literary tastes and aspirations, which if indulged and cherished, would have made me the great Poet, or the great Historian of my country. But literary fame is not contemporaneous power; and it is for POWER—for predominance and mastership in practical affairs in my own day and generation—that my soul thirsts. Not to write books over which posterity shall pore, but to be the leader of a great party, the idol of a nation, and, to some extent, the shaper of its destinies, is the object of my ambition. As a boy, I thrilled with the exhilarating consciousness of powers such as are bestowed on none but the most richly gifted of our race.

Meditating alone one Autumn afternoon, like Hervey "among the tombs," in the picturesque cemetery of my native Springfield, when but a boy of twelve, I surveyed the whole field of human activity, weighed the relative value of all the objects of mortal ambition, and deliberately chose my career. In that moment of spiritual exaltation every path seemed open and every goal accessible. The dazzling round of power, in every shape in which it has held forth its seductive lure to the mightiest minds seemed fairly within my grasp. I had but to choose between the conqueror's laurel-wreath, the poet's bays, and the civic crown of the orator and the ruler; I had but to choose; and the *role* of an Alcibiades or a Pericles seemed more glorious to me, than that of a Homer or an Alexander. I would rather be a Gladstone than a Wellington or a Tennyson, a Clay than a Longfellow or a Grant. And so my destiny was determined. I resolved to become President of these United States, and I shall be. But as a stepping-stone to the White House, my more immediate object is to become Senator from California. Still I am no dreaming enthusiast. I believe in *the use of means*—and I am using them. I cultivate all men who can be useful to me; I sedulously practice that facility of approach that opens every avenue to popularity. I am a Mason and Odd Fellow, a Sunday School teacher, a church member, a man of society, and also Grand Commander of the Temperance Legion, and a Director of the Liquor Dealers Association. I am President of the Mercantile Library, of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, of the Young Men's Christian Association, of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, (in accepting which last position, I am not sure that I did not make a mistake, as it might have a tendency to alienate the Irish vote) besides being Vice President or Director in seventeen other corporate bodies, including the Spring Valley Water Association, the Metropolitan Gas Company, the Building and Loan Society, the Nicholson Pavement Association, the New Idria Mining Company, together with five Life and seven Fire Insurance companies. I was also contemplating running for the position of Foreman of Engine Company No. — at the time of the passage of the ordinance abolishing the Volunteer Department.

And I have not sought these honors—at least not directly. They have been thrust upon me. I have been invited, pressed, importuned, besieged to accept prominent positions in every club, order, company, incorporation, or body, social, religious, literary, military, benevolent, or monetary on this coast; and I am quite unable to understand why I have not been solicited to occupy the vacant editorial chair of THE CALIFORNIAN. Not that I could dream for a moment of accepting it—but then I *should* have like to have had the pleasure of modestly declining it, and telling people that I had done so. For I would strengthen my connection in the literary field, and am not unwilling to have it understood that I *could* shine in the sphere of polite letters, were it worth my while to make the attempt. Pericles did not despise literature or the arts, and Pericles is my great exemplar. I remain, Respectfully yours, W. H. L B-RN-S.

P. S. You will perceive from the above, that you can safely tender me the position. I shouldn't accept it, but would appreciate the compliment and might send you some legal advertising.

W. H. L. B.

Proprietor Californian:

Ere I resolved to cross the literary Rubicon—unlike the all-dominating Roman, between whom and "Kuzzilbash" I flatter myself there is scarce the dimmest suggestion of a parallel—I meditated deeply, for—*par parenthese*—a meditative tendency is with me a congenital idiosyncracy, and indeed, my earliest infant wailings, are said to have differed from the shrill clamors of average babyhood, and to have indicated a mildly æsthetic and contemplative nature. But *n'importe*; I wander, *revenons*. The question is concerning the CALIFORNIAN, and a literary career. Oft of late, has this been the theme of my more pensive musings, as I glide "to and fro," in the San Jose train, now eyeing dreamily the flitting landscape, and now inhaling with lungs dumbly protesting and recalcitrant the irrespirable gases exhaled from a just-butchered vitality; I allude, of course, to the pestilence-engendering cattle pens and shambles on Brannan street, that our Board of Supervisors, devoid alike of conscences and noses, *will not* abate as nuisances, until the awful advent of that dread missionary from Asia, whose evangelism we fear and flee from. But again I wander. I admire your journal, and, were there adequate assurance against editorial duties disturbing one's *dolce far niente*, or, remotely and by subtle indirect—I might indeed, perhaps, at least in certain sense, say by subtle *impalpable* influences, interfering with the *ménage* of my establishment—I say were there assurance against this, I should not experience the waverings of a balanced mind. Of my special fitness for literary pursuits why speak? Who that knows me would question it? The attraction of such a career for me consists in the avenue it opens for one who would fain be æsthetically useful and ornamentally happy. In consequence of an organization naturally delicate, a perhaps over-sensitive temperament, together with the "high art" *cultus* which I have enjoyed (including the refining influence of foreign travel and the exhaustive study of French literature) in consequence of these things, I often experience a certain repulsion for the dull drudgery, or the angry collisions incident to legal practice, and * * * * Of my style I need not speak. You are familiar with my writings, and not improbably know portions of them by heart—they are often quoted by the paragraph by cultivated persons, particularly by young ladies in the higher conversational intercourse of our better society. Possibly, however, you have not discovered by analysis that my style is modelled upon that of Charles Lambe, Irving, Curtis, Ik. Marvell, and Frank Bret Harte, with a slight dash of Dickens, and the faintest possible reminiscence of Lawrence Sterne, combining, as it does, the chief graces of each, it is as might be expected, superior to either. In short, I am assured by impartial and judicious friends that I need not shrink from a comparison with any living writer of our tongue in that fine vein of composition which combines the pensive charm of sentiment with dim suggestions of graver thought, and in which the beauty of the idea gains by the exquisite felicity of the phrase, as a rare gem by a beautiful setting. "Kuzzlebash" awaits your reply. *Au revoir.*

Yours musingly, R. C. R-G-S.

To the Proprietor of the Californian:

MY VERY DEAR SIR:—Amidst these scenes of Nature's exuberance and the dazzling beauty of concatenataneous and proportionate form of national development; away here, in the heart of our California Sunny South, under my own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid, my amicular and visual organs have been struck by an announcement, apparently authoritative, that the glowing and now locally historic and majestic hebdomadal which illuminates with iridescent but fortunately not crepusculine rays our literary horizon, stands vacilating upon the borders of hesitation as to a choice of some noble intelligence, some appointed instrument, who shall fill its editor's chair.

Far from me be the thought that because a Webb once filled that chair it is web-footed, and that hence as a sequent corollary no person but a sailor should be its future occupant, or that the editor sh be a "duck of a man," or even that he should be *Web's*-terian. Such fancies and conceits little befit a serious application for a responsible position, and would illy correspond with that reputation which I have gained, more in the austere realms of the severe and exacting Themis, than within the idealistic boundaries of Momus, or the enchanting and Circe like walks where Apollo's votaries lead the fated life of voluptuous delight, in the magic circle of a necessitated poesy, breathing a purer than Thessalian air beneath a brighter empyreau than domes the dwelling of the Gods

"Where high Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in Heaven and props the clouds."

Suffice it to say—I mean business. Without any of the complacent and voluble palaver of self congratulating sufficiency—I offer my services. Yours Truly,

A. B. C. D. E. J. C. K-W-N.

Captain Jaggers' Opinion of "Belisario" and of Opera in General.

MR. EDITOR:—On Monday night I went to the opera for the first and last time in my life. I've settled *my* impressions of opera. I like good acting and I like good singing; but I'd rather take 'em separate, as I do my brandy and water, and not so confoundedly mixed up that each spoils the other. This is how I came to go: A young lady who boards at our boarding-house was to make her "daybew," (as a young coxcomb who sits next me at table calls it) at the Metropolitan. The same genius asked me a year or so since, soon after the appearance of Victor Hugo's great novel, whether I had read Less Miserables. Of course all our boarders turned out strong on the occasion. There were at least forty of us in the dress circle. The opera announced was *Belisario*, or "Bully Sawyers" as Dickens' "literary man with a wooden leg" read the name of the unfortunate old Roman. Well, our "dayhootont"—that's my accomplished little neighbor's pronunciation—came out strong they say, but I'd a deuced sight rather hear her in the parlor. Where's the sense, I should like to know, of that fringe of fellows in red shirts and white stockings, without anything to speak of in the way of trousers, ranged along one side of the stage all in a row, with another row of women in fancy-colored petticoats ranged opposite them, the whole lot bawling and squalling like sixty, standing there bolt upright and looking on, while all manner of things, from murder to love-making, are being perpetrated right under their noses? Can anything under heaven be so ridiculously preposterous as to see a couple of burly fellows rigged up like harlequins, gesticulating like lunatics, and jawing away at one another "most musically," in minims, crotchets, and demi-semi-quavers, each seeming all the while to be trying to beat the other in making faces, turning out his toes, and showing his calves to the best advantage?

And who's green enough to believe that the people go to see and hear this sort of thing *because they like it?* Not I for one. I saw at least fifty down-town fellows of my acquaintance—merchants, lawyers, and others, who grinned and bore it like an Indian at the stake—but don't talk to *me* about their *liking it* However it's the fashion, and there are plenty of people who would go about with a convict's ball-and-chain to their legs if it should become fashionable, especially if the chain was of a taking pattern, and the ball gilded.

Yours Truly, CAPTAIN JAGGERS.

A Query for The "Times."

O, "Daily Times;" O, "Daily Times;"
When are you to be born?
Or are you really coming out
The small end of the horn?
D-ws has distilled quite long enough
Thy spirits pure to "catchee;"
And B-rt-n long has packed in salt
The impatient Jim McCl-tch-y.

The President's Bounty.

The *Examiner*, on Thursday, promulgated what appears to us to be a novel idea. It says that "the Radical Convention," in this city, forbore to take sides in their address on the question of reconstruction and:

"This enabled the army of unprincipled officials who, while feeding upon the bounty of the President, with black-hearted ingratitude, are consulting with his enemies and stabbing him in the dark, to vote the instincts of their natures. They thus not only worked against the National Union Democratic ticket, but gave all of their influence to that of the Radicals. When we consider the army of these unprincipled ingrates that swarm in the Custom House, Mint, Postoffice, Revenue Department, etc., we can well estimate the amount of that influence."

We really were not aware, until we saw it so stated in the *Examiner*, that the Government officials were "feeding upon the bounty of the President." We did not know that the pay which they drew for their services from the United States Government was in reality "the bounty of the President" Under any circumstances, the present office-holders can scarcely be said to be feeding on President Johnson's bounty, as he did not appoint them. As to the Custom House, Mint, Postoffice, and Revenue Department officials being "unprincipled ingrates," we must join issue with the *Examiner*. As the bountiful President has already given most of these "ingrates" notice to quit, and will assuredly oust all the others, we cannot see that they have very much to be grateful for. "The instincts of their natures" led them, of course, to vote against President Johnson's policy, after they knew that he considered it part of his policy to discharge them, and intended that they should no longer "feed on his bounty."

Poor Stricken Ones.

The Post office is a house of mourning. The telegraph having brought the news of the removal of Perkins, every clerk in the office is an embodiment of grief and rage. We claim the consideration of the public for these unfortunates. Bear with them for a little while. Do not inquire for your letters oftener than is absolutely necessary. It irritates them. They are in a dreadful condition. When you inquire for a letter now the clerk looks at you with an expression which seems to say, "who are you talking to? I've never been introduced to you." Then, remembering that he is still, for a short time longer, a public servant, he makes a savage thrust at the pigeon-hole in which your letters are placed, and if he finds there is no letter for you, turns sharply round, says "no!" and gives you a look of deadly hatred which means "and you *knew* there was no letter for you, d—n you!" You shudder and walk away, thankful that the window through which the letters are delivered is too small for any but a very thin man to get through. Bear with them; poor fellows! What will they do when they are turned out of the Post office? They have forgotten how to dig, and their brief term of office, while it has taught them absolutely nothing, has rendered them useless for industrial pursuits. Don't worry them. If you could hear the groan which surges up from the heart of one of those stricken clerks, and bursts in a dislocated imprecation in his throat when he sees a man come to break in upon his sorrow by asking for a letter, you would wait until two or three had arrived and then ask for them all at once. There will be a new set of clerks in there soon: nice, civil, stupid, hoobyish fellows who will smile vacantly in your face when you call for a letter, and then proceed to examine the letters in every pigeon-hole, *seriatim*, reserving the one which contains yours for the last. When the new clerks are appointed those who have not lock-boxes will do well to appoint one afternoon in each week which they can devote to getting their letters, Then they can invest in four bits' worth of peanuts and have quite a "nice time" while their letters are being searched for.

Acrobatics Extraordinary.

The Omnibus Railroad Company, a week ago yesterday, announced that their fares would be reduced, and that the tickets of other companies would not be received. The "other companies" immediately published a card stating that their fares would also be reduced, and tickets exchanged between themselves, but not with the Omnibus Company. The latter, thus left out in the cold, required but three days to discover that their Japanese policy of non-intercourse—the pet hobby of some of their directors from the start—was a total failure; and announced on Thursday morning that "tickets of all the city railroads would be received." So complete a summersault, taken in connection with the fact that a certain name was dropped from the Board of Directors at a recent election, shows that the Omnibus Railroad Company is at last freed from the dictation of a narrow-minded but heretofore powerful clique, and will probably be managed hereafter, like other street railroads, with due regard to the interest and convenience of the public.

Prison Pens.

Many suffered severely from the horrors of "Prison Pens" during the war. Alas! the whole country suffers now from prison pens. Hundreds of volumes containing the diaries of Union prisoners are forthcoming, and the misery which will be inflicted on hapless readers by these prison pens is terrible to think of.

THE BULLETIN, in an editorial devoted to the New York *Round Table* and its recent sensational article on "Female Drunkenness," says some very just and by no means flattering things of that pretentious journal. The fact is, the *Round Table* is evidently aiming at the position of a sort of literary Police Gazette, and sticks at nothing which promises to give it notoriety; compared with its enormous pretensions, its actual performance is like Gratiano's grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff; or as the *Bulletin* felicitously puts it, from the first number "there has been a great deal of trumpeting outside the booth," while "the show within was not remarkably original or striking." If a publication of this unmistakable charlatan character is in truth accepted at the East as a high literary authority, the fact speaks ill for the taste and discrimination of the public on the Atlantic side.

DR. RUSH, a celebrated American physician, writing in relation to the practice of medicine, says; "We have done but little more than multiply diseases and increase their fatality." DR. BOURNE, the Water Cure Physician, says that of his own personal knowledge, the result of more than a quarter century of close observation that DR. RUSH was justified in making so grave a charge.

WISHING BAD LUCK.—Knight's Landing is a very nice place. They had a foot-race there, the other day, for a cool hundred. The *Independent* says a beautifully dressed young lady, sitting in front of a ten-pound waterfall, saw one of the wind-splitters come on the course, clad in tights. They fitted him so well that the fair damsel conceived he was out-doing Menken and the Georgia major. She put her hands up to her face and, peering through her fingers, screeched out, "Why, you ua-a-a-sty man! I hope you won't win."

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various ponts:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omuibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Billious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, bliud or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Eularged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc., soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic Company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

SEPTEMBER 10TH,
CONSTITUTION, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with *ARIZONA*, Captain Maury.

SEPTEMBER 18TH,
COLORADO, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt Gray.

SEPTEMBER 29TH,
SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with the *OCEAN QUEEN*, Capt. Weir.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON TUESDAY, - - - SEPT. 25,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight; and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,

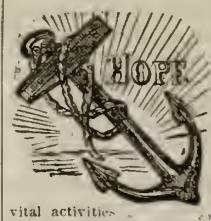


TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments. Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL. Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.
Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets. s1

AYER'S

Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints:

Costiveness, Billious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
s1 2m and all Dealers.

PROBATE COURT of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors

It appearing to this court from the petition this day presented and filed by Robert L. Harris, the guardian of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, praying for an order of sale of the real estate belonging to his said wards, that it would be beneficial to the said wards that such real estate should be sold at private sale.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estate, appear before this court at the court room thereof, at the court house, in the city and county of San Francisco, on Monday the 10th day of September, 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks before said hearing of said petition in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated August 10th, A. D., 1866. M. C. BLAKE,
au11 4t Probate Judge.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,

AS GOOD A COMPANY AS ANY IN THE

UNITED STATES!

INSURANCE on Lives on all plans and on as favorable terms as any other safe company. No Extra Premiums for Traveling to and from the East.

ACCUMULATED FUND.....$2,500,000

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
General Agents for Pacific Coast and Territories, S. E. corner California and Montgomery sts.

Accidantal Insurance!

UNITED STATES

CASUALTY INSURANCE CO.

Insurance against all kinds of ACCIDENTS. The Only Mutual Company in America.

Fifty Dollars per annum insures your life against death by accident for $10,000 for one year, and gives you $50 if disabled.

Five Dollars per annum insures you for $1,000 and $5 per week compensation.

Insurance for any period, or for a trip or voyage.

RATES as low as any good Company can afford.

R. L. &. F. OGDEN,
S. E. corner of California and Montgomery streets,
s1 3m General Agents for Pacific Coast.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. } je30 3m

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 26th day of July, 1866, in the matter of the estate of Andrew Robeson, deceased, the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed of said deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, in two parcels, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after Tuesday, the 11th day of September, 1866, at twelve o'clock noon of that day, at the counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county, all the right, title and interest of said Andrew Robeson, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain two lots of land situated in said city and county and described as follows, viz: 1st. Commencing at a point on the west side of Mason street, 77 1 2 feet northerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; thence running northerly along said side of Mason street 60 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 77 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet; and thence at a right angle easterly 77 1 2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d Commencing at a point on the north line of Ellis street, 117 1 2 feet westerly from the northwest corner of Mason and Ellis streets; running thence westerly along Ellis street 20 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 60 feet, thence at a right angle easterly 20 feet; and thence at a right angle southerly 60 feet to the place of beginning. And said administrator will receive offers or bids for said property from this date till said 11th day of September, 1866, at 12 o'clock noon, at said counting room of Aldrich & Merrill, Nos. 204 and 206 California street, in said city and county. EDWARD F. STONE,
Administrator with the will annexed of Andrew Robeson, deceased.
San Francisco, August 11th, 1866. au11-td

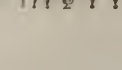
NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William MacMichael, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No. 12 Post street, Masonic Temple, in the city and county of San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 18, 1866.

THEODORE L. SCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator. 5t

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH, at A. KOHLER'S,
s1 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

QUINCY HALL,

545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21

E. M. Tubbs & Co. Peterboro' N.H.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA IS WARRANTED TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR ERADICATE DANDRUFF AND HUMORS from the SCALP & PREVENT BALDNESS. Try a Bottle. Proprietors.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by

JOHN F. SNOW,

Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast, 24 Post street,

je23 San Francisco.

MEAGHER, TAAFE & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS OF

DRY GOODS, LINENS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
YANKEE NOTIONS,
FANCY GOODS, ETC.

AGENTS FOR THE

MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY

NO. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

jy21-3m *Lick House.*

MR. AND MRS. COGILL

AND SONS,



Teachers of Dancing,

CONGRESS HALL,

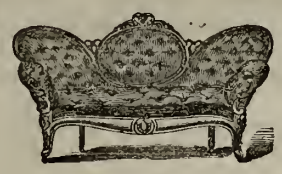
On Bush st., adjoinin Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. au5-3m

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

HEUSTON,

HASTINGS

& CO.

The Fashionable Clothiers

OF

SAN FRANCISCO,

Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

je17-3m

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin	$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866	154,824 57
Total Assets	$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

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AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

THE African elephant, the *Elephas africanus* of Cuvier, may be described as follows: The height of the males when full grown is about twelve feet at the shoulder, and that of the females about three feet less; in length they average from eighteen to twenty feet. The skin is rough and destitute of hair, and of a black or dark ash grey color. The head is rounder and the forehead more convex than in the Asiatic species, the ears long (often exceeding six feet in length) reaching down to the legs and overlapping at the back of the neck, thus covering the place usually occupied in India by the mahouts or drivers. Both sexes carry tusks of from eight to ten feet in length and curved upwards (in some Indian specimens the tusks are curved downards.) The teeth have certain lozengeshaped prominence on them which distinguish the species from the Asiatic variety, as well as from the six fossil varieties recognized by osteologists. The toes are invariably five on each foot, *not* three as stated in some works on natural history.

After many careful inquiries among hunters, both European and native, at the Cape, the writer has been unable to learn that any peculiarities have been there noticed beyond those dependent on age and sex. The absence of distinctive peculiarities in different individual elephants, at least in South Africa, would appear to be confirmed by the fact that in the dialects of the Kaffir tribes there is but one word for the elephant, viz: "Inhlovu," (signifying primitively a huge or mighty one) although they (the Kaffirs) have distinct names for many species of animals which have only recently been recognized by naturalists, and some of which have not yet found their way into works of reference; we may instance the black, blue, and white varieties of rhinoceros, two varieties of eland, several of gnus, and others.

As we approach the equator the size of the elephant appears to diminish. Captains Grant and Speke, and the missionary Krapff on the east coast, and Mr. Winwood Reade and M. du Chaillu on the west, speak of the elephant as from eight to nine feet in height only, and as carrying tusks weighing from forty to sixty pounds. The latter gentleman remarks that the finest ivory on "the coast" is furnished by the elephants found in a small tract of country directly under the equator. No cause can be assigned for the peculiarity. These tusks are externally of a shining coffee color, some almost black, but when sawn open they are of that peculiar hue known as "green" ivory, which is supposed to preserve its whiteness, when once bleached, longer than any other. The tusks of the elephants further south, we may remark, are occasionally found of 110 to 120 pounds weight, 70 to 80 pounds being an ordinary weight per tusk for full-sized bulls.

General de Lima, the former Portuguese Governor of Mozambique, told Sir E. Tennent that having been commissioned to procure a pair of tusks of the largest size for the cathedral at Goa, he, after immense difficulty, procured two, one weighing 180 and the other 170 pounds English. These tusks we believe, now form a cross (they were nearly straight throughout their length) over the high altar in the cathedral at Goa. They are the largest of which we have any record, one spoken of by the late Mr. Gordon Cumming as having been in his collection, weighing 173 pounds, ranking next.

Having thus glanced at the external characteristics of these animals, we must now say a few words on their habits, as far as they have been observed.

No altitude seems too lofty or too chill for them, if it afford the luxury of an abundant supply of water. In many parts of the Cape Colony, where these animals are still to be found, and where once they roamed in vast herds, not only are the night-frosts severe, but in winter we have seen the snow lie for days on the ground several inches deep—a circumstance certainly not in accordance with the popular idea of "Afric's burning shore." The best, indeed the only account we have seen in print, is given by Mr. Gordon Cumming, in his "Five Years of a Hunter's Life," from which we have in part extracted the following details:

The elephants are found in small herds under the leadership of one or more bulls. In some cases the old bulls are found singly or in pairs, while the younger ones remain long in the company of their mothers. The elephant's food consists of branches, leaves, and the roots of trees; the destruction of the latter, even when of great size, by these animals, being enormous. They also consume a variety of bulbs, of the situation of which they are advised by their exquisite sense of smell. To obtain the latter, they tear up the ground with their tusks, (the use of the elephant's tusks was long a moot point with zoologists), and Mr. Cumming remarks whole acres may be often seen thus ploughed up to a considerable depth. This fact appears to have been known to Pliny, who mentions it when speaking of the Indian variety.

They are particular in frequenting the freshest and most verdant parts of the forest, while their peculiar habits and the noiselessness of their step and motions, even in the thickest cover, causes them to be less often observed than almost any other game animal. Their favorite haunts are often in the most secluded spots in the forest, at a long distance from water. About sun down they leave their mid-day haunts, and commence their march towards the water, perhaps twelve or twenty miles distant. Arriving here an hour or two before midnight, they quench their thirst, and cool their bodies by spouting over them large volumes of water; they then resume the path to their forest solitudes. About midnight the bulls frequently lie down and sleep for a few hours, usually selecting for that purpose the side of one of those huge antheaps which are here often forty feet in diameter. The deep impression of the under tusk on the ground usually found in these cases, proves that they lie upon their sides. Mr. Cumming, however, states that females, and even the males in positions of danger generally sleep in a standing position, resting against a tree or bank.

Although the young remain long with their mothers, the oft-repeated tale of the devotion of the latter to their young must be ranked, it would seem, with the numerous other fables of which the elephant has been the theme. In an interesting paper on the Asiatic variety, in the Philosophical Transactions for 1793, Mr. Corse pointed out the incorrectness of this belief. "If a female elephant (he wrote) were separated from her young for two days only she never seemed to acknowledge it after, although the young one would evidently recognize its mother." Sir Cornwallis Harris, to whose work we have already referred, describing the attack on a large herd of elephants in the Matabile country (many hundred miles N. E. of the Cape Frontier) says, "Much has been said of the attachment of elephants to their young, but neither on this occasion nor on any other, did we perceive even the smallest concern for their safety; on the contrary, they left them to shift for themselves." He, however, relates a touching instance of the attachment of a young one to its dam, and of its apparent docility and friendliness towards man. "On the following day," he continues, "on visiting the glen which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf about three and a half feet high walked forth from the bush and saluted us with mournful cries. Entwining his little proboscis round our legs, and demonstating his joy at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, he accompanied our party to the carcase of his dam. The conduct of the quaint little calf was now quite affecting, and elicited sympathy from every one He ran round his mother's carcase with every demonstration of grief, piping sorrowfully, and essaying to raise her with his tiny trunk." Sir C. Harris adds, he was *almost* persuaded never to kill another elephant.

The domestication of the elephant, and particularly of the African variety, is a point on which we possess but little reliable information. The elephant is mentioned once only in holy writ. (in the book of Maccabees), and according to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, like the camel, never appears on Egyptian remains, although the camelopard, (the very existence of which was so stoutly denied by some "savans" within the memory of persons still living) and other of the larger game animals *are* occasionally portrayed in connection with subjects relating to Ethiopia.

Elephants, supposed to be of the African species, we know were used in the first Punic war. According to Polybius, Hannibal had eighty at Zama. Sallust mentions that Sextius, the Quæstor of the Proconsul Calpurnius, seized thirty warelephants at Vacca from Jugurtha. It has, however, been questioned with some show of probability whether these elephants and their conductors were not from the east, and *not* of the native breed. Medals representing the performances of elephants in the Roman amphitheatres have also come down to us; and on these the peculiarities of the African type are so well marked, as to leave no doubt that the art of taming the African species was practised in the days of the Cæsars, although now long since lost.

Sir C. Harris writes, "The barbarous tribes that people South Africa have never dreamt of the possibility of rendering this lordly quadruped servicable in a domestic capacity. and even among the Cape Colonists there exists an unaccountable superstition that his subjugation is not accomplishable. His capture might however be readily effected, and as he appears to possess all the intelligence of his Asiatic congener, the only difficulty which would present itself within our territory would be the want of sufficient food for his support; an opinion in which Dr. Livingstone appears to concur. Kolben, a Prussian writer who resided long at the Cape, to which he proceeded in 1705, states that an elephant was used in moving a stranded vessel on shore in Table Bay during his stay in Cape Town, but we think it probable that this animal had been brought from the Dutch possessions further east, and was not of the African breed. Elephants from Coromandel were introduced about thirty years afterward in the French colony on the Isle of France (Mauritius) but the expense of their keeping made the experiment a failure. It were much to be desired that some efforts should be made to utilise these noble animals before the reckless war of extermination now carried on against them has caused the race to become extinct. Great as has been the destruction of these animals in Ceylon, the circumstance of the females being there devoid of tusks and consequently worthless, has not been without an important effect in preserving the breed. In Africa, on the contrary, where both sexes carry tusks alike, the animals are destroyed with the most reckless disregard to size, age, and sex.

The amount of ivory imported annually into Great Britain is very large; the proportion from Africa is, however, difficult to ascertain. Mr. Frank Buckland, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," first series, has given some interesting information on the subject of ivory, with a few extracts from which we will conclude.

Ivory, he says, from India, Siam, Ceylon, North Africa, and the Cape, has in each case its characteristic peculiarities. The rats gnaw the African ivory, more especially that which, from its hue when cut, is called the "green" ivory, while they will not touch the latter, not containing enough gelatine to make it worth their while.

Rats are thus useful to the ivory turner in two ways, in assisting his judgment in choosing the ivory, and also in laying bare the under substance of the tusk, which is overlaid by the "bark" or outer covering.

Tusks brought from North Africa are covered with small cracks. This ivory is said to be brought on camels' backs across the desert; the camels are unladen at night and the tusks placed on the ground. The next morning while still moist with the heavy dew, they are placed unwiped on the camels' backs again, and are again exposed to the hot sun of the desert. This alternate heat and moisture causes the numerous cracks, which, however, strange to say, are more numerous *inside* than they are on the outer covering or bark.

According to Mr. McCulloch, ivory is divided into five classes—from seventy pounds weight and upward, to all under eighteen pounds weight—known as "scrivellos." The price in the English market varies according to quality from 15*l.* to 32*l.* per 112 pounds. C.

How a Noble Dog Got Out of the Pound.—The New York *Evening Post* says:

On Monday an interesting incident occurred at the Pound. A boy fell from the dock outside the inclosure into the East river, and a man who had brought a large dog, but had not entered the Pound, happened to be standing near. He dropped the rope by which he held the dog, for a moment, in order to take his coat off, so that he might rescue the boy. The dog, released, plunged into the river before the man had fairly begun to remove his clothing, and seizing the boy by the arm, dragged him to the dock, from which he was easily taken from the water. The prints of the animal's teeth could scarcely be seen in the boy's flesh. The dog made no effort to escape, but was led into the Pound. When the daily drowning was performed, this dog was not killed; and he was kept for three days in consideration of his services. His owner not then appearing, he was awarded to one of the friends he had made by the fortunate leap by which he rescued the child and saved his own life.

It is not great wealth, nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

The New York *Tribune*, in an article on Pianos says: "Knabe & Co., like all first-class makers, manufacture all classes of Pianos, grand, square, and upright. They lay no claim to remarkable inventions, they simply make fine Pianos upon established principles, which they have worked upon and elaborated up to a point of peculiar and special excellence. By this means they have secured a pure, full and equal tone, in quality melodious, rich and sonorous. Their square Pianos possess all these qualities, and are much sought after. The experiment of introducing them in competition with the New York and Eastern Pianos, by establishing a branch salesroom in New York, has proved successful beyond all expectation. To supply the demand they are now adding a new five story building to their manufactory at Baltimore, making their entire frontage of 436 feet of five story buildings—one of the three largest and most perfect Piano-forte manufactories in the world." Messrs. Frisbee & Scott, No. 3 Montgomery street, are the sole agents in California for these superior instruments. *

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Intrinsic virtue alone could ever insure the success met by the Mexican Mustang Liniment. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Swellings, etc., upon man, or Spavin, Ringbone, Poll Evil, Scratches, Strains, etc., upon beasts, its effects are instantaneous, soothing and wonderful. It saves time, suffering and expense to have it always in the house. None genuine unless in a steel plate label, with signature of G. W. Westbrook, and having stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., over top. Sold by all dealers.

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EMPEROR MAX has received important news from his vrow, Carlotta; though his having no children, accounts for his not having heard that at C. A. FLETCHER'S, No. 1 Montgomery street, can be found the largest and most elegant assortment of BOY'S CLOTHING there is in the city. Boys' Suits as usual made to order from a superior line of Cloths and Cassimeres, always on hand, after the regular Eastern Fashion Plates, received monthly; this being the only Boys' Clothing House in receipt of them. A large assortment of Gentlemen's Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Traveling Trunks, Valises, etc., at all times, and at the most reasonable rates.

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Dr. Beck is a member of several American and European Universities, and has published numerous works on *Anatomy, Medicine*, and *Surgery* His former connection with the principal "Anatomical Museums" of New York, Paris, London, etc., combined with his experience in his profession render him a highly desirable person to consult, and we can confidently recommend him to the public. *

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The Popular Dentrifice known as Van Buskirk's "SOZODONT," besides being a very pleasant addition to the toilet, contains ingredients that, if used according to the directions, will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth.

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HALL'S SARSAPARILLA,
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

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A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

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Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

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J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

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Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Cogbill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slossou & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Roscublatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morsbead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

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T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
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PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

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Grover & Baker, R. F. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

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Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
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Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured just as speedily as was Mr. Sparrow, whose testimony is given below, and is only the echo of hundreds of other cases. Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street entrance:

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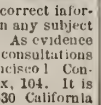
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WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

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2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

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Though it be a Catholic Institution, yet pupils of all denominations will be admitted, and their religious convictions respected; but, for the sake of uniformity all will be required to be present at the public religious exercises.

Bedding, towels, etc., will be furnished by the Institution, to defray the cost of which ten dollars will be paid, once only, by each pupil, as an entrance fee.

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Five dollars will also be charged annually for medicines and medical attendance.

au4 1m REV P. J. GREY, President.

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Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

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Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

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Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
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AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

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Every additional $100, or fractional part... 05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S. 02
Every additional $100, or fractional part... 02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place..... 10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500..... 50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels..... 05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less..... 50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office..... 1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule..... 25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons.....10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50..... 10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000..... 25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'nl part 25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such 25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100..... 05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y, 25
Certificates, other than specified..... 05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale..... 10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof..... 50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500.....1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse..... 50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr. 25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction. 50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons.....5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels..... 25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500..... 50
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Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less..... 01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1..... 02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof..... 05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof..... 05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof.....1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon 25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries..... 10
To receive or collect rents..... 25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate.....1 00
For any other purpose..... 50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof..... 50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft, 25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property..... 02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000..... 10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for..... 25
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Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State..... 50
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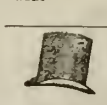
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Cast Away on a Desolate Island.
Poetry: O, Summer Sea.

[For the Californian.]

DREAMS.

I'M dreaming, let my spirits wander freely as they will,
I'm dreaming words that ever, evermore will haunt me still.
And I hear a low voice pleading, whisp'ring words of quiet love,
'Till my own heart-throbs are murmuring like the cooing of a dove.
Gentle eyes and gentle measures greet me with a thrilling power,
As adown the lane I wander, 'neath the trees arch-woven bower.
Ah! I read the mighty workings through the windows of thy soul,
And I sway with soft emotion, like the magnet to the pole.
Brighter than the starry beaming, shining on us from above,
Come those streams of silver gladness, fraught with beauty and with love.
Tenderly thine arms entwining, press me gladly to thy breast;
'Twas for this my heart was yearning, seeking there its happy rest.
Ever, ever thus I'm dreaming, would the joy I could detain,
But the daylight's garish splendor, brings the saddened truth again.

NEW YORK, August, 1866. L. S. D. L.

MOUNT HOOD, A VOLCANO,

AND THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE following account of the ascent of Mount Hood was given before the California Academy of Seiences, at their last meeting, by Professor A. Wood, who has reeently returned from a botanical exploration of Oregon; it is eopied from the Society's reports published in the *Scientific Press:*

"On the 10th of August last, in company with Dr. Atkinson of Portland, and the Rev. J. Deardorff of Walla Walla, and three others, I stood upon the summit of Mount Hood in Oregon. From our last eamp on the summit of the Cascade Range to this point, the summit of Mount Hood is eleven miles of constant and wearying ascent, at angles about as follows: Five miles in the first, 12 to 15 degrees; two miles to eternal snow, 25 to 30 degress; one and a half miles to the gap in the rim of the erater, about 45 degrees; the remaining ascent traversing the ancient crater, nearly or quite 60 degrees. The day was cloudless; a strong, warm wind from the southeast softened the surface of the snow and favored our ascent, although it gave us much anxiety lest it should loosen some of the tremendous acclivities of snow and overhanging drifts from above us.

Starting from camp at daylight, on horseback four miles, we arrived at the top at 2 1-4 P. M., in 9 1-2 hours. The ascent was exceedingly difficult, and not without danger. The long Summer heat had undermined the snows, eausing their surface to conform more to the ruggedness of the mountains, and the slides had opened chasms of invisible depths aeross our path. We looked down into several of these chasms and saw that the massive walls below consisted of solid, blue ice, and terminated at length in the blackness of darkness. We could hear the noise of running water, apparently in torrents. One of these chasms was unavoidable, and must be crossed. Its transverse length was nearly a mile, and its width from ten to one hundred feet. By the aid of a rope, forty-five yards in length, and five pike poles, each eight feet, we crossed (of course at the narrowest place), and afterward by rope and poles, tugging, panting, dizzy, we dragged ourselves up to the terrific crest of this mountain monarch.

"The summit area is of very limited dimensions—a crescent in shape, half a mile in length, and from three to fifty feet in width. It is a fearful place, as it is the imminent brow of a precipice on the north, sheer down not less than a vertical mile of bare columnar rock! This hight is lifted so far above all other hights (except the four distant snow-clad peaks to the north and Mount Jeffersou on the south) that the country beneath seemed depressed to a uniform level, and the horizon retreated to the distance of more than 200 miles, including nearly all Oregon and Washington Territory. The sublimity and grandeur of that view I must leave to the imagination of the reader. A canyon of enormous depth plunged down along the southeast flank, and is filled in part by a glacier evi dently in motion, and having below a very abrupt termination. Terminal and lateral *moraines* mark its eourse, and a torrent of water issues from beneath. While we delayed here an avalanche of rocks, an immense mass, started by the wind, thundered down the left wall of this canyon several thousand feet, and its track was marked by a trail of white smoke. On the west side of the ancient crater, at the base of a vast craggy pinnacle of rocks (a portion of the ancieut rim of the crater), is still an open abyss, whence issue constantly volumes of a strong sulphurous smoke. That there is also heat there is evident from the immense depression of the snow about this plaee—depressed not less than 1,000 feet below the snows which fill to the brim other portions of the ancient crater.

We fouud our barometers useless in these vast hights, and were reduced to the use of the thermometer alone. By this we learned the boiling point of water at four several stations, as follows: At the eamp, the summit of the Caseade Range, it stood at 204 degrees Fahrenheit. At the upper verge ot the forest it indicated 195 1-2 degrees; at the highest reach of all apparent vegetation, 192 degrees; and finally at the summit, where, after the most persevering and determined efforts (on aecount of the violence of the wind), we at length, by meaus of a spirit lamp, changed a portion of snow to a eup of boiling water, the mereury standing firm in the cup at 180 degrees! These several results being charged to feet of elevation, according to the rule universally approved in such cases, indicate hights as follows, viz: At the summit of the Cascade Range, and foot of Mouut Hood proper, 4,400; at the limit of forest trees, about 9,000 feet; at the highest limit of vegetation, 11,000; at the summit of the mountain, 17,600 feet.

We earnestly hope that these results may be hereafter tested by tho barometer, and by triangulation. Until then, we must adopt the estimate here made, as the hight of that sublime peak, and accord to Mount Hood the distinetion of being the highest land in the United States, if not the highest upon the North American continent."

ASCENT OF MOUNT BAKER—ANOTHER VOLCANO.

The last number of the *Pacific Tribune*, of Olympia, Washington Territory, publishes the subjoined notice of a recent ascent of Mount Baker, another of those remarkable volcanic mountains of the north:

SEHOME, August 24th.

The party consisting of Messrs. Coleman, Tennant, and Bennet, have just returned from the exploration of Mount Baker, having been absent sixteen days. They report having had fine weather and a very pleasant trip. They reaehed the base of the mountain on the evening of the 16th, and made the aseent the next day, spending two days and one night on the mountaiu. The first day they reached a point about half way up the mountain and spent the night, and next morning made an early start aud reached a point within some fifty feet of the summit, where they were stopped by a perpendicular wall of ice, and overhanging cornices of ice and snow which threatened to fall at any instant and dash them to atoms, and effectually prevented their further progress in that direction. They are fully satisfied that had they diverged a little to their left hand a short distance below the point reached, they would have made the ascent.

The ascent of the mountain is difficult, but by no means impossible, and they have established the fact that the ascent can be made by the route they pursued. The crater of the mountain was passed by the party at the distance of some four hundred yards, and was discharging smoke plentifully, with a strong sulphurous smell. Tho mountains around the base are open, and covered with the most luxuriant growth of grass and flowers, all blooming fresh as in spring.

The party collected quite a number of new and rare plants. The ptarmigan, or white partridge, was also seen. Elk, deer, bear, and wolves are plentiful.

The Stars and Stripes were left floating over the highest point reaehed, and the party are determined auother season to put them on tho summit. They are unable to determine the altitude, on aceount of the defective apparatus, which proved to be entirely worthless. Water boiled at the base of the mountain at 192° Farenheit. The want of time and the distance from their *cache* prevented them from making another asceut, and in view of the difficulties which the party had to contend with, they have done all that could be expected, and more—going by the course of tho river over one hundred miles, and then taking packs and pushing fifteen or twenty miles through the most dense growth, over hills and rapid torrents, without shelter nearer than fifty miles.

A FEELING EDITORIAL.

COUNTRY editors are not always brilliant, but they are generally terribly in earnest; and whether it be in dunning their patrons for overdue bills, or abusing their village rivals, they go into it with a *vim* that is decidedly refreshing. The "City Council" of Mount Carmel, Illinois, has lately taken the City printing from the *Wabash Democrat*, who received $150 per year for the service, and given it to the *Register*, who offered to do the work for $50. Now listen to the *Democrat* in its virtuous indignation.

"We do uot intend to notice fully the articles which appeared in last week's issue of the *Register*, as it would occupy space which we can better devote to more interesting matter, and not insult our respectable readers. But the mean, low-lived cur who penned the article headed "Liars," calls *us* a liar, and if he will call up at our office, or appoint some particular place of meeting, *we* will make *him* swallow *that lie*, or take a Rousseau lecture as a consequenee! We dare him to come out from his anonymous, sneaking position. We say that we have been outrageously treated in regard to the City Printing, and we will repeat it agaiu aud again. Well may Beck and his coadjutors exult over our mortification, when a Democratic City Council would so belittle themselves as to send a Committee to him to negotiate for doing Democratic printing! This miserable, Radieal "cuss" that a Democratic City Council carried the City Priuting to! Well may we and all honest Democrats, and even decent Republicans, cry down the act, as it is a palpable, scandalous outrage upon the community! *We* can live without the printing, we have done so before we seen Mt. Carmel, but it is the act which worries us. If to foster Radical! baboons; drunken, ignorant, indecent Abolitionists, is Democratic policy, then we have been all along mistaken. Had there been another Democratic paper published here, and had the City Printing been awarded to it in place of to us, under any paying consideration, we would not have said a word. But to award it to our enemies—the enemies of Democracy and all that is right and just, is monstrous! The present City Council have rendered themselves notorious for all time to come. We regret it, partially, as some of the City Fathers are our personal friends, and acted in justice toward us; but the 'die is cast'—'the Rubicon has been crossed!'

"We hope our intelligent readers will pardon us for noticing so mean a fellow as Beek, and his negro-smelling sheet, but, in justiee to oursolf, we were obliged to refer to some of the billingsgate, and we could write volumes on the ungrateful and outrageous manner in which we have been treated by the City Council, in this printing matter. We do not want "to suck the City pap" for nothing; but we want *Justice*, tho' the heavens fall. We, in all justice, should be entitled to the City Printing this year, by virtue of our former contract. The City Printing this year will be very light in comparison with what it was last year, aud for this reason, it is given over to the *Register* calf. * * * * But we have done for the present. We have stated the whole matter plainly, truthfully, and honestly, and we now submit it to the consideration of an impartial public, feeling assured that their verdict will sanction our *exposé* and condemn the City Council!"

There is certainly no mistaking the man's feelings in this matter. The members of that "City Council havo rendered themselves notorious for all time to come." There can be no doubt about it.

CONVERSION BY OPERA.

I.

BORN and reared in the very strictest principles of Scotch morality, I had been a model boy and a more model youth. I was brought up by a dominie--virtuously, I hope—and was fortified every day with warnings against the corruptions of this wicked world, and the awful shoals and pitfalls of Babylon. Babylon was London.

Not to assume too much merit on this score, it should not be concealed that a great part of this sound inculcation was owing to the wishes—expressed or implied, or more probably assumed—of my Uncle Curriehill, in London. (We were Curriehills also; I was Samuel Currichill, named after the greater avuncular Samuel in London.) His principles were of the strictest sort, and it was said that when he should be called away to reap the reward of a life spent very virtuously, some eighty or a hundred thousand pounds of that earthy dross, which even the good know how to accumulate, would be left behind. What was to become of this fund, was often anxiously speculated over by my parents.

Thus strictly brought up, and cut off from all secular enjoyments, there was one pleasure left to me which became a passion—which was MUSIC: more, it was operatic music. At one season, a strolling—is that too disrespectful?—company of Italian singers, who were the property of a speculating impresario, was coming round the provinces, being fed, kept, clothed, and paid by the speculator; being his, in short, body and soul, for a term of years. They came to our local theatre and gave all their operas—"Norma," the innocent *bigamiste*, yet noble priestess; "Lucrezia," savage, injured, and yet excusable; "Trovatore," to which the local organs—the street ones, I mean—imparted a delightful familiarity: and, above all—alas! that it should have been below all—the seductive but erring "Traviata."

Now during these days I had been secretly studying the violin outside the house, and had obtained a tolerable command over that king of instruments; that is to say, I could play tunes from tune-books, not very much out of tune. I applied myself to it with desperate energy, and at last, about the date of the arrival of the farmed-out singers, had ceased to play "like fifty stomach-aches." My progress, too, in the principles of a rigid and æscetic virtue had kept pace with my fiddle-playing. But now I was to be tried by a sore temptation.

No sooner was the musical bill-of-fare set forth in gaudy and gorgeous letters on every blank wall, than I was assailed by strange and furious promptings. Who that had music in his soul could read of the "unrivalled cantatrice," Mdlle. Homini, assisted by Signora Bacco, with the tenor, Signor Pasquali, and the bassi, Signori Roriori e Gritti, with the other officers of the company, in green and crimson letters, the "suggeritore," whatever that was, and the "regisseur," the conductor, Signor Battoni, and the leader, Mr. Brittles, our own deservedly esteemed townsman (my violin master)—I say who could read through this gorgeous promise without his musical mouth "watering" prodigiously? Add to this being worked on in secret by Brittles, who was himself intoxicated by a distant communion with these immortals, and who literally raved during the lesson of the exquisite strains contained in their operas. What was the result? No doubt, had I consulted some of our elders, they would have warned me against the pitfall, and told me that this was but one of the pleasant shapes the arch enemy assumes for our destruction. But I did not heed. By a system of organized deception, appalling for its depravity in one so young—in which, too, I was abetted by Brittles, an accomplice before the fact—the thing was arranged. I went for a practice—a good long one, d'ye mark—at Brittle's; and, instead, with a beating, guilty heart, hurried off to hear Mdlle Homini in her grand part of "La Traviata."

I declare solemnly I no more knew nor dreamed what was the theme of that unlucky opera, nor the peculiar character of the young lady with the dreary cough, or what she was about, or why the doctor came, or why the gentlemen friends were let in to witness her last agonies (unless it would have been difficult to make up a quartette without them,) than did that infant not yet come into life, and who is so often unreasonably appealed to. I was simply entranced. It was a new sense—a patch of Elysium thrown open. I came home in a delirium, almost careless of concealment, defiant, ready for martyrdom in the cause of this new faith. Luckily, my severe parents took my rhapsodies as applying to the "tunes" used in the lesson. Tunes indeed! I should never play mere tunes again. From that hour, music took possession of me, and, above all, I was possessed with the witching, though incorrect (I mean in a moral point of view) melodies of the Travel'arter, as one of the men about our town pronounced it.

II.

A LITTLE later, a great event took place. Our Uncle Curriehill wrote to say he was solitary. He was curious to see what his nephew was like; so they might send him. If that nephew, Uncle Curriehill added, had any of the levity common to youth, or fancied he was coming to a profane house, where amusement, or relaxation, or anything but making of souls, was going forward, he was sadly mistaken. He added something about speaking his mind always as long as he lived, and "holding on by the Rock," which was a favorite expression of his.

When I arrived, I found him to be lonely, austere, æscetical old bachelor. His house had an cremitical air, and my spirits sank as I entered it. I came at an unfortunate moment; for it wanted but ten minutes to the time for "exercises"—the spiritual ones--though I was hungry with a long and weary journey. The servants, a severe and unassisted company, were called up to punishment; and for nearly an hour we listened to Uncle Curriehill, officiating--on that night with extra unction and extra length to make a favorable impression on the newly joined member of the congregation.

Yet I soon found him out to be a good-natured and indulgent relation, and with a way to his heart. Before that night was over, I had discovered a coffin-shaped case in a corner, containing various rusty-looking quarto volumes.

"What! do you play, Uncle Curriehill?" I cried, in a transport. "Yes, you do. I know you do."

A little embarrassed, he said, "Well, a little. There is nothing profane in it, except one plays on the Sabbath. David, we know——"

"I am *so* glad," I repeated; "and what do you play? We came to have duets."

He started now. "What, *you* play? Capital! we can have duets. And what do you play?"

"Fiddle, Uncle Curriehill," I said, "I'll fetch it." So I did. In a few moments the coffin was sacrilegiously opened, and in a few moments the room echoed with a delicious orchestral tuning, and we were scraping one of Archangelo Corelli's "Concertos," an old copy, I recollect, with a frontispiece of Archangelo himself, grim and bilious-looking, in a full-bottomed wig, and a list of his old dances, "Sarabandas," "Gigas," "Corantos," and "Ye Follia," whatever *that* was. When he had done with Archangelo, he asked me to play a solo. I tried a national air. But I saw he was languid. I played another. He was equally unexcited. Suddenly I thought--rather was it some spiteful familiar who suggested it?—what if I played that mournful and most musical bit out of the Sinner's Opera--The Traviata? I began the well known "Addio del passato," "tum *tum*, tumtit umti, tum *tum*," plaintively, with an expression of agony, as the music directed me. In a second he was caught. His eyes lighted up. His head began to move from right to left. He was charmed. When I had played it through twice, he asked, eagerly, "What is it? The name?"

This was an embarrassment I had not thought of. To name the Sinner's Opera in *that* house, nay, any opera, was fatal. With wonderful presence of mind, I answered,

"An Italian air, 'Addio del passato,' Uncle Curriehill."

"I'll order it to-morrow, and learn it myself. Spofforth & Riddel will get me any music I want. Give the name exactly." And he took out his pencil.

Embarrassing again. "The Addio——" I said, shortly.

"Addio what?" he went on; "you said something else."

I stammered, "Addio perche folingo," summing up some stray Italian.

"Very good," he said, making a note of it. "I'll get it to-morrow, and we can play it in unison."

I had to play it several times over that night, and each time he was more and more enraptured. It came to eleven o'clock. He looked at his watch with a start. It was an hour past the time for canonical exercises. He gave a cry. He little thought that this had been the Traviata's work.

III.

NEXT day, after breakfast, he called to me, "Now you must play me that--that"—and he took out his note—"that delightful 'Addio perche folingo.'"

Suddenly it occurred to me to glide into the well-known Brindisi Libiamo, or Drinking Song, from the same nefarious opera. The chique—is that the word?--or swing of that sparkling morcel quite enraptured him. Again he had out his note to take down the name. See the consequence of even one drifting deflexion from the paths of truth! Having fallen once, I had no alternative but to go on and coin another Italian name. This was the "Largo feroce," by the same author. His name? Ah, that I could not remember. I was not going to steep myself in deception.

He came back in the evening. "Very odd," he said. "I have been to Spofford's, and asked them for the 'Largo feroce' and the 'Addio perche folingo,' and they can't git it—never heard of it. In fact, a young shopman fellow said it didn't sound like Italian, and that there must be a mistake. However, they are to look out for it."

This was a relief. But how curious if airs with such titles were to turn up? It would be one of the most curious phenomena ever known.

His passion for the Sinner's Opera had grown by what it fed on, and insensibly I had, one by one, taught him nearly all the airs in that masterpiece--an incautious thing on my part; yet the grotesque humor of the situation had a sort of charm for me. But I was on a precipice.

One day he had gone out to his musicseller's, to get some "real old music," and was absent very long. When he came back I read in his face that something had happened. In a faltering voice, I asked, "Anything occurred, Uncle Curriehill?"

"This has occurred, sir," he answered in a voice of deep anger--"just step with me into the study. *This* has occurred, sir. I was in my music-shop to-day, and they showed me a new instrument, sir, and asked me to try it, and I *did* try it, and played that—*that* thing—that licentious drinking-thing that *you* brought into this virtuous house. And a gentleman at the end of the shop called out, 'Why, that's the air in the ——' What d'ye mean, sir? I thought I'd have dropped on the ground. How dare you introduce that corrupt, filthy stuff into his house--that noisome, unholy 'Traviata?'"

He used the figure of personification here with such force and graphic power that I actually looked round to see if there was any person answering the description present. He went on: "You are not fit for this place. You have poisoned the air. You are morally corrupt, sir. You had better go home at once." I answered with some penitence and pride mixed, that I was very sorry, but would not trespass on his hospitality longer.

That night he had no music, but sat moody and solitary. The hours dragged on, and we went to the "exercises," which it seemed to me he delivered with peculiar and special ascerbity. So went by several days, and not a single scrape was heard in the house. He scarcely spoke to me. At last one morning in a sort of defiant way, as who should say, "I am not bound to debar myself from amusement in my own house to satisfy your sulks," he took his violin and began to play Corelli—the "Gigas," then the "Corantos," then the "Sarabandas," and finally well through to "Ye Follia." (Even at that moment of dejection, when my prospects seemed dashed forever, I found myself speculating as to what the admirable Archangelo meant by his "Ye Follia.") Uncle Curriehill warmed to his work, played other tunes, and in a few minutes--could I believe my ears?—had glided into the wicked drinking-song out of the Trav—— No matter, he stopped a moment, catching himself in the act, blushed like a girl, gave an impatient "Pish!" threw down his violin, then laughed. He came over to me with his hand out. "My dear boy," he said, "there is no use carrying it on. I am miserable without my tunes. What can I do? There is no harm in it after all, though the Rev. Mr. McCorkup turns up his eyes, and says it will light up in us all the--no matter I don't believe him, though; I mean, I don't think he can know."

"My dear uncle," I said with enthusiasm, "Verdi's music is now established all over the world. Kings, courts, palaces, lawyers, priests, and parsons delight in it. It is the music of the day. It is driving out every other music. And as for the Trav——, I mean this particular production—I could show you something that would astound you. It is being played now."

He started. "Now!"

"Yes," I said, "every night to houses crammed to the roof. The Voltarelli, the lovely little creature, plays the part of the Trav——, I mean, of the what d'ye call 'em. The Queen and all the royal family, the ministers of state, the two Houses of Parliament, together with their wives and daughters, go indiscriminately."

He burst out warmly, "For shame, sir. I don't believe you. This is an atrocious libel. You are an abandoned fellow. Go away!"

"As I live," I said, "Uncle Curriehill, I am serious. Look here. The Morning Plush of yesterday—list of the company—at the Royal Italian Opera--fashionables. The most noble the Marchioness of Killfeathers and the Honorable Miss Downies (2), Lord Tyburn, Viscount and Viscountess Ketchup—and listen to this, uncle," I said, "what do you say to this? —*Lady Catharine Macgregor and the Miss Macgregors!*"

It came on him like a shot. For Lady Catharine was a shining light at our synagogue; had exercises herself; maintained a cold blue æscetical rule in Scotland; only lately had been seduced to London by the noble family of Tilbury's, who were to show them good society. What was the result? They were "fallen women," so the Rev. Mr. McCorkup called them.

My uncle groaned, yet the effect on him was not what it was to be on Mr. McCorkup. It was pure wonder and astonishment, and not at all to the prejudice of the "fallen women." He had such a high opinion of the sanctity of Lady Catherine, that it seemed to him not so much that *she* had sunk by going, as that there must have been a mistake about the nature of the thing itself. I saw his indecision' and struck it with a fresh blow.

"O, I have seen her name very often. She goes to everything. Never misses anything. I see the--the—the—" I stopped.

"La Traviata," said my uncle, absently.

"Yes," I went on, "is fixed for to-night. She will be there

again with the Queen and royal family—the Prince of Wales."

"Of course," he said, testily, "he is included in the royal family. Very odd, very, very odd."

He went away ruminating. It was now about four. He went up to his room and shut himself in, perhaps for the private exercise. Towards six he suddenly came down.

"I have to go out," he said, "my dear boy, to meet a friend. I shall have business in the evening, and shall very likely dine at a chop house."

"Dine at a chop house!" I repeated, astounded.

"Yes. So make yourself as comfortable as you can without me."

When he has gone, I repeated to myself, "Dine at a chop house!" I could not make it out! Suddenly a little bill on the chimneypiece met my eye. It was to the effect that on that evening the "Rev. Wilkins Hubbard," who had spent seven or eight years in the Sandwich Islands, would relate how he had been, so, to speak, snatched out of the lion's jaws. This explained it, for Wilkins Hubbard did not belong to our severe Scotch denomination, but to a sort who were supposed to have "no saving grace," whom our elders had settled were to be "cast out finally." Yet notwithstanding, Wilkins Hubbard was a remarkable man, and I suspected Uncle Curriehill hankered after that particular spiritual fleshpot. That explained the whole quite clearly.

Left alone, a horrid, secret, overpowering temptation entered into me. Here was an opportunity for a vision that had haunted me day and night. Here it was in my grasp. Wilkins Hubbard, "if he was worth his salt," I said contemptuously, "as a Sandwich Island missionary," could not take less than two or three hours for his discourse. If he be not good for *that*, let him retire from his vain and profitless task and give place to better men. While my Uncle Curriehill was drivelling in his lights, what if I?—the opera house was not a mile away, the curtain would rise at eight punctually (no matter when it came down). Yes, I would do it.

A hansom was passing. A wild cry arrested his progress, and brought up the serious man-servant. He thought I was off to Wilkins Hubbard and the Sandwich Islanders, but also thought it unspiritual in me to choose such a "carnal vessel" as a hansom. We drove away, I almost delirious, and got to the opera house safely. Never did I feel so guilty—so full of crime.

Gorgeous sight! Dazzling, bewildering blaze of beauty! Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp was not to be named with it—no, nor the Arabian Nights. As for the squalid performance in our little country town, a "band" of fifteen, called by courtesy and with reasonable pride—for it was an enormous effort—*the orchestra*, I looked back to it with disgust. Here everything was vast, noble, superb. It took away my breath. It dazzled my eyes. It deprived me of my senses. But the music—what shall I say of that? How wild! how despairing! how it fell and how it rose—rose to those dark gallery latitudes where I was so happily confined.

Everybody about me, too, in these dark latitudes, and whose faces I could not see, were so delighted too, that they might have heard—not a pin, whose sound is sure to strike on an attentive ear—but even a feather fall. I could hear deep groans of enjoyment from a musical amateur close by me, who, with his hand to his ear, seemed determined not to miss a note. He had none of that absurd assistance for "following the story" in what is called "a libretto;" and from that I saw that he was a true amateur. It should be mentioned that the place was so utterly dark, it would have been impossible to see the page.

What a ravishing night! That bewitching lady, and her sad song, succeeded by the joeund "Sempre Libera," which made every head wag, and every foot patter (the groaning amateur beside me was jumping up and down off his seat in ecstasy); and when it came to the Drinking Song (of the organs), then the sickly-looking lover, who even at that stage looked as if he was meditating something shabby and sneaking, came to the front with a gorgeous silver claret jug in one hand, an enormous racing-cup, as it seemed to me, in the other, and struck up the famous "Liba-*a*-mo-libi-*a*-mo-tum tumtitumti-*a*-a-mo!" the groaning amateur could not restrain himself, but jumped up, and in extravagant delight clapped his hands in a way that disgusted everybody near him.

Why dwell on the mere details of this enchanting night? When it came to the end—the sick room, and the consumption, and the gorgeously elaborate Italian Opera bedstead, catafalque-shaped, with which the bedsteads in the royal palace would but poorly compare; when the maid and the doctor came in, and when I marked her altered countenance, in which disease and the heartless absence of that poor creature, the tenor, had left their mark, I was deeply affected. The amateur near me was fiddling nervously with his white handkerchief. But when the poor creature (I mean the tenor) did turn up at last (not, I firmly believe, from any natural good impulse of his own), and he, and the doctor, and the maid, and the dying lady struck up a pathetic sick-room quartette, I could hardly stand it any longer, and the groaning amateur near me was mopping his eyes hard and fast. Blissful night indeed! Down I came back to prosy life again.

Sadly and slowly I rose to go, stumbling in the dark over the steps and benches. Sadly and slowly I saw the groaning amateur rise to go also. He stumbled and groped over benches, and I felt drawn to him by a sort of sympathy. We had been both affected; we had been both touched by the same chords. He seemed an old man, and I was glad to observe that one so old was not dead to generous impulses. An irresistible instinct prompted me, on a fresh and more helpless stumble on his part, to rush forward and offer my arm—a civility which he hastily declined. But I was determined not to be rebuffed, and could be useful, at least, with a cab or something of the sort, so I followed him down the stair into the full blaze. The full blaze revealed his back, in which I seemed to recognize a familiar outline.

I hurried down the steps to get a good look at his face; but as I looked, he turned his head sharply away. I waited till he passed; we were both well under the glare of a lamp, and *then* I saw who it was—Uncle Curriehill. Alas! was *this* the way of going to hear the divine utterances of the Rev. Wilkins Hubbard?

Need I say what that night resulted in—a complete and entire reconciliation—not only in a reconciliation, but in a reform. Invidiously I may mention that the Rev. Mr. McCorkup was routed, and there were two particular stalls in the Royal Italian Opera from which myself and my convert were rarely absent during the season.—*All the Year Round.*

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

I.

THE hot mid-summer, the bright mid-summer
Reigns in its glory now:
The earth is scorched with a golden fire,
There are berries, dead-ripe, on every brier,
And fruits on every bough.

II.

But the Autumn days, so sober and calm,
Steeped in a dreamy haze;
When the uplands all with harvests shine,
And we drink the wind like a fine, cool wine—
Ah, those are the best of days!

Richard Henry Stoddard.

FREDERICKSBURG AND ITS BATTLE-FIELD.

A TURN in the hills brought us into the valley of the Rappahannock. At Fredericksburg I left my fellow passengers. And here I tarried a fortnight.

A quaint old city is this historic place, reminding me more of an ancient settlement in South Jersey, than any town I had yet seen. The delapidation still reigning is more dreary than I had anticipated. Two years have passed since Burnside's guns played their sad havoc, and yet, ruin is everywhere. Great ragged holes high up in church steeples stare down upon you. Tall, gaunt chimneys with old hearth stones still clining to them, stand sad monuments of once happy homes. Piles of red bricks and crumbling mortar overrun with vines, marking the spot "where once the garden smiled." Low laid fences, shattered tree trunks, the glare of new wood work, meet the eye everywhere—mute testimony of the tearing shot which rained so unmercifully from the steep heights of Falmouth—yonder.

The streets of Fredericksburg were crowded with sights novel to the northern eye. Shoals of vagrant negroes shuffled by in rags and tatters of the once army blue. Here are young men, in confederate grey jackets, smoking "powhatten pipes" with long reeds, congregated on the steps of the warehouse, brooding over the melancholy times that had befallen them. Virginia farmers, on herring bone nags, clutching short sticks, getting the best speed out of their lean nags, lent a little enlivement to the scene. "Sorry white men" weather stained, sunburnt, tawny hair, in rags and shoeless, curled on the corners of small carts—kaarts they call them—drove their mules to the market place. These mules looked very sleek but their harness was mostly homemade and their drivers guided them with lines made of rope. These carts held generally a bag of corn, a few chickens, a young negro and some corn-stalks for the mule. Mule teams with bells making music in the sleepy old streets occasionally came in from the country—their long covered wagons loaded with corn. The well-to-do citizens of the place took quite a pride in sporting rimless wide awakes and old claw-hammer coats. But they still have a weakness for kid gloves, and one frequently saw an individual in a red flannel shirt and yellow "Jouvins." The first characteristic that strikes one is the ease and grace with which the whole population ride their horses. Buggies, and one horse pleasure vehicles, are almost unknown in Virginia towns. Their children often before they can walk, are perched on the saddle by their negro servants. A Virginia fast man under the influence of whiskey would rather ride his wild mare than trust to his own legs. I saw some very *spirited* riding in this line occasionally.

The streets of the town incline to the river; at the head of these streets is a wide level stretch of meadow, beyond these a low range of hills. At the foot of these hills the deadliest fight of the whole war took place. The displaced stones of Marye's wall still show where the confederate rested his rifle and took his deadly aim. The breast works of Lee's line, grass-grown now, can be readily traced. Trees splintered, fences torn, houses studded with balls—hundreds of graves rolling in a billowy sea of verdure crimsoned with falling rose leaves—all mark the place. They will show you where 1500 dead lay in their blood, and it is a very limited bit of green sward indeed. The panorama from these hills, Lee's old lines, is one of rare beauty. A broad belt of smooth meadow lies at our feet. Across this mid groves of linden and elm trees, rise the chimneys and spires of the old town—beyond, like a silver thread, the sheen of the gentle Rappahannock. Against the sky line, the heights of Falmouth, bare of the noble woods which were once its crowning glory. On a direct line is the famous Lucy House, with its terraces to the river; a little to the South, a stack of red chimney's all that remains of the Philip's House—Burnside's quarters. Even to the eye of the most ignorant in the scenes of war the fearful strength of Lee's position is too apparent.

An area in a semi-circle of hills is the battle-field, and well may our troops have thought they were in the jaws of hell when they passed out of the town, and, crawling up to this famous stone wall, met the deadly, enfilading fire of Lee's guns. These people tell you, men never fought better than our troops on that day.

The U. S. authorities were taking up the dead when I was there, gathering them in one extensive cemetery on the ridge beyond the wall. Ten thousand head-stones will be required. A party of negroes were engaged in this work. They found the poor relics of their search by the roadsides, on the meadows, and beneath vines and rose-trees, in private gardens. Where they fell, they were buried, no one caring where, so that they could be hastily shovelled beneath the sod after that day of carnage. Of course, these are all unknown; the information upon which the authorities work is that derived from citizens and negroes.

"There's a Yankee in our garden, sir," I heard a woman say; and her children had been romping gleefully over the poor lad's head these two summers past.

In many cases, a few feet below the earth's surface, the dead hero, in his unfaded army blue, knapsack strapped over chest, canteen beside him, lay in perfect form, but on the touch of the spade, bones and clothing crumbled to fragments. Then, gently as if they had a kindred feeling for the poor soldier, the negroes took up the mouldering remains and dropped them softly into the pine coffins, after which, a sinister-looking, one-eyed white man scribbled with a bit of chalk, "Unknown" on the red box. Into a big army wagon they put these coffins, and they were driven over the fields to the cemetry—a final resting place, I pray.

These negro resurrections were careful observers.

"Dat yer head got shot dar, massa." "Mighty powerful fellow, dis yer."

But what affected me most was, "Lor', massa! dis yer is a poor little drummer-boy's bones."

Women and children crowded the edges of these pits, emotionless—indifferent. The sad sights of '64, when their homes were in flames, their streets running gore, the dying groaning around them, had caused a fearful hardening of gentle sentiment.

There was one spot near the battle-field, in the ruins of an old ice-house, where they found three hundred skeletons.

A Siberian Woman.—A gentleman who is engaged in the telegraph expedition in Siberia, relates the following incident in a letter to a friend in Cincinnati: "I met with a Korak woman, of about twenty-two years of age, on the great Thunder (marked Kerau on the map), who drove a team of reindeers with a loaded sledge fifty versts in one day, and at night slept out in the snow, with no covering whatever except the clothes she had worn during the day, and in a temperature of forty-three degrees below zero, or seventy-five degrees below the freezing point! Think of that, ye effeminate ladies of America. That I saw myself, although even to me it seems incredible now. I thought it an extraordinary thing to sleep in a reindeer-skin tent out of doors in such weather, and I should have frozen to death in two hours had I attempted to sleep without it. She traveled with us, driving her own reindeer, and sleeping on the snow every night."

Paul Hayne, a young Southern poet, says: "Six years ago I received from Leigh Hunt—in acknowledgment, I presume, of certain complimentary reviews and verses—a most curious and valuable present; some strands, namely, of the hair of Keats, Shelley, Byron, and his own likewise. These I had neatly framed, and, though the war has left me a beggar, I have religiously preserved relics so precious. Shelley's hair and John Keat's have a golden tinge which is exquisite. Byron's is coarse and dark, like some phases of his character. As for Hunt's, the locks are white as snow."

Briggs has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

WELLS' *New Physiognomy*, though scarcely an attractive book for consecutive reading, will be found by a large class of persons to possess a unique charm of its own, as a book to be "dipped into" at odd moments. We mean no disparagement of its scientific pretensions, but the real attractiveness of the volume for the majority will consist in the personal element, the individual characterizations, which have something of the piquancy of "gossip."

The chapters on "National Types with Portraits," "The Physiognomy of Classes Illustrated," "Love-Signs in the Lips, Chin, and Eyes," "The Great Secret of Human Beauty," "Character-Reading, with Illustrated Examples," "All About Noses, with Illustrations," will have a great many more readers than those on the "Structure of the Human Body," "The Anatomy of the Human Face," etc.

But our readers will best obtain a notion of the general scope and character of the book from a few extracts:

OF HEADS IN GENERAL.

A person whom nature has set apart, as it were, for a certain calling, by giving him the organization best fitted for it, will have the impress of that calling stamped upon him from the beginning; though if he disregard the indications of nature and devote himself, or be devoted, to some other pursuit, he may partially obliterate the original signs and acquire those of his actual calling.

Thus the born clergyman—the pre-ordained minister of religion—who understands the natural bias of his organization, and accepts humbly and prayerfully the sacred calling, grows day by day more truly a priest of God, both in character and in looks. In the same way the lawyer, the physician, the artist, etc., assimilate mentally and bodily to their peculiar type.

European society furnishes even more striking illustrations of this truth than can be found among us. Classes there are permanent, and trades and professions comparatively so, the son generally adopting the business of his father, and thus perpetuating and strengthening the peculiar organization and physiognomical traits which it is calculated to promote. The workmen at the quiet and noiseless trades are readily distinguished from those who pursue noisy, boisterous, and more active occupations. The tailor gets one form of head and expression of face, and the blacksmith quite another. The weaver and the stone-cutter do not look alike, nor the miner like either. Each trade has its peculiar condition of mind, and each condition of mind its cast of head and face. A Vulcan looks like Vulcan—an acrobat like an acrobat As a class, the clergy have the best heads in the world. It is a fact in Physiology, that those parts most exercised get most blood, and become largest and strongest. A true clergyman attends much to his devotions, lives constantly in its atmosphere, and he thereby cultivates the organs in the top-head—Veneration, Spirituality, Hope, Benevolence, and Conscientiousness. In consequence, the clergy, as a body, have high heads, full in the coronal region, but comparatively narrow at the base. Their pursuits at the same time developing the intellect as well as the sentiments and emotions, tend to give them those fine foreheads and side-heads, and that expression of intelligence and culture which our portraits so well illustrate. From Swedenborgh to Beecher, and from Wesley to Channing, they all, though differing widely in other particulars, agree in indicating a predominance of the higher intellectual faculties and the moral sentiments over the animal propensities which lie in the base of the brain.

MRS. BROWNING, SHAKSPEARE, AND MILTON CONTRASTED.

The head of Mrs. Browning is a model of its kind, especially in the centre at Veneration and forward in Benevolence, and she was full in Spirituality and Hope, also *fully* developed in the affections. She was most loving and lovable. Combined in her were a fine intellectual lobe, with broad and full Ideality, Sublimity, and Imitation, and she was no less worthy of admiration as a wife, as a friend, and a Christian, than as a scholar and a poetess.

In Shakespeare we have one of the finest modelled heads and faces which the human imagination can conceive of for finess of texture, fullness of expression, and exquisiteness of temperament. There is but one element wanting to place him head and shoulders above all the poets, viz.: Christian Spirituality. With less of the worldly and the wayward, and with more of the meek and the humble, he would have been well-nigh faultless. Intellectually, he may be said to have no equal, and in imagination, intuition, and appreciation of human character, no superior.

Milton was cast in a different mold, and he lived under different influences. His was a religious mind, and this principle predominated even over his intellect; and though he had high Ideality, and could soar to unknown heights of fancy, still it was more in the devotional than intellectual or passional domains that he dwelt. He had a splendid development of language, and was copious in delivery. In all his afflictions he always found refuge in religious principles, in his unbounded faith and hope; and though sorely afflicted, it increased rather than diminished his faith in the goodness of God.

THE POETICAL TEMPERAMENT.

One of the essential physical qualities of a poet, is a susceptible mental temperament. This must be of a clear and fine—even of an exquisite—tone to insure perfection in the art . , , , to excel, and to inscribe one's name on the roll of great bards, one must be not only every inch a man, but must have "*genius*" as well. It has been said by an ancient author, "*poeta nascitur non fit*"—the poet is born, not made; yet we maintain that every well organized human being should be able to write poetry just as he should be able to make music, or invent and use tools: for has not nature given to each a like number of faculties, the same in function, and differing only in degree and combination? And it is this variety of organs and different degrees of development which make the difference in the kind of poetry produced. One is simply a rhymer, giving a sort of mechanical jingle to words; another may be a rhymer through the affections; another through wit: another through ideality and sublimity; another through the devotional feelings; and as it is in music, so in poetry—the highest order is the most sacred. The poetry of the passions may be energetic, the poetry of the intellect may be scholarly, but the poetry of the spiritual sentiments is something above the reason—it is inspired.

LONGFELLOW.

Americans feel a just pride in Professor Longfellow, both as a scholar and as a poet. His fame is world-wide. His name is never spoken except with the kindest respect. What is it that gives him such an enviable reputation? He is at once a scholar, a genius, a gentleman, and a Christian. There is a happy blending of all the higher human qualities in his composition, with a predominance of the moral and spiritual. In the intellect, he is clear, comprehensive, definite, and practical; in imagination, he has a clearness and reach seldom surpassed; while, socially, he is one of the warmest and most loving of men. He is also spirited, terse, and emphatic, but never rash, severe, or cruel. Kindness, justice, devotion, and affection render his mind warm and genial. The brain is rather large and quite symmetrical in form. The body is well moulded and without excess or deficiency, and the features are at once bold and open. The forehead is even handsome. That is a well-formed nose, slightly inclined to the Roman. The eyes are full, set well apart, and the mouth has loving lips. The chin seems altogether faultless.

WHITTIER.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, has a marked head and face. The brain seems almost unnaturally high, and full across the top. Conscientiousness and Benevolence are evidently among the larger organs of his top-head, Hope, Veneration and Faith are prominently indicated. His love of liberty, manifesting itself through Self-esteem and Firmness, forms a leading trait in his character. He has the modesty and reserve of a woman, with the resolution and executiveness of a soldier; but his religion will not permit him to manifest his pluck so much in deeds as in words. Where moral principle might be involved, we would choose him for a leading representative, and should feel sure that he would hold steadily to his convictions. He would not waver or yield, but hold each and every one to a most rigid accountability. The face is somewhat angular, and, if not inviting, is certainly not repellant. The lips incline up at the corners, indicating Mirthfulness, but there is a depression indicating decision. The chin is large, the nose prominent, the eyes expressive, and the whole shows originality, honesty, earnestness and will.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

The well-outlined profile of Benedict Arnold conveys to the reader a fair conception of the character of this unfortunate man. The perceptives are predominant, showing him a practical, working man. His arched nose shows force and progressiveness, while in the curve of the upper lip is seen ambition and will. The massive chin and cheek, so full at the lower portion, show a strong disposition for animal enjoyment and a tendency to dissipation, unless due moral restraint were exercised. The head is high in the crown, but very short on top, and the moral organs are only moderately developed—Benevolence and Conscientiousness especially. He had more Approbativeness than Self-esteem, and more Combativeness than Cautiousness. His social organs were large and active, and not sufficiently restrained by the higher sentiments. Destructiveness being influential, gave him a character for positiveness and thoroughness in whatever he took an interest.

LORENZO DOW.

In Lorenzo Dow we find a brain of large size, the chief peculiarity of which is the prominence of the coronal or moral region. He had force and courage, which, allied to his moral and religious nature, stimulated the latter and rendered him efficient as a preacher. His social nature was strong and active, but rendered subservient to the higher feelings. Veneration, Benevolence, Human Nature, Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Self esteem were all large. There was an unusually even balance between the perceptive and reflective organs. Imitation was not large in Dow, while in Benedict Arnold it was well marked. The superiority of Dow's head is quite apparent. See how high and long on top! In force of character he was fully equal to Arnold; in intellect and moral organization he was much superior.

Inside: A Chronicle of Secession, is the title of a new novel of more than ordinary interest and power. "George F. Harrington," the name appearing as that of the author upon the title page, is, we presume, a *nom de plume*. Though dealing with incidents of the most sensational character, the tone and style of the book are at the farthest remove from the sensational. The story is quietly but most effectively told without passion or rhetorical display, and is clearly the work of a practiced writer and a literary artist. "The form of a novel was adopted," says the author in his preface, "chiefly to make it impossible for any one to identify the place in which the scene is laid, and the characters acting therein." "The very manuscript," he adds, "from which these lines are printed, could tell a tale of its own, apart from that which it narrates, in confirmation of this. While writing it, the author was perfectly aware that his life would have paid the forfeit had a written page been discovered." In illustration of some of the new and strange duties not provided for in the marriage ceremony that devolved upon the wives of Union husbands during the war, the writer states that on more than one Sunday his own wife "has borne the manuscript to church, concealed about her person, in terror of leaving it, like powder exposed to chance sparks, at home." On two occasions he was obliged "to *bury* the manuscript in the ground, thereby damaging it seriously;" a fact to which he has no doubt that "the printer whose misfortune it is to set up these pages will tearfully depone."

The characters are sketched with rare graphic power, and impress the reader with the strongest conviction of their genuineness. No American writer of fiction has done anything in the same line superior to Ferguson, the old Scotsman, Brother Barker, the termagent Mrs. Warner, and the aristocratic, high-spirited Mrs. Bowles. Evidently the writer has been "Inside."

We can only afford space for a single extract, which will, however, afford some idea of the author's powers:

MR. WRIGHT WANTS TO SHOOT A YANKEE.

Alonzo Wright. As refined and agreeable a gentleman as you could meet with anywhere when sober. When drunk, a devil incarnate. Long ago had he killed his first man. It was when he was intoxicated, and because he fancied at the time the individual in question, a merry youth of sixteen,—Jim Hartley—was looking impertinently at him. Very rarely had he got drunk since then. But when he did become intoxicated, the passion for killing some one again came upon him as a mania, as part and parcel of his drunkenness. It all took place before Mr. Wright removed to his present home; in fact he had come hither on that account; but, unless rumor lied more even than it usually does, if Jim Hartley was the first he was by no means the last man Mr. Wright had killed. Everybody knew Alonzo Wright; and when drunk, Nero on his throne had not courtiers more abject. Mr. Wright was drunk, very drunk. How could it have been otherwise in Somerville last night after the arrival of such news? There had been a military prohibition on the sale of liquor in the place for several weeks now; but the authorities themselves "raised," as they styled it, "the blockade on whisky" to celebrate the glorious victory over McClellan. Men who never drank before, got drunk in Somerville last night. Men whose whisky had been cut off for the months past, drank last night in Somerville with the frenzy of long abstinence. Even Lamum was shocked at the state of Somerville last night, Tim Lamum, his nephew, wallowing and vomiting on his office floor in the experience of his first "regular spree." And Mr. Wright, having an entire grocery abandoned to him during all last night, had so far killed no one. He was riding home with an unsatisfied craving in his heart, his loaded revolver ready for any emergency that might arise. . . . It all takes place as in a second of time. "And who are you?" Mr. Wright says, with a sudden half closing of his eyes and an oath.

Edward Arthur knows perfectly well who and what Alonzo Wright is. More than once has he been received with the most gentlemanly courtesy by Mr. Wright in visiting there. But that was months ago. Besides, it was under Mr. Wright's own roof; and, drunk as he is, were it under that roof he was now meeting Mr. Arthur, he would have treated him as a gentleman and a guest. But they are not in Mr. Wright's house; Mr. Wright is drunk, and this Mr. Arthur is strongly suspected of being a Union man. Nothing more abhorred by Mr. Wright even when sober than that. * * * * "Look here, now," he says, slowly drawing his revolver from his girdle as he speaks. "I've got one boy away in the army fighting the Yankees. Ten to one he was killed in that last fight at Richmond. If there is anything in the world I would like to do this morning, it is to kill an Abolitionist. Now you say hurrah for Jeff. Davis, or you are a dead man.

Knowing his man, hearing that indescribable tone of his voice, Edward Arthur had no doubt that he meant what he said. Unarmed, no chance of springing upon him before he can shoot, there is no alternative. "Fire when you please, I will die first!" he replies, as pale, as cold, as rigid as a statue.

There is the sharp crack of a revolver, with Alice's shriek on the air. It may have been that Mr. Wright has been drunk too long, or that there was an extra quantity of strychnine in the whisky of last night; for the genuine liquor is running very low in these days of the blockade—but the bullet sings by Mr Arthur's left ear, and he stands erect and unhurt. And next, what? He thinks of springing upon the desperado, but he knows there are five more charges in his weapon! Mr. Wright curses his nerves and again presents his weapon. "One more chance, Abolitionist," he says, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Confederacy—out with it!"

Mrs. Wood's new book, *Elster's Folly*, though not belonging to the higher order of fiction, will prove far more interesting to the novel-reading world at large, than works of the grand type of *Romola* or *Felix Holt*. Whatever else may be said of her, Mrs. Wood undeniably understands the art of construction, and even when her characters are of the commonest, her story is sure to be framed so as to fasten upon the reader's interest. There is some truth and also considerable exaggeration in the following "summing up" of Mrs. Wood in a recent number of the London *Saturday Review*:

"Mrs. Wood has been cursed with a trade success. By one lucky hit, she reached a point of literary prosperity which, with her superficial powers, has proved absolutely fatal to her progress. * * * * Her style is bad, her English is self-shod and full of faults, her characters are seldom natural, her dialogue is vulgar when she would have it easy, and stilted when she would have it refined. * * * * This new book of hers is about the worst of the series; undeniably the most vulgar in detail, the most uninteresting in character, and the most ridiculous as a picture of life and manners."

Notwithstanding all which, the story as a mere story will be generally pronounced one of the most interesting of the season.

A few days since the teacher in the primary department of the Graded School in Vergennes, Vermont, interrogated the pupils as to the reason of the saltness of the ocean. One little lad was confident he could tell, and the question was put: "Well, what is it that causes saltness of the water of the ocean?" "The codfish!" replied the little original.

AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is nothing new or noteworthy to record in the week's theatrical matters. The continued success of Lady Don is more than a thrice-told tale even in our columns. *The Beggar's Opera; The Black Domino*, in which Lady Don sang all the principal gems of the Opera of *Le Domino Noir;* the burlesque of *Prince Florizel; Sweethearts and Wives*, and *Aladdin*, were played during the week to fine audiences. Last night the Plasterers' Protective Union had a bumper of a benefit.

To day Lady Don will give one of her popular matinees. This evening's bill consists of *Rory O'More* and a new burlesque called *Perseus and Andromeda.*

On Monday evening manager Maguire will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit tendered by Lady Don, and all the members of the company, in return "for the many kindnesses received at his hands." It is perfectly safe to prophesy a full house for the occasion, even if the Opera House could be transformed "for that night only," into an India rubber one with twice its present capacity.

The coming week will be the last of Lady Don's season, other engagements, not a dimunition of patronage, preventing a longer one. On Monday week the world-renowned Celeste will make her debut before a San Fraucisco audience in one of her specialities. Forrest is to follow with his farewell season.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—Rossini's masterpiece, the greatest of comic operas, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, was produced to crowded and delighted audiences on Friday of last week, and on the Wednesday following, and may be recorded as a signal musical triumph, although some scenes were rendered in broader *buffo* style, and with less elegance and refinement than we have usually noticed heretofore, or than we think should characterize the whole performance. Signorina Brambilla, on the first evening, seemed haunted by reminiscences of her admirable impersonation of "Annetta," and failed to identify herself with the aristocratic, though mischief-loving, "Rosina." On Wednesday she did much better, and was more becomingly dressed, but still fell far short of the dramatic requirements of the character, which is, indeed, so far out of her line that she deserves great credit for attempting it at all. Her execution of the music, albeit written for a contralto voice, was certainly delicious, and was rapturously applauded at every opportunity throughout the opera. In the music lesson scene she selected "Il Baeio," and Rode's celebrated Air, with a brilliant Variation—the one, we believe, made famous by Sontag—which, in Brambilla's hands, is a bit of faultless vocalization, always enthusiastically encored. Her rendering of "Una voce" was excellent, and that of "Io sono docile," only too florid and too little like Rossini's music —generally brilliant enough in itself—we cannot feel that Signorina Brambilla's variations on well known airs are always in good taste, however astonishing as vocal gymnastics; and we believe that experience will teach her to think more of the dramatic and musical *truth* of a situation—which we never saw a young artist more capable of appreciating—and less of temporary and extraneous display. Signor Mancusi achieved another triumph in "Figaro," which we feel safe in saying—with a vivid recollection of Grossi, Fellini, Orlandini, and Morelli—was never so ably represented on this coast. His ringing quality of voice, perfect intonation, wonderful distinctness and rapidity of utterance, capital make-up, and thorough identification with the character, were all displayed in the famous "Largo al factotum" to the highest advantage, and elicited a storm of applause; while in the remainder of the opera, though lacking any single opportunity so brilliant, he was the life of every scene, and rendered the music of his part with that artistic truth which we have long since learned to expect from him with absolute certainty. The character of "Don Basilio" was sustained by Signor Milleri in masterly style, and with a sanctimonious humor quite irresistible; while M. Roncovieri deserves especial credit for his admirable make-up and acting as "Doctor Bartolo." Signor Bianchi, after the opening serenade, was in fine voice, and made an excellent "Almaviva," ably seconded by M. Charles as "Fiorello." M'lle Tourney filled the *role* of "Berta" very acceptably, and sang her single air, "Il vecchietto," with considerable effect. The chorus was in good training, and the orchestra rendered the exquisite music of the opera with unusual spirit and precision. We hope to hear "Il Barbiere" repeated once or twice at least during the coming season.

Crispino e la Comare was repeated, to a full house, on Saturday evening, and proved, as usual, a delightfully successful performance.

Lucrezia Borgia was given, for the second time by this troupe, on Monday evening, with the same cast as before, except that M'lle Tourney was substituted for Miss Landesmann in the *role* of "Orsini," and was tolerably successful, though by no means brilliant.

Ernani was given last night as a non-subscription performance, *Don Giovanni* having been postponed (and with it the seats engaged for the twelfth night of the second season) until Monday evening next on account of the severe illness of Signor Morley. The third season will commence on Monday, September 24th, and will doubtless be as fully attended as its predecessors, while in a musical point of view, owing to the familiarity gained by the troupe with the public and with each other, this season should prove the most satisfactory ever given in San Francisco.

This evening *Crispino e la Comare* and one act of *Colomello*, will be presented for the benefit of Signor Giuseppe Mancusi, who, coming here quite unknown even by reputation, has established himself immediately and firmly in public favor, and whose claims as an artist, and as a thorough gentleman, will doubtless be acknowledged to-night by an overflowing house.

COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC.—There is no doubt that the practice of writing out passages from good authors is very beneficial as a means of improvement in composition. The frequent reading of such works as are distinguished for purity of style as well as brevity and force of expression is recommended. Macaulay's "Essay," for instance, if constantly read, must tend to improve the style of composition. In both speaking and writing it is certain that, to express one's ideas clearly and well in as few words as possible, is a great perfection. A literary man, whose valuable works are well known to the world, says that after writing an article he carefully revises it, striking out every unnecessary word, and even substituting a word of two syllables for one of three, or of one for two, wherever it can be done without interfering with the sense and full force of the sentence.

BANTING'S work on corpulence, telling how Banting worked off his corpulence, has been done into French, and all the fat woman in Paris are trying on his regimen to try out their superfluous flesh. The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Post* tells of this dialogue which he says he overheard at a ball: "Have you seen Madame G—— ? Since she has embraced M. Banting's religion she has diminished at least one half." "Then she must be charming," said Mlle. —, with naivete. "Not at all. She looks like a cathedral that has lost all its saints and preserved all the niches from which they were taken."

"Thus with our hellish drugs, Death's ceaseless fountains,
'Mid these green vales, o'er these bright mountains,
Worse than the very plague we've raged.
I have myself, to thousands poisons given,
And heard their murderer praised, as blessed by Heaven,
Because with Nature, strife he waged."—*Goethe's* "*Faust.*"

The "Doctor" seems to have had a California before him, for if ever a country of "green vales" and "bright mountains" was cursed by "worse than the very plague," it is this same California of ours, which the medicine men have desolated, not to say decimated, by their "hellish drugs."

RHEUMATISM cured and cures guaranteed, without the use of medicines, blisters, plasters or any species of medical humbuggery; without the *pretence* of electricity, and none of the delusions and jugglery of mesmerism. Scientific action (sound sense) for common-sense sufferers; all others take the good old stupid way, and suffer to their "hearts' content." Dr. Bourne effects perfect cures, and improves the health generally at the same time, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

TO THE SICK.—During nearly fourteen years in San Francisco, Dr. Bourne has been steadily and perseveringly engaged in curing the sick, without the use of medicines, or any species of delusive humbuggery. At the same time, he has been engaged in imparting such useful information as enables them to so regulate their lives and conduct as to make the road to health a pleasant one to travel. *

THE NEW YORK *Tribune* says: "We have carefully examined the workmanship of the Knabe Pianos, and we find it thorough in every particular. The cases are rich and elegant in design, and are finished in the best possible manner; the entire mechanism is cleanly and faithfully made, and long and thoroughly seasoned material is only used in building up these fine instruments. At the various State Fairs throughout the country the Knabe Pianos have constantly received gold medals or the highest premiums. At the recent Ohio State Fair they came in competition with some twenty Pianos from the best makers of New York and Boston, when the highest premium was awarded them." The best specimens of these fine instruments will be found at the music store of Frishee & Scott, No. 3 Montgomery street, who are sole agents for California, for these, best of all, Pianos. Before purchasing call and inspect the Knabe Pianos. *

IT IS WELL for those who are totally ignorant of the proper uses of Electricity, Magnetism and Psychology, for curing disease, to advertise that they do not use them. It may show honesty of principle; and all Pioneers should act as Guardians and Fathers of a young city like this, supposing all of the people to be equally ignorant and easily made to believe that all the healing qualities and qualifications are to give steam baths, indiscriminately, to fat and lean, weak and strong, every day; to get up a crisis, as it is called—depleting, extracting and depriving them of the vitality and warmth of the system, which is so much needed in this climate. No doubt but that some temperaments require baths and are much benefitted, while others are injured by them: but to say that it is the "cure all," and warrant it, is nonsense. But, it is probably susceptible of proof, that Electricity, Magnetism and Psychology, by all or either, as the cases require, and as practiced by Dr. H. A. BENTON, 109 Montgomery street, is curing ten to one of any other practice, and particularly those who have been washed and bleached almost out of existence by steam baths before they come for the healing, life-giving influences of the Electro-Magnetic currents. References and Certificates, in any quantity, will show that all classes of disease have been cured, and none injured, during my short stay here of only sixteen months. All that investigate are sure to be interested, and many are every day recommending the practice. *

THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN AND SAVINGS SOCIETY.

THE Members of this Association met last evening to receive the Fifth Annual Report of the Directors. The following is the report:

The shareholders, before proceeding to the election of nine Directors for the ensuing year, naturally desire and are entitled to an account of the management and affairs of the Society for the year that is passed.

The present Board of Directors undertook their duties a year ago under influences of great peril.

The assets of the Society on our taking office were....$250,225 25
The assets in our hands to-day are..... 500,000 00

Thus doubling our means of public accommodation in one year.

The profits realized for the six months ending 30th April last were as follows:

	Dr.	
Interest received on mortgages		$19,802 79
Premiums received on mortgages		6,623 91
Interest received on loans on stock		364 86
Profit on casual interests		632 00
Total		$27,423 56
	Cr.	
Interest due to depositors	$8,280 44	
Interest paid to depositors	4,616 43	
Dividend on stock at 1½ per cent	4,025 38	
Expenses of management	5,200 00	
		$22,122 25
		$5,301 31

Showing a clear surplus of full five thousand dollars, after paying one per cent. per month to all depositors, one and one-half per cent. per month to all stockholders, besides paying expenses of management, and all other incidental charges.

This surplus added to the Reserve Fund previously accumulated, and the paid up capital, makes a total of full *Fifty-six Thousand Dollars* of reserve to protect us against unforeseen losses or casualties in the prosecution of our business.

As yet, the Society has incurred no loss from its loans. The number accommodated with loans for the past year was 319.

The loans now average forty to fifty thousand dollars a month. Last month they reached forty-seven thousand dollars, which is double the average amount made by the Society a year ago.

THE NEW BANKING-HOUSE.

The Board have the pleasure to report (under instruction from the last named meeting) the purchase and outfit of the new bank premises, which stands the Society in $48,000. The location selected and the fittings of our new banking-house have won the approbation and confidence of the community. The income in rent from the upper part amounts to about $140 a month. The income from the vault and cellar, for storing valuables, amounts to about $50 a month; leaving a liability on the business of the Society of about $300 a month, in lieu of rent. It has been remarked, and is remarkable, that since our Directors have bought and opened our bank, many other wealthy influential money institutions have purchased on either side of us at considerably advanced rates, and are now causing to be erected large and elegant buildings, which undoubtedly adds to the value of ours; in fact, the block on California street, in which we located our bank, is evidently destined to become the "Money Market" of San Francisco.

In connection with this topic, our Society, by the liberality of its aid in assisting parties to build, has stirred the industry and enterprise of the city, there being now scarcely a mechanic connected with the building trade idle.

THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors meet regularly in the bank as often as they are notified. All applications for loans are considered by them—some are made which are not unanimously voted. There are duplicate cash-books kept in the office. Every item of receipts or payments are twice entered—once by the Cashier, in his books, and once by the Book-keeper, in his. The two books are brought together at the close of the day's business, when each item is called over in presence of the President. If any mistake has occurred during the day it is at once discovered by the footings of the books and the counting of the cash on hand. The books must therefore balance and agree every day at the close of business. The cash is then locked up in the vault by the President, and every morning is handed out again to the Cashier, who counts it before opening the bank.

The reserve funds of the Society are invested in City of San Francisco Bonds, which, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, are placed within the inner safe. The inner safe has three separate locks, a key to each is held—one by the President, one by Mr. Crim, the Secretary, and one by Mr. McCormick, member of the Finance Committee. The Directors have made every proper effort to increase and facilitate business. The recent extension of loans on manufactures and merchandise has been attended with the best results.

PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

In view of the increased trust, duties and responsibility of the President in the opening of the new bank, and the great expansion of business which arose, the Board of Directors on the 3d of May voted an increase of his salary from $150 to $250 a month—subject to the approving vote of the present meeting. No other Director receives any salary.

INSURANCE.

The President reports that our Society, since it came into operation, paid out to various Insurance Companies, eleven thousand dollars as premiums on insurance of our various houses, which are scattered through the city and suburbs, and that only sixteen hundred dollars were lost by fires on those houses during all that time; thus leaving a profit of $9,400, which have gone for ever to fructify for the benefit of parties outside of the Society, and he recommends that the members of our Society form within themselves an Insurance Company, under the laws of the State, and in our own building, which, under prudent management, must at no distant day become a powerful appendage of support and profit to our Society.

BEAUTIFUL AS PEACH BLOSSOMS, and clear as alabaster, white as the lily, are those ladies who dress with that fragrant and innocent enamel wash, Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Take no other. Sold by all first class Druggists. *

THE Greatest Cures of Disease ever recorded are made by intelligent practical water-cure physicians. Among them, none is more distinguished for devotion to his art and thorough experimental knowledge, than Dr. Bourne, San Francisco. *

O, SUMMER SEA.

O SUMMER Sea! thy murmuring waves are singing
A song of sweetness in my listening ear;
Youth, love, and hope, that lulling strain is bringing
Back to my heart, in forms distinct and clear;
Again I see the glorious visions of Life's morning
Rise on my sight and make the darkness flee,
Again upon thy shores at daylight's dawning,
I walked with one beloved, O Summer Sea!

The soft waves kiss her feet and love to linger
Upon the beach where her light steps have strayed;
Now in thy tide she dips her snowy finger,
And now I feel it on my forehead laid.
"I sign with thee a sign," she fondly murmurs,
And turns her blushing face away from me;
"Thou shalt be happy, love, through many Summers,
And I will love thee—hear me, Summer Sea!"

Thou heard'st the vow, O gentle sea of Summer!
Thou heard'st it, laughing in the morning ray;
Thou knewest well that Love, the earliest comer,
Is very prone to make the shortest stay.
The sign dried up beneath the rays of morning,
The vow found wings as fast and far to flee;
Now I prefer my sleep at daylight's dawning,
To wandering on thy shores, O Summer Sea!

WM. B. GLAZIER.

THE GALLANT FOURTEENTH.

[WE cheerfully copy from the *Alta* the subjoined record of the active services, during the war, of the much-abused "Fourteenth" regiment—and no other can present a nobler one—in paliation of local reputation some of the new recruits gave it here, during the "Fourteenth's" stay at the Presidio, about a year since.]

I HAVE observed from time to time in the newspapers a disposition to indulge in paragraphs and remarks derogatory to the character of the Fourteenth Regiment U. S. Infantry, which regiment came to our shores about a year since. It may be true that the material of the regiment, on its arrival here, was not in as high a state of discipline as usual for troops of the Regular Army. It had been hastily recruited in the East, and ordered to Califoruia before the turbulent spirits so hastily added to its thinned ranks had been weeded out; but the bad conduct of a few of its number should not have led the newspapers to condemn the entire regiment, and hold up to derision the rank and file of what was left of this most gallant regiment of the war. Few who read these paragraphs ever stopped to consider, probably because they were ignorant of the fact, that to this regiment was awarded the post of honor on the *entrée* into Richmond. Its thinned ranks of scarred and bronzed heroes marched with a proud step, for they felt that they had spent their best blood in defence of a country dear to them, and which could appreciate their fidelity and devotion.

The following record of the services of this regiment should forever silence the voice of calumny, and place it in the front rank of public admiration:

The regiment was organized in 1861, with the following Field Officers: Colonel, Charles P. Stone; Lieutenant Colonel, John F. Reynolds; Majors, Geo. Sykes, G. R. Giddings, Wm. Williams. The First Battalion was commanded by Captain J. D. O'Connell; Adjutant, First Lieuteuant W. R. Smedberg; Quartermaster, R. F. Bierne. From July, 1861, to March, 1862, it was stationed at Fort Trumbull, Connecticut, and Perryville, Indiana. In March it took the field with the Army of the Potomac, having nine companies, 650 enlisted men and 24 officers, and joined the Regular Brigade commauded by Major-General Sykes. This was soon after organized as a Division of three brigades, the Fourteenth being attached to the brigade commauded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Buchanan, Fourth Infantry.

The Division was assigned to the Fifth Army Corps, Maj. General Porter commanding; was present at the siege of Yorktown; in reserve at Williamsburg. Fair Oaks and Seven Pines; took part in the battle of Hanover Court House; in reserve at Mechanicsville, and was engaged heavily for the first time at Gaines' Mills, June 27th: engagad at White Oak Swamp, June 30th, and Malvern Hill, July 12th; losing in this fight 225 men and the following officers: Lieut. G. W. Hoover, killed; wounded, Capt. J. McIntosh, Lieuts. J. F. McElhone, J. B. S. Sinclair, W. W. Lyon, H. C. Peck and H. H. Moroney.

The Battalion commanded by Captain D. B. McKibben joined the army at Harrison's Landing, having about 400 meu and 20 officers. August 12th, left Harrison's Landing and marched to Newport News; thence to Aquia Creek, by water; marched up the Rappahannock via the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. They were engaged at the battle of Bull Run, August 30th, 1862, and suffered severely. The First Battalion went iuto actiou with about 300 men, and lost 125; Captain O'Connell wounded in several places. The Second Battalion, with an equal number of men, lost 75; Lieutenant Chamberlain was killed, and Capts. McKibben, Coppinger and Lieut. Wharton wounded.

At South Mountain, September 14th, the Regiment was in reserve. At Antietem September 17th, lost 20 men. While lying on the Potomac, after Antietem, the Regiment participated in several reconnoissanees, losing a few men. At Snicker's Gap, November 3d, while the army was in motion towards the Rappahannoek, lost 36 killed and wounded by artillery fire; Lieut. Perry severely wounded in the arm. At Fredericksburg, December 13th, the loss was not heavy, although the Regiment was exposed to a very uneomfortable fire. After the battle of Frederieksburg, lay eneamped on Potomac Creek.

At Chaneellorsville, May 2d, 1863, loss slight; Captain S. Ross wounded in the foot. At Gettysburg, July 3d, 139 men lost; Capt. J. M. Locke and Lieutenant Wm. O. Douglass severely wounded. Moved dowu the Rappahannock aud took part in the skirmish at Beverly Fork.

In August the Regimeut was ordered to New York city to aid in suppressing the draft riots. Again joined the Army of the Potomac in September. November 30th, moved to Mine Run, loss slight. Eucamped on the Orauge and Alexandria Railroad during the winter, losing several men by guerrillas. May 30th, 1864, moved with the Army of the Potomac, Major-General Warren commanding Fifth Corps, Brigadier-General Charles Griffin commanding First Division, Brigadier-General R. B. Ayers commanding Frst Brigade. May 5th, at the battle of the Wilderness, suffered heavily; at North Anna River were again engaged; also at Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Hateh's Run, and Weldon Railroad, at which latter place the Regiment was almost exterminated, only thirty five men reporting for duty after the fight, and no officers. The Color-bearer tore the colors from the staff aud brought them off the field, riddled with balls and almost torn in pieces. During this eampaign the Regiment lost 700 men aud the following officers, killed and wounded: Capt. E. McKibbeu, wounded in the thigh; Capt. H. W. Keyes, mortally wouud-ed; Capt. D. B McKibben, captured; Capt. W. R. Smedberg, foot shot off; Capt. R F. Bierne, wounded in the arm: Capt. A. Foot, wounded in the arm, losing its use; Capt. R. H. Porter, shot in the eye, losing it; Capt. J. W. Burbank, mortally wounded aud eaptured, dying iu the hands of the rebels; Captains D. B. Clay and G. Ilges, Lieuts. J. R. Clay and T. E. Collins, killed; Lieut. J. W. Gerry, wounded; Capt. G. K. Brady, captured; Lieut. A. MeKibben wounded; Lieut. D. M. Brodhead, mortally wounded; Lieut. Drake De Ray, wounded; Lieut. J. B. Sinclair, wounded in the leg; Lieut. Charles G. Smedberg, died from exposure. The Regiment being reduced to a small number of men, was ordered to New York in December, 1864, to recruit. In March, 1865, it took the field again, and was with the Army of tho Potomac when the Rebel Army surreudered. It was then ordered to Hart Island, New York Harbor, to prepare for California, numbering about 200 men. Its ranks were then filled by recruits gathered from all parts, many of whom were men devoid of character or principle, who entered the Regiment for the sole purpose of getting to California, intending to desert on arrival, as fortunately many of them have. No new officers were appointed to the Regiment, and there were so few left for duty that there was but one officer to a Company of ninety men.

The following general officers belonged to the Fourteenth: Major-General J. F. Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg, for some years stationed in Oregon, and a gallant officer, universally respected and admired; Brigadier General G. R. Paul, Brigadier-General L. C. Hunt, and Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone. About three thousand men have been recruited in this Regiment since its formation.

Who says this is not a glorious record for the gallant Fourteenth, and who shall sneer at it and strive to sully its fair fame by holding up to ridicule the propensities of a few bad men who had joined it on the eve of its embarkation for California? Should not we, as a people who have been too isolated from the war to appreciate its horrors, look upon these heroes with admiration and respect, and see in them men who have toiled and fought four long years, suffering every hardship, gallantly upholding the nation's honor? We should remember that these gallant officers and men who walk our streets, nearly every one of them bearing upon his person the scars of wounds from whence his best blood has flowed, have faced the leaden hail and stood front to front with death in every shape under that flag that they swore to protect; and they have done that duty nobly. Such services should not be forgotten nor pass unheeded and unhonored.

The writer, although borne upon the records of this gallant Regimeut, cannot, unfortunately, as a participator, bear personal testimony to its bright career, having been prevented from sharing in its glory by fate and the War Department, which decreed that the sphere of his duties should be elsewhere, and he can, therefore, without egotism, speak of its deeds and its services as an act of simple justice to brave men whom we should honor, and not malign. It is the proudest claim of his life that his name has been borne upon the rolls of this gallant Regiment, which won for itself the post of honor where all were brave.

R. L. O.,
Late of the Fourteenth.

WHY were the Egyptians good sons? Because they paid great respect to their *mummies*.

BANKING IN CHINA.

BANKS were organized in China many hundred years ago, and there have been times when the currency of that antique and horrible land was much inflated by the paper issues of the pigtailed, bliud-writing eashiers.

The "eash" is the only native China money now eurrent and 1,000 of these pieces equal $1 40. The native bullion is called "syeee," and the iugots weigh from five to fifty taels. The "tael" is equal to 1,000 cash. On the coast, silver dollars are in use among the traders. The bills of the Chinese banks are of a variety of denominations, ranging from a very small amount to the value of thousands of dollars, and, curious enough, when we consider the imitative eharaeter of the Chinamen, are seldom counterfeited. The holders of the genuine notes are, however, often troubled by the most sudden bankruptey of their makers.

In case of the refusal of a bank to cash its paper promises on demand, the enraged holders of the suspended paper make a sudden raid upou the dishonorable institution, "gutting" the establishment at onee and carrying off everything, even to the timbers. The penniless vagabonds of the street are generally upon the alert for this sport, and "go in" with the bill-holders for a share of the plunder. What would the specieless banks of State and Wall street think of such a run for cash as this?

Ten years ago there was a first-class panic among the paper money owners of the Celestial land, and the "cleaning out" of banks, as deseribed above, grew to be an every day occurrence. The Viceroy came to the reseue of the eorporations. He arrested and deeapitated in the street, opposite a bank, without the use of the clumsy machinery which we call a law court, a coolie and a trader who had, without any bills in their possession, joined iu a riotous run upon the curreney-making institutions.

Money at once grew easier in that vicinity, and in a very short time the banks were, as wo say, in a condition to accommodate their customers at eurrent rates. These, in China, are high enough to satisfy one of our down town pawnbrokers, rangiug, as they legally do, from 10 to 36 per cent. per annum.

A new bank in China is not opened without a feast. To this all the neighboring well-established banks and prominent "prompters" are invited, and their acceptanee of the invitation places the seal of respectability upon the new comer, and its circulating notes are thenceforth received all around and at the "clearing house."—*N. Y Paper.*

BEAVERS.—A writer in *Good Words* demolishes the old idea that the tail of the beaver is his trowel. He observed the beavers building their dams and houses in the Zoological Gardens at London: The commencement of the first lodge, or hut-building operation, was inaugurated by Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the garden, who placed in the paddock an old box, mouth downward, with one end knocked out. The beavers at once took to this shelter, and commenced piling upon and around it the puddled clay with which they had been supplied in one corner of the enclosure. Of course the reader expects to be told about the wondrous dexterity with which they plastered the work with their tails; in truth they did nothing of the kind, and all the stories about the animal using his tail as a trowel are pure myths, caused, doubtless, by the apparent applicability of that appendage to such a purpose. It is a rudder and nothing else, to assist the animal in directing its course in the water, and is perfectly useless at plasterer's work. The clay moistened with the little running stream close at hand, was carried by his fore paws, and dabbled on the roof he was making over the box; this process of daubing and puddling was alternated by carefully placing branches across and athwart the mud-work, interlacing the former, and then filling up the interstices with the puddled clay.

THE NORSEMEN AND THE SEA.—Early in time and deep in sentiment was the feeling of the Norsemen for the salt water. There is a ship in their old mythology. They buried their heroes under tumuli which presented "an uninterrupted view of the sea," as if, even in death, the consciousness of its neighborhood, the cheeriness of its breezes, would reach the Viking in his last lair. The Sagas speak, too, of the dirge of the ocean for their fallen captains, as if the ocean itself shared in that feeling for them which they felt for it. And this tinge of mysticism which the sea so naturally inspires, is still remarked by Northerns to belong to the Scandinavian blood.

A CASE OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—A German named Flatch, at Valparaiso, constructed a sub-marine boat, intended for a torpedo, and on the trial trip took dowu with him a party of ten friends. The confident inventor would not allow a rope or buoy to be attached to his machine, and the result of the experiment was that the boat was discovered in thirteen fathoms of water, by a diver, ten days afterward, and at last accounts had not been raised to the surface. (?)

BE temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

CAST AWAY ON A DESOLATE ISLAND.

UNINHABITED islands are rapidly attaining a degree of rarity which will soon class them among the positive luxuries. When we say unhabited islands, we must be understood to refer to such insular positions as a gentleman and an admirer of Robinson Crusoe would care to visit—places having a fairly genial climate, tolerably supplied with game, abounding in "roots" and fruits, and in fact more or less approaching the great and illustrious type of Juan Fernandez; and islands of this sort are really becoming distressingly scarce. Uninhabited continents will in nowise suffice to replace them, and therefore the millions of acres which still remain to us in Central Africa will never do as a substitute. Continents are vague, vast, flat, and unprofitable. They cause the shipwrecked mariner to fail in one of the requisites of the classic drama—unity of place. Once on them, he wanders "up the country," and forsakes the friendly "cove" in which, on an island, he would, as a matter of course, have found shelter in the first instance.

Hopes of escape again, may arise on continents from sources quite illegitimate for the occasion—hopes which should never come except from a ship distressed for water, opportunely putting in at the right moment. No man who has ever been a boy, and read "Robinson Crusoe," would hesitate for a moment which to prefer. Further, the island must not be too large, which is another difficulty, and tends to limit the supply. The castaway should have time to explore the greater part of it, or at least sail round in his cutter, or "pinnace," which has been saved from the wreck; otherwise we do not feel he has done his duty. And all this he can do only with an island of moderate dimensions. Time was when she last thing we might have expected to run short of was uninhabited islands. Poets and romancers formerly could always with verisimilitude throw their hero and heroine into each other's arms on their hospitable desert shores. Now they are as rare as commons in the neighborhood of London, and may possibly in a few years require strict preservation and careful supervision to prevent them from disappearing altogether.

It is with feelings, therefore, not untinged with gratitude, that we welcome Captain Musgrave and his story of his adventures, in a volume lately published under the title of "Cast Away on the Auckland Isles." His plain sailor-like narrative, written with simplicity, and, under the circumstauces, with a perseverance which was quite heroic, is attractive and instinctive in no ordinary degree. It fully gratifies the *suave mari magno* sentiment which is no doubt at the bottom of much of the interest taken in such accounts. Captain Musgrave, with four others, who constituted the crew of a small schooner called the *Grafton*, passed twenty months on the bleak uninhabited Auckland, entirely dependent during the whole time on their own energy and skill for their existence in the first instance, and their escape in the sequel. They started on a sealing expedition from Sydney in the autumn of 1863, and Captain Musgrave does not disguise the fact, that the hope of finding gold, and of thus securing to himself the first rich remunerating attack on some new "diggings," was not entirely absent from his mind.

They had hardly made the Aucklands before they were hopelessly and irretrievably wrecked. Carnley Harbor, or Sarah's Bosom, as Captain Musgrave calls it, judging from the sketch map which is prefixed to the volume, ought not only to be spacious but a secure harbor. In its upper portion it is completely landlocked, and the *Grafton* was brought to an anchor twelve miles from the entrance. However, she parted one cable, and dragged the other anchor home, on the second night after her arrival, and went on the rocks in a moment. "In a quarter of an hour she was full up to the top of the cabin table, and the sea was breaking heavily over her."

In the morning Captain Musgrave and his men saved themselves, and then prepared in serious earnest to make the best of their forlorn position. Within a week they had begun and partly finished the frame of the house which they at once resolved to build. It was twenty-four feet long by sixteen wide. But the wooden framework was a short and simple business compared with the thatching, which yet was indispensable on account of the incredibly boisterous and rainy climate. This part of the undertaking occupied them fully two months, and was accomplished by means of long wild grass, 5,000 bundles of which, each weighing a pound, were put upon the sides and ends of the house. In the mean time they had fed abundantly and even daintily on young seals' flesh, which is exactly like lamb. Wild fowl must also have been plentiful, seeing that Captain Musgrave in two hours and a half on one occasion shot about "150 pounds weight of widgeons." Neither was a skillful cook wanting to make the best of these agreeable viands.

Mr. Rynal, the mate, was a Frenchman, and appears to have been a regular Masterman Ready. It need hardly be added that he was a clean and savory cook. "He frequently gave us four courses at a meal. There would be stewed or roasted seal, fried liver, fish and mussels." On the other hand, these luxurious repasts were the more relished for the excitement and variety of the sport which preceded them, and which indeed supplied them with their chief *piece de resistance*—namely, seals' flesh. Seals were found in almost incredible numbers; "both the shores and the water were literally swarming with them. They go roaring about the woods like wild cattle; indeed we expect they will come and storm the tent some night." And this contingency appeared to be so imminent that Captain Musgrave had "to put a bullet in one of their tails," which effectually frightened them. The seals, however, soon grew less familiar, and then the sport of hunting them began. They generally were to be found basking in the sun, in "mobs" of thirty and forty each, for the most part fast asleep. Captain Musgrave shall describe what generally followed:

"I had only two men with me, so we took our clubs, and each of us took a mob, and I suppose that in ten seconds we had knocked down ten calves from two to three months old, and one two-year-old seal. We had to go right in amongst them, and although they woke up, we were so quick about the job that they stared at us in confusion for a moment, and then by a simultaneous movement rushed toward the water. We could have got more, but one of the men was at this moment attacked by the only remaining one, which was a tremendous large bull—the largest tiger seal I have seen, and he fought like a tiger. We immediately rushed to the rescue; the poor fellow was obliged to take to a tree till we came up, when all three set on the seal, and he showed fight bravely. It was as long as ten minutes before we proved ourselves conquerors We should have been quite willing to get out of his way, but he would not give us a chance."

The whole account of the seals is indeed exceedingly curious and remarkably interesting. Aquatic and amphibious as seals are in mature years, it appears that, when young, they have a positive horror of cold water. The mother, or cow seal, has to undertake a long and elaborate process of initiation to coax and teach her young calf how to swim before the dormant hereditary powers are developed:

"When they first go into the water the old cow carries them on her back, or rather carries it, for I have never seen any one of them with more than one calf, and they have a great job to get them down to the water at first. I have known a cow to be three days in getting a calf half a mile, to get it into the water."

Their activity and speed on land are very remarkable, considering their formation. In a bushy country they are quite a match for a man as regards pace. Their pugnacity is extreme; "they fight as ferociously as dogs, and do not make the least noise, and with their large tusks they tear each other almost to pieces." And further on, Captain Musgrave gives "a striking instance of the savage manner in which these animals fight." A seal was found in a place where it had no doubt gone to die:

"One of its fore flappers was entirely torn away from its body; the other one was cut or broken off by the lower joint. The lower jaw was broken, and the flesh torn away from underneath, and with a strip of skin two inches wide torn off all the way down the belly, and another strip was torn off its back from the top of the head to his tail, which was left quite bare to the bone."

But before long the voyagers found that the seals could be put to other uses besides those of sport and food. Of their skins they made clothes and shoes and bed-coverings, the oil they used in cooking and for light, and the blood served for ink, and with this substitute a goodly portion of Captain Musgrave's log was written. So far so well. They had saved themselves from perilous shipwreck, and had succeeded in securing a fairly comfortable existence afterwards. The strong hope that their friends in Sydney would at an early period send to look for them, when the time for their return had passed, buoyed them up bravely for the first eight months. They caught and tamed parrots; they, or rather Captain Musgrave, established a Bible-class, and found both moral and literary benefit from these lectures.

At one time hopes were entertained that something might be done with the stranded schooner, and a "precious miserable job" they had of it, working up to their middle in water, and with the thermometer from two to five degrees below freezing point. However, she proved past remedy, and they had to fall back on their expectation of extraneous succor. In the meanwhile they saw with utter dismay their main source of food gradually forsaking them.

As the weather got colder the seals kept more and more in the water, which was warmer than the air, and rarely landed except after dark to sleep. But a seal killed in the water sinks almost at once, and can rarely be secured. Captain Musgrave says they sink like a stone. This is not true of the seals which are to be met with on the coast of Holland at any rate, which, however, may differ from those which he had to deal with. Their hunting became, therefore, less and less profitable, and more and more laborious. The wild-fowl also grew scarcer, and Captain Musgrave and his comrades grew to be glad at getting a meal of mussels, and often went to bed hungry. Still hopes of rescue, which they argued could not be delayed much beyond October, kept them in tolerable spirits. An elevated position was chosen for a look-out station, and many anxious hours and days were spent in fruitless watching for a friendly sail. In vain. They had to face the dreary prospect of a second season in the Aucklands. It was in this extremity that their mettle and resource were fully put to the test.

First of all they set to work to build a craft to carry them to New Zealand if possible. "A cutter of about ten tons," it was thought, would answer the purpose, and so it very likely would if they had but the tools to construct her with. As it was, their stock of shipbuilding implements consisted of an "American axe, an adze, a hammer, and a gimblet." Still they undertook and fairly advanced with their task up to the point at which an augur for boring holes was required.

Mr. Rynal, who was smith when he was not cooking or making shoes, thought he could make one. He had made a saw and several hundred nails, and for three days he wrought at the indispensable auger. "It was truly deplorable to view the faces of all as we stood around him, when he decidedly pronounced it impossible for him to make one. They all appeared, and I have no doubt felt, as if all hope was gone. Then with a wild resolve, they determined to patch up the crazy old boat, which had been battered and broken with daily work since their shipwreck. They heightened her by several planks, and added a deck. Then the question was who should go in her. She was too small to carry all five, yet it was not easy to decide who was to be left behind.

Captain Musgrave preferred risking a simultaneous drowning of the whole party to what might appear a selfish and arbitrary selection. However, when it came to the final crisis, two of the crew showed the white feather, and the captain, the mate, and another put forth on a voyage of 400 miles in their frail craft, resolved on death or freedom. They had been twenty months in captivity. A voyage of five days and nights brought them to Port Adventure. The boat was very leaky, and was only kept afloat by constant pumping. With most praiseworthy self-sacrifice Captain Musgrave instantly took measures to return, himself, to the Aucklands in order to rescue the two men left on the island.

A small vessel was chartered, and after a stormy passage he regained the old scene of his adventures. He found the two men he had left behind on the point of parting company and setting up an establishment each on his own account, owing to their incapacity of agreeing. And yet these two had remained on the island chiefly in consequence of the previous friendship which had existed between them. Captain Musgrave has added another name to the muster-roll of those who prosper by self-help. The literary qualities of his narrative are not very great, and it was not to be expected that they would be. The plain, unvarnished tale attracts by its manifest truthfulness and sincerity.

WINE OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.—During the recent occupation of Bremen a good many bottles of the fabulously costly "Rosenwein," kept in twelve great casks with silver hoops, in what is thence styled "The Apostles' Cellar," and only drunk on rare occasions by the municipal fathers, by the sovereigns to whom they sometimes present a bottle, and by the sick citizens of the town, who have a prescriptive right to receive a bottle gratis in case of need, were disposed of by the Prussians. Under no circumstances is this precious liquor ever sold, for no fortune short of Aladdin's lamp would suffice to enable its possessor to adopt so costly a style of beverage, for the value of wine increases, like that of diamonds, in the ratio of the growth of the compound interest of the capital expended on its first purchase; so that, as a "piece" of German wine, containing 204 bottles, cost, in 1624, at which period this famous wine was placed in the Apostles' Cellar, 300 rix-dollars, or 1,200 francs, the cost of keeping up the cellar, the amount of taxes paid upon it, and the compound interest upon all this outlay through nearly two centuries and a half, the same "piece" of wine now represents a sum of 600,000,000 of rix-dollars, and each bottle would be worth, on the spot, 2,750,000 rix-dollars, that is to say, over ten millions of francs. And as a bottle of wine is supposed to contain eight glasses, each glass of this unparalleled wine costs 1,400,000 francs, and each drop 1,400 francs. The Prussians could not resist the temptation of tasting this wine, but they appear to have contented themselves with very little. Possibly they found it less delicious than they expected, for one who has been favored with a taste of it declares that it was by no means agreeable, the vinous flavor having changed to a weak acid, and the wine itself being of a dark brown hue, approaching to blackness. During the occupation of Bremen by the French some of their generals made heavy demands on this wonderful wine; and the burgesses of Bremen therefore assert that that town paid to France a ransom heavier than that of all the other towns of Germany put together.

AN auction of hair of young girls who have taken the veil was recently held at a convent in Paris, when 890 pounds of hair was sold for £1200.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD JAM.—Crowd twenty fashionably dressed ladies into one street car.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. EOGARDUS, C. H. WEBB. } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

FULL volumes of *The Californian*, from the commencement, can be obtained at the office, 532 Merchant street. Price, in muslin, $1 per volume; two volumes (one year) bound together, $7. Unbound, per volume, $3.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

ELECTROPLATED GENTILITY.

GENERAL education, though indispensable to the successful working of popular institutions, is undoubtedly attended by certain serious evils in any community where a false social standard obtains, making respectability depend upon occupation; and there have been those who have ventured to argue that the education of the masses in the United States is calculated to produce, and is now actually producing some of these evils.

It is urged, for instance, that young men who have become possessed of an education, feel themselves above pursuits involving any kind of manual labor, and almost invariably aspire to one of the learned professions, or to commercial business; that hence, these occupations become overcrowded, so that we have more lawyers, doctors, writers, book-keepers, clerks, etc., than are required, or than there is room for. To the operation of this cause, is attributed the large numbers of young men seeking for employment, and seeking it in vain, in all our large cities.

The evil undoubtedly exists, but is it fairly to be attributed to the fact that education is so general? May not the case be stated, with at least equal plausibility in quite a different way? May we not insist that the evil does not arise from the education of too many, but of too few? If those who are educated shrink from the pursuits of the uneducated, would not universal education—or the nearest practical approximation to it—remove the difficulty by removing the distinction upon which it is founded? Viewed in this light, general education is an evil only because it is not general enough. No one in our day feels himself above manual labor, because he can read the newspaper and write a receipt; and if a thoroughly good practical education were as much the rule, and the want of it, as much the exception as in the case of the ability to read and write, no one would feel any more disposed to assume airs of superiority on the strength of such an education, than he would on the strength of being able to see without spectacles or to walk without crutches.

But after all, is not the real source of the evil complained of, to be found in the too prevalent disposition—especially in our large cities—to base social distinctions upon occupation—a disposition not in accordance with the fundamental idea of our institutions, and traceable in a large measure to the undue influence among us of English habits of thought and feeling on these subjects? We are not of course so Quixotic as to imagine that distinctions of this kind can be utterly ignored, but we are at the same time strongly inclined to the opinion that too much importance is attached to them, and that the prevalent feeling in regard to the intrinsic respectability of certain callings, as compared with others, has far more influence in overcrowding the ranks of those professions and occupations which have the factitious stamp of "gentility," than the general diffusion of education.

A FEATURE not included in the programme was presented on Sunday last during the rope-walking feat of "Rosa Celeste," at Hayes' Park. She was announced to wheel a barrow "with a young man in it" over a rope about four hundred feet in length, extending from the Summer-House to the top window of the Pavilion. When within fifteen or twenty feet of the end of her journey, the steapness of the incline proved too much for her strength, and she was obliged to request her passenger to get out, which he did, holding on to the rope by his hands while Celeste passed over him and finished her journey.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, a weekly for the young people, and the only publication of its kind on this coast, is about to appear in an enlarged form, as a small quarto of sixteen pages. It is a sprightly and entertaining paper, and occupies a field of usefulness vacant until its advent.

CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

THE children born in California are said to be far superior to the average type of childhood in beauty, health and physical development. But there seems also to exist a very general impression that the fatal germ of original sin, familiarly known as "the old Adam," crops out in them at a more precocious age, and with more irrepressible force, than in the children of Eastern or transatlantic communities.

If the indwelling presence of the old Adam, in abnormal force, is to be predicated from greater restlessness, activity, and impatience of restaint, and a stronger predilection for boisterous amusements than accords with our traditional and conventional notions of what is becoming in model children, we fear that it will be impossible to repel the impeachment in its application to the rising generation in California. At the same time it might be urged, in extenuation, that these objectionable traits are precisely such as naturally result from the splendid physical development and the exhuberant vitality which are claimed to be the peculiar characteristics of California children. And yet these characteristics, under wise and thoughtful parental control, need not necessarily develop themselves in disagreeable forms; whenever they do so develop themselves we fear the fact must be attributed to lack of tact, judgment, and care on the part of the parents. Strong vitality, robust health and high animal spirits in children have no necessary natural connection with boisterousness or rudeness. On the contrary, wherever a truly wise family discipline is maintained, they manifest themselves in a pleasing vivacity and a charming sprightliness peculiar to the period of opening life.

If California children are in reality worse and more disagreeable than other children, is it not because California parents are more careless, injudicious, and even reckless in regard to family government than other parents? The fact is, we fear, that in our day, and especially in this community, the repugnance to excessive harshness and stringency in the discipline of children, has led to the opposite extreme of excessive laxity. The American aversion to tyrannizing over children has developed into such a loosening of family government as leaves them to grow up destitute of that wholesome and necessary restraint without which children are insufferable nuisances to all who come in contact with them. The old-fashioned iron rule, under which the most trival offences were visited with cruel punishment, was deplorable indeed. It broke many a joyous and sensitive spirit, and impressed indelibly upon many a delicate nature the most melancholy idiosyncrasies. And yet it may well be doubted whether the mischiefs resulting from it have been greater than those which are born of that careless *laissezaller* system that imposes no check upon children, but leaves them to grow up selfish, headstrong, disobedient and irreverent, unrestrained by discipline, and unawed by respect for any authority whatever.

THE HON. MR. SKINNER, a member of the New Brunswick Parliament, has distinguished himself by a not entirely unsuccessful effort to show that the impression so prevalent in the United States, that our Provincial neighbors "cannot take a joke," is not absolutely correct without exception. As might naturally have been anticipated, the recent newspaper discussions at the East, in regard to the expediency of admitting Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick into the Union, together with the reports of intended Congressional action on the subject, proved not a little irritating to the rather irascible and over-sensitive Provincial temperament; and the Canadian journals have scolded us vigorously for our Yankee presumption. The Hon. Mr. Skinner, however, could not make up his mind to let us off so easily, and he has avenged the outraged dignity of Her Majesty's loyal North American subjects by introducing into the New Brunswick Legislature a bill entitled, "A bill to establish conditions for the admission of the States of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, into the British North American Confederation; and for the organization of territorial governments for the other States of the American nation," including California and Oregon, of course. Mr. Skinner has fairly earned a title to a high place among Provincial humorists—if indeed there are enough of them to constitute a class. At any rate, Mr. Skinner and "Sam Slick" make a pair, which will do for a beginning.

ATLANTIC PAPERS.—Choyuski, of the Antiquarian Book-Store, Second street, near Howard, has placed us under obligations for a bundle of late Eastern papers and magazines; consisting of news, political, pictorial, literary and spiritual publications. Choyuski keeps all the papers imported.

A YANKEE and an English captain, each in a schooner, tried their speed in Gibraltar Bay, when our countryman beat John Bull all hollow. They met on the shore the next day, and the Englishman swore that he had never been outsailed before. "Just like me," said Jonathan, "for my Jemima never beat nothing afore."

FAIRS.—The State Fair at Sacramento closes this week. The Fair at Stockton opens on the 18th instant.

OUR BOOK-TABLE.

Campaigns of a Non-Combatant, and his Romaunt abroad during the War.—By George Alfred Townsend. New York: Blelock & Co.; San Francisco, A. Roman & Co.

HERE is an extraordinary book by an extraordinary young man. George Alfred Townsend has attained the mature age of twenty-five years. He wrote three plays before his majority. Since then he has made the tour of Europe on nothing; returning to the United States, has lectured successfully on his lecturing failure in England; has written for all sorts of foreign and domestic magazines and periodicals; has edited two large newspapers at a time; and has finally written a book—a book abounding in merits and faults. The faults, however, are the parents of his greatest beauties. He could not be so vividly daring without occasionally knocking a "two inch rule" all to pieces.

The field of war—that one which is characterized by "meadows of margin and rivulets of type"—is just a little crowded now. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Townsend did not carry out his idea when he first used to talk of it over in Paris. He would then have more reason to rejoice that he has written, next to Richardson's, the best book of all the war correspondents.

Lord Macaulay says that the particular is better than the general in rhetoric. In the sense in which this dictum is manifestly to be taken, we may also say that the "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant" is better than an elaborate history. The staid historian sees battle-fields, as it were, from a high balloon, like our friend Professor Lowe. In the exalted remove of a century, the heat of the conflict is no longer felt and some of the dust is settled. On that very account, perhaps, for the purposes of impartial history, one sees best at the distance of a hundred years. Now Mr. Townsend gives us the battle-field just as any of us might have seen it if we had been there. We are treated to a sight of it through our own eyes rather than through the blank dispatches of generals. With him we feel our little rood of enthusiasm in a conflict of miles; we see the passing ambulances; we are borne along in the flow of the charge, or in the more terrible ebb of the retreat; with him we hear above and around us "the music of modern ordnance and projectile, the whistle of the minie-ball, the howl of the shell that makes unearthly havoc with the air, the whiz-z-z of solid shot, the chirp of bullets, the scream of grape and canister, and the yell of immense conical cylinders that fall like red-hot stoves and spout burning coals." We know of few books that tell "the history of yesterday," so vividly and so stirringly, as Mr. Townsend's "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant."

How I Managed My House on Two Hundred Pounds a Year.—By Mrs. Warren. First American Edition, from the Thirty-sixth Thousand London. Loring, Boston; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This book consists of a series of lessons in household economy for the benefit of inexperienced housekeepers who have need to practice it. The lessons are none the less likely to prove useful from the circumstance that they are conveyed through the medium of a pleasantly written story. The preface states that 36,000 copies of the book have been sold in Great Britain.

The Magic Mirror—A Round of Tales for Young and Old.—By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis." With eighty-four illustrations, by W. S. Gilbert. Alexander Strahan, London and New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

Sherbrooke.—By the author of "Madge." New York: D. Appleton; San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Land at Last—A Novel in Three Books.—By Edward Yates, author of "Running the Gauntlet," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers; San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Notices of other new works, with copious extracts, will be found in our "Literay Gleanings" on another page.

WE NEED VARIETY.—Monotony is destructive. The sea has nothing but itself—the desert the same. But the country has variety, and here is the charm of life. So in all our enjoyments there must be variety. For instance, how keen are the first enjoyments—the first glimpse of spring, the first airs of autumn—any pleasant event long delayed—music, after a long interval. If a man has not heard music for a long time, the sound even of a Jew's harp is welcome. Now the wisdom of life is to take advantage of these things; enjoy one, and then the other; thus each one will be fresh, if time be given the chords of the mind, so to speak, to gather keenness. Hence there is a constant round of more or less enjoyment. This is the best that can be done with life according to the best minds. And then the prosaic moments must intervene, to still further make up the variety.

THE following on newspaper writing is exceedingly forcible—fully equal to Hamlet's advice to the players. We commend it to our correspondents: "Usually one point is enough for an article. Some single nail should be struck fair upon the head, and then left at once. Introductions are a nuisance. Inferences are always skipped. The sentences should be short. Every word should lean with life. Condensation should be extreme. All that is not necessary to the effect should be discarded. He who has the nerve to do this with a soul that fires with great thought, and the manliness to cut it free, may wield a power with the pen which no sceptre can rival."

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"'I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

Still Another Installment of Correspondence.

WE had supposed that the public had by this time become satiated, if not nauseated, with "correspondence concerning the editorship," and we intended that the letters published last week should be the final installment; but as we have received from various quarters assurances of the continued popularity among the reading public of these specimens of the epistolary style of distinguished individuals, we make room to-day for a few more letters.

The Proprietor of the Californian:

SIR:—At the Academy at West Point, where I commenced and terminated a distinguished military career, I remember having read in one of the classics which constituted a part of our Academic course, the following sentiment, or more properly, perhaps, the following maxim or apothegm: "*non omnes omnia possumus*"—that is, we cannot *all of us* do everything.

I am not indisposed to admit the general correctness of this venerable declaration, implying, as it does, the existence of illustrious exceptions to the rule in the persons of those rare individuals whose vast powers are adequate to any undertaking, and whose just self-reliance engenders the serenest equanimity in the presence of every emergency.

It might be supposed by those who have never sounded the ultimate depths of a capacious intellect, that the various spheres of life in which my powers have illustrated themselves: first, in the military service; then in the legal profession, and finally in a high judicial office—not to speak of numerous commercial and financial speculations, which I have conducted, as I flatter myself, not altogether without the tact and shrewdness popularly supposed to be the exclusive possession of men destitute of scholastic acquirements and educated with sole reference to practical ends—it might, I say, be supposed that these various vocations and avocations would have left me little opportunity to cultivate the tastes and acquirements requisite for the successful editorship of a journal of the highly literary character of THE CALIFORNIAN.

This, however, is far from being the case. You must have observed, sir, if it has ever been your privilege to attend the sessions of the court in which I preside, my wonderful familiarity with every branch of knowledge, human and divine, which is brought incidentally under my judicial notice. As an example of my polished and perspicuous style, I ask your attention to my letter to Mr. O'Doherty, published during the war, calling upon him, as an officer of the court, to repel certain imputations on his loyalty and devotion to the Union. For the high esteem accorded to my personal character, I refer to all who have ever known me, and especially to the members of the San Francisco bar, who, before my elevation to the bench, and for a *very* brief period after that occurrence, used to practice principally in the Twelfth District Court.

I have, sir, in my day and generation, made many sacrifices, but too little appreciated, for the public good. In the possession, as I lately took occasion publicly to announce, of a handsome competency, the fruit of successful pecuniary adventures, I could expect no increase of fortune, nor any accession of worldly advantage from the acceptance of my present judicial position. At the earnest solicitation of the Republican party, I consented to allow my name to be used as a candidate for the vacant judgeship. I abandoned my own ease and quiet in compliance with the importunities of my friends, and it is also well known that, in order to ensure my election, I sacrificed two fifty vara lots which, being held by me adversely to the city, threatened to prove a formidable obstacle to my success. For further details I refer to the newspapers of that period.

I understand that the salary attached to the editorship is $10,000 per annum. It seems almost superfluous to say that to an individual possessed, like myself, of abundant means, laboring at present solely for the public good, and enjoying a handsome income, which, with my official salary of $6,000, actually amounted for the last year to the almost incredible sum of $5,740, the compensation proposed presents not the slightest temptation. The high respect which I feel for anything connected however remotely with the judicial office, prevents me from indicating more distinctly the motion which led me to make this communication, as it is quite conceivable that you, sir, may be so blind to your own interest as to reject the golden opportunity now offered for your acceptance. All that I can add consistently with my own sense of propriety, personal and official, is, that if at the salary specified, I am specially requested by the entire establishment to fill the vacant post, I shall not hesitate to comply, but shall resolutely abandon my present honorable position for a still more enlarged sphere of extended usefulness. I am, ect.,

ORPHEUS CICERO P—TT.

To the Proprietor of the Californian:

THE CITY OF THE PLAINS, Sept. 12, 1866.

You are undoubtedly cognizant that, since the blissful epoch when I germinated in the full fruition of my early manhood, I have eschewed with inconsiderable solicitude the jejune gewgaws which impart a purely meretricious splendor to an exuberent and preternaturally prolific imagination.

The recondite and beneficent principles of jurisprudence, involving in their elucidation the patient assiduity of a concentrated attention, and likewise the paramount influence of the ratiocinative faculties, have happily relieved my style from that insufferable thralldom to which it was almost incessantly subjected in the halcyon days of my young existence, when my imagination was as prolific as the miasmatic regions which distill their impure essences on the broad belt of the globe, with perennial plentitude amidst sighing breezes and circumambient pernicious perfumes.

A portentous exigency necessitates a comprehensive survey on your part of the almost inexhaustible category of individuals who aspire to crown their brows with the amaranthine wreath of literary laurels. Beneath the magic of most glowing themes which my fancy opportunely curtailed, brings even now to my vision, and entranced with far back glimpses of glory, what a flood of mingled emotions, of triumph, of reverence, and of grateful pride would rush upon my soul could I but hope to attain the lofty literary summit to which you are pleased to call the most meritorious of the lovers of literature. As I have tempered my poetical predilections by the untoward casualties that have chequered my political aspirations, I may predicate upon the operation of so gigantic a cause, to say nothing of my legal discipline, the possession of capacities in happy unison with the multifarious duties of the editorial sanctum.

If this application should happily be crowned with success, it will have the effect of adding another to the many links which bind me to "mine ancient" of more joysome days, my counseller and *Fidus Achates*—the Honest John of the last century, who is my friend, whose friend I am, whether on the inviting stump, in the intriguing caucus, the boisterous convention, or the sweet retiracy of social and spiritual intercourse.

In conclusion, this bucolic region, teeming with a pastoral people keenly alive to the most delicate beauties of chaste and artistic creations, would hail with unalloyed manifestations of appreciative gratification the knowledge that the march of your brilliant literary constellation was regulated and controlled by one on whom their smiles have never ceased to flow amidst the storms of adversity or the sunshine of success. Yours with Sentiments of Profound Veneration,

J. W. CAUFFRUTH.

Private Theatricals and "The Church."

MR. EDITOR:—Our parish is going to destruction; the Sabbath school, as my boy Paul says, is getting demoralized, and the parson's wife is drove raving frantic, and all about these private theatricals. I'm sure I don't know why they call 'em private. Mrs. Deacon Pingree, who is one of our mothers in Israel and comes of real old Puritan stock, she and I can't keep quiet any longer She says she has been told the young men and women are as bad as real play-actors, and though I don't think them quite so wicked as that, I fear they are fast coming to it.

I said to my husband the other night when we come home from prayer meeting, after the minister had given notice of a concert to raise funds to build him a barn, and I might as well tell you that you can get tickets at the church from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon for one dollar. Refreshments in the vestry after the performance, and children half price—to the concert, not to the refreshments. I said to my husband, says I, and I'm real sorry to say that these theatricals has completely carried him away; and since he came to this country he has grown what he calls liberal minded, but I call it backsliding. I says to him, "now Calvin, you're one of the pillars of the church, and you'd ought to set your face against this acting that's drawing off our young men and girls from their interest in the church and leading them astray from the fold, but, instead of that, you only encourages of 'em on." "Why, dear," says he, "if they like it what's the harm in their amusing themselves. It's no worse than your reading Shakspeare at your reading club."

Now, its true our club does read Shakspeare beautiful, but the young folks don't paint their faces, nor dress up; nor they don't act a bit more than if they were reading advertisements out of a newspaper—and so I told him. "Well, Betsy," says he, "you know you had tableaux at your last church fair, and the young ladies dressed in costumes they got from the theatre, and you can't deny that you had raffles for everything you couldn't sell outright; and then there's that concert you gave in the church." Well, I can't begin to tell you how he went on, but he made me feel so downright bad that I had a real good cry, and I do believe its nothing but these sinful plays that has turned his mind from the right ways.

Now, Mr. Editor, when such things can delude a man like my Calvin, who has been brought up in the church, and lead our children into taking part in such shameful performances, and when so many of our congregation go night after night to see their acting—some of 'em, too, who wouldn't even be seen in a theatre—I think its high time we women, who are interested in the Christian welfare of our city, should make an effort. Me and Mr. Deacon Pingree have decided that something must be done to stop it, for what in the world will ever become of us if such sinful things go on—and I am sure you will help us all you can—so do, Mr. Editor, write something at once, and give notice that a meeting of all right-minded persons will be held at once to have a real right down sober talk and see if we can't put a stop to them private theatricals.

Yours, BETSY PETTINGILL.

A Snort Against Pork and Beans.

MR. EDITOR:—My determination—my fixed and unalterable determination *not* to be forced to put pork and beans into my own mouth, every Sunday for breakfast, is the immediate cause of my wish to put this communication into your "Lion's Mouth" The dish is intrinsically an offensive one—a diabolical Yankee invention—but it isn't *that* that makes me feel so strongly on the subject. Every intelligent person knows that it's a scrofula and measle-breeding abomination, a pachydermal enormity, and only fit for pachyderms; but it isn't *that*. I'm not any more afraid of trichina and tapeworm than the next man; but I'm not going to be *subjugated* and compelled to swallow *any* particular dish on a particular day, in conformity to a puritanical fashion. I wouldn't if it was oysters or green turtle. If San Francisco is to be Bostonized *I'm* not; I'll try to find a spot somewhere on the planet where the tyranny of Boston notions hasn't reached.

At our boarding-house the regular Sunday breakfast is pork and beans and "Boston brown bread," fresh from Swain's, the loaf being strongly suggestive of a very dirty flower-pot which it closely resembles in shape, color, and texture. I mean no reflection on Swain; its the entire institution I'm talking about. Of course our boarding-house is run by a "Boston lady;" and it's a part of her *religion* to eat pork and beans on Sunday mornings. And there's the point I make; I won't yield an inch to Puritanism. I'll eat pork and beans any *other* day, if its necessary, and take my chances; but if I do on Sunday damme. If I thought she did it because they're cheap I'd stand it, for God knows I sympathize with any one "lone woman" that has to keep boarders. But it *isn't* because they're cheap and go a good ways, at least not altogether. No, she does it in a spirit of piety—and eat's 'em herself with the air of a devotee performing a religious ceremony. As for me, I know well she sets me down as a godless reprobate because I won't touch 'em; for she looks at me across the table with precisely the expression with which my Methodist aunt used to in revival time when all the family "had convictions" except myself. But if it came to the worst and I had to be religious, I'd rather a devilish sight be converted to Methodism than to Boston-brown bread and porkandbeanism.

Yours solemnly, JEFFERSON SNORT.

False History.

I wish the "Lion's Mouth" to utter a loud roar against a misstatement concerning the origin of an ancestor of mine. In an article entitled, "Origin of Illustrious Men," which has been published in almost every newspaper in the United States, I find the following:

"Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy."

Now had Sir Cloudesley Shovel been a shoemaker's apprentice and afterwards a cabin boy, his attaining the high position of Rear Admiral of England would of course been so much the more creditable, but such is not the fact. Sir Cloudesley Shovel was born of an ancient family who lost their estates in consequence of their faithful adherence to Charles I. Young Cloudesley entered the navy not as a cabin boy, but as a "gentleman volunteer," under Admiral Sir Cristopher Mengs, who, himself, entered the navy as a cabin boy. Sir Cristopher took a great interest in young Cloudesley, and the history of the early life of the patron has, in course of time, become confounded with that of his protegé. I derive this information from the private papers of the family, and the printed statement of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's chaplain. Hoping a roar against an error which is to be found in several editions of the History of England may not be thought unworthy of the "Lion's Mouth,"

I am yours very truly,

A GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GRANDSON OF SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL.

A Chance for the "Round Table."

Having created a sensation and sold many numbers of their paper by exposing the *fact* that the ladies of America are given to habitual intoxication, the editors of the *Round Table* are of course racking their brains for an idea for another sensational article of a similar character. As the *Round Table* succeeded so admirably when it had no facts to work on, it cannot fail to do equally well or even better when it has even a slight foundation to work on. It has "proved" that the ladies of America are habitual drunkards. Now let it prove they are terribly addicted to gaming. A first rate sensation article could be founded on the following which we find in an exchange:

"At the recent races at Saratoga Springs, New York, the ladies got up a little amusement for themselves. A 'pool' was started in one of the hotel parlors, and the prizes consisted of a set of diamonds, an India shawl, a sewing machine, a complete suit for a baby, a duplex elliptic hoop, a set of chemise buttons, and a paper of pins. 'Onward,' the winner of the race, was their favorite from the start."

If ladies will bet chemise buttons, hoops, pins, baby suits and such trifles, won't they go farther and bet money? Of course they will. Here is a basis. Now let the *Round Table* assert that every lady in America carries a pack of cards in her pocket; that she loses her pin money in playing poker—nay, more; let it lament that they cheat terribly; that the mysteries of "long" and "short" cards, "top" and "bottom stocks," strippers," "breaks," etc., are well known to every fashionable lady in America, and that not one of them will hesitate to salt an ace, or turn a jack, as the occasion may require.

We hope the *Round Table* will be grateful to us for this suggestion. If it adopts it we will provide it with a few more ideas of the same kind.

Things Perhaps not Generally Known.

It is possible it may not be generally known that the chignons, which the ladies now wear at the back of their heads, are in many instances made of paper, and in others of gutta percha. Perhaps people generally do not know that many ladies wear false lips made of pink India rubber, which are attached to thin lips in a manner which defies detection and which give a pretty pouting appearance to the mouth. All persons may not know that false ears of flesh-colored India rubber have been invented for the use of ladies with large ears, and are worn a little in front of the real ears, which are drawn back and concealed under the hair. It will be as well for those who do not know these things to test as far as possible the reality of the lips of every lady who will allow them. There is, we fancy, one method by which India rubber lips can be detected. If any one knows that chignons are made of paper and gutta percha, that ladies wear India rubber lips and ears, we should feel obliged by their telling us so, as we are among those who do *not* know.

Good Gracious!

The *Bulletin's* swill-milk articles were pretty well got up. They caused a sensation by presenting to the minds of doting mothers the awful vision of children dying by hundreds from drinking swill-milk. The redoubtable Fitz Smythe of the *Alta* has, however, got up a sensation item which leaves the *Bulletin* quite in the shade. The City Hall, it appears from Fitz Smythe's statement, has never been properly repaired since its walls were cracked by an earthquake, and all who have entered it during the last six months were liable to be crushed to death if they sneezed, as the slightest vibration would bring the building down about their ears. Terrible, isn't it? Supervisor Torrey is attending to the matter now, and we are quite *sure* that he will *this time* prevent any lives being lost in consequence of a neglect to take proper precautions. Fitz Symthe is painfully pathetic in his description of what *might* have happened. He says: "The fall of the building and the destruction of many precious lives—possibly hundreds, certainly dozens—was only a question of time; with the least violence it would have been the work of a moment, and we should have been called upon to record—if we had not been among the victims—a catastrophe beside which that which occurred on Summer street a few nights since would have been unworthy of mention."

"If *we* had not been among the victims!" Then he says: "Day after day we have been sitting for hours in that building, with hundreds of our fellow-citizens, hour after hour, exposed to an instant and horrible death, and as we look back upon the danger we have escaped, our heart grows sick at the thought of what might have been, but which, thank God, did not occur."

Fitz Smythe is evidently very solicitous about the safety of Fitz Smythe, and considers the fact that *he* has been exposed day after day for hours to an instant and horrible death; something which should make the hearts of all who read his brilliant effusions grow sick. Let him possess his soul in peace; every one who commenced reading that pathetic account of what might have happened, if the City Hall had fallen down, felt his heart grow sick before he had finished.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

AN Englishman, who bas recently visited America, gives the following impressions :

In a city of three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, you see nothing but mere flat surfaces, straight lines, right angles, parallel rows of boards, and perpendicular palings. The very trees lining the streets are as straight as walking sticks. Straight rows of rails cut up the roadway of the straight streets. The hotels are marble packing-cases, uniformly square, and pierced with many windows; the railway cars and street omnibuscs are exact parallelopipeds ; and, to crown all, the national flag is ruled in parallel crimson stripes, with a blue quadrangle in one corner, sown with stars in parallel rows.

Philadelphia, from its rectangularity, has been called the "chess-board city ;" Washington has been laid out on a plan quite as distressingly geometrical ; and nine-tenths of the towns and villages are built on gridiron lines. There are some crooked streets in Boston, and that is why Europeans usually show a preference for Boston over other American cities : while in the lower part of New York, a few of the thoroughfares are narrow, and deviate a little from the inexorable straight line. In most cases there is no relaxation of the cord of tension. There are no corners, nooks, archways, alleys ; no refuges, in fact, for light and shade. In the State of Virginia, there is one of the largest natural arches in the world ; but in American architecture a curved vault is one of the rarest structures. The very bridges are on piers without arches. Signboards and trade effigies, it is true, project from the houses, but always at right angles. This rigidity of outline makes its mark on the nomenclature and manners of the people.

The names of the streets are taken from the letters of the alphabet and the numerals in the Ready Reckoner. I have lived in G street. I have lived in West Fourteenth, between Fifth and Sixth avenues.

Mathematical calculation is the basis of daily life. You are fed at the hotels at stated hours ; and the doors of the dining-room are kept locked until within a moment of the gong's sounding. At some *tables d'hote* fifty negro waiters stand mute and immobile behind the chairs of two hundred and fifty guests, and, at a given signal, uncover, with the precision of clock work, a hundred dishes. These are not matters of opinion ; they are matters of fact. Routine pursues you everywhere—from the theatre to the church, from the fancy fair to the public meeting. In the meanest village inn, as in the most palatial hotel, there is a traveller's book, in which you are bound to enter your name. You may assume an *alias;* but you must be Mr. Somebody. You cannot be, as in England, the "stout party in Number Six," or the "tall gent in the Sun." You must shake hands with every one to whom you are introduced ; you must drink when you are asked, and then ask the asker to drink—though I am bound to say that this strictly mathematical custom has, owing to the piteous protests of Europeans, somewhat declined of late. If you enter a barber's shop to be shaved, a negro hands you a check bearing a number, and you must await your turn. When your turn arrives, you must sit in a certain position in a velvet covered *fauteuil* with high legs, and must put your feet up on a high stool on a level therewith. The barber shaves you, not as *you* like, but as *he* likes, powders you, strains a napkin over your face, sponges you, shampoos you, pours bay rum and *eau de-cologne* on your head, greases, combs you out, and "fixes" you generally. The first time I was ever under the hands of an American barber, I rose as soon as he had laid down his razor, and made a move in the direction of the wash-hand-basin. He stared at me as though I had gone mad.

"Hold on!" he cried in an authoritative accent. "Hold on! Guess I'll have to wash you up."

That I should be washed up or "fixed," was in accordance with the mathematical code.

This all but utter absence of variety of form, of divergence of detail, of play of light and shade, are productive in the end of that petulant discontented frame of mind, of that soreness of spirit, with which almost every tourist who has visited the Great Republic has come at last to regard its civilization. As a rule, the coarser the traveller's organization, the less he cares about art or literature, the better he will get on in America.

I met a fellow-countryman once, the son of an English earl, at one of the biggest, most mathematical, and most comfortless of the New York hotels, who told me that he should be very well content to live there for ten years. "Why," he said, "you can have five meals a day, if you like." This is the kind of traveller, the robust, hardy, strong-stomached youth, fresh from a public school, who goes to America, and does not grumble. But do you take, not a travelled Englishman, but a travelled American, one who has been long in Europe, and has appreciated the artistic glories of the Continent, and you will discover that he finds it almost impossible to live in his own country, or "board" at an American hotel. Every continental city has its colony of cultivated Americans, good patriots and staunch republicans, but who are absolutely afraid to go back to their native land. They dread the mathematical system. Those who, for their families' or their interests' sake, are compelled to return, live at hotels conducted, not on the American, but on the European system—that is to say, where they can dine, breakfast, or sup, not as the landlord likes, but as they themselves like. Those who are wealthy shut themselves up in country-houses, or splendid town mansions, surrounded by books and pictures, and statues, and tapestry, until their existence is almost ignored by their countrymen. In no country in the world are so many men of shining talents, of noble mind, of refined tastes, buried alive, as in the United States.

THE FOUR HENRYS.

A PREDICTION FULFILLED.

ONE stormy evening, as the rain fell in torrents, an old woman, who lived in a miserable hut in the forest of St. Germain, and who passed in the surrounding country for a kind of witch, heard a loud knocking at her door. She opened it, and a young man on horseback presented himself and craved hospitality.

By the dull light of a lamp which she held in her hand, she perceived him to be a young nobleman. He appeared to be quite young, and his dress denoted rank. The old woman lighted a fire, and inquired of the stranger whether he was hungry, and desired food. The appetite of a youth of sixteen is like his heart at the same age, craving, and not difficult to please, and he immediately accepted her offer. A morsel of cheese and a loaf of black bread from the cupboard was all the old dame could produce.

"I have nothing more," said she to the young nobleman. "This is all that your grinding tithes and taxes leave a poor creature to offer a traveller. The peasants, too, in this country, call me a witch and sorceress, and make that excuse to their conscience for stealing from me the little that my poor old field produces."

"Ma foi!" said the young man ; "If ever I become king of France, I will suppress the taxes and teach people better."

"God grant it!" replied the old woman.

At these words the gentleman drew to the table to commence his repast : but at the same moment a fresh knock at the door arrested him.

The old woman opened it and perceived another horseman drenched with rain, who also begged for shelter. The same hospitality was instantly granted him, and on the stranger's entrance, she perceived that the man was young, and judging from his appearance, of noble descent.

"What! is it you, Henry?" cried one.

"Yes, Henry," replied the other. Both were named Henry.

The old woman discovered from their conversation that they were of a number of a large hunting party, conducted by the king, Charles IX., which had been dispersed by the storm.

"Mother," said the second comer, "have you nothing better to offer us.

"Nothing," replied she.

"Then," said he, "we will go shares."

The first Henry demurred, but glancing at the resolute eye and strong frame of the second Henry, said, in a somewhat chagrined tone :

"Agreed ; we shall share equally."

He did not express his secret motive, but he feared, if not sharing equally, his companion would appropriate the whole. They accordingly sat down either side of the table, and one had already begun to eat the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard at the door. The meeting was indeed singular. It was again a youth, a nobleman, and a Henry. The old woman looked at them with astonishment.

The first comer wished to hide the bread and cheese. The second replaced them on the table, and laid his sword by the side. The third Henry smiled.

"You do not wish, then, that I should share your supper?" said he. "Well, I can wait ; I have a strong stomach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs by right to the first comer."

"The supper," said the second, "belongs to him who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry became red with anger, and said, haughtily,

"Perhaps it belongs to him who knows best how to fight for it."

These words were scarcely uttered when the first Henry drew his poignard ; the two others their swords. As they were first beginning the affray they were startled by a fourth knock at the cabin door ; a fourth young man, a fourth nobleman, a fourth Henry was introduced. At the sight of drawn swords he produced his own, and, attaching himself to the weakest party, he joined in the combat.

The old woman, terrified, hid herself, and the weapons struck everything in their reach. The lamp fell down and was extinguished, but they continued to fight in the darkness. The noise of the swords lasted sometime, then gradually became less, and at length ceased altogether. The old woman ventured to issue from her hiding-place, and, rekindling the lamp, she perceived the four young men stretched on the ground, each having a slight wound. She examined them carefully, and found that fatigue, rather than loss of blood, had overcome them.

They arose from the ground, one after the other, and ashamed of what had transpired in the heat of their passion, they began laughing, and exclaimed :

"Come, let us sup together, without any more fighting."

But when they came to look for their supper, they found it on the ground, all trodden under foot and stained with blood. Meagre as it was, they regretted it. In addition to this, the cabin was destroyed, and the old witch, seated in a corner, fixed her pale, red eyes on the four young men.

"Why dost thou stare on us thus?" said the first Henry, who was troubled at her gaze.

"I am reading the fates written on your foreheads," replied she.

The second Henry commanded her sternly to disclose them, and the two others laughingly acquiesced. The old woman replied :

"As you have all four met in this cabin so shall you all meet in a like destiny. As you have trampled under foot and stained with blood the power you might mutually share—as you have devastated and impoverished this cottage, so will you devastate and lay waste France—as you have all four been wounded in the darkness, so you will all four perish by treason and a violent death.

The four young noblemen could not refrain from laughing at the woman's prediction.

These four young noblemen were the four heroes of the League—two as its leaders and two as its enemies.

Henry of Conde : poisoned by his wife at Saint Sean d'Angely.

Henry of Guise : assassinated at Blois by the Forty-five.

Henry of Valois : assassinated by Jacques Clement at Saint Cloud.

Henry of Bourbon : assassinated at Paris by Ravillac.

AN INCIDENT AT CHATTANOOGA.—There was a lull in the battle. At least, it had gone scattering and thundering down the line, and the boys were as much "at ease" as boys can be on whom at any moment the storm may roll back again. To be sure, occasional shots, and now and then a cometary shell, kept them alive ; but one of the boys ran down to a little spring and to the woods where the enemy lay, for water. He had just stopped and swung down his canteen. Tick, and a minie ball struck at an angle and bounded away. He looked around an instant, discovered nobody, thought it was a chance shot—a piece of lead, you know, that goes at a killing rate without malice prepense : and so, nowise infirm of purpose, he bent to get the water. Ping! a second bullet cut the cord of his canteen, and the boy "got the idea" a sharpshooter was after him, and he went on the right-about, on the double quick to the ranks. A soldier from another part of the line made a pilgrimage to the spring, was struck, and fell by its brink. But where was the marksman? Two or three boys ran out to draw his fire, while others watched. Crack! went an unseen piece again, and some keen-eyed fellow saw the smoke roll out from a little cedar. The reb. had made him a hawk's nest—in choice Indian, a Chattanooga in a tree—and drawing a green covert around him, was taking a quiet hand at "steeple shooting" at long range. A big blue-eyed German, tall enough to look into the third generation, and a sharpshooter withal, volunteered to dislodge him. Dropping into a little runway that neared the tree diagonally, he turned upon his back and worked himself cautiously along ; reaching a point perilously close, he whipped over, took aim as he lay, and God and his true right hand gave him deliverance. Away flew the bullet, a minute elapsed, the volume of cedar parted, "and like a big frog," as the boys described it, out leaped a grayback—the hawk's nest was empty, and a dead rebel under the tree. It was neatly done by the German. May he live to tell the story a thousand times to his moon-faced grand children.—*Frank Moore's "Anecdotes of the War."*

A MARINE GROTTO IN PARIS.—The famous grotto being built in the cellars of the Hotel Frascati, on the Boulevard Montmartre, promises to be as successful as the other culinary speculations of the wealthy syndic of the whilome corporation of Paris butchers. This curious enterprise has already been pushed downwards to a considerable depth, and the walls, ceiling, and ground are said to present a faithful imitation of the scenery of a submarine cave. The place is to be a vast aquarium, where a numerous collection of finny celebrities will swim about in real sea water, brought fresh, daily, from the sea by railway. We are promised seals, porpoises, a siren, Chinese gold-fish, and various other interesting strangers, including a pretty little whale, twelve feet long, just brought from Baffin's Bay, via Boston, in the *Mormon*, on board which vessel it was lodged in an iron tank, in and out of which the sea swept freely, no doubt to the great satisfaction of its interesting tenant. The whale is now at Brest awaiting the completion of its Parisian domicile, and will be conveyed to this city in its tank by railway.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Rouches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

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ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

EMPEROR MAX has received important news from his vrow, Carlotta; though his having no children, accounts for his not having heard that at C. A. FLETCHER'S, No. 1 Montgomery street, can be found the largest and most elegant assortment of BOY'S CLOTHING there is in the city. Boys' Suits as usual made to order from a superior line of Cloths and Cassimeres, always on hand, after the regular Eastern Fashion Plates, received monthly; this being the only Boys' Clothing House in receipt of them. A large assortment of Gentlemen's Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Traveling Trunks, Valises, etc., at all times, and at the most reasonable rates.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The pictures taken in this city are far superior to those taken in the East and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The best gallery to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The NEW YORK, on the east side of Third street, a few doors below Market, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

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ALL GOOD JUDGES OF PIANOS agree that Frisbee & Scott have the finest and largest stock of Pianos in this city. They are agents of the celebrated firms of Calenberg & Vaupel, of New York, and Knabe & Co., Baltimore. There is certainly not an instrument equal to those imported by them. Mr. Gusvav A. Scott pays, also, particular attention to having their stock of foreign and American sheet music equal to any New York store. They keep at No. 3 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

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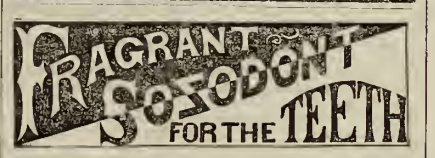
"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

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'Dr. Beck is a member of several American and European Universities, and has published numerous works on *Anatomy, Medicine*, and *Surgery* His former connection with the principal "Anatomical Museums" of New York, Paris, London, etc., combined with his experience in his profession render him a highly desirable person to consult, and we can confidently recommend him to the public. *



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YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE POTASS,
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Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

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EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
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Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
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Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
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Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent. 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co, N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. C. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

RHEUMATISM.

Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured speedily.

Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, San Francisco.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46. steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 31, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults...	25
	fants	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

SEPTEMBER 18TH,
COLORADO, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with *HENRY CHAUNCEY*, Capt. Gray.

SEPTEMBER 29TH,
SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with the *OCEAN QUEEN*, Capt. Weir.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

☞ Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON TUESDAY, - - - SEPT. 25,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar3 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.
Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets. s1

AYER'S

Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the system, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors that breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
s1 2m and all Dealers.

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear.

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
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THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,

AS GOOD A COMPANY AS ANY IN THE UNITED STATES!

INSURANCE on Lives on all plans and on as favorable terms as any other safe company. No Extra Premiums for Traveling to and from the East.

ACCUMULATED FUND.....$2,500,000

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
General Agents for Pacific Coast and Territories,
S. E. corner California and Montgomery sts.

Accidental Insurance!

UNITED STATES

CASUALTY INSURANCE CO.

Insurance against all kinds of ACCIDENTS. The Only Mutual Company in America.

Fifty Dollars per annum insures your life against death by accident for $10,000 for one year, and gives you $50 if disabled.

Five Dollars per annum insures you for $1,000 and $5 per week compensation.

Insurance for any period, or for a trip or voyage.

RATES as low as any good Company can afford.

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
S. E. corner of California and Montgomery streets,
s1 3m General Agents for Pacific Coast.

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome steet, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE

WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. } je30 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William MacMichael, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No 12 Post street, Masonic Temple, in the city and county of San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 18, 1866.

THEODORE L. SCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator. 5t

J. PEIRCE,
FURNITURE AND
Bedding Warerooms.



Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present Stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street
je16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,
SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain
BY THE
ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
au4 3m J. P. CROWELL, Doatist.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.
je17-3m

YANKEE NOTIONS
AND
FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
jy21-3m Battery street, near Pine.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S
Piano Warerooms,
685 Market street, corner of Third,



WILL BE OPEN ON AND after SATURDAY, Aug. 25th, EVENINGS, till 8 o'clock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
J. B. DUNHAM'S,
F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,
GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and
ERNEST GABLER'S
CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. an25-3m

THE *Accidental Insurance Co,*
OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,
Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.
CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to
A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,
Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets
au4 3m

GRAND OPENING
OF THE
Circassian Saloon,
Corner of Dupont and Pacific streets,
(Formerly "Diana Saloon,")
ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.—Magic and Gymnastic Feats, free of charge.

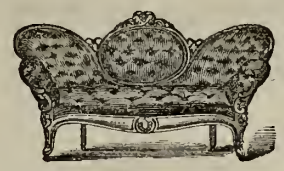
☞ The best of WINES, LIQUORS, LUNCH, and CIGARS always on hand.

N. B. Fine Vocal Music, Polite Waiters, etc.
au11 1m

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.
je30-3m

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
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Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
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ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

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HASTINGS
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The Fashionable Clothiers
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Are now engaged in enlarging their already extensive European connections, and are offering the LARGEST, FINEST, AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, BAGS, VALISES, ETC.,

ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

AT

REDUCED PRICES.

je17-3m

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Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
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Capital fully paid in Gold Coin	$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866	154,824 57
Total Assets	$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS
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CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary. au17 3m

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - - Petaluma.
mar24-6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

QUINCY HALL,
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THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21



RING'S
VEGETABLE AMBROSIA
IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

Bald-Headed Veterans have their remaining locks tightened, and the bare spots covered with a luxuriant growth of Hair, and dance for joy!

Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

Young Ladies use it because it keeps their Hair in place!

Everybody *must* and *will* use it, because it is the *cleanest* and *best* article in the market!

For Sale by Druggists generally.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by
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MEAGHER, TAAFE & CO.,
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YANKEE NOTIONS,
FANCY GOODS, ETC.
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MOUNT VERON DUCK COMPANY
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RETAIL HOUSE, - - - NO. 0 MONTGOMERY STREET,
jy21 3m *Lick House.*

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AND SONS,
Teachers of Dancing,



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On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

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RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may he registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must he so arranged that the same can he *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will he charged.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

No package will he forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid hy stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where priuted and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

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AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING Machine within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

THE

FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York, 1865.

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A CARD.

Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, for the next

THIRTY DAYS,

At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner Bush and Montgomery streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets, San Francisco.

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EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE!

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

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Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
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This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

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Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. my24-3m

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CELEBRATED CABINET ORGANS.

New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

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A PAPER FOR THE TIMES

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

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AND THE

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Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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J. P. BOGARDUS AND C. H. WEBB.

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THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

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The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

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DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

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Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
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Colds,
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Dropsy,
Debility,
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Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
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Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot.

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AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR THE CALIFORNIAN.

PENALTIES.

Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisonment to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks, Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes.	
If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party; ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fract'al part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Gauger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

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In COLORS or PLAIN.

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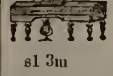
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Mai street Petaluma.

mar24-6m

OCCIDENTAL

HOMESTEAD

Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LETTY, Secretary,

Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,

my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.



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NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warrantod. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

ja1 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,

San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

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THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

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Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

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SATURDAY EVENING.....SEPT. 15,

Will be presented Ricci's Comic Opera of

Crispino e la Comare.

Crispino, a Cobler.....Signor Mancusi
Annette, Crispino's wife.....Signorina Brambilla
La Comare, a Fairy.....Mlle. Louisa Tourney
Contino Del Flore.....Signor E. Bianchi
Chorus of Doctors, Apothecaries, Shopmen, Street Criers and News-Venders, Relatives and Friends of Crispino.

The MADMAN'S SCENE, in the Comic Opera of

COLAMELLA!

By Signor Mancusi and Chorus.

The BACIO WALTZER, by Signorina Brambilla, and a Grand Aria from La Juive, by Sig. Milleri.

MONDAY EVENING—Last Subscription Night of the present Season—DON GIOVANNI.

The next and last Subscription Season, of twelve Nights, will commence on MONDAY EVENING, September 24th.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle, Orebestra and Parquette.....$1 00
Reserved seats, 50 cents extra.
Gallery.....50

☞ The Box Office is open from 9 A. M. for the securing of reserved seats for season tickets.

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LADY DON,

SUPPORTED BY

Miss Kate Denin,

AND A POWERFUL COMPANY
Will appear in
GRAND MATINEE.

SATURDAY EVENING—
RORY O'MORE, and PERSEAUS AND ANDROMEDA.

MONDAY EVENING—Complimentary Benefit to Mr. THOMAS MAGUIRE, tendered by Lady Don and the entire Company.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

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Reserved seats, - - - - - - - 50c. extra
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
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THE STYLES FOR

Fall and Winter of 1866

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ONE LACE FLOUNCE, worth $1,000, for $350.

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ONE APPLIQUE LACE FLOUNCE for $150, worth $500.

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VALENCIENNE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
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LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS

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History of the Atlantic Telegraph, by Henry M. Field, D. D.
English Travellers and Italian Brigands, by W. J. C. Moens.
The Magic Mirror, by William Gilbert.
Men I Have Known, by William Jordan.
The Journal of a London Playgoer, from 1851 to 1866, by Henry Morley.
Venetian Life, by William D. Howells.
The Hidden Sin—a Novel, with numerous Illustrations.
Internal Revenue Law, compiled by Horace Dresser.
Jenny Ambrose, or Life in the Eastern States.
Cosas De Espana, by Mrs. Wm. Pitt Byrne—2 vols
Our Neighbors in the Corner House, by T. S. Arthur.
Stories that Might be True, etc., by Dora Greenwell
Post Biblical History of the Jews, by Morris J. Raphall, M A Ph. Dr.—2 vols.
Illustrations of Masonry, by Wm. Preston—New Edition.
The Spirit of Masonry, by Wm. Hutchinson, F. S. A.—New Edition.
The True Masonic Chart, by Jeremy L. Cross—New Edition.
Fire, Fire Engines and Fire Brigades, by Chas. F. T. Young, C. E.
Hand-Book of Geographical Terms, Geology and Physical Geography, by David Page.
Engineering Facts and Figures for 1865, edited by Andrew Betts Brown.
Rules and Tables, by Professor Rankine.
The Exhibited Machinery of 1862, by D. K. Clark.
The Red Doctor, translated from the French of J. P. Lafitte, by Huon D'Aramis.
Homes without Hands, by Rev. J. G. Wood. American edition.
Drift; a Sea Shore, Idyl and other Poems, by Geo. Arnold.
Fernley Manor, by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels.
War-Chess, or the Game of Battle.
Parlor and Field Croquet.
The Emerald, a Collection of Tales, Poems and Essays, edited by Epes Sargent.
Stanley's Mathematical Drawing Instruments.
Harpers' Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East, by W. P. Fetridge, fifth year.
Manual of Map-Making, by Alex. Jamieson, LLD.
The Year-Book of Facts, 1866, by J. Timbs, F. S. A.
Across Mexico in 1864-5, by W H. Bullock.
The Embroiderer's Book of Design, by Delamotte.
Mediæval Alphabets and Initials, by F. Delamotte.
Examples of Modern Alphabets, Plain and Ornamental, collected by F. Delamotte.
The Book of Ornamental Alphabets, Ancient and Mediæval, by F. Delamotte.
Journal of Eugenie De Guerin.
The Mormon Prophet, by Mrs. C. V. Waite.
Culture of the Grape, by W. C. Strong.
De Profundis, by Wm. Gilbert.

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GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 10th day of September, 1866, in the matter of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, the undersigned, guardian of the estates of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after TUESDAY, the 2d day of October, 1866 at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors of, in and to the undivided two-sixth part of those two lots of land situated in said city and county, and described respectively as follows, viz: 1st.—Commencing at the southeast corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence southerly along the easterly line of Taylor street 112 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 81 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 25 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 28 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 87 1-2 feet to Pine street, and thence westerly along Pine street 53 1 2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d.—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street 81 1-2 feet easterly from the southeast corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence at a right angle southerly 137 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 56 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 137 1 2 feet, and thence westerly along said line of Pine street 56 feet, to the point of beginning. And said guardian will receive offers or bids for said property from this date at said office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county.

ROBERT L. HARRIS,
Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, Minors.
San Francisco, September 15th, 1866. 4t

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FALL IMPORTATION, 1866,

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Splendid Dress Goods!

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Black Silks from the celebrated manufactories of "Bonnet's," "Bischoff's," and "Ponson's," of Lyons, France.
Poplin of superior make in Irish and French—in all colors.
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Plaid, Striped and Plain Poplinets and Cashmeres.
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Hosiery for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
Shawls—in India and French Cashmere, Paisley, Broche and Woolen.
Cloaks, Basques, Saques and Talmas—made to order in the most fashionable styles.

KID GLOVES—

1500 dozen in all colors and sizes, from the manufactories of Alexandre and Preville, of Paris.

ALSO AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN LANDED, AND ARE

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COTTONS—

1000 pieces Brown Cottons, from 4-4 to 10-4.
1000 pes 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4 Cotton Sheetings.
200 pieces New York Mills Shirtings.
300 pieces Wamsutta Shirtings.
500 pieces White Rock Shirtings.
400 pieces Lonsdale Shirtings.
700 ps Masonville and Williamsv'le Shirt'gs.
600 pairs of Lace Curtains.

LINENS—

500 pieces Super Shirting Linens.
200 pieces Superior Sheeting Linens, in 8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, and 12-4.
200 pieces Barnsley and Scotch Table Damask, of superior quality.
1000 Table Cloth, from 8-4 to 10-4.
800 dozen Table Napkins—all sizes.
1500 doz Towels, suitable for the Bath, Chamber and Kitchen.

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1000 pairs Blankets, in 6-4, 8-4, 10-4 & 12-4.
500 pieces Flannels of every description.

CLOTHS FOR MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

1000 Marseilles and American Quilts.

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WHOLESALE HOUSE,

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NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre, ery street,
ja27-tf bia and Pine

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 18. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

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Applications for the Position of Editor.
Mr. Jefferson Snort on Boston School Marms.
Drunken Babies.
The Duty of a District Attorney.
A Birch for Americans.
A Live Queen.
Amusements, etc.
Sparking Sister's Beau—Poetry.

SELECTED:
A San Francisco Midnight Duel in 1850; Story of the Parker House.
"Mark Twain" at the Islands.
"Alligators" in England—A Story.
Bozaldab's Vision—An Eastern Tale.
New York Misers.
The Wild Woman of Songi.
A Female "Caspar Hauser."
Monkey Tricks.
A War Story of 1812.
Scene at a French Cafe.
Edmund Burke's Idea of a Perfect Woman.
POETRY—
Embroidery.
The Enchanted Isle.

[For the Californian.]

SPARKING SISTER'S BEAU.

"NOT at home this evening, Mister,
Very sorry, sir," I said,
When Ned Collins asked for sister,
Just as chickens go to bed.
Can't he "take?" the tiresome fellow;
Does he think she'll yet come in?
Will he stay till blue turns yellow,
And his wretched small-talk spin?
Stupid things are many,
Stupid things and slow;
Stupidest of any,
Sparking sister's beau.

"Does your sister like this poet?
Did she hear Miss so-and so?"
How I yawn! He'll surely know it;
Will he never, never go?
"Tell Miss Emma—" "Yes, I'll tell her
I'm a *substitute* no more,
'Tis the last time I will 'spell' her
With this everlasting bore."
Eight—nine—ten—eleven!
Oh! the weary hours!
Send *me*, gracious Heaven,
No such poppy flowers.

Low and cool the fire is burning,
Bright the moon shines on the snow;
Wish myself a sleigh o'er-turning,
So I'd spill out sister's beau.
One eye shuts—I prop the other,
Still his voice in ceaseless roll,
Talks of Emma—oh, the bother!
"Emma's beauty"—"Emma's soul;"
Yes, he's worse than nightmare,
And I'll die, I know,
Of another evening
Sparking sister's beau.

Wonder if the case would alter
If he spoke of *me* alone?
Told me with a loving falter,
In his rich and manly tone,
That his heart is mine forever;
That he loves and loves me *so?*
O, good gracious! shall I never
Have for *mine* some "killing" beau?
Think it would be *different*,
Yes it *would*, I know,
If 'twas Johnnie Snodgrass,
'Stead of sister's beau.

Gone at last! and almost midnight;
Well, I'm glad to creep to bed,
Wonder if in blessed dream-land
I can drive him from my head?
O, sweet memory! bring no vision,
Fraught with direst woe,
Into Slumber's realm elysian,
Vision of my sister's beau.
Let me fall from tower!
Let me choke with tow!
So I *never, never* dream of
Sparking sister's beau.

DENNAR STEUART.

"MARK TWAIN" AT THE ISLANDS.

A LUCRATIVE OFFICE.

WHEN I woke up on the schooner's deck in the morning, the sun was shining down right fervently, everybody was astir, and Brown was gone—gone in a canoe to Captain Cook's side of the bay, the Captain said. I took a boat and landed on the opposite shore, at the port of entry. There was a house there—I mean a foreigner's house—and near it were some native grass huts. The Collector of this port of entry not only enjoys the dignity of office, but has emoluments also. That makes it very nice, of course. He gets five dollars for boarding every foreign ship that stops there, and two dollars more for filling out certain blanks attesting such visit. As many as three foreign ships stop there in a single year, sometimes. Yet, notwithstanding this wild rush of business, the late Collector of the port committed suicide several months ago. The foreign ships which visit this place are whalers in quest of water and potatoes. The present Collector lives back somewhere—has a den up the mountain several thousand feet—but he comes down fast enough when a ship heaves in sight.

WASHOE MEN.

I found two Washoe men at the house. But I was not surprised; I believe if a man were to go to perdition itself he would find Washoe men there, though not so thick, maybe, in the other place.

"MARK" WANTS TO STUDY ANATOMY.

At noon I observed a bevy of nude native young ladies bathing in the sea, and went down to look at them. But with a prudery which seems to be characteristic of that sex everywhere, they all plunged in with a lying scream, and when they rose to the surface they only just poked their heads out and showed no disposition to proceed any further in the same direction. I was naturally irritated by such conduct, and therefore I piled their clothes up on a boulder in the edge of the sea and sat down on them and kept the wenches in the water until they were pretty well used up. I had them in the door, as the missionaries say. I was comfortable, and I just let them beg. I thought I could freeze them out, may be, but it was impracticable. I finally gave it up and went away, hoping that the rebuke I had given them would not be lost upon them. I went and undressed and went in myself. And then they went out. I never saw such singular perversity. Shortly a party of children of both sexes came floundering around me, and then I quit and left the Pacific ocean in their possession.

The ancient heathen temple spoken of below, stands near the scene of Capt. Cook's murder, on the island of Hawaii:

THE HERO OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

The high chief cook of this temple—the priest who presided over it and roasted the human sacrifices—was uncle to Obookia, and at one time that youth was an apprentice-priest under him. Obookia was a young native of fine mind, who, together with three other native boys, was taken to New England by the captain of a whaleship during the reign of Kamehameha I., and were the means of attracting the attention of the religious world to their country and putting it into their heads to send missionaries there. And this Obookia was the very same sensitive savage who sat down on the church steps in Connecticut, and wept because his people did not have the Bible. That incident has been very elaborately painted in many a charming Sunday School book—aye, and told so plaintively and so tenderly that I have cried over it in Sunday School myself, on general principles, although at a time when I did not know much and could not understand why the people of the Sandwich Islands need care a cent whether they had the Bible or not, as long as they were not aware that there was such a book in existence. This was the same Obookia—this was the very same old Obookia—so I reflected, and gazed upon the ruined temple with a new and absorbing interest. Here that gentle spirit worshiped; here he sought the better life, after his rude fashion; on this stone, perchance, he sat down with his sacred lasso, to wait for a chance to rope in some neighbor for the holy sacrifice; on this altar, possibly, he broiled his venerable grandfather, and presented the rare offering before the high priest, who may have said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." It filleth me with emotion.

The "monument" referred to in the following paragraph, is a cocoa-nut stump which was severed by a cannon-ball fired at the natives from one of Capt. Cook's ships, immediately after the murder of the great navigator. Each British naval commander who has visited Kealakekua Bay during the past thirty years, has nailed a rough sheet of copper to the stump commemorating such visit. England has vouchsafed no more dignified tribute than this to the great services of her distinguished son:

THE SHAMELESS BROWN.

I got uneasy about Brown finally, and as there were no canoes at hand, I got a horse whereon to ride three or four miles around to the other side of the bay and hunt him up. As I neared the end of the trip, and was riding down the "pathway of the gods" toward the sea in the sweltering sun, I saw Brown toiling up the hill in the distance, with a heavy burden on his shoulder, and knew that canoes were scarce with him, too. I dismounted and sat down in the shade of a crag, and after a while—after numerous pauses to rest by the way—Brown arrived at last, fagged out, and puffing like a steamboat, and gently eased his ponderous burden to the ground—the cocoanut stump all sheathed with copper memorials to the illustrious Captain Cook.

"Heavens and earth!" I said, "what are you going to do with that?"

"Going to do with it!—lemme blow a little—lemme blow—it's monstrous heavy, that log is; I'm most tired out—going to do with it! Why, I'm going to take her home for a specimen."

"You egregious ass! March straight back again and put it where you got it. Why, Brown, I am surprised at you—and hurt. I am grieved to think that a man who has lived so long in the atmosphere of refinement which surrounds me can be guilty of such vandalism as this. Reflect, Brown, and say if it be right—if it be manly—if it be generous—to lay desecrating hands upon this touching tribute of a great nation to her gallant dead? Why, Brown, the circumnavigator Cook labored all his life in the service of his country; with a fervid soul and a fearless spirit, he braved the dangers of the unknown seas and planted the banner of England far and wide over their beautiful island world. His works have shed a glory upon his active land which still lives in her history to-day; he laid down his faithful life in her service at last, and, unforgetful of her son, she yet reveres his name and praises his deeds—and in token of her love, and in reward for the things he did for her, she has reared this monument to his memory—this symbol of a nation's gratitude—which you would defile with unsanctified hands. Restore it—go!"

"All right, if you say so; but I don't see no use of such a spread as you're making. I don't see nothing so very high-toned about this old rotton chunk. It's about the ornerycst thing for a monument I've ever struck yet. If it suits Cook, though, all right; I wish him joy; but if I was planted under it I'd highst it, if it was the last act of my life. Monument! it ain't fit for a dog—I can buy dead loads of just such for six bits. She puts this over Cook—but she put one over that foreigner—what was his name?—Prince Albert—that cost a million dollars—and what did *he* do? Why, he never done anything—never done anything but lead a gallus, comfortable life, at home and out of danger, and raise a large family for Government to board at £300,000 a year apiece. But with this fellow, you know, it was different. However, if you say the old stump's got to go down again, down she goes. As I said before, if it's your wishes, I've got nothing to say. Nothing to say. Nothing only this—I've fetched her a mild or a mild and a half, and she weighs a hundred and fifty I should judge, and if it would suit Cook just as well to have her planted up here instead of down there, it would be considerable of a favor to me."

I made him shoulder the monument and carry it back, nevertheless. His criticisms on the monument and its patron struck me, though, in spite of myself. The creature has got no sense, but his vaporings sound strangely plausible sometimes.

In due time we arrived at the port of entry once more.

MARK TWAIN.

THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

THERE'S a magical island in time's troubled sea,
Where the softest of breezes are blowing,
And the mild zephyrs dance o'er the lily-crowned lea,
Keeping time to the rhyme of the rill's silver glee,
As it laughs over pebbles in flowing.
Blooming in beauty, bright amaranths there
Their sweet vernal fragrance e'er bring;
And birds, with plumage surpassingly fair,
Trill out their rich notes on the tropical air,
With a free, joyous, musical ring.

There are evergreen groves in that fairy-land,
Where echoes enchanting are heard;
Waked, by naiads that sport on the golden strand,
From harp-strings tuned by an unknown hand,
More charming than streamlet or bird.
Then talk not of Araby's spice-scented gales,
Nor of India's rose-hung bowers,
Nor of Killarney's moss-grown dales,
Nor the bright red fruit in its fertile vales,
Nor Italia's sunny hours;

But come, wander with me on this magical isle,
The beautiful paths along;
Come, sit in its roseate bowers awhile,
'Neath the 'wildering light of the floweret's smile,
That gladdens all the enchanted isle—
The magical Isle of Song.

L. M.

"ALLIGATORS" IN ENGLAND.

"ALLIGATORS in England! Come, come, major, is not that just a little too—eh?"

"Well," cried the major, throwing himself leisurely back, and taking a long puff at his cigar, "I would tell you all about it, but that the telling would involve something of a story which might not, perhaps——"

But he was interrupted by a chorus of voices, "A story! What! a story!" "The very thing our ears are all thirsting for."

"Well," said the major, "when I was some twenty years nearer to the beginning of all things than I am at this present" (here followed a lengthy puff), "I was staying at the house of an old friend of my father's, in one of the northern counties of England. The squire himself, our host, was advanced in years, and we saw little of him, save at those times when the master of the house is expected to stand somewhat prominent in doing its honors. The greater share, however, even of this kindly duty devolved upon his heir, his only son, a fair average specimen of his class, gentlemanly, well-informed, rather retiring in disposition; and, I often thought, more likely, if left to himself, to shut himself up in his studio or laboratory for the instruction and benefit of mankind than to interest himself actively in the rough-and-tumble of life. He was not, however, without an occasional stimulus from his father, who as the representative of an ancient and well endowed family, deemed it incumbent upon himself and his heir, amongst other duties by no means neglected, to extend the hand of good-fellowship to his neighbors, and of hospitality to every deserving individual (ahem!) who came within the quiet sphere of his influence.

"Thus comfortably and satisfactorily things went on with us, till the near approach of a day of considerable importance to the family of our worthy entertainer: nothing less, in short, than the marriage of his heir to the daughter of a neighboring proprietor; a match in every way suitable and full of promise for coming generations of Westertons, for such is the name we will now know them by.

"The family estate was strictly entailed, and, in case of the death of the younger Westerton, would go to a distant cousin, then in the army and on duty in India. The old gentleman had, in his youth, suffered some rather severe love disappointment, and was long supposed to have taken an irrevocable vow against any further dealings with the traitorous sex; during this period it was that he had his nephew and heir to live with him: and the young man, seeing the fact of heirship reflected on every side, naturally came to look upon his ultimate accession to the property as almost a thing of course, and when his uncle 'shook off the dew-drops from his mane,' and provided himself with a wife, and, in due time, a direct heir to the estate, felt no doubt a deep amount of chagrin and disappointment. He had, however, no after-reason to complain, for his advancement in life was as carefully looked to as if he had been a younger son; which, I take it, is all that, under the circumstances, could reasonably be expected. There was not much cordiality, I fear, but a certain amount of all-very-well sort of intercourse kept up between them, their relative positions being well understood and appreciated on both sides.

"There was some troublesome war or other on hand just at the time I speak of, and we were accustomed to look over the news of the day with the sort of interest one is expected to take in the relatives of one's host—a kind of lazy curiosity to know whether they are going to be made field-marshals, or, in American phrase, had already 'gone under'—when we were startled by the arrival, totally unexpected, of our cousin himself. Ill-health formed the plea for his arrival in England; the contemplated marriage, heard of on his landing, for his presence in the north.

"He did not come alone. A wonderful collection of Oriental curiosities accompanied him, from the wing of a butterfly to the handkerchief of a Thug; curiosities which were under the especial charge of a Hindoo retainer, Gholab, and a retainer's retainer, who, if they were not Thugs themselves, looked, I could not help thinking, eminently well qualified for the dignity. That he should have brought these worthies with him excited our surprise: but that he explained by informing us of their devoted attachment to himself, for some vital service rendered to them in India. I think it was the saving Gholab's life; but, whether from a tiger, a bullet, or the gallows, I will not undertake to say.

"Both Gholab and his master were much occupied about the museum of curiosities before mentioned. In truth, I think I never came upon the former but that he was rubbing, polishing, or in some way working upon some queer, uncouth-looking object or other. Once I came suddenly upon him in a plantation at some distance from the house, and, as my curiosity had always been somewhat excited on his account, I stood for some moments observing his labors before advancing upon him. You know what bangles are?"

"To be sure. Indian ornaments for the ancles."

"Just so. Well, our friend was busily engaged in altering and shaping what appeared to me to be an ornament of this description, adding to it a strong-clipping spring, and a link or two of chain. He started up when he became conscious of my vicinity, with a greater appearance of fright and more wildness of gesture than I deemed the occasion justified, though he was an Oriental, and we were in a plantation at a short distance from an English squire's hall; and in reply to my simple question of what he was about, uttered some unintelligible gutturals, and gesticulated in a manner meant possibly to be explanatory, but which had, to me, an appearance wonderfully resembling the passes of Her Presto, the conjuror, when especially bent upon a process of bamboozling.

"But this and many other small matters besides, which have since acquired significance, passed away from my mind—at least from the surface of it—to lodge themselves, however, in those mysterious receptacles where I do believe every atomic affection on our sensoria, at any time experienced, is indestructibly lying, and still capable of being made prominent, either by some mental magic beyond our research, or by some sympathetic and appropriate combination of external circumstances. We shook ourselves down with our new arrivals as best we might, and returned to our diversions, among which swimming must be reckoned one, especially with the younger portion of our party. I don't wonder at it, as there was a beautiful lake in the grounds, with smooth grassy margins along the rich meadows, and shallow enough to be safe to all, but winding off into some thick plantations on high ground, where it became of corresponding depth, and where several rocky islets broke its surface, and rendered it, if somewhat gloomy, exceedingly picturesque and solemnly beautiful. Young Westerton was an excellent swimmer, and especially delighted in the refreshing exercise, so much so that he would not unfrequently spend the greater part of a summer afternoon in and about the lake, striking off boldly from the more open parts, and revelling, like a very Triton, amongst the rocks and sunken trees of the deeper and less accessible portion. Sometimes he would lie passive on the surface of the water, floating almost motionless, or gently paddling hither and thither in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and vigor.

"In amusing contrast with young Westerton's love of the water was the extreme horror always manifested by the Hindoo Gholab, whenever he was compelled to approach its banks. Nothing less than the most positive orders of his master ever brought him near, and it was ludicrous to see the speed with which he hastened from its vicinity as soon as, having discharged his service, he received his master's permission to retreat. The latter accounted to us for this striking dislike by relating an incident which occurred in one of the Indian rivers near which Gholab's childhood was passed. He was one day, in company with another youth, paddling about in the stream, when suddenly a large alligator rose close upon them, seized his companion, and disappeared with him in his jaws. The shock was so great that the poor fellow, who was sincerely attached to the unlucky victim, never quite got over its effects, but retained the picture of that horrible incident in his memory, to be freshened and intensified by any combination of wood and water at all resembling the scene of the sad catastrophe, 'a wonderful resemblance to which,' said cousin Westerton, 'some parts of my uncle's domain do certainly exhibit.'

"We were now within a fortnight of the projected marriage, and I was one day out on a shooting expedition, when, happening to pass near the turnpike-road, I saw a gig rapidly approaching from the direction of the Hall, and soon heard myself hailed by Cousin Westerton. I felt that, under ordinary circumstances, he would hardly have taken the trouble to greet me, as we somehow had not grown to care much for each other. It was therefore with some curiosity that I went up to the gig, which he had drawn to the roadside, and in which he was standing in evident expectation of my approach.

"'I have stopped to say good-bye,' cried he, eyeing me keenly the while. 'I am called off by business of the very last importance, and should not be surprised if I find myself tossing on my outward voyage to India instead of dancing at my cousin's wedding. By the way, what o'clock is it? My watch has stopped. Can you give me the exact time? Very provoking, is it not? I mean having to leave just at this particular juncture. What jolly days of it you will have. Half-past twelve, you say. Thank you. My uncle quite sees the necessity for my going. Good sport, I hope. Which way do you return?'

"I pointed in a direction which was *not* towards the lake.

"Ha! I see; through the finest covers on the estate. Well, I must not detain you. Half-past twelve, you say. Good-bye, good-bye.'

"And so he broke off his almost soliloquy, which either the impatience of his horse or his own excited manner leading to repeated checks at the bridle, only to be balanced by compensating touches of the whip, had made a decidedly uncomfortable proceeding. He was soon out of sight, and I on my rounds.

"After a while I dismissed the keeper and his dogs, having determined to saunter quietly back alone. It was a lovely afternoon, with warm balmy breezes just fanning the trees and hedgerows into graceful animation. Westerton Hall, with its well-ordered gardens and plantations, stood in the distance, and I was just wishing for some bit of active life to give more human interest to the scene, when from its gates emerged a single horseman, who galloped not merely swiftly, but, as it seemed to me, frantically in the direction of the town. Of course I hastened at once to the Hall. A strange dread came over me, and my thoughts settled with involuntary tenacity on the agitated manner displayed by Cousin Westerton when I met him on the road; but he, I reasoned, could not have been cognizant of any unusual occurrence, or he would at least have informed me of it. Besides, might I not be needlessly alarmed? Not so, however, for when I reached the house I found that young Westerton had just been brought in dead—drowned, as it appeared, in the deepest part of the lake.

"No one had witnessed his death. His companions on this occasion, as had often been done before, left him when they saw him strike off into the wilder and more secluded parts, where none of them cared to follow, never doubting, however, that when tired of exercise and exploration, he would return as usual, and join their party when evening drew nigh. Before this, however, accident revealed the body to a keeper who happened to be passing. It had got entangled amongst some roots or branches, and, but that it was lying over one of these, it is probable that the discovery would not have been made so early, as, from being thus caught, as it were, it was prevented from sinking into the depths of the lake. Life was quite extinct.

"'At what hour,' I asked, 'did he leave the house?'

"'At one o'clock; after lunch-time.'

"'Where were the Hindoos?'

"'In their master's apartments, packing up and preparing to be gone.' One of the house-servants had seen them busily engaged in doing so; indeed, so fully were they occupied with their task, that they plainly showed him they wished his absence, and immediately after he left, locked their door, and so had kept it ever since. I went at once to the rooms, impelled by some shapeless suspicion, of what I scarcely knew. The door was now unlocked, and I went in to find them both eagerly engaged in the manner represented to me by the servant, and as, to all appearance, they had been ever since his visit. I left them to themselves, though I declare I think a shepherd's dog, who suspects, but is not quite certain that some vagabond curs have been worrying his master's sheep, and longs to fly at their throats, must feel very much as I did.

"An inquest was duly held. All the ordinary indications of death by drowning were of course exhibited, and there was nothing more, with the exception of certain bruises about the right ancle-joint, which might have been occasioned by striking against the rocks or stubs in the lake, though, as one of the jury casually observed, they presented a remarkably circular and band-like appearance. I was myself present, and a good deal struck at the time by the words. They escaped, however, without comment, and as I could not connect them in any way with anything leading to suspicion of foul play, nothing further was said, and the circumstances passed from my mind, to return, however, with terrible distinctness and meaning thereafter. A sudden seizure of cramp was taken as the cause of death, a verdict returned accordingly, and young Westerton, just about to step into the arena of active life, was laid stark and disfigured in the vault of his forefathers.

"If this were an ordinary tale I am narrating, I ought I suppose in this place to descant upon the dreadful shock, (though that for a while it certainly was) this sad event occasioned to the bereaved bride—to send her with dishevilled hair into the woods, or to find her lying lifeless at the foot of some frightful precipice. There rises, however, in my mind's eye the vision of a still comely dame, not without sundry olive-branches springing around her, which quite precludes the

propriety of that usually orthodox termination. Not that his intended wife was heartless or unfeeling. No; whilst she mourned for him, she mourned for him sincerely; but time, with its alleviations, tempered, though it might obliterate, the smart, and his remembrance faded into one of those gentle sorrows which we must of necessity cause to stand apart from those active duties life still brings with it. As to the heart-struck and hopeless old father, let us draw over him the veil of deep and silent sympathy.

"More than two years now passed away, and I was on the banks of the burning Ganges. My duties carried me to one of the lesser towns on the river, where time soon began to hang rather heavily on my hands. Occasionally I would, out of the merest idleness, turn into the court of justice there, but was seldom rewarded in my quest of adventure by anything more than the most petty illustrations of the doings of the Indian Themis. At last there came a change, and of so startling a character, that neither during the remainder of my sojourn there, nor for a long time after, had I anything to complain of in the way of listlessness or apathy. It chanced that I one day entered the court-house at one door just as a mixed group of guards and offenders were leaving it by another. I had just time to recognise amongst them the, to me, unmistakable features of the Hindoo Gholab, but whether there as a custodian or infractor of the laws I was then unable to make out. It mattered little, however, as I knew where to obtain easy and certain information of any and every thing connected with the administration of justice. On my return to my quarters, I found that the very men whom I wished to meet with were there, and were then discussing with some brother officers the details of a crime of an extraordinary nature, which had just come to light in that district. Several Hindoo girls had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared under the waters when performing their ablutious in the sacred stream, drawn under and devoured by alligators. Such was the general belief, until the body of one of them chanced to be picked up lower down the river, totally unmutilated, and deprived of certain valuable ornaments, which the young devotee was known to have had on when she went in. For a good while justice was completely at fault, but these ornaments having been traced to the possession of two men, over whose doings the strictest watch was preserved, the result was, that they were apprehended in a covered boat moored in the centre of the stream, almost in the act of despoiling one of their victims. It was supposed that a skillful diver, watching the opportunity of one being separated from the rest, rose through the waters, fixed a strong ligature to one of the lower limbs, and then dived off, whilst a confederate in a boat, by means of a rope and a hold or purchase of some kind at the bottom of the river, drew the struggling swimmer irresistibly down, when death soon put an end to all efforts to escape.

"Whilst these particulars were being narrated I became more and more agitated, until I could no longer keep my seat. 'Why, major,' said one, 'you seem disturbed; can there be anything in the doings of these wretches of sufficient pungency to quicken—'

"'Stop,' said I, for I saw he was about to quiz my equanimity, 'don't treat this matter lightly. I confess I am not a little agitated or a little confused at present, but—I have heard all you say, and, what is more, I have seen——'

"'What have you seen?'

"'I have seen the face of a man whom I never thought, and certainly never desired, to meet again.'

"'Of whom do you speak?'

"'Gholab.'

"'Why, that is the name of one of the villians accused as I have just informed you."

"'Great Heavens!' I exclaimed; 'but no, no, it is impossible; he could not approach a running stream, much less—and here, here, of all places; his dread of water, his pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity——'

"Something very like a burst of laughter from all assembled in the room here greeted me.

"'My good major, dread of water! Pitiable shrinking away from its vicinity! Why, this fellow Gholab is one of the most (if not *the* most) daring, skillful, and enduring divers of the East.'

"In a fever of agitation I demanded to be shown the remains of the latest victim. I was taken to where they lay. The attendants were about to disrobe the upper part of the body, but I pointed to the feet, and bade them uncover it there. They lifted the mat with which it was concealed, and there, round the slender ancle, was the circular band-like mark, the exact counterpart of that which I had beheld long before, when the happy home of one of my dearest friends was turned into a house of bitterest mourning.

"Unknown to the accused, I was present at the trial. Gholab—the other was hardly a sane being—in turn accused the alligators, many of which monsters infested the stream, and vociferously protested his own innocence, even when the bangle-like fetter, chain, and rope, which had been the instruments of murder, and which, as well as the ornaments of the poor victim, had been traced to his possession, were laid on the table before him. When these things were produced, I came from my station somewhat in the rear of the accused, advanced toward the table, keeping my face averted from them, and then taking up the chain and fetter, turned slowly round and confronted them with the evidences of guilt in my hand. For a few seconds the gaze of Gholab, though piercing and intense to the last degree, was evidently more of wonder than alarm; but suddenly recognition shot into his brain, and may I never again behold such terror and despair in the depths of a human soul (for in his glowing eyeballs it seemed all unveiled) as were then opened up like a vision into Hades before me. He stood rigid, immovable, and when the trial went on spoke never a word again, though so fiercely animated before. Still the trial went on, and the Judge was about to pronounce sentence of death, when, starting suddenly from his seeming trance, Gholab threw up his arms, and with a wild cry, fell back in a fit of horrible convulsions. The unspoken sentence of a Judge more potent had not only gone forth, but had been executed too; the man was dead——"

"And you think the circular abrasions round the ankle of young Westerton were——"

"The marks of that 'alligator's' teeth."

"And what became of the other—the cousin?"

"He did not live even to inherit. The old squire dragged on a broken life for some time, evincing little interest in anything, and rarely showing himself beyond his own doors, never beyond his grounds. One day, however, he seemed suddenly to have formed a strange resolution, which was neither more nor less than to drain the lake; he summoned a large body of laborers, and set them to work to perform the almost impracticable task. His nephew, who had not been near the spot since the catastrophe which restored him to his old position of heir to the Westerton estates, as soon as he heard of the old man's doings, urged either by apprehended damage to the property, or by apprehensions of a far more formidable character—namely, lest something might be revealed—hastened down at once to use his influence with his uncle to stop the work. As the old man could not be prevailed on to consent to do so, steadily refusing, at last, to utter even a single word on the subject to his nephew; in fear and rage the latter hurried to the workmen, and ordered them to desist. The foreman, however, having heard how matters stood, refused to stop without the direct orders of the Squire himself; a refusal which so enraged Westerton that he seized the man by the throat, and a personal altercation and struggle ensued, which ended in Westerton being thrown backward into the water. Of course he was quickly extricated, but through the neglect of proper precautions, a severe cold and fever ensued, which, passing through the stages of a delirium, in which he uttered words now best forgotten, finally led to his death. Who shall say whether retributive justice did not show itself in this. At all events, whoever they were who participated in the death of my friend, they are gone where the shortcomings of human justice are unknown, and, let us add, where the limits of human long-suffering and human mercy are far exceeded."

C. H. Williams.

The Way to Do It.—A number of years ago, Charles H. and Clara S. were married in the city of New York. Charles was wealthy and in good business—very comfortable circumstances for a young man, which tended, of course, to develop his naturally liberal disposition. Feeling thus happy and independent of the world's frowns, he proposed to his youthful bride one day during the honeymoon, to give her five thousand dollars for every 'scion of his house' which should be engrafted upon the family tree—an arrangement, as may be supposed, to which the lovely Clara made not the slightest objection. Time passed on, Charles faithfully performing his agreement, and making no inquiries as to the disposition of his money by his better half, until they had been married some ten years; fortune, which had smiled with constancy, suddenly turned her back, and left him apparently high and dry, among the breakers of Wall street. When the crisis had arrived, he went home with a heavy heart to announce the sad news to his wife, that he was an irretrievably ruined man—that his property had all gone to satisfy his creditors, and nothing was left. 'Not exactly so bad as that, my dear, said Clar. 'Wait a minute and see what I have been doing.' Thus saying, she ran up stairs, and soon returned with a deed in her own name, of one-half of an elegant block of houses in the neighborhood, worth thirty thousand dollars. 'You see I have been industrious,' continued she, 'and have laid up something for a rainy day. If you had been as smart as your brother, we might have had the whole block by this time.'

Letting Apartments.—"You have no children, madam?" said a particular proprietor of a quiet house, before letting a lady the best apartments. "They are in the cemetery." A tear was attempted on the part of the landlord, the lease was signed, and the next day the lady arrived with a bundle of babes. "I thought your children were—were—in the cemetery?" "So they were, yesterday, sir, placing a few flowers on the grave of our former landlord, who was nervous, and to tell the truth, so irritable, that"—"I understand, madam—your children killed him."

A War Story of 1812.—The foll… anecdote rests upon the authority of Ogden Hoffman, … nous New York advocate, and the father of Judge H… of the United States District Court of the Northern … t of California. The narrator was, at the time, a mi… n on board the *Constitution*, and was in the great fig… een that vessel and the *Guerriere:* "As the Briti… p came sailing down upon them, as they heard the … orders, when the guns were run out, and the men … be seen ready with their match-locks, an officer ca… haste to Captain Isaac Hull, and asked for order… . "Not yet," was the quiet response. As they cam… nearer, and the British vessel poured in her fire, the … eutenant of the *Constitution* came on the poop, and … permission to return the broadside, saying that the … could not be restrained much longer. "Not yet," wa… indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and … merican prisoners, who were in the cockpit of the … *riere*, afterward said that they began to believe that t… own countrymen were afraid to measure their srength wi… at of the enemy, and this thought gave them more pai… than the wounds which some of them were still suffering … . In a moment the *Guerriere* gallantly came forward, … owing her burnished sides; and, as the swell carried … close to the very muzzles of the "Old Ironsides," Captai… ull, who was then quite fat, and dressed in full tights, bent … nself twice to the deck, and, with every muscle and vein t… bing with excitement, shouted out, as he made another g… on, "Now, boys, pour it into them." That broadside set… their oppouents; and, when the smoke cleared away, the c… modore's breeches were to be seen split from waistband to l… . Truly the commodore had a soul "too big for his brec… ." Hoffman used to add, that Hull, nothing disconcerted, … ve his orders with perfect coolness, and only changed his tig… s when the British commander's sword was given up to hi…

Scene in a French Cafe.—Let us … with this group at the next table. These blue-coated, re… ousered, epauletted, decorated, close-topped, curled, mon… hed, marked and numbered men—they are officers in t… 55th Regiment of the line. No great perceptive faculty is … sary to see that, for there are the figures on their shakos. … famous corps is this 555th, and many the battle in wh… its serried ranks have brought down to the charge. Th… n-gray man with the scar on the forehead, who is speaki… such an excited manner, what is he saying? "Solferino." … ! yes, the 555th was at Solferino, I recollect, and he … that scar from an Austrian sabre. Eh? "*Plom! plom!* … ." I understand you, my dear sir. You wish to infer th… saw stars for a moment, then there was blood in your ey… nd "*pouf*," down you went—very unpleasant indeed. A… is dark man with the bald head and moustaches, like a co… of rats with their tails curled, I must know him; to be s… I do. He it was to whom the emperor shouted, when … dy of Austrians threatened to surround his majesty and … staff, "*Captaine, enlève moi ca;*" and in five minutes t… white coats were running pell-mell down the hill, with the … nt 555th at their heels. That bit of ribbon of which he … proud was his reward. This younger fellow, with the b… black eyes, well-cut features, and downy upper lip, did n… get that medal for nothing. A more gallant soldier never … w sword; but for no deed of slaughter was that decora… awarded. When Jeanette, the fair and daring *vivandière* … wounded on the field of Magenta, who was it but the … lieutenant, Jean Jaques Dubois, who rushed, mid a stor… bullets, and right across the line of fire of an Austrian bat… to bear the poor girl out of the way of further harm; an… doubt, as he carried the lovely from in his strong arms, … lt a hero, and he was one.

The Baker's Parrot.—Snake stories … ing become worn out, the editors of the Eastern pape… now exercising their ingenuity on "parrot stories,"—t… st escape valves for their irrepressible imagination. T… owing is a specimen purporting to be narrated by a … a negro. "You see," said he, "dis parrot belonged to a… r in Richmond. Now each baker is 'lowed to make … rtain number of loaves cbry day, and no more, 'cause i… y do dey will be serving out stale bread to the custom… Well, this baker had baked more than his share one day, … hid de surplusum under the counter. De parrot was ha… in his cage, an' seed it all. Bimeby in comes de inspect… l finds the bread all right, and is goin' out agin satisfied. … de parrot cocks his eye at him and sings out, '*Dere's … bread under de counter!*' So de inspector grabs it, 'cord… law, and carries it off. Well, den the baker goes to the p… t werry mad, and takes him by the hed, and fotches hi… witch or two and flings him in the gutter for dead, 'longsi… b a pig just dead ob de measles Bimeby de parrot begin… crawl about, his feathers a sticking out, and his head lo… d on one side, and den stops and looks at de pig werry pit… l, and sed he, '*Did you say anything about de bread?*'"

A little newsboy drew a prize of $… 00 in the Mobile lottery.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

EVERY one who has been in the habit of listening much to the style of discussion on literary and art topics, which obtains in mixed society, will appreciate the following remarks on "Parlor Criticism," which we find in a recent number of the London *Saturday Review:*

"The appearance of a book, such as George Eliot's new novel, which is read by all the world, always affords an excellent opportunity of measuring the taste, judgment and discrimination of the people for whom books are supposed to be written. A novel by an eminent author calls forth an amount of unwritten criticism which illustrates the force and diversity of popular opinion on literary matters with more completeness than any other kind of composition. A man or woman with ever so mean an understanding and ever so small an int rest in things still feels perfectly competent to crown or condemn a novel. It is the same with paintings, and very nearly the same with music. History, philosophy, science, they sagaciously leave alone. These are delicate subjects for people who know nothing about them, because they can scarcely advance a step without making their ignorance conspicuous. But in what are called light subjects the case is different, and all art is looked upon as a light subject. With a vile affectation of humility, these critics of the parlor ostentatiously avow that they don't understand high art, and are entirely ignorant of grand critical principles: still they know what gives them pleasure, and they are not sure whether this, after all, is not as good a test as another of artistic success. This modest way of putting the case really veils a profound conviction that, though not learned in the pedantry of academics, they have a fine natural insight into the true and beautiful which is worth infinitely more than all that academies have got to teach. At bottom they sincerely believe that the pleasure which they derive from a book or a song or a picture is in truth the standard of its worth. And the giving of pleasure is unquestionably an end of all artistic composition Only it is worth remembering that everything depends on the sort of people to whom a piece is fit to give pleasure. The jovial song which fills with delirious transports the dull brain of a beery clown in an alehouse may not be very admirable in ears polite. And the young ladies, for example, who pass sentence so unflinchingly on novels, might perhaps usefully remember that neither the tears which the woes of a heroine can draw from them, nor the warm sympathy with which they at length see her united with a constant lover, can be taken for a conclusive proof that the novelist's work has been well done, any more than their falling asleep over the middle of the second volume is a proof that he has done his work ill. Too often they are as little able to appreciate the best and highest kind of fiction as the beery clown would be to appreciate one of Beethoven's sonatas or one of Mendelssohn's Lieder. The incapacity, which in the one case comes of beer and dullness combined, is in the other the simpler fruit of dullness and no beer."

We wonder if it has ever entered into the mind of any curious bibliographer, to ascertain the exact number of books that have been printed in the nature of commentaries or glosses upon the text of Shakspeare. Assuredly there have been enough of them to constitute of themselves a goodly library. And yet how few of the controverted points seem to have been definitively settled. It is still, for instance, a mooted question whether Hamlet was really mad, or only feigned madness, notwithstanding the hundreds of essays on the subject that have been written.

In a recent book, entitled *Shakspeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide,* by A. O. Kellogg, at present physician of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, New York, the point is taken up once more, and argued *in extenso,* the doctor strenuously maintaining the theory of Hamlet's actual insanity. Of the attempts heretofore made to analyze the character of Hamlet, he seems to entertain but a slight opinion:

"Some of the most profound critics of the last century, and down to the present time, have in the play of *Hamlet* found an enigma which they have by no means been able to solve, and which has been to them a stumbling-block, and perpetual rock of offence. Schlegel, one of the most profound of German critics, who devoted some of the best years of his literary life to the study of Shakspeare, and who has poured upon the pages of our great dramatist the light of a most profound and philosophical criticism, and does more perhaps than any other man to give us a true conception of his powers, has not been able to analyze the character of Hamlet with anything approaching to psychological accuracy. In fact the idea of Hamlet as a genuine madman, seems never to have entered his mind, and hence his perplexity, and labored and unsuccessful efforts to unravel the mysteries and apparent contradictions he meets at every step, and the extraordinary manifestations of character which he finds in his hero."

The following will serve to furnish a general idea of the Doctor's line of argument. After enumerating the disturbing influences to which Hamlet was subjected, he proceeds:

"Here evidently are causes sufficient to induce insanity in minds far less susceptible to the invasion of the malady than that of Hamlet; and simply because early in the progress of the disease, he speaks of 'putting on an antic disposition,' we are not to suppose, in face of all the evidence which follows, that we have to deal with a case of feigned insanity, and that the poet has in producing the counterfeit, done more than he intended, and made the stamp so perfect, that he has been able to 'deceive the very elect' themselves. Upon other occasions, where the evidence of the poet's intention was quite palpable to all, and where he most certainly intended to produce a counterfeit, he has succeeded, as in everything he undertakes, and we have *truly a counterfeit,* such as needs no 'expert' to detect. Shakspeare, in the plenitude of his knowledge—a knowledge derived not from books and the accumulated experience of others, but from the closest observation of what he must have seen in actual life—recognized what none of his critics not conversant with medical psychology in its present advanced state, seem to have any conception of, namely, that there are cases of melancholic madness, of a delicate shade, in which the reasoning faculties, the intellect proper, so far from being overcome, or even disordered, may, on the other hand, be rendered more active and vigorous, while the will, the moral feelings, the sentiments and affections, are the faculties which seem alone to suffer from the stroke of disease. Such a case he has given us in the character of Hamlet, with a fidelity to nature which continues more and more to excite our wonder and astonishment, as our knowledge of this intricate subject advances. Within the last few years our knowledge of the various shades of insanity has been so much advanced that what we conceived to be the true view of the character of Hamlet appears now to be well established, and whether Shakspeare himself was conscious of what he was producing, matters little; the delineation is so true to nature that those who are at all acquainted with this intricate disease are fully convinced that Hamlet represents faithfully a phase of genuine melancholic madness. Whatever may have been the intention of Shakspeare, one thing is evident, he has succeeded in exhibiting, in the character of Hamlet, a complete revolution of all the faculties of the soul, by the overwhelming influence of the intense emotions excited in it; and whether the resulting condition of the mind be one of health or disease, sanity or insanity, (and the line of demarkation is by no means accurately defined,) the phenomena exhibited are, psychologically considered, of the most profound interest. We are convinced that the change wrought is so great, that the resulting condition of mind must, in the present state of our medico-psychological knowledge, be regarded as of a pathological character, and that Hamlet, with Lear and Ophelia, must be admitted into the ranks of that 'noble army of martyrs' to a mind diseased, too many of whom, alas! are found in the walks of everyday life. But we must by no means forget that the term 'mind diseased' does not necessarily imply a mind destroyed, or even a mind deranged in all its faculties, but one changed in its normal operations; a change which sometimes consists in a preternatural operation, or excessive activity of some of its nobler faculties, while others are more or less paralyzed."

It is a change of this kind, the author insists, that Shakspeare meant to exhibit in the character and conduct of Hamlet, as delineated in the play; and he devotes some twenty-five pages to the task of tracing this change, and analyzing the psychological phenomena developed during the course of it. He considers that the appearance of his father's spirit was the turning point in Hamlet's mental and moral career, and that the startling disclosures then made to him produced a disturbance and excitement under the strain of which his intellect gave way. In support of this theory, the Doctor contrasts the dignity, good sense, and courtly decorum of Hamlet's discourse and bearing up to the time of appearance, with the "wild and whirling words," as Horatio characterizes them, in which he thenceforth expresses himself. His manner of addressing the ghost whom he hears below when he is swearing his friends to secrecy, is particularly adverted to as differing most significantly from the tone of awe and reverential respect which had characterized his language in the earlier part of the same scene, and particularly in the sublime apostrophe commencing,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

Our author sees something more than mock levity in such speeches as:

"Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true penny?
Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
Consent to swear."
"Hic et ubique! then we'll shift our ground."
"Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer!"

This language, he thinks, betrays the wanderings of a mind affected by the first strokes of disease, rather than a healthy re-action from intense excitement.

In regard to the intimation conveyed by Hamlet himself in this scene, that he may hereafter think it "meet to put an antic disposition on" which is the chief basis of the theory of feigned madness, the Doctor suggests that it may "in the commotion of his mind have resulted as much from a vague consciousness of what was impending, as from any intention to act a part."

Our author seems at times inclined to claim for his views on this subject something more than the weight attached to a merely critical or literary authority. Nor is this to be considered unreasonable, though it is quite curious to observe with what complete seriousness and good faith he throughout argues his case precisely as if Hamlet were as genuine a historical character as Napoleon Bonaparte, and as if his acts and idiosyncrasies furnished just as legitimate material for psychological deductions. Can there be a more amazing proof of the exceptional power of Shakspeare's genius than the fact that the majority of his critics, including some of the greatest names in literature, have quite naturally, and almost unconsciously, as it were, fallen into the same habit in discussing his ideal creations?

Doctor Kellogg, indeed, talks about Hamlet in precisely as practical matter-of-fact a style as though he had him under lock and key in one of the wards of the Utica Asylum. He speaks quite pointedly of certain symptoms manifested by the patient, as being perfectly clear to the professional man, or the "expert" in lunacy, which he would nevertheless quite despair of making equally plain to "those critics who, having no practical knowledge of the more delicate shades of mental disease, quite mistake the character of Hamlet, regarding it like Schlegel as 'a riddle not easily solved,' or like Goethe, as 'an illustration of natural imbecility of will and purpose,' or, what is more, can only see with Dr. Johnson, in the 'pretended madness' of Hamlet, 'a cause of much mirth.'"

The interview between Hamlet and his mother in Act III, Scene 4th, where he expressly avers that he is not mad, only in "craft," and where he seems to talk with a most sane method, is summarily disposed of by our author. Hamlet's declaration, "It is not madness I have uttered, bring me to the test," has no weight with him, and he pronounces the test itself, though once considered infallible, as by no means a decisive one, and in its application to Hamlet's case, "quite worthless." He concedes that "to the non-professional reader" this scene furnishes strong evidence in support of the theory of feigned madness, but adds: "To us, however, he appears like a man who, being really and truly insane, has summoned all his powers for the accomplishment of his purposes, one of which, is to convince others that he is not mad. He can feign either sanity or insanity as best suited his purpose at the time."

Dr. Kellogg's argument, taken as a whole, is certainly both interesting and ingenious. But we doubt much if it will prove convincing to "the non-professional mind." Indeed, the probability is, that the question of Hamlet's madness will remain a vexed one as long as our literature endures.

Louis Napoleon is building a $5,000,000 Opera House in Paris, which will rival in extent and grandeur the Coliseum at Rome. It will cost about $5,000,000, and will be constructed entirely of stone, brick, and metal. Nothing combustible will enter into its composition. It will cover seven-and-a-half acres, and be two hundred feet in external height. The auditorium is calculated to seat only about three thousand persons. Every box will have its separate saloon attached, fitted up like drawing-rooms, and a carriage way will be constructed to the second story from the street. The most successful and celebrated artists of France—painters, sculptors and architects—will be employed in its ornamentation and erection. It will be entirely unapproachable in finish and richness by any structure at present existing.

Cobbett, when challenged to fight, recommended the challenger to draw a Cobbett in chalk upon a door, and if he succeeded in hitting it to send him instant word, in order that he might have an opportunity of acknowledging that had the true Cobbett been there, he, in all probability, would have been hit too. But hit or no hit, the bullets could have no effect on the original cause of the quarrel.

Ladies, by no possibility can you obtain so perfect a toilet article as Davidson's Circassian Bloom—fragrant, thoroughly harmless, and perfect in its imitation of nature. Use no other, and buy no other. Sold by all first class Druggists.

"Headache," "bilious," "stomach out of order," "food does not digest," etc For all such ailments, go to Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, before breakfast, (say from half-past seven to half-past eight o'clock,) and let him give you one of his water emetics, and if it does not give you new hopes and aspirations, and a conscious satisfaction that you have done well by yourself, nothing else can. It will be worth ten times all it will cost.

Who recommend the Knabe piano? The New York *Tribune* says: "Thalberg, after using the instruments, wrote: 'I find them equal, if not superior, to any in this country. Among the great qualities which distinguish them is the evenness of tone, the easy and agreeable touch, and the volume of tone.' Gottschalk, who tested them carefully a few months since, wrote: 'I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the important improvements you have introduced in the manufacture of pianos. Your instruments combine all the qualities which are required to make a piano as perfect as possible, and fully deserve the great popularity they have gained all over the country.' The *Tribune* adds: "These instruments are also approved by Strakosch, Anschutz, Gustave Sutter, Vieuxtemps, Mazio, Robert Heller, G. W. Morgan, and many other first-class artists. Erisbee & Scott, (Gustuve A.) No. 3 Montgomery street, are the sole agents in California for the Knabe piano, and have on hand some of the choicest and best-toned of these superior instruments. Be sure and see the Knabe piano before buying other instruments.

Steam Bathing having been scientifically adjusted to human necessities, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, is administered with the certainty of successful results in all cases, and have been verified in the instance of children from three years to youth, middle, and old age of more than seventy years; to fat, to lean, to tall, to short; for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, fever and ague, dropsy, erysipelas, dyspepsia, Panama fever, colds, coughs, bronchitis, consumption, etc.; and Dr. Bourne understands his art so thoroughly, and is so eminently practical and in earnest in his profession, that all praise his institution and his happy method of curing the sick without medicine, blistering, bleeding, plastering, cutting, inflaming, etc. While baths are the foundation of his successes, he has many other aids, including electricity, which he was the first physician on this coast to introduce as a remedial aid, and has honorably employed it at least one hundred times to another's once during the whole period, and will continue its use in all cases in which it is not injurious. To "the million" it is furnished *free,* from six to nine o'clock P. M., Sundays excepted.

[For the Californian.]

A NEW LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

AFTER THE MANNER OF M. ERNEST RENAN.

THE American, Washington, is not to be viewed by the *savant* as a mythical character. There are undoubtedly portions of his early history—traditions of his childhood—that savor of the fabulous. Such are the puerile legends concerning the hatchet and the cherry tree.

Nevertheless we must accept Washington as a real personage. It is the function of the "critical process" to sift the evidence, decide upon the authenticity of original documents, the credibility of witnesses, and in fine, to eliminate the solitary grain of history from the vast mass of its traditionary incrustations.

Undoubtedly Washington existed. Undoubtedly he was a very great man, and played a considerable part in the establishment of the independence of his country.

But alas! What fondness to speak of him as "The Father of his Country!"

This is sentimentalism; it is enthusiasm, though doubtless an amiable enthusiasm; nay, it is superstition. Yet let us concede something to a sublime weakness, to a loving ignorance; let us spare illusions in which so many tender but credulous souls find a measure of happiness. In a word, let us call it a harmless poetical superstition!

At first glance, the documents relative to the period of Washington would seem scanty and quite insufficient. As to Jared Sparks' eight or ten volumes, and Irving's huge duodecimo, and Bancroft, and a host of others—they possess no historic value whatever. All these are the products of a later age than that of Washington, and they leave an obscure interval upon which no light is thrown. They are synoptical compilations; compilations, too, from unknown or lost originals, of the credibility of which we have no means of judging.

But the most valuable documents for history, are those that possess in the least degree the historic form. Now these histories possess the historic form. Therefore they possess no value at all as historical compositions. Nothing can be more logical than this. Hence, if we accept Washington, as delineated in these histories, we must accept him by faith, not by criticism or philosophy. He cannot be scientifically demoustrated; he cannot be reached by any purely critical process.

Yet it is doubtless good for the Americans to believe in him. And certainly he is a great ideal creation; a glorious possibility of humanity. Why then impair the delightful illusion? Let us leave the Americans in the full enjoyment of their Washington. Poor souls! it does them good. We cannot all be *savants*.

For the first principle of the critical school is the allowance in matters of historic belief, not merely of what is true, (which is of little consequence to the philosophical mind), but of what *is needed*—the adaptation of beliefs to individual wants.

If, then, the popular ideal Washington is adapted to the wants of the American mind, in the name of Heaven let them hold fast their ideal. If not true philosophically, it is true for them.

For myself, I shudder at the thought of striving to attract to my way of thinking a solitary soul contented in its belief; the idea is hateful. I prefer to sit in serene liberty in the simple and joyous contemplation of the universe. It is therefore that I have written this book showing the folly of believing in Washington. Here, too, is logic.

The polemic system is not suited to my taste. I detest disputation. Men deficient in erudition may suffice for that. I, who am before all things a *savant*, aspire to the loftier *role* of a "critical" historian. If I am not critical, I am nothing.

Yes, it is for us, who possess a love of the true, and an inquiring spirit, to do something better than to dispute. Let us, of the higher and serener order of intellect, guard against a vain ardor. Let us pardon intolerance in opponents—let us even pardon egotism.

If, then, it is asked, "Did the man Washington live?" I answer unhesitatingly, "He lived." If it is asked, Did the American ideal Washington, who "never told a lie," the Father of his Country, the grand poetic figure embalmed in legend and tradition—did *this* Washington live? I answer unhesitatingly, He did not. This ideal Washington, this noble and sublime image, this touching and pathetic *simulacrum*, was "created" by the tender and loving imaginations, the patriotic instincts of his countrymen.

Yet peace in the name of God! Let the different orders of minds live side by side, each holding his own opinion. For is not one opinion as good as another to the philosopher? Let stupidity and mediocrity believe in their ideal Washington, and let us who are wise laugh at them—but serenely, always serenely, remembering that the true harmony of humanity results from the free use of discordant notes.

Yet, upon the whole, this belief, though foolish, is rather a good thing. Let us beware that we are not accomplices in destroying it. Doubtless the sum total of patriotism in the world, and especially in America, would be diminished by impairing it. Our disagreement with the asses who believe it, is purely scientific; we are with them at heart, and he who would rob them of their amiable reverence for their idol, is a moral monster.

To sum up, then, we find, paradoxical as it may appear to the uncritical mind, that the American Washington existed, and at the same time that he did not exist; that to believe in his existence is a sentimental weakness, and yet that such belief is the highest practical wisdom. For the foolish ones, who possess the capacity of belief, it is well to believe; for the philosopher, who cannot believe, unbelief is better.

In a word, it is a matter of indifference; but above all, let us be true to ourselves, let us do no violence to our convictions. Away with polemics! let us have no disputations!

POTSHERD GLIMMER.

AMUSEMENTS.

LADY DON closes her season of seven weeks at the Opera House with to-night's performance. It has been an extremely prosperous and profitable one—the most successful engagement, with the two exceptions of those of Forrest and the Keans, ever played in that theatre. Lady Don opened at the Opera House against the strong counter attraction of the Italian Opera season just inaugurated at the Metropolitan, and at once achieved great popularity with both the press and the public, and has continued to draw full houses all through her engagement, which is only relinquished in consequence of binding Celest-ial contracts on the part of the management. The pieces produced alternated between musical dramas, comediettas extravaganzas and burlesques; interspersed with ballads, popular songs and operatic gems—the musical plums of the popular pudding that Lady Don served up so well. The Lady has been extremely fortunate in being so well supported, especially by the subtile, natural and graceful Denin, the versatile Jackson and Courtaine, and the musical Barry—the season being distinguished by his debut in tenor parts. The light and entertaining character of Lady Don's pieces justly entitled them to be classed under the name of "amusements," and have certainly added greatly to the success of that lady's engagement.

Last night was set aside for Lady Don's benefit. As we went to press every seat was occupied, the lobbies and passage ways crammed, and even the steps and doorways preempted.

For this afternoon and evening the bill of last night will be repeated—*Don Cæsar* and *Perseus and Andromeda*—for the last appearances of Lady Don.

On Monday Madame Celeste, the famous pantomimic and melodramatic actress, in praise of whom so much has been written, will commence an engagement at the Opera House, appearing in the *Woman in Red*, which is almost identical in its plot and incidents with *Camea*. This play has been in preparation for several weeks past and will be produced with new scenery, dresses, etc., at an expense of three thousand dollars. Among the other pieces in which Madame Celeste is so great may be mentioned the *House on the Bridge*, *Satan in Paris*, *French Spy*, *Green Bushes*, *and Flowers of the Forest*.

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ALICE KINGSBURY.—This young *artiste*, who has won an enviable reputation in her line of acting at the East, arrived in this city by the last steamer. We hear that she will appear at the Opera House upon the termination of Mme. Celeste's engagement. She is said to possess a remarkably pure and *suave* voice, and great originality of style. Unless the *Sun* is an arrant flatterer, she is also endowed with rare personal attractions.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The performance of *Ernani*, on Friday of last week—put on the stage in an emergency and without preparation—deserves to be recorded as the most successful of the whole season, if delight and enthusiasm among the audience are any measure of success. Those who staid away because "they had heard *Ernani* before," certainly missed a glorious treat; but the absence of this sort of opera-goers is not (except financially) a subject of regret either to the management or to the really music-loving public. It is worthy of remark that the best performances by this troupe have been given to thin houses, and generally with but hasty and inadequate preparation—perhaps, as in this instance, to fill a sudden and unexpected vacancy. But the spirit of the artists, and the enthusiasm of a sympathetic and appreciative audience, re-acting on each other, combine to make the evening's experience, spite of petty drawbacks, one of real service to the cause of Music, and one which neither actor nor listener would willingly forget. We shall not criticise in detail the performance of *Ernani*, except to mention the accomplishment of a *tour de force* by Signor Mancusi, who took the high A flat, (as on a previous representation of the opera,) with electrical effect. On Saturday evening, for Mancusi's benefit, *Crispino e la Comare*, one act from *Colomello*, and a scene from *Lucrezia Borgia*, were given to a well filled house.

Don Giovanni, twice unavoidably postponed, was finally produced on Thursday evening, to a crowded and fashionable audience, and closed the second season of twelve nights. Not having witnessed the whole performance, we defer until another opportunity any particular notice of its merits.

Signor Milleri presented *Norma*, and selections from *Il Barbiere* and the *Huguenots*, for his benefit last night, which was deservedly successful.

The third and last season of twelve nights will commence on Monday next, and should, for many reasons, be even more numerously attended than its predecessors. We are promised, as entire novelties, *La Juive* and *Ione*; while the old favorites, *Rigoletto*, *Masnadieri*, (which we remember was performed *eight times* by the Bianchis, Fellini, and Grossi, during 1863,) and *Il Poliuto*, will be revived for the first time by the present company. That these operas will be presented in unexceptionable style, the experience of the past two seasons gives us abundant guaranty.

The public—even the subscribers—have but little idea of the immense amount of labor and expense already incurred by the management, in producing fifteen different operas within the space of two months. Of thirty-four performances, (including twenty-four regular, eight extra and two benefits,) the record shows that *Crispino e la Comare* has occupied five nights; *Norma*, four; *Ernani*, *Un Ballo*, *Lucia*, and *Faust*, three each; *Il Trovatore*, *Attila*, *Lucrezia*, and *Il Barbiere*, two each; while *La Traviata*, *Nabuco*, (which was produced at great expense,) *La Sonnambula*, *Belisario*, and *Don Giovanni*, were given but once, to our fickle and exacting public. Verdi's compositions have attracted twelve audiences; those of Donizetti, six; of Belliui, five; Ricci Brothers, five; Gounod, three; Rossini, two; and Mozart, one.

That these complete works have been brought forward in rapid succession, handsomely mounted, generally well performed, and with scarcely an instance where the public have been disappointed, indicates an almost incredible amount of labor on the part of both artists and management. Having hitherto confined ourselves to brief remarks upon special points in the performances of each week, we take this opportunity to render the credit which appears (from *before* the curtain—for we neither know nor are known to any of the artists, nor do we aim to unite in our single person the characters of manager and critic) justly due to each of those who have contributed to the general success. Of the prima donna, Signorina Brambilla, we have not thought it necessary to say much, for her high qualities as an artist have long since made her an established favorite. Her voice, not powerful, but used with rare judgment, and always heard when a significant note requires it; her delicate and brilliant execution; her versatility as an actress, and her wonderful correctness and rapidity of study: all these combine to make her an invaluable prima donna in a troupe which can afford but one. Signora and Signor Bianchi are also too well known here to require extended comment on their efforts during the past season; suffice it to say that they always do th ir best, and never disappoint the public. The two new artists, Signor Mancusi and Signor Milleri, have surpassed expectation; each has his ardent admirers, and it would be difficult to say which has proved the greater favorite. In secondary parts, our resident artists have exerted themselves with unusual success. MM. Charles and Roncovieri deserve especial credit for their careful singing and acting; M'lle Louise Tourney has filled one or two *roles* well, and in others has only distinguished herself by not knowing her part, and requiring constant prompting, even, for instance, in the *fifth* performance of *Crispino*, when Signor Mancusi had to give her the cue for nearly every sentence. If her memory is naturally poor, hard study must amend it, or she will never succeed on the stage. Herr Schraubstadter, in his infrequent performances, has always done well; and in their assumption of minor characters, Mrs. Cameron, M. M. Guinde, Hennecart, and others deserve favorable mention. The chorus and orchestra, with which we have had too frequent occasion to find fault, has lately shown signs of improvement; we could still desire, just for once, to hear all the sixteen instruments in tune with each other. Mr. Herold, a thorough musician, has found himself obliged by ill health to resign the conductor's *baton* into the hands of Mr. Evans, who has already shown a singular aptitude for the position. The arrangement of the stage, and the taste and energy displayed in many noticeable details of management, (and doubtless also in overcoming a hundred obstacles of which the public see and hear nothing,) are to be credited, we believe, to Mr. Crowley, the indefatigable general manager; the scene painter, and the costumers, also deserve a large share of applause; while the courteous Mr. Birrell and his assistants have done their utmost to satisfy the subscribers and the public in regard to seats and other matters in front of the house.

Having sometimes felt obliged to criticise severely the shortcomings of both artists and management in particular performances, we take the greater pleasure in this general acknowledgement of their success, and in the expression of our belief that the new season, to commence with *Don Giovanni* on Monday, will be the most attractive and satisfactory ever given on this coast.

Signorina Brambilla will present *Il Barbiere* for her first benefit, on Wednesday evening next, and will doubtless be greeted by a host of friends and admirers. On Friday, the third night of the season, *La Juive* will be produced, for the first time in San Francisco.

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DR. JORDAN'S Anatomical Museum, at Eureka Hall, continues to hold out its warning lights to the uninitiated in the secrets of anatomy. The Hall is filled with anatomical models, and a single visit will instruct more than a lifetime of book study could do.

MBROIDERY.

IN
the rosy light of the window,
so bewitchingly fair,
Her
ancing out from the shadow
O
teer, old fashioned arm chair.

Glanc
t, with her face like a lily,
Fr
cushion of crimson and gold,
With
listening robe of white satin,
Flo
over her, fold upon fold.

Will
ot in the daintiest slipper—
Ah!
gypsy! she knows how it charms!
And
ft, slender, tapering fingers,
And
snowy-white, gem-circled arms,

Witl
earls looping back the dark tresses—
T
rm, wavy curls of brown hair!
And
ck, with its faint tinge of opal,
A
shoulders, so dazzlingly fair;

Ther
sits at her ease, in her beauty,
W
face and the air of a queen!
Not a
nd she daintily fashions,
He
athed in the delicate green

Of i
es, nor those great golden lilies—
No
on or bud one can name—
So f
he face bending over
Th
ing embroidery frame.

As sl
d her dark, hazel eyes, then
D
quick glance of hers understand
How
lly little the wiser
I
om the book in my hand,

That
se of her cheek kept unfolding
Its
ite crimson the while,
And
ise little mouth dimpled over
W
n an arch, coquettish smile?

Oh,
edles are Cupid's own arrows,
A
garland a spell which she weaves
'Ro
soul, while she ruthlessly stitches
M
ring heart in those leaves!

THE W D WOMAN OF SONGI.

TALE "CASPAR HAUSER."

ONE day in month of September, 1731, a singular being ente the little village of Songi, in France. The appearance pre l by this creature was that of a female child of about t ars old, scantily clad in rags, and with a skin of very da , nearly approaching to black. She was armed with a s hick club, having a heavy knot upon one end of it; and rified the simple people of the place at her sudden ap e among them, that they ran away and hid themselves ied that "the devil had come to Songi." By-and-by som m plucked up courage to approach within some distanc creature, who seemed by her gestures to be seeking f to drink. Then some cruel butcher with a spiked collar, at her; but just as the animal wa ging at her throat, she poised her club with both han d striking him with it on the head, laid him dead at her Frantic with savage exultation, she then danced a c around the body of her dead foe; after which sh iftly away to the woods, and climbed into a tree.

There was a nse excitement at Songi after this event. The lord of the r. M. le Comte d'Epinoy, heard about it, and gave instru to his head shepherd to make every exertion to captur strange visitant. Some person who had an idea of the w which monkeys are sometimes captured, proposed that a of water should be left near the foot of the tree, to ind creature, who appeared to be suffering from thirst, to d. This was done, and she deseended and drank, la the water like a beast; but before the watchers could her, she again ascended the tree, with wonderful agilit hid herself among the branches. It was then suggested wild creatures are less alarmed at women and children th men; so a woman and a couple of children were sent hc wood, carrying some fish as a bait to the wild girl, w er a while, came down to them, and was captured by the herd and his assistants.

She allowed f to be taken to the kitchen of the chateau without m much resistance. On arriving there she was attracted nc fowls that were feeding in the yard; and, dashing in ng them with wild excitement, she soon captured one, mediately began to eat it, just as a fox might have do a hawk. They then offered her a rabbit, with the skin this she seized with avidity, tearing the raw flesh with th, which were very sharp, and sucking the blood. It marked by those present that her hands were unusually n proportion to her size, the thumbs being remarkably d muscular. This gave her great facility in climbing s, from limb to limb of which she would bound with the y of a squirrel.

By order of M Epinoy, the shepherd took charge of this singular creature He carried her to his home, where every effort was mad an her from her savage habits; but for a long time in Cooked meals she would not touch. Her only attem language were no more intelligible than the snarling of a animal; and, indeed, so little faith had the country her being human, that for a long time she was known among them as "the shepherd's beast." Although treated with the greatest kindness, she constantly tried to escape to the woods, digging her way, with her long nails, through wall and roof.

Once in a very severe winter, when the ground and trees were covered with snow, she succeeded in making her escape, and it was only after a long search that she was discovered in her favorite retreat—a tree top—and brought back.

Not long after her domiciliation with the shepherd, it was observed that her skin was gradually growing lighter in color, and, upon a close inspection of it, there was reason for supposing that it had been dyed. In time she learned a few words of the French language, and her repugnance to cooked victuals began to give way. The change in her mode of living soon began to tell upon her health, however, one of the first results of it being the loss of her teeth, which were eagerly sought after in the neighborhood as relics or charms. Her teeth grew again; but she never entirely recovered her health; and the doctor by whom she was attended prescribed for her an occasional allowance of raw victuals, for which she long continued to show a preference.

Raw fish was her favorite diet, and she would frequently plunge into ponds or rivers with all the confidence of a seal or otter, in pursuit of the finny tribe. More than once she was seen to emerge from the water with a carp in each hand: and then she would seat herself on the bank of the river, and tearing the fish to pieces with her teeth and nails, would devour it on the spot.

As soon as the intelligence of this unaccountable being began to be somewhat developed, M. d'Epinoy decided upon sending her to a neighboring convent. Here she was christened by the name of Memmie Le Blanc, and her education in time was so far advanced that she was able to speak and read French with tolerable facility. Her savage predilections, too, were entirely eradicated, and her manners gradually became those of a civilized being.

And now certain reminiscences of her early life seemed to dawn upon her mind. She would speak of a country where the people dwelt in caves dug in the ground, or in huts built in trees. She described a certain wild animal the size of a large dog, having a round head and very prominent eyes, and provided with fore-paws only, with which it would paddle about in the water in pursuit of fish. Then she had a shadowy remembrance of being taken to a ship, with a companion older than herself, and of the same dark hue. They were each armed with clubs, and had beside an instrument resembling a paddle, which was carried at the back. She related how, while voyaging in this ship, she and her companion made several efforts to escape by jumping overboard. Then they were placed in the hold of the ship for security; and here an unsuspected danger had nearly sealed the fate of the passengers, for the two little prisoners went to work, tooth and nail and had almost succeeded in making a hole through the bottom of the ship when they were fortunately discovered.

Her next remembrance after this was that she was on land somewhere, still with her companion. They kept through woods, living on such animals as they could kill, until they came to a large river, supposed, by the description she gave of it, to be the Marne. Into this she and her companion plunged, and remained in the water for a long while, where they caught several fish.

This, so far as could be ascertained, occurred only a few days before her appearance at Songi, and evidence was given by a person dwelling upon the banks of the Marne that about the time in question he had observed two creatures of dark color swimming and plunging about in the water. Supposing them to be wild acquatic creatures of some kind, he had gone in pursuit of them with his gun, and had even fired at them, though without effect, as he saw them emerge again from the water at a considerable distance away, after which he lost sight of them.

After this, Memmie used to say that she remembered how she and her companion landed on the bank opposite to the one from which they had entered the river. As they passed on through the country Memmie found a string of beads, which her companion tried to wrest from her by force. The elder girl was getting the better of her antagonist, when the latter struck her with her club, stunning her and cutting her head so as to "make it red," as she herself expressed it, in reference to the blood. Then she was frightened at what she had done, and running to a pond she caught a frog, and having skinned it she applied the skin to the temple of her wounded companion, who presently revived. After this they wandered on and on, until they got separated in some way or another, and Memmie could give no clear account of what happened to her from that time until she arrived at the village of Songi.

While at the convent, Memmie would sometimes recount to her companions experiences of her life while residing with M. d'Epinoy, who had taken her to his chateau some time after she had been domesticated in the family of his shepherd. Once, she said, there was a large party invited to a dejeuner at the chateau, and she was an object of much curiosity and interest to the guests. She could speak a little then, but had not yet got over her preference for raw food. Going among the guests she bantered them playfully for eating such victuals as was set before them, and begged them to restrain their appetites while she went away to procure some better viands for them. Then she ran off on her wonderfully swift feet, to a pond in the neighborhood, where she soon caught a number of frogs, placing which in her apron, she returned with them to the dining-room, and tumbled them out upon the table before the astonished guests. When the frogs tried to escape by leaping to the floor, she persisted in returning them to the table, and at last wound up the performance by swallowing several of them alive.

No trace was ever found of the companion described by Memmie as having been with her in her wanderings. The old French pamphlet from which we have gleaned the foregoing particulars was published during the lifetime of Memmie, and there is no record relating to her subsequent career. Her appearance at Songi and the circumstances connected with her history are facts, being substantiated in the pamphlet referred to, by extracts from several of the papers of the day. For the rest, all is vague surmise.

Some of the writers on the subject suppose her to have been taken from the coast of Labrador, and carried to Europe in a ship, from which she escaped in the manner described; and this theory would seem to hold good from her description of the seal. Against this, however, is to be placed the fact that she did not describe ice and snow, but spoke of people who dwelt in holes in the ground and in trees.

A more feasible theory broached about her was, that she had been taken from some Dutch, American, or African colony, and, belonging to a tribe of light complexion, had been dyed so as to make her saleable as a negro slave. Some Dutch skipper might have purchased her and her companion for exhibition, and taken them to some port in Holland, whence they had made their escape, a thing which might have been possible a century ago, before the era of railroad, of telegraph, and police. At any rate, her story is a curious one, and one cannot help wishing to know what finally became of poor Memmie Le Blanc, and of the companion who accompanied her for a while her wild wanderings.

THE KANSAS YANKEE'S FERRY TICKET.—You know the test to which the Missourians subject all travellers who made their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed over to Kansas. Some years since a slab-sided Yankee arrived at one of the Missouri landings, with a long train of "plunder" of various sorts. By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had.

"Waal," says the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen, and two 'keows.'"

"That's enough," replied the ferryman; "you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody who couldn't pronounce the word cow.

"But I said 'keow,' persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I've got tickets entitling me to cross," urged the Yankee.

The ferryman replied that he did not know of anybody who had a right to sell him tickets.

"But I've got them anyway."

The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying, "Them's the tickets, and I'm bound to cross this ferry 'keow' or no 'keow!'"

EDMUND BURKE'S IDEA OF A PERFECT WIFE.—She is handsome, but it is not a beauty arising from the features, from complexion, or shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart—it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arouses your attention at first sight; it grows upon you at every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of every one, but the happiness of one. She has the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—all of the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has it advantage, you must come close to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind—one is the transcript of the other. Her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts upon, but the goodness of the choice she makes. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not.

A LAD in New Haven died of 41 green pears. His friends called it cholera.

BOZALDAB'S VISION.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Conduct me, thou of being cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design!
Active, I follow on; for should my will
Resist, I m impious; but must follow still.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning annointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, while hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighboring mountain; he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his ministrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flirt through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures with irremediable calamity. Ye lying imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He whom you pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer.

At that moment he suddenly raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly, thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, and crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile—"Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor; "I am Caloc, the angel of Peace. Look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure; it was a merchant just perishing from famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in that forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use, and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

"Inhabitant of heaven," exclaimed Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the angel, "and observe."

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum than he held a consultation with his crew and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, entreated and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practiced?" exclaimed Bozaldab. "Look again," said the angel, "and behold the very ship in which, short sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock; dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be precious; he has now learnt that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

"Gracious Allah! It is my son," cried the Caliph—"O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the Angel. "I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on earth." And why, returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?"—"Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance, his hands were stained with blood, and trembled by turns with fury and terror; the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favorite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she forced Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he possessed would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! From what dreadful evils has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies.

"Cast away the danger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thy own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend anything among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels which thou commandest to be cut to receive the inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

THE CALIFORNIA ALPS.—The following are approximate altitudes and latitudes of some of the chief peaks of the South Sierra Nevadas:

	Latitude. Deg.	Min.	Altitude. Feet.		Latitude. Deg.	Min.	Altitude. Feet.
Mount Whitney,	35	39	15,000	Mount Brewer,	36	44	13,000
Mount Cawiah,	36	29	14,000	Mount Goddard,	37	—	13,000
Mount Silliman,	36	40	11,800	Mount Lyell,	37	45	13,500
Mount Tyndall,	37	40	13,000	Mount Dana,	37	53	13,500
Table Mountain,	36	40	13,000	Castle Peak,	38	10	13,000

This region which was first explored, and its great height ascertained by the State Geological Survey, will, in future years be resorted to by numerous visitors, every summer. The scenery far exceeds the European Alps, in grand and varied character.

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.—Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.

Cervantes was a common soldier.

Homer was the son of a small farmer.

Molière was the son of a tapestry maker.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Terrence was a slave.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Howard was an apprentice to a grocer.

Franklin was a journeyman printer, and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.

Daniel Defoe was a hostler, and son of a butcher.

A PRUSSIAN SENTINEL.—A story is told of a Prussian sentinel stationed on the steeple at Troppau, and left behind there when his company retreated. The citizens attempted to take him prisoner; but the Prussian easily defended with his bayonet the narrow winding stair by which alone access could be gained to the steeple. They then decided on reducing him by famine; but the Prussian having with him a good supply of cartridges, announced, that, unless he was regularly and well fed, he would shoot every one who passed in the streets around the church. The good soldier thus contrived to maintain his position for two days, when Troppau was reoccupied by the Prussians, and he was relieved.

MONKEY TRICKS.

I LATELY had a little monkey, who was such a great thief, that if he had been a human being he would have been transported over and over again for numerous acts of petty larceny. I, however, turned his thieving propensities to good account. Master Jack (after I had had him some time) showed evident symptoms of phthisic or consumption, and I prescribed cod liver oil. It was placed openly before him on the dining-room table, but he refused it with symptoms of disgust and sundry tail shakings. I then poured a little into a saucer, and placed it in such a position that Master Jack should find it for himself, while I pretended to be reading and not to notice what was going on. The trap took; Jack, thinking he was stealing the oil, sucked up the prescribed dose, making a face not implying nausea, but rather high glee at his own cleverness.

This "deceit," however, was after a time discovered by the artful creature, and one day I found my friend with his long tail and arms tightly coiled round the table lamp, and stealing the colza oil as it dropped down from the wick. He managed to get one of his long, spider-leg-like fingers through the brass work of the lamp, and held it till a drop of oil fell on it; he then put it in his mouth and sucked off the oil like a child sucking sugar candy. How he could manage to gaze at the intense light, which one would have thought would have hurt his eyes when so near the lighted wick, I know not. I fancy, however, that the light bothered him somewhat, for he used to frown dreadfully while he was waiting for the oil to drop on his finger. I placed colza oil before him; no, he would not touch it; but nevertheless, he had no objection to it when he stole it for himself from the lamp. He was certainly better and fatter for his medicine, which was so sweet because stolen, and I really think it saved his life.

Jack, too, had a marvellous propensity for picking things to pieces, and smashing articles that came in his way; strange to say, he never tore a useless bit of paper or broke a common or valueless bit of goods. One day he sneaked out of his cage and had a good morning's work to himself, tearing off the leather and pulling out the lining of an old arm chair. He was, after an hour or two, discovered in the act, and taken into custody to be duly chastised for his mischief. He cried "murder" when he saw preparations made to punish him, but at the same time he held out his hand firmly closed upon something in it. His pickers and stealers were unclasped, and in the palm of his hand was discovered a half sovereign, which he had most certainly found and picked out of the chair, and which probably had been buried in the lining of the chair (an old second hand one) for years. His proffered ransom got him off his punishment, but his investigations into the structure of watches, books, ink and cruet stands, writing desks, MS. notes, etc., have not since produced equally valuable discoveries.

Nothing pleased Jack so much as to make his escape, Jack Sheppard fashion, from the wire cage in which he was kept by the kitchen fire. He would pick and pick with his long, skeleton-like fingers till he found the staple loose. If any body happened to look round at him while he was at work he would drop instantly on the hay and pretend to be asleep. When he managed to get the door unfastened he would not bolt out in a moment, but push it open as gently and gradually as a burglar. He would then sneak out, and the cunning rascal would carry his chain on his tail to prevent it rattling on the stones and the servant detecting his pranks. His object was to get to my room, and on looking up I frequently found my friend nestled inside the fender. He came into the room so quietly that I did not know that he had escaped from his cage till he called my attention by a friendly chatter, as much as to say—"I've got loose so cleverly that you really must not scold me for it."—*Frank Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.*

IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT EMPHASIS.—A stranger from the country, observing one of Carpenter's Roller Counting-house Rules, lifted it, and, inquiring the object, was answered, "It is a rule for *counting* houses." Too well-bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How in the name of nature do you count houses with this?" There is another good story on the subject of emphasis. "Boy," said a visitor at the house of a friend to his little son, "step over the way and see how *old Mrs. Brown is.*" The boy did the errand, and on his return reported that Mrs. Brown did not know how *old* she was, and that she said he might find out by his own learning.

PUNCH slanderously says: "The sun is called masculine, from its supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine always as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing, just like a ship blown about by every wind. The church is feminine, because she is married to the State; and Time is masculine, because he trifles with the ladies.

SURE to harrow up the sole—Peg ends inside one's boots.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

NOW that we are in possession of all the official documents calculated to shed any light on the fearful tragedy of July 30th, we are in a position to speak of it intelligently, and without risk of being misled by partial information.

The documents referred to consist of the dispatches of Gen. Sheridan to Gen. Grant, the correspondence between Mayor Monroe of New Orleans, and Major-General Baird, commanding in the Department of Louisiana, and the report of the Grand Jury "of the Parish of Orleans."

All accounts agree in stating that the immediate cause of "the riot," as the Grand Jury are pleased to designate what seems upon the evidence to have been a preconcerted massacre, was the assemblage of a body of men "claiming to be members of the Convention of 1864, and also claiming the legal right to remodel the State Government."

Back of this immediate cause—which seems, however, to have been rather an occasion than a cause—Gen. Sheridan finds the real origin of the tragedy in "the antagonistic feeling" existing in the community between the Union men and the sympathizers with the rebellion.

The language in which Gen. Sheridan characterizes the affair is exceeding strong. He says: "The more information I obtain concerning it, the more revolting it becomes. It was no riot—it was an absolute massacre by the police it was a murder which the Mayor and police perpetrated without a shadow of necessity. Furthermore, I believe it was premeditated; and every indication points to this." Let us now endeavor to ascertain whether Gen. Sheridan had sufficient grounds for employing such language as this.

The "riot," as already stated, occurred on the 30th. On the 25th Mayor Monroe addressed a letter to Gen. Baird, mentioning the intended meeting of the Convention, and announcing his, the Mayor's, determination to "disperse" it as "an unlawful assembly, calculated to disturb the public peace and tranquillity." The Mayor concluded his communication with an inquiry which was its sole object; that inquiry was "whether the projected meeting" had Gen. Baird's "approbation;" in other words, the Mayor wanted to ascertain whether the Convention would be protected by the military authorities.

To this letter, the real significance and object of which Gen. Baird does not seem to have understood, that unsophisticated officer replied, stating that the "assemblage referred to" had not, so far as he was aware, "the approbation of any military authority for its meetings," and adding that he, the writer, "presumed the gentlemen composing the Convention" had never deemed it necessary to ask any permission or sanction for their proposed meeting from the "military authorities." The General further says, with refreshing simplicity: "When asked if I inteuded to furnish the Convention with a military guard, I have replied, no; the Mayor of the city and the police will amply protect its sitting!" Viewed in the light of subsequent events this delightful confidence in "the Mayor and the police" seems touching in the extreme. The General then proceeds to explain to the Mayor his theory in regard to the Convention. "If," he says, "the assemblage in question has the legal right to remodel the State Government, it should be protected in doing so; if it has not, then its labors must be looked upon simply as a harmless pleasantry to which no one ought to object." Moreover, the General "cannot understand how the Mayor of a city can undertake to decide so important and delicate a question as the legal authority upon which a Convention, claiming to represent the people of an entire State, bases its action."

Doubtless Gen. Baird imagined, after dispatching this epistle defining his own position and suggesting his view of the proposed Convention to Mayor Monroe, that all danger of any interference with that body on the part of the municipal authorities was at an end. Assuredly he could not have anticipated the possibility of what occurred a few days afterwards; otherwise he would not have refused to furnish the military guard asked by the Convention. Meantime Mayor Monroe had attained his purpose. He had learned that the Convention would be without military protection; he saw that Gen. Baird cherished the idea that no such protection would be needed, and that a simple intimation of his views would be sufficient to control the action of the authorities. We can imagine the sardonic smile with which the Mayor perused this rather complacent epistle as he revolved the surprise he was preparing for the unsuspecting General. The letter was dated and apparently received on the 26th, and the municipal officials had four days for organizing their plans. To do them justice, they appear to have made effective use of the time.

The eventful day, the 30th, arrived, and at about one o'clock P. M., according to Gen. Sheridan's statement, "a procession of from sixty to one hundred and twenty colored men" marched toward the Mechanics' Institute, where the Convention was to meet, carrying an American Flag. This would scarcely seem to have been a sufficiently formidable body to endanger the peace of the city. About "every tenth man," says Gen. Sheridan, "had a pistol." Surely it would have been easy for the authorities to have dispersed the procession or to have arrested all the individuals in it, without killing forty persons, had such been their real wish. "There were many spectators in the streets, and their manner and tone were unfriendly;"—we still quote Gen. Sheridan's statement—"a shot was fired, by whom I am unable to state." Under the circumstances, can there be any reasonable doubt as to whether the members of the small and almost unarmed procession, or the "unfriendly crowd" backed by the police, were the aggressors? A difficulty occurred at the door of the Institute, between a colored man and a policeman, and a shot was fired. Then followed "an indiscriminate fire on the building through the windows by the policemen." Then a white flag was displayed by those within, and the slaughter ceased for a moment—but only for a moment. The police rushed in and "opened an indiscriminate fire upon the audience until they had emptied their revolvers." Then they retired, apparently to procure a fresh supply of ammunition. Such, at any rate, seems to have been the belief of the survivors thus far of the massacre, for they proceeded to barricade the doors. But the police returned, the doors were broken open, and the firing recommenced. Those who escaped from the building were fired upon by a circle of policemen outside, and by the citizens. "The wounded were stabbed while lying on the ground, and their heads beaten with brickbats." But why dwell upon details? The real complexion of the affair cannot be disguised; it was a massacre. Possibly, the testimony upon which Gen. Sheridan based his official communication to Gen. Grant, may not have been accurate in all the details; but on all hands it is admitted that forty persons were killed outright, and some one hundred and sixty wounded. And of the forty persons murdered, *all* were either negroes or Unionists. None of the policemen or citizens engaged with them appear to have been killed. The slaughter was all on one side, showing that there was no effective resistance; that the assailed party were helpless, and that they might have been arrested without bloodshed had such been the plan of the authorities. But Mayor Monroe and his confederates had unquestionably resolved to make the Convention, which Gen. Baird in his simplicity had informed them "must be looked upon as a harmless pleasantry," a very grim and ogreish piece of "pleasantry," indeed, redolent of that peculiar vein of humor that crops out occasionally in the flaying of a negro alive, or the roasting of an Abolitionist. In the report of the Grand Jury on "the riot," we observe some fine touches of irony in quite an analogous vein, as for instance the passage where it is stated: "There seems to have been some unnecessary loss of life, and some unnecessary ferocity and brutality . . . but the police with a few exceptions behaved with humanity."

THE PALINDROME is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's salutatiou to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam."

Another was uttered by Napoleon at St Helena, when asked if he thought he could have taken London: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

The best are found in the Latin, as the lawyer's motto: "Si Nummi immunis," and the best is as follows: Sator, arepo tenet opera rotas." It is the same backward as forward; all the first letters of the words spell the first word; all the second letters of the words spell the second word, and so on through; and also backward the same.

The baker at Yreka who, years ago, very naturally called his establishment "Yreka Bakery," will doubtless be astonished to learn that he is a palindromist as good as Adam, and nearly equal to Napoleon.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall

WOMAN AT THE BALLOT-BOX.

WE are not about to enter into any discussion of the subject of Female Suffrage; our present purpose is simply to note the significant fact that, from being a fanciful and abstract question debated without serious reference to practical results, it has actually come to be regarded as one of the gravest political questions of the day. In England it is no longer left to the handling of theoretical essayists. Such men as John Stuart Mill have taken it up in the most sober and matter-of-fact spirit, insisting upon the justice and expediency of extending the suffrage to women; and several of the leading London journals have actually ceased to regard it as a theme susceptible only of humorous treatment, and have commenced discussing it in the same serious business tone in which they argue questions of parliamentary reform or of foreign policy.

And notwithstanding the disturbing novelty of the idea, and the difficulties of detail that at once suggest themselves when we approach the subject in a practical spirit; notwithstanding the thousand obvious perplexities and embarrassments that we can readily foresee as likely to arise from the actual extension of the suffrage to women, it is impossible to deny that, regarded as an abstract question, the weight of the argument is on the side of the advocates of this startling innovation. In this country, however, it is clear that the public mind is not yet prepared to consider the matter seriously, or even to regard it as worthy of being seriously considered. It is a natural tendency of the popular mind to regard whatever is entirely novel and without precedent in political institutions, as absurd; and it is only after becoming familiarized with the idea of such changes, by much discussion and continued agitation, that the masses of practical men learn to look beyond the commonplace objections and superficial difficulties which readily suggest themselves when a measure is proposed which is antagonistic to long-established notions. Meantime we see that a number of influential journals at the East have commenced the earnest advocacy of "Woman's Rights" in this practical form. The New York *Independent* declares that "all advanced thought is tending in this direction," and professes to "see everywhere the outcroppings of this stupendous question—a question which, sooner or later, will agitate the nation as the question of slavery agitated it."

At present we are unable to discern any portents of such an "agitation" as the *Independent* predicts. But should it come, we shall at least enjoy the consolation of knowing that it will be a peaceful one. Whatever may be the "rights of woman," they must be freely conceded by man; and fortunately there need be no apprehension of a civil war or a war of the sexes for the purpose of securing them.

THE MODERN HEROINE.—The change which has came over the romantic dreams of the short-story writer has been slow but insidious. The heroine, whose stateliness we loved, has become arch, vivacious, and witty to a painful degree. Instead of thrilling us with that melancholy glance which was supposed to express, in some orthodox manner, "the yearnings of a poetic soul," she now translixes us with sarcasm. Instead of those conversations magnificent in hyperbole and lofty sentiment, we have now badinage that becomes almost hysterical in its intensity. Her head no longer sinks on her lover's manly breast, as she "whispers sweet consent;" "a sudden expression almost of pain"—"a cold rigidity of the small lips"—"a mocking, but silvery laugh," is all that the bashful lover may look for. Not but that she has sentiment, but it is of a singularly perplexing and exasperating quality; she has a way of looking at you with "strange dumb eyes"—her glance is "trance-like" and "far off"—she is "sybilline," "fateful." She is no longer beautiful, but "singular looking." It may be easily imagined that a heroine of this order would not be satisfied with that one devoted lover which in former times was her predestined partner. She loves two. She is two or three times engaged. She is justified by a philosophy borrowed from our lively Gallic friends. She has all the benefit of those "extenuating circumstances" which French poetical justice admits equally as its literature and law. The modern short story gives us details, where formerly we had mere glittering generalities. The dress of our heroine is described with feminine precision; the writer no longer trusts to white muslin and simple "rose buds" for the hair. In the matter of accomplishments, the same care is displayed. Our heroine no longer allows her fingers to run carelessly over the piano while she listens to her lover's conversation; she deliberately sits down to Chopin or Schubert. We are forced to listen to an enthusiastic criticism of "Beethoven, choral symphony, op, 125," or a duo in E flat. We are crushed with her knowledge of botany; the "simple rosebud" her lover presents is technically considered; it is no longer pulled to pieces in bashful meditation—she "removes its petals." In the more pretentious short story, she generally has a profession—painter, musician, sculptor, governess, doctor.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in this city to the memory of the dead of the "California Hundred," and the "California Cavalry Battalion." The above named organizations have appointed a committee to collect funds, choose the location of the monument, and superintend its structure.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

More Applications for the Editorship.

HAVING gone so far in the publication of the letters received at this office, in consequence of the rumored vacancy in the Editorial Chair of THE CALIFORNIAN, we have concluded to publish the remainder of the correspondence.

To the Proprietor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—In this crisis of our national affairs, politics constitute the all-absorbing topic. Your paper, in order to succeed, must have an under current of politicul principle. Literature without politics can possess but little interest. There are now for all practical purposes, but two parties, the Democratic, supported by Pre-ident Johnson and the patriotic masses; and the Rump-ites, supported by all the "isms." Who can doubt which is destined to acquire the ascendancy? The Democratic party is like the Roman Catholic Church, it has principles, and it has organization. It must succeed; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. It is, Sir, the pride, the boast, the enthusiasm of my life, that I am, and always have been a Democrat. The first utterance of consecutive words, forming a sentence in our language, that came from my infant lips, was "Hurrah for Jackson!" Since that far off period of my budding existence, I have constantly, pertinaciously, and vociferously kept on shouting that war-cry, which to me, symbolizes freedom, Union, liberty, progress and religion. If I accept the Editorship of your paper, that cry will be its undertone—its diapason. As to my literary qualifications, I say nothing. Political rivals and envious Bohemians have accused me of dealing in platitudes, "hifalutin," "hosh," etc., etc., and have even compared my style of composition to that of "Kuzzilbash," and "Alphabet Kewen." But, Sir, if you have ever enjoyed the felicity of listening to my campaign speeches, in the Fourth Ward, or if you recollect, as you doubtless do, my gushing articles in the *Alta*, in praise of Matilda Heron, you will have perceived that I am capable of soaring into a pathetic region, at once higher and deeper, more humorous and more nebulous than any in which my detractors could sustain an unwearied wing. It was I, Sir, who wrote all those brilliant "leaders" in John McComb's *Argus* during the McClellan campaign. It was I who more recently wrote those "Letters to a Friend" in the *Examiner*, which excited the jealousy of Ben. Washington, and caused him to tremble lest Capt. Moss should turn him adrift, and invite *me* to occupy the vacant tripod. It is I who am regarded by Casserley and Hoge, and all the rest of them, with pangs of envy. Why, Sir, there is more fine writing in my last Oration before the Pioneers than all of them ever got off during the period of their aggregate lives. I may add that any one who has ever heard me talk, must be aware that I, like Bob Rogers, was one of the heroes of the Mexican War; and why, Sir, I would ask, should not a heroic and chivalric element be incorporated into THE CALIFORNIAN? I would add that I consider myself the wittiest man in California, with the exception of "Mark Twain;" though my wit is of so delicate a strain that it has never been known to provoke a laugh. I have made but two puns in my life; but those two are worth all that have been made during that lifetime; the only trouble about them, was that they needed too much explanation. Indeed, my famous "French-theatrical" pun upon the *Soupe Maigre* (thin supe) has never been understood to this day. The other pun was got off when Judge Baldwin urged me to run for Congress, instead of Downey, on which occasion I told him that my "feet" were so fast in "the stocks" that it was quite impossible for me to *run*.

Finally, without further nonsense, I offer myself as a candidate for the vacant Editorship. I can give your paper what it most lacks—point, sparkle, polish, and above all, a sound orthodox Democratic tone, of all which it is sadly in need.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. W. FR—L—N.

Mr. Jefferson Snort on Boston School Marms in Our Public Schools.

MR. EDITOR:—Are we living in San Francisco, or in Boston? Is this great commercial emporium of the Pacific to be Bostonized, and to be brought within the sweep of the little provincial, six-inch radius of the "Hub?" If so, I want to emigrate, and see if it is impossible to find a spot anywhere on the top of this terraqueous globe, where the tyrannous influence of Puritanism has not extended. A few weeks since, my niece, Letetia Calhoun Jefferson Snort, arrived on these shores; though not educated at Mount Holyoke or Oberlin, she is a young lady of culture and accomplishments, thoroughly qualified for the position of teacher in the best young ladies' seminary in the land. Soon after her arrival I called with her upon several members of the Board of Education, with a view of obtaining for her a position as teacher in one of the Public Schools. I presented her certificates and credentials, but, before even so much as glancing at them, the Hon. Members of the Board enquired, "Is the young lady from Massachusetts?" And on receiving a reply in the negative, intimated that there was no chance for the applicant. No one, it appears, is considered qualified to teach in our Public schools, unless he or she hails from Yankeedom. "You see, sir," said one Hon. Member of the Board, "we have so many thoroughly-trained teachers of the highest qualifications, continually arriving here from Boston, that we scarcely have need of any others; in fact, all others may be regarded as superfluities, the Boston supply quite equals the demand; the Boston article is, in short, so superior to any other article in the market, that we have practically adopted the motto, 'None other need apply.'"

Now, Mr. Editor, I ask you, in all seriousness and solemnity, is not this monstrous? I repeat it sir, are we to be Bostonized? Are the educational institutions of this great city to be under the exclusive and despotic domination of a parcel of narrow-minded, snivelling, psalm-singing, blue-bellied Yankees? I know all about these model Boston school marms; nine out of every ten of them were Lowell factory girls, who, after saving a couple of hundred dollars, started for Oberlin, procured what they call an "education" at that negrophilist and free-love institution, and after "graduating" set up as strong-minded women, and went into business as abolition lecturers, dressmakers, medical clairvoyants, or fortune-tellers. Failing in these vocations, the last resort of the tribe is to start for California, and apply for positions in our schools. Is not this an infamous state of things? What is to be done? Yours indignantly,

JEFFERSON SNORT.

Drunken Babies.

The great question is settled. In spite of the eloquence of F. M. Pixley, the Board of Supervisors have decided that cows shall not be fed on distillery swill. The learned counsel for the milkmen and their cows, defended his horned clients boldly. He declared that: "When the Health Officer and a friend, after visiting the ranches and seeing the cows turned out full of life and spirit, came to town and reported the cows drunk, they let their imagination overcome their reason." Of course no one could object to every cow having a couple of "horns" when it got up in the morning; but we do not believe that the cows were in the habit of getting so terribly intoxicated as was reported. Pixley said this opposition to the use of distillery swill arose "all because animals have been reported drunk, when the cavorting which was seen was the exuberance of spirits, derived from perfect health." Certainly. They weren't drunk—only jolly. Who ever saw a cow as drunk as a man? A cow may know something about buttercups, but who ever saw a cow with the hiccups? Bah! A cow in its cups is an impossibility. Dr. Rowell declared that cows got "gloriously drunk." He said no animal could stand whisky but man, and he educated himself to use it. Mr. McCoppin proposed that the cows should be educated also. The end of the matter, however, was that this intoxicating food was forbidden to be given to cows, and the cows are henceforth a Temperance Legion. As this matter is settled, we can, without fear of frightening any fond mothers into fits, allude to one dreadful effect of this swill-milk on babies. We don't believe that the cows got drunk, but we are quite sure that their milk had a terribly intoxicating effect on babies. The *Round Table* has published a statement to the effect that the majority of the ladies of America are drunkards. What of that? While swill-milk was allowed to be sold in San Francisco, we don't believe there was one sober baby in the city. There were thousands of drunken babies. Wherever you went you could hear the yells of a baby who had got howling drunk on swill-milk. It was a fearful state of things. It is all changed now. There will be no more cases of delirium tremens among San Francisco infants now. No more inebriated children trying to pull snakes out of their socks. For the future it will be safe to speak to an infant; hitherto the chances were that the little dear, maddened with copious draughts of swill-milk, would hit out from the shoulder, and perhaps give you a black eye, at the same time using language which would, if you could understand it, make you shudder. We are thankful that while this was going on, we had no *Round Table* here to write an article on drunken babies. We have remained silent. Now the danger is past we speak. The babies of this city, for the most part, are becoming reconciled to losing their morning dram, though many have entirely refused to drink their milk until a spoonful or two of rum has been added. All honor to Dr. Rowell and the *Bulletin*, who have freed the cows and the babies of San Francisco from the terrible curse of drunkenness.

The Duty of a District Attorney.

As it appears that a misunderstanding exists in the minds of certain editors of newspapers, and of many thousands of persons engaged in various pursuits in the City and County of San Francisco, as to the duties incumbent on the person who fills the office of District Attorney, it will perhaps be as well for us to explain what the duty of a District Attorney is—in special cases. Of course when Lung Kee is charged in the Police Court with having stolen a chicken and thus committed the offence of petit larceny, it is not necessary for the District Attorney to appear in Court to guard the interests of the people resident in the City and County of San Francisco; the case of Lung Kee can be attended to by the *Assistant* District Attorney. If Jenny Knuck steals a handkerchief, it is the duty of the *Assistant* District Attorney to prosecute, and his superior officer need not trouble himself about the matter. Occasionally, however, a case may come before the Police Court which it is not proper to leave to an *Assistant* District Attorney—in fact, a case which imperatively demands the attention and personal presence of the DISTRICT ATTORNEY. For instance: A gentleman, a man moving in good society, one who has always been able to lay his hand on a few hundred dollars when he wanted it; a man who was never known to appropriate a chicken, like the depraved Lung Kee, nor to "prig a wipe," like the dishonest Jenny Knuck, has, for the purpose of speculating—in a gentlemanly manner—appropriated to his own uses money belonging to his employers. It will be observed that we are speaking of an entirely different case from that of a shop-boy who "borrows" two dollars and a half from the money druwer of the storekeeper by whom he is employed and trusted, for the purpose of trying his luck at poker. The gentleman, in the case which we are supposing, retains thousands of dollars for the purpose of speculating in mining stocks. In the case of the abominable little gambling shop-boy, who put two dollars and a half, received from the sale of goods owned by his employer, into his pocket instead of into the money drawer, the presence of the District Attorney would not be required in the Police Court; the Assistant District Attorney would prosecute the boy for stealing. In the case which we suppose, however—that of the gentleman who has "invested" thousands of dollars belonging to his employers in mining speculations—it is the duty of the District Attorney to call upon the counsel for the respectable prisoner, and if the counsel *seems to think* his client is not guilty, it is the duty of the District Attorney to think so in reality, and to attend in the Police Court to prevent the Assistant District Attorney—through a mistaken notion of *his* duty—from striving to convict a gentlemanly man; a man who has had money; a man who has friends; and, above all, a man whom his counsel, a learned lawyer, *seems to think* is not guilty. Then it is the duty of the District Attorney to tell the Judge that *he* thinks the respectable prisoner is not guilty, and if the Assistant District Attorney dares to open his mouth—to snub him severely. We believe that the above imaginary case is the only one in which the presence of the District Attorney, in the Police Court, can be positively beneficial to himself or to any one else.

A Live Queen.

San Francisco has for nearly two months been honored by the presence of the widow of an English Baronet, and our citizens have attended the nightly levees held by Lady Don with commendable zeal. Her ladyship has entertained her guests so well that all confess that it has been long since so charming a lady has landed on these shores. On Sunday the loud-mouthed cannon will probably roar a welcome to the widow of a King. We must let the "Lion's Mouth," in anticipation of her arrival, roar its welcome to Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands. The *Alta* gives an account of the honors which are to be paid to this distinguished visitor. The Hawaiian standard is to be hoisted on the Occidental Hotel, the Mayor will receive her, a barouche, drawn by four white horses, is to be in readiness on the wharf, and the *Vanderbilt* is to be placed at Queen Emma's disposal to convey her to Honolulu. So far the *Alta* does very well. It continues: "This action on the part of our Government is a well-merited compliment to our Hawaiian neighbors, whose trade has grown to be one of the leading, and is among the most important to the Pacific coast. In the one item of sugar"—Sugar! O, this is terrible! The Hawaiian standard waving over the Occidental, the Mayor receiving Her Magesty on the wharf, the barouche with four white horses; all these were described in Fitz Smythe's best style, but after bringing thus vividly before our eyes all the pomp and grandeur attendant on royalty, to say: "In the one article of sugar!"—Oh 'twas vile! We really had great hopes that the Court Circular, which the *Alta* will no doubt publish daily, would be got up in a superior style, but that Fitz Smythe will, we feel convinced, be continually dragging in some reference to sugar, or pulu, or trade in some shape or other. The *Alta* must engage a special Jenkins. If Felix O'Byrne were still with us he would do capitally; but alas! he has gone to join the Fenians! We still hope that the *Alta* will prove itself equal to the occasion, and that in addition to a barouche, four white horses and a Mayor, Queen Emma will be honored by a Court Circular in the *Alta*.

A Birch for Americans.

An English showman has arrived in this country, who, we are glad to observe, has a good opinion of America—at present;—he is anxious to retain this good opinion, and hopes to be able to give a good account of the men, manners, and customs of America on his return to England. Thus:

"Mr. Birch begs to say that from Americans abroad he has experienced the utmost courtesy and kindness, and by them been assured of a cordial reception in a country which, as the grandest in the world he has long wished to visit, and of which, as an observer of men, manners, and customs, he is anxious to give a faithful description on his return to England."

He intends to give to those who vitit his show a number of tea-caddies and other articles, "as souvenirs of Mr. Birch's visit to America." We urge, we pray, we beg, we beseech the citizens of San Francisco to walk up, hurry up, tumble up, to see Mr. Birch's Diorama. We beg that they will do this, not for the sake of Mr. Birch, whose entertainment has been "honored by the distinguished patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, the Rt. Hon. the Countess of Yarborough, the Rt. Hon. the Dowager Countess Cowper, the Rt. Hon. the Viscountess Combermere, the Rt. Hon. the Lady Mary Craven, his Grace the Duke of Leinster," and a great many other members of the nobility of England who have a particular fancy for dioramic views; we have a more patriotic end in view; we are anxious that Mr. Birch,

When he returns to Albion's isle,
His toils and dangers past—
May give of us darned Yankees here,
A good account at last.

If the people of San Francisco *don't* go to see Mr. Birch's dioramic show, we tremble for the consequences. The reputation of our country is at stake.

Beware of Widows.

Weller the elder's advice to Samivel, "Beware of a vidder," might perhaps, apply in the following case. The *Alta* publishes an advertisement, which runs as follows:

A YOUNG WIDOW LADY, well educated, and a good musician, just arrived from Philadelphia, desires a situation as housekeeper; is experienced in housekeeping, having been accustomed to living in the best of style for the last two years in Germany, and entertaining handsomely; is fond of reading, and understands driving fast horses. To save trouble, no notice will be taken of replies to this advertisement unless enclosing real name and residence. Would be willing to return to Europe. Address, etc.

We fancy that a widow who understands driving "fast horses," and who has been "living in the best of style for the last two years in Germany and entertaining handsomely," would make a very desirable "housekeeper" for an old gentleman who had lots of money and wished to get rid of it expeditiously. This advertisement is headed, "Housekeeper." Would not "Horsebreaker" have been more appropriate?

Rather Cool.

In Thursday's *Alta* was published an account of the difficulties which Cyrus W. Field had to contend with in starting the Atlantic Cable enterprise. This occupies about half a column of the *Alta*, is published without credit and commences thus: "There is an unwritten history of the connection of Mr. Field with the Atlantic Cable that may have a peculiar interest at this time."

This "unwritten history" is extracted from a volume entitled, "*History of the Atlantic Telegraph*," by Henry M. Field, D. D., published a few weeks ago in New York. This work is so well written, and describes so vividly the hopes and fears of the inaugurator of *the enterprise* of the present century, that papers which make extracts from it should give credit to Henry M. Field, who is entitled to honor as having faithfully chronicled the labors of his brother.

Her Majesty at Hand!

At last San Francisco will be honored with the presence of a Queen! "Mark Twain" and other Sandwich Island missionaries, now sojourning in this city, are requested to be on hand to-morrow, immediately after morning service, at the Folsom street wharf, to assist in the "Reception." Inasmuch as her Majesty is rather "dark-complected," we trust that, during her visit, the Street Railway conductors will be careful what they are about. It wouldn't sound well abroad if, through some stupid mistake, "the Queen" should be ordered out of the cars.

Rather Dangerous.

Mrs. Denny, who shot at Mrs. De Wolf, has been acquitted of an assault with a deadly weapon with intent to murder. If Mrs. Denny did not *intend* to murder Mrs. De Wolf, she certainly was careless about running the risk of doing so. Ladies are not good shots as a rule, but we don't think it is quite safe to allow them to shoot at one another with pistols without fear of punishment. Some man standing near during one of these feminine shooting scrapes might get hurt.

A MIDNIGHT DUEL IN 1850.

A STORY OF THE PARKER HOUSE.

WILLIAM HENRY WHITE, who evidently sojourned in California in the early days, is writing "Hope's Fruition, A Story of California," for the New York *Atlas;* from which we copy the following sketch of the fatal duel between Bartlett and Burnett, which took place during a drunken orgie at the Parker House in the summer of 1850. Bartlett was or had been a policeman. Burnett came to California with the Stevenson Regiment, and, after living a life of dissipation for some ten years after the duel, died on the passage to Panama while on his way to New York. Many old residents of that period will remember the event, the incidents of which are related with the closest fidelity:

"One evening in the latter part of the month Brodt and I, for lack of anything more amusing, visited Dr. Robinson's pretty little 'Dramatic Museum,' and were agreeably entertained by the 'artless simplicity' of Mrs. Birrell, the natural acting of Mr. Vincent, the strict propriety of Mr. Everard, the vagaries of the comic Fairchild, and the quaint humor of the whimsical Robinson—Doctor, and lately-made Alderman.

"When the curtain fell upon the last act of the 'Dead Shot,' we made our way through the crowd and passed into Kearny street.

"After several strolls up and down that narrow and rather muddy thoroughfare, and when we had sufficiently contemplated the beauties of the moon-lit heavens from the classic precincts of Portsmouth Square, we found our way into the public room of the Parker House.

"The place was full of revellers, gamblers, idlers and sight-seers.

"In the bar-room Fairchild, the comic-singer and actor, was holding forth in his peculiar style to an appreciative audience of 'fellow-pilgrims.'

"The gambling-tables were crowded, 'bankers and buckers' being equally busy in taking up and laying down their stakes. Pictures of classic beauties, in primitive costume, hung around the walls; music was sounding from the orchestra-platform, canary-birds sung as if trying to burst their tiny pipes, gold rattled, glasses jingled and oaths mingled. Excitement ran high and revelry was rampant. There was nothing remarkable in all this. In the Parker House, or in any house or hotel in San Francisco at that time, and all through the State, such scenes were common. But the events which occurred on this particular night, the 28th of July, at the Parker House, are so vividly impressed upon my memory that they stand out in bold relief from hundreds of others less salient in their features.

"We remained seated at a table in the corner with a bottle of 'choice Burgundy" between us, of which we did not partake very freely.

"The time wore away till the clock in the saloon struck one, and the crowds in the rooms were begining to disperse, when we were suddenly arrested by a new excitement. A quarrel had commenced in the bar-room. Two New York sporting men—Charles Bartlett and Charles Burnett—between whom a bitter feud had been for some time festering, met on the sidewalk in front of the house. The former was accompanied by a few friends, the other was unattended. After a few words had passed between the two B.'s, somebody proposed that all hands should go in and take a drink all round. All hands went in. The drinks were taken and repeated. But the liquor did not soothe the passions of the imbibers, and the quarrel broke out afresh—Bartlett being the noisest and most belligerent. Pistols were drawn, and nearly all the idlers vanished at an astonishing rate of speed, to avoid the stray shots that they thought were pretty sure to follow. It was the rule for spectators to disperse when shooting was about to begin; for experience had developed the fact that the bullets on such occasions generally fell in the greatest quantities among those who were the least interested. The pistols drawn were all in the hands of the Bartlett party. It was at this juncture that Brodt and I became spectators of the scene. As we entered the bar-room from the adjoining apartment, one of the parties, Bartlett, pistol in hand, was loudly asserting that Burnett was a d——d poltroon, and wouldn't fight.

"I've got no pistol," responded Burnett, "and you know it; and I don't want to fight, anyhow, if I can help it."

"'Of course, you don't. D—n you, I've a good mind to shoot you as you stand.'" And Bartlett brought his revolver down horizontally. Burnett then exclaimed, excitedly, 'Gentlemen, don't let him murder me; if I must be shot at, give me a chance to shoot back. Will somebody lend me a pistol?' A pistol was produced by a person who appeared to be a stranger, and handed to Burnett. It was a six-shooter.

"The doors leading into Kearney street were closed and locked by the barkeeper, to keep out straggling citizens and officious policemen, I suppose; and somebody else had done the same to the door between the rooms on the other side.

"The barkeeper was anxious that the battle should be fought out without interruption.

"'Gentlemen, *must* I fight? Charley Bartlett, do you mean it?'" said Burnett, after he had seen, by a hasty glance, that the pistol was loaded and in good working condition.

"'Fight!'" 'Fight!' was the excited replies. 'Fight it out, and have it settled.'

"'All right. But remember, all of you, that this is forced upon me. If somebody will measure off five paces, I'll be ready for you, Charley Bartlett.'

"The stranger who had lent Burnett his pistol then stepped off five very short paces, commencing at the street-end of the bar-counter and ending at the office-safe that stood near the door leading into the gambling-room. Burnett took his station at the counter-end; Bartlett placed himself near the safe.

"'Must this duel go on?'" exclaimed the stranger. 'Is there no other way to settle the quarrel?'

"'No, sir!'" shouted Bartlett. 'If Charley Burnett won't fight, d—n him, I'll shoot him, anyhow!'

"'Well, then, go ahead,'" replied the stranger, 'and take care that you don't hit the wrong targets; we object to being bored by such grave mistakes.'

"The spectators, about a dozen in all, crowded away from the principals as close to the walls as they could get. Some of the more timid took shelter under the counter. Brodt and myself backed up into a corner where we were as far out of range as it was possible to get in that narrow bar room. For a moment there was a pause. The time-piece over the bar indicated that it was now within ten minutes of two o'clock. The duelists stood facing each other, scarcely a dozen feet apart, in the full blaze of the brilliant lamp-light. Both were inflamed by liquor, but neither was drunk. They were fine-looking young men, of about the same age, were well-dressed and had the appearance, at least, of gentlemen. Like native New Yorkers generally, they were intelligent, if not intellectual. Both had the air of persons accustomed to the lavish expenditure of money. Bartlett was the burliest of form and ruddiest of face. Burnett was more shapely and of greater apparent refinement.

"Both were evidently men of courage.

"Although now bitter enemies they had once been schoolmates and warm friends. Suddenly they raised their pistols. Crack! A shot came from Bartlett and crash! over Burnett's head, went the glass fixtures of a globe lamp. Crack! A bullet sped from Burnett, and the woodwork of the partition behind his opponent flew in splinters.

The locks of all fire arms except dueling weapons, as a rule, work stiffly. Such was the case with the revolvers used in this fight, which probably accounts for the inaccuracy of aim displayed by both.

"Bang! A second shot from Bartlett, and a second lamp was shivered to atoms.

Barelett quickly cocked his revolver again and was in the act of pulling the trigger when Burnett fired his second shot. Both explosions blended in one report. Bartlett's bullet narrowly missed his old schoolmate's head and crushed through the bar-room window shutters into Kearney street.

"Burnett's shot was better aimed. Bartlett's pistol hand sunk to his side, his weapon dropped to the floor, he stood for an instant, staring fixedly at his old friend and then without a word fell face downward upon the floor—dead.

"His old friend's bullet was in his heart.

"In the confusion which followed, Tom and myself quietly left the room to avoid an arrest. The police were certain to be there in force before long.

"We chose to give our evidence at the inquest at our own discretion, rather than to be forced to the same result at the point of the law as defined by over-zealous policemen.

"We were not required at the inquest the following afternoon, as there were witnesses enough to prove a clear case without us. Burnett was exonerated and discharged from custody, and the remains of Bartlett were borne from the Parker House to the cemetery with a grand display of post-mortem honors that would have astonished the poor fellow could he have looked from his rosewood and satin surroundings and seen the pomp and pageant of his funeral."

A TRAGIC NOVEL.—Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for, to her, there seemed something familiar in these low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness, and hers gleaming with wild uncertainty. "Violetta!"—"Allendorf!" And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the pure, holy, delicious love of other days. Allendorf bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy. While doing this, Violetta's father, Rip Van Snort, was seen approaching the lovers with a flail. The aged patriarch saw Allendorf, and just as he was turning the corner of the red barn, gave him a lift with the flail that placed him on the "other side of Jordan." Violetta, driven to distraction, threw herself upon the grass, and for a long, long hour, was deaf to every consolation.

DEEDS of kindness cost but little of themselves, yet who can estimate their value!

NEW YORK MISERS.

IT is not generally known that New York at the present time contains a large number of misers as inveterate and degraded as any on record, and if we had space we could give a series of portraits of wealth and avarice which would make the reader shudder. Many of these misers are old business men who have withdrawn from active life and still keep up their faded and weather-stained signs, and beneath the garb of trade ply their money-saving habits. These men will be found sitting solitary in dingy offices, filled with cobwebs and thick with the dust of years. Money borrowers know where to go, and here these pale and threadbare fossils receive the best securities for their daily loans. Some of these half starved wretches, whose trembling hands can hardly sign a check, can draw for sums that would shake a bank. One of the richest men in the city is now to be found in just such a dingy hole as we have described, where he loans enormous sums daily. He was a merchant once, and his old sign is still up; and inside all things remain as they were a half century ago. He suffers daily for the comforts of life; but all this is compensated for by the pleasure of accumulation. "They come to me to beg," said the old man to an acquaintance, "and there's not a beggar in New York that does not live as well as I do"—a statement which was quite true.

A specimen of the better class of this *genus* was given in the late Exchange place robbery, where Rufus Lord, a man upwards of fourscore, was the solitary occupant of an office which contained between one and two million dollars in stocks and securities—all his own. Here this old man sat, day after day, accumulating at the rate of $2,000 per week, and no doubt hoping in due time to get rich. Such a hoard was worth tapping, and the job was one of the neatest and most successful ever done in New York.

The late Stephen Whitney was a striking instance of the commercial miser. When we knew him he had made about ten millions, and at the age of twenty-five was trying hard to get rich. The person and countenance of this wretched man were a study. The tremulous form, the sharpened features and the solicitous eye told of the one idea which mastered the soul. Mr. Whitney was, in his day, to be seen habitually in Wall street, picking his way along among brokers and sharpers, and buying notes, of which he was a good judge. He bought none but the best, and seldom made a bad purchase. His son in-law was in a heavy business; but his paper was not considered first rate; the only chance of his success being that the old man would keep him up. This chance we used to hear often discussed, and on its probabilities his paper found a market. But the old man did not keep him up; and he showed himself too sharp to be gulled even by so near a relative. Mr. Whitney was something of a politician; and on one occasion the leaders of his party came with an application for funds for electioneering purposes. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "I am with you, heart and body. As for money, I have none; but to help along, I will come and sit up all night and fold ballots."

Some of these New York misers are utterly recluse, while others are social and often meet to discuss methods of money making. The group occasionally seen in a certain old rookery, where a few millions are represented in hungry forms and seedy raiment, would be a study for an artist. The great complaint with this class is that "interest is down, money is cheap and the county is going to ruin. Only five per cent. on good paper, and six on bond and mortgage; and as for seven-thirties, they pay well enough, but one may get his throat cut taking care of them. The world's made up of thieves and beggars, and there's no use of trying to get along."—*N. Y. Citizen.*

SIGHTS IN GERMANY.—A correspondent of the New York Turf, in Germany, writes: "What a queer sort of a country this is to a man fresh from America. The roads stretch away for miles and miles together, under the shade of a double row of cherry and apple trees; there are no fences beside the road, none around the fields, none even around most of the houses. One sees no cattle, except now and then a small herd watched by a keeper, throughout a dreary day; no sheep, except under the same conditions; no horses at all, no swine, and not even any geese and chickens. All are kept up in their places, and I have laughed more than once to see a stout Dutchman driving a flock of geese or a brood of chickens on their morning or evening promenade.

ROBERT HALL did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you sir—too much brain."

SPEAKING of a young man who is in the habit of serenading the young ladies of that city, the Selma *Messenger* says—"For having heard him declare, in tuneful strains, to each of six young ladies in one evening that she was 'all the world' to him, we can safely endorse him as the worst 'harmonious lyre' of our acquaintance."

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded my self very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 120 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle. ap7-1y

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

EMPEROR MAX has received important news from his vrow, Carlotta; though his having no children, accounts for his not having heard that at C. A. FLETCHER'S, No. 1 Montgomery street, can be found the largest and most elegant assortment of BOY'S CLOTHING there is in the city. Boys' Suits as usual made to order from a superior line of Cloths and Cassimeres, always on hand, after the regular Eastern Fashion Plates, received monthly; this being the only Boys' Clothing House in receipt of them. A large assortment of Gentlemen's Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Traveling Trunks, Valises, etc., at all times, and at the most reasonable rates.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The pictures taken in this city are far superior to those taken in the East and Europe. We account for this simply from our atmosphere, which is lighter and clearer than any other. And this is why so many arriving here have noticed how much better pictures look here than at home. The best gallery to seek out is one which has the most light, and with few high buildings surrounding it. The NEW YORK, on the east side of Third street, a few doors below Market, has more light than any other in the city, and their pictures give more satisfaction, and are far cheaper than those from Montgomery street galleries.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

ALL GOOD JUDGES OF PIANOS agree that Frisbee & Scott have the finest and largest stock of Pianos in this city. They are agents of the celebrated firms of Culenberg & Vaupel, of New York, and Knabe & Co., Baltimore. There is certainly not an instrument equal to those imported by them. Mr. Gusvav A. Scott pays, also, particular attention to having their stock of foreign and American sheet music equal to any New York store. They keep at No. 3 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

"THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR HOW TO LIVE, AND WHAT TO LIVE FOR."—This is the title of an interesting and highly useful little book, published by Dr. Beck, of this city. It is *especially* adapted for the perusal of *young men*, nevertheless its truthful pages should be read by all, as they contain good, sound, healthy matter which can be easily understood and appreciated by every reader. This work is issued *gratuitously* on application to the Doctor, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of postage stamp or envelope addressed to Dr. Beck's office, 314 Kearny street, or post office Box 1599.

Dr. Beck is a member of several American and European Universities, and has published numerous works on *Anatomy, Medicine*, and *Surgery* His former connection with the principal "Anatomical Museums" of New York, Paris, London, etc., combined with his experience in his profession render him a highly desirable person to consult, and we can confidently recommend him to the public.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

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HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

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ap7-3m N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

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BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Bayce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Nohle & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co, N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sanlmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s. 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza. 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 334 Montgomery street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. ' . Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

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T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

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Throughout this coast a great deal of suffering is experienced from Rheumatism. Weeks and even months of protracted and aggravated misery is endured by the victims of medical inefficiency and ignorance, which could be cured speedily.

Dr. Bourne cures without medicines, which accounts for his extraordinary success. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, San Francisco.

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Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel.

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JO N KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3in Proprietor.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults... fants.....	25 25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis.....	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach.....	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods..	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains...	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding.....	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.....	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings.....	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness.....	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions....	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel.....	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker.....	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life.....$1.00	
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance. 1.00	
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book.....$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book..... 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book..... 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
mar24 6m H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
ap27-3m San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

SEPTEMBER 29TH,

SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with the *OCEAN QUEEN*, Capt. Weir.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

ON TUESDAY, - - - SEPT. 25,

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

SANTIAGO,

2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

mar23 B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
mar24 6m Main street Petaluma.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety.) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

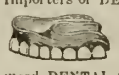
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.
Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets. s1

AYER'S

Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO, Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
s1 2m and all Dealers.

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Casbmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,

AS GOOD A COMPANY AS ANY IN THE UNITED STATES!

INSURANCE on Lives on all plans and on as favorable terms as any other safe company. No Extra Premiums for Traveling to and from the East.

ACCUMULATED FUND.....$2,500,000

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
General Agents for Pacific Coast and Territories,
S. E. corner California and Montgomery sts.

Accidental Insurance!

UNITED STATES

CASUALTY INSURANCE CO.

Insurance against all kinds of ACCIDENTS. The Only Mutual Company in America.

Fifty Dollars per annum insures your life against death by accident for $10,000 for one year, and gives you $50 if disabled.

Five Dollars per annum insures you for $1,000 and $5 per week compensation.

Insurance for any period, or for a trip or voyage.

RATES as low as any good Company can afford.

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
S. E. corner of California and Montgomery streets,
s1 3m General Agents for Pacific Coast.

SUMMER MEDICINE.

PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND

Constitution,

WITH

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA,

YELLOW DOCK,

IODINE ALTERATIVE,

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
y19 1m SAN FRANCISCO

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. } je30 3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator with the will annexed, of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William MacMichael, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his place of business, No 12 Post street, Masonic Temple, in the city and county of San Francisco.

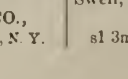
San Francisco, August 18, 1866.

THEODORE L SCHELL,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of William McMichael, deceased.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Administrator. 5t

MASON & HAMLIN'S

CELEBRATED



CABINET ORGANS.

New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

A. KOHLER,
s1 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

J. PEIRCE,

FURNITURE AND

Bedding Warerooms.



Nos. 415, 417, AND 419 CALIFORNIA STREET,
NEAR MONTGOMERY.

THIS STOCK OF FURNITURE, etc., was selected with great care, and special attention given to the wants of this market, ENTIRELY AT THE EAST. It is NOT COMPOSED OF REFUSE GOODS, ODDS AND ENDS OF OTHER HOUSES that have lately closed out here, but CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF NEW GOODS, made after the latest patterns and in the most durable manner.

The present stock is fully TWICE as large as that of any other house here. Parties having any doubts of this, or that the assortment is not superior to any in the city, can easily satisfy themselves by calling.

The stock of Case Goods is larger than ever before.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street
je16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.
je10 3m

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
an4 3m J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

je17-3m

YANKEE NOTIONS

AND

FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
jy21-3m Battery street, near Pine.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,

685 Market street, corner of Third,



WILL BE OPEN ON AND after SATURDAY, Aug. 25th, EVENINGS, till 8 o'clock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,

F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,

GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and

ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

GRAND OPENING

OF THE

Circassian Saloon,

Cornor of Dupont and Pacific streets,
(Formerly "Diana Saloon,")

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1866.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.—Magic and Gymnastic Feats, free of charge.

The best of WINES, LIQUORS, LUNCH, and CIGARS always on hand.

N. B. Fine Vocal Music, Polite Waiters, etc.
au11 1m

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

s8 tf

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.
je30-3m

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, - - - Petaluma.
mar24 6m EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
ja16 SAN FRANCISCO.

THE *Accidental Insurance Co.*,

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,
Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN

For Policies, or further information, apply to

A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,
Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets
an4 3m

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin	$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866	154,824 57
Total Assets	$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES, Vice President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary. an17 3m

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 10th day of September, 1866, in the matter of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, the undersigned, guardian of the estates of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after TUESDAY, the 2d day of October, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors of, in and to the undivided two sixth part of those two lots of land situated in said city and county, and described respectively as follows, viz: 1st.—Commencing at the southeast corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence southerly along the easterly line of Taylor street 112 1-2 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 81 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 25 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 28 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 87 1-2 feet to Pine street, and thence westerly along Pine street 53 1 2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d.—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street 81 1 2 feet easterly from the southeast corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence at a right angle southerly 137 1 2 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 56 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 137 1 2 feet, and thence westerly along said line of Pine street 56 feet, to the point of beginning. And said guardian will receive offers or bids for said property from this date at said office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county.

ROBERT L. HARRIS,
Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, Minors.
San Francisco, September 15th, 1866. 4t

QUINCY HALL,

545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order. jy21

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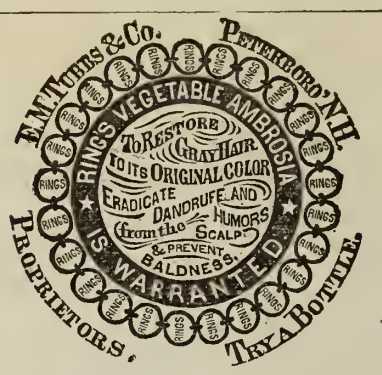
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VEGETABLE AMBROSIA

IS THE MIRACLE OF THE AGE!

Gray-headed People have their locks restored by it to the *dark, lustrous, silken tresses* of youth, and are happy!

Young People, with *light, faded* or *red* Hair, have these unfashionable colors changed to a beautiful auburn, and rejoice!

People whose heads are covered with *Dandruff* and *Humors*, use it, and have clean coats and clear and healthy scalps!

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Young Gentlemen use it because it is richly perfumed!

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THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

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These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints, Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
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Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine,
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my THOMAS MOONEY, President

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DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

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BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

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THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT

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is employed upon THE CALIFORNIAN.

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IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.
2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.
3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.
4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.
5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.
6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.
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9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.
10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

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Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
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N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge. my24-3m




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Fall and Winter of 1866

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We wish to direct especial attention to the choice variety of LATEST NOVELTIES selected by Mr. K. MEUSDORFFER, at Paris, London and New York, which arrived by last steamer. Our own manufacture of MOLESKIN HATS are the EXCELSIOR in elegance and durability in the State.
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CABINET ORGANS.

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Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

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Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

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AWARDED THE *HIGHEST PREMIUM*

AT THE

State Fair of California,

The only Fair on the Pacific coast at which any two double-thread Machines were exhibited in competition in

1865.

If there is a FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE within one thousand miles of this office that is not working well, it will be attended to if I am informed of it, without expense to the owner. SAMUEL HILL,

General Agent,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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FLORENCE

SEWING MACHINE

RECEIVED THE *FIRST PREMIUM*, A GOLD MEDAL, at the Great Exhibition of the

AMERICAN INSTUTE, - - - New York,

1865.

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Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, for the next

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At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

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AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

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UNITED STATES STAMP DUTIES.

AS AMENDED MARCH 3, 1865.

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Penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind whatsoever, without the same being duly stamped, for denoting the duty hereby imposed thereon, $50; and the instrument shall be deemed invalid and of no effect; or for counterfeiting stamps or dies, $1,000, and imprisoument to hard labor not exceeding five years. For making, signing, issuing, accepting, or paying any bill of exchange, draft, order, or note without stamp, $200. For selling proprietary cosmetics, matches, photographs, etc., without proper stamps, $10. For removing stamps on these articles, $50.

STAMP DUTIES.

Agreement Contract or Appraisement, not otherwise specified, each sheet or piece of paper	$0 05
Assignment of Mortgage, Lease, or Policy of Insurance, same as original instrument. Assignment of Patent Right	05
Bank Checks. Drafts or orders, exceeding $10, at sight or on demand	02
Bills of Exchange, (inland,) or draft otherwise than at sight or on demand, or promissory note except bank notes for circulation,) or any memorandum, check or receipt, or any evidence of an amount of money payable on demand or at a designated time, for a sum not exceeding $100	05
Every additional $100, or fractional part	05
Bill of Exchange, (foreign,) or letter of credit, drawn in, but payable out of the U. S., if drawn singly, the same rates as inland bills of exchange, or promissory notes. If drawn in sets of three or more, for each bill of the set, where the sum shall not exceed $100 or its equivalent in any foreign currency in which such bill may be expressed, according to the standard value fixed by U. S.	02
Every additional $100, or fractional part	02
Bill of Lading, or receipt for any merchandise or effects, to be exported to a foreign port or place	10
Bill of Sale, conveying any ship or vessel, or any part thereof, where the consideration does not exceed $500	50
For every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Bill of Sale of personal property other than ships or vessels	05
Bond, indemnifying any person for the payment of money, where the amount recoverable is $1,000 or less	50
For every additional $1,000, or fractional part thereof	50
Bond for the due performance of the duties of any office	1 00
Bond of any other description, except such as may be required in legal proceedings, or used in connection with mortgage deeds, and not otherwise charged in this schedule	25
Charter-Party, ship, vessel or steamer, not over 150 tons, $1; 150 to 300 tons, $3; 300 to 600 tons, $5; over 600 tons	10 00
Certificate of Profits, or any memorandum showing an interest in property, or accumulations of any incorporated company, for a sum not less than $10 nor exceeding $50	10
Exceeding $50 and not $1,000	25
For every additional $1,000 or fractional part	25
Certificate of Damage, and all other certificates or documents issued by Port Wardens or Marine Surveyors, or other persons acting as such	25
Certificate of Deposit, not exceeding the sum of $100, 2 cents; exceeding $100	05
Certificate of stock in any incorporated comp'y,	25
Certificates, other than specified	05
Contract, broker's note or memorandum of sale of goods, stocks, bonds, exchange notes of hand, real estate, or other description of property, issued by any person acting as a broker, for each note or memorandum of sale	10
Deed or Conveyance of Real Estate, value not over $500, 50c.; every additional $500, or fractional part thereof	50
Entry of Goods at any custom-house, value not over $100, 25c.; over $100 and not over $500, 50c.; over $500	1 00
For the withdrawal of goods from bonded warehouse	50
Ganger's Returns, quarterly, for quantity not over 500 galls. gross, 10c.; over 500 galls. gr.	25
Insurance (Marine, Inland and Fire) policy or renewal, premium not over $10, 10c.; $10 to $50, 25c.; over $50, 50c.; Life policy, under $1,000, 25c.; $1,000 to $5,000, 50c; over $5,000.	1 00
Lease of lands or tenements, rent not over $300 per annum, 50c.; each add'l $200 or fraction.	50
Manifest, cargo to foreign port, registered tonnage not over 300 tons, $1; over 300 and not over 600, $3; over 600 tons	5 00
Measurer's Returns, for quantity not over 1,000 bushels, 10c.; over 1,000 bushels	25
Mortgage, Trust deed, or personal bond for payment of money, $100 to $500, 50c.; each additional $500	50
Each assignment of mortgage, lease or policy of insurance, or renewal of the same, is subject to same duties as the original.	
Medicines or Preparations, Perfumery and Cosmetics—Every package, box, bottle, etc., retailing for 25c. or less	01
Each additional 25c. or fractional part thereof, up to $1, 1c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof, over $1	02
Playing Cards—Each pack, price not over 18c., 2c.; from 18 to 25c., 4c.; 25 to 50c., 10c.; 50c. to $1, 15c.; each additional 50c. or fractional part thereof	05
Photographs, Ambrotypes, Daguerreotypes or Sun Pictures, upon each, retailing for 25c. or less, 2c.; over 25 and not over 50c., 5c.; over 50c. and not over $1, 3c.; each additional $1 or fractional part thereof	05
Passage Ticket to foreign port, cost not over $35, 50c.; over $35 and not over $50, $1; every additional $50 or fractional part thereof	1 00
Power of Attorney to sell or transfer stock, scrip, bonds, or collect dividends or int. thereon	25
To vote for officers of incorporated comp'y or society not religious, charitable or literary, or public cemeteries	10
To receive or collect rents	25
To sell, convey, rent or lease real estate	1 00
For any other purpose	50
Probate of Will, or letters of administration, estate not over $2,000, $1; each additional $1,000 or fractional part thereof	50
Protest of note, bill, acceptance, check or draft,	25
Promissory Note—See Bill of Exchange, inland.	
Receipt for payment of money or debt over $20, not being for satisfaction of mortgage, judgment or decree of Court, and receipt for the delivery of property	02
Warehouse, for property stored, not over $500 in value, 10c.; $500 to $1,000, 20c.; every additional $1,000	10
For any goods held in storage, and not otherwise provided for	25
Weigher's Returns, up to 5,000 lbs., 10c.; over 5,000 lbs	25
Writs, or original process, for commencing suit in Court of record, and in Court not of record, when amount claimed is $100 or over, except before Justices of the Peace, or in court of no greater jurisdiction as to damages, or in suit commenced by the United States or any State	50
Upon every confession of judgment, or cognovit, for $100 or over, except where tax for a writ has been paid	50
Writs or process on appeal from Justice's courts and other courts of inferior jurisdiction to courts of record	50
Warrant of distress—rent claimed under $100, 25c.; over $100	50

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TO THE BRADBURY PIANO AT the Mechanics' Fair, by a Committee of the BEST MUSICIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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s1 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

OCCIDENTAL

HOMESTEAD

Association,

OFFICE, - - - 305 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CAPITAL STOCK, $33,660.

102 SHARES.....$330 EACH.

THIS ASSOCIATION was formed to enable its members to obtain desirable homestead lots in this city at a cheap and easy rate, paying for the same by regular monthly instalments.

For this purpose they have purchased Blocks 409, 500, and 501, in the Western Addition to this city, bounded by Devisadero, Pine, Broderick and Clay streets.

Subscribers will pay an initiation fee of $5 on each share taken, to form a fund for defraying current expenses, and $11 per month for thirty months, commencing in April, 1866.

The property is within three blocks of the

TURK STREET RAILROAD,

IS NEARLY ALL ON THE GRADE,

and is most desirably located for Homestead purposes.

It is directly east from the lands of the California Association.

The property has been purchased on very reasonable terms, and offers a rare opportunity for investment.

A number of fine houses are in process of erection, and streets are being graded near this property, which will greatly increase its value.

When twelve monthly payments have been made, the property will be divided among the members in the usual manner, and each shareholder will receive a contract for a deed to the lot or lots to which he may be entitled, and have the privilege of taking immediate possession of the same.

The lots average 27 feet in front by 120 feet in depth The whole amount due upon any lot may be paid at any time, and discount at the rate of one and one-half per cent. per month will be deducted therefrom.

Persons wishing to visit the lands of this Association will take the Turk street cars to Devisadero street, and thence go northerly along Devisadero to Pine street.

Twenty thousand dollars of the capital stock is taken, and the books are open for subscription to the balance at the office of the Secretary, where the Official Map of the Association can be seen, and full particulars obtained.

The Title to this Property is Perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary,

Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,

my19-3m Rooms 2 and 6.



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A Series of over

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

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H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

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SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure, but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

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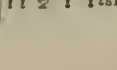
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[For the Californian.]

MY GUIDE.

I QUESTION not; I doubt thee not—
Oh, Christ, my tender guide,
But I will humbly follow thee
Whatever ill betide.

Walk in the shadow of thy cross,
The cross thou bear'st for me;
Nor murmur at my lot—if nought
Divideth me from thee.

No fears shall keep my tearful face
Upon the painful road;
But I will cling to thy dear hand,
And fix my eyes on God.

So my glad heart shall straight forget
The soreness of my feet,
And find its happy rest at last,
Before the Mercy Seat. CLYTIE.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

"MARK TWAIN" AT THE ISLANDS.

THE HIGH CHIEF OF SUGARDOM.

I HAVE visited Haleakala, Kilauea, Wailuku Valley, the Petrified Cataracts, the Pathway of the Great Hog God—in a word, I have visited all the prineipal wouders of the island, and now I eome to speak of one which, in its importance to America, surpasses them all. A land which produces six, eight, ten, twelve, yes, even thirteen thousand pounds of sugar to the acre on unmanured soil! There are preeious few acres of unmanured grouud in Louisiana—none at all, perhaps—which will yield two thousaud five hundred pounds of sugar; there is not an unmauured acre under cultivation in the Sandwich Islands which yields less. This country is the king of the sugar world, as far as astonishing productiveness is coneerned. Heretofore the Mauritius has held this high place. Commodore Perry, in his report on the Mauritius, says:

"Before the introduction of guano into Mauritius the product of sugar on that islaud was from 2,000 to 2,500 pounds to the acre; but the increase since the application of this fertilizer has been so extraordinary as to be scarcely credible. In ordinary seasons the product has been from 6,000 to 7,000 pounds, and under peculiarly favorable circumstances it has even reached 8,000 pounds to the acre."

It was "scarcely credible." Guano has not been used in the Sandwich Islands at all, yet the sugar crop of Maui averages over 6.000 pounds straight through, all the time, for every acre cultivated. Last year the average was 7,000 pounds per acre on the Ulupalakua plantation; this year the "plant" crop on the Wailuku plantation averages 8,000. Portions of the Waikapu, Wailuku, Waihee, Ulupalakua, and many other plantations have yielded over 11,000 pounds to the acre, and twenty acres on the fourth named averaged the enormous yield of 13,000 pounds per acre one season! These things are "scarcely credible," but they are true, nevertheless.

By late Patent Office Reports it appears that the average sugar yield per acre throughout the world ranges from 500 to 1,000 pounds. The average in the Sandwich Islands, lumping good, bad, and indifferent, is 5,000 pounds per acre.

COMPARATIVE.

In Louisiana, sugar planters paid from $20 to $200 an acro for land, $500 to $1,000 apiece for negroes, $50,000 to $100,000 for stock, mills, etc., raised 1,000 to 1,500 pounds of sugar to the acre, sold it for 5 and 6 cents—and got rich.

In the Islands wild sugar land is worth from $1 to $20 an acre, mills and stoek cost about the same as in Louisiana. The hire of each laborer is $100 a year—just about what it used to eost to board and elothe and doctor a negro—but there is no original outlay of $500 to $1,000 for the purchase of the laborer, or $50 to $100 annual interest to be paid on the sum so laid out. The price of sugar is double what it was in Louisiana, and the aetual net profit to the planter, notwithstanding high freights and high duties, is also double.

When the production of a staple steadily increases and capital sticks to it and shows confidence in it, it is fair to presume that investments in it are considered secure and profitable. In 1839, '40 and '41, the yield in Louisiana ranged along in the neighborhood of 100,000.000 pounds annually—price, 4, 5, and 6 cents a pound. In 1852, '53, and '54, her yearly yield fluctuated between 350.000.000 and 500,000.000 pounds—market price, 3½ to 5 cents. Thus 1,000 to 1,500 pounds to the acre, at 3½ to 6 cents, was so encouraging as to more than quadruple Louisiana's sugar production in less than thirty years. Six or eight thousands of pounds to the acre, at 10 to 15 cents a pound, has encouraged the extravagant advanee in the Islands from 3.000,000 to 27,000,000, annual yield, in four years Against this argument in favor of the security and productiveness of capital invested there, no logic can prevail.

PLANTATIONS.

There is more than one plantation in the islands which is worth, with all its appurtenances, $250.000, and will produce a $260,000 crop next year—perhaps this—and yield a profit of $70,000, after deducting all expenses of cultivating, shipping, and disposal in San Francisco, and interest.

One of the best plantations in the Islands, though not one of the largest, by any means, cost, with its appurtenances, $100,000. All bills were promptly paid and no debts allowed to accrue and breed interest. The consequence was, that three years after the first plow disturbed its virgin soil, it had paid for itself and added a dividend of $20,000.

LABOR.

The principal labor used on the plantations is that of Kanaka men and women—six dollars to eight dollars a month and find them, or eight to ten dollars and let them find themselves. The contract with the laborer is in writing, and the law rigidly compels compliance with it; if the man shirks a day's work and absents himself, he has to work two days for it when his time is out. If he gets unmanageable and disobedient, he is condemned to work on the reef for a season, at twenty-five eents a day. If he is in debt to the planter for such purchases as clothing and provisions, however, when his time expires, the obligation is canceled—the planter has no recourse at law.

COOLIES FOR CALIFORNIA.

You will have Coolie labor in California some day. It is already forcing its superior claims upon the attention of your great mining, manufacturing and public improvement corporations. You will not always go on paying $80 and $100 a month for labor which you can hire for $5. The sooner California adopts Coolie labor the better it will be for her. It cheapens no labor of men's hands save the hardest and most exhausting drudgery—drudgery which neither intelligence nor education are required to fit a man for—drudgery which all white men abhor and are glad to escape from. You may take note of the fact that to adopt Coolie labor could work small hardship to the men who now do the drudgery, for every ship load of Coolies received there and put to work would so create labor—would permit men to open so many mines they cannot afford to work now, and begin so many improvements they dare not think of at present—that all the best class of the working population who might be emancipated from the pick and shovel by that ship-load would find easier and more profitable employment in superintending and overseeing the Coolies.

People are always hatching fine schemes for inducing Eastern capital to the Pacific coast. Yonder in China are the capitalists you want—and under your own soil is a bank that will not dishonor their checks. The mine purchased for a song by Eastern capital would pour its stream of wealth past your door and empty it in New York. You would be little the richer for that. There are hundreds of men in California who are sitting on their quartz leads, watching them year after year, and hoping for the day when they will pay—and growing gray all the time—hoping for a cheapening of labor that will enable them to work the mine or warraut another man in buying it—who would soon be capitalists if Coolie labor were adopted.

The Mission Woolen Mill Company take California wool and weave from it fabrics of all deseriptious, which they challenge all Ameriea to surpass, and sell at prices which defy all forcign competion. The secret is in their cheap Chinese labor. With white labor substituted the mills would have to stop.

The Pacific Railroad Company employ thousands of Chinamen at about $30 a month, and have white men to oversee them. They pronounce it the cheapest, the best, and most quiet, peaceable and faithful labor they have tried.

Give this labor to California for a few years and she would have fifty mines opened where she has one now—a dozen factories in operation where there is one now—a thousand tons of farm produce raised where there are a hundred now—leagues of railroad where she has miles to day, and a population commensurate with her high and advancing prosperity.

"MARK" BECOMES PROPHETIC.

With the Pacific Railroad creeping slowly but surely over mountain and desert and preparing to link her with the East, and with the China mail steamers about to throw open to her the vast trade of our opulent coast line stretching from the Amoor river to the equator, what State in the Union has so splended a future before her as California? Not one, perhaps. She should awake and be ready to join her home prosperity to these tides of commerce that are so soon to sweep toward her from the east and the west. To America it has been vouchsafed to materialize the vision, and realize the dream of centuries, of the enthusiasts of the old world. We have found the true Northwest Passage—we have found the true and only direct route to the bursting coffers of "Ormus and of Ind"—to the euchanted land whose mere drippings, in the ages that are gone, enriched and aggrandized aueient Venice, first, then Portugal, Holland, and in our own time, England—and each in suecession longed and sought for the fountain head of this vast Oriental wealth, and sought in vain. The path was hidden to them, but we have found it over the waves of the Pacific, and American enterprise will penetrate to the heart and center of its hoarded treasures, its imperial affluenee. The gateway of this path is the Golden Gate of San Franeisco; its depot, its distributing house, is Califfornia; her customers are the nations of the earth; her transportation wagons will be the freight cars of the Pacific Railroad, and they will take up these Indian treasures at San Franeiseo and flash them across the continent, and the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will deliver them in Europe fifteen days sooner than Europe can obtain them by any route of her own she could devise.

California has got the world where it must pay tribute to her. She is about to be appointed to preside over almost the exclusive trade of 450.000.000 people—the almost exclusive trade of the most opulent land ou earth. It is the land where the fabled Aladdin's lamp lies buried—and she is the new Aladdin who shall seize it from its obscurity and summon the geni and command him to crown her with power and greatness, and bring to her feet the hoarded treasures of the earth!

I may have wandered away from my orginal subject a little, but it is no matter—I keep thinking about the new subject, and I must have wandered into it eventually anyhow.—*"Mark Twain," in the Sacramento Union.*

CLINGING FOR LIFE.

I CALL myself an old married man now, for it is twelve years since Nelly and I walked arm in arm out of Wardborough Church man and wife, and Nelly turned her head over her shoulder, looked up at the spire, and then turned so pale and tremhly that I thought she would have fainted away. Ah! it's many a time since I've looked up at that spire in my dreams, and shrieked out and struggled till Nelly has woke me up and I've found myself batbed in perspiration and tremhling like a leaf. Always the same when I get one o' those nasty feverish colds; it seems to fly into my head aud make me half delirious, and theu at night comes that same one horrible dream.

Yon see I once made a bit of a fool of myself, and I suppose I don't stand quite alone in the world. I was a tall, stripping young fellow in those days, with a werry strong feeling of admiratiou for somehody as we'll put down here as Number 1; while, to he just, I had a much stronger feeling of admiration for somebody else, in the shape of a bright-eycd workman's daughter, called Elleu Morris. There ain't no such person now, for she's grown iuto my comely wife—Nelly Wellis, thank goodness—a pretty apple blossom growed into a sound, haudsome fruit, with pleuty of pips in the eore, and every one a virtue such as is a hlessing to a staunch English working man.

Well, I'm not ashamed to own it, I loved Ellen Morris very dearly, and she knew it too; but, like a great many girls of her age and educatiou—ay, and I think I've heard say, like some of better education, too—she must be light, and skittish, and coquettish, and play off a young fellow named Phil Harris against me till I've felt that heart sick aud miserable that I conld have rnn away and never secn her again. Many's tbe time since that she's told me it was ouly to try me and to see whether I really did love her; but if I ever have grown up girls of my own I shouldn't recommend the plan, for it nearly turned my love into hitterness and Elleu's coquetry into repentance. I knew her father liked me, for there was always a hearty slap for me on the shoulder whenever I met him; but the more Nelly saw this, and the more attentive I got to he the more willful my lady grew, until she almost drove me mad.

I couldn't help it; it was my nature, I suppose, for I let her snap me off and snuh me without ever a word, for I was humble and snhmissive as a child, and followed her ahout like a dog—very olten too to he driven away. At last, though, I determined I'd stand it no longer.

"I know I ain't worthy of her," I says to myself, "hut I'll know one way or the other, and if she loves Phil Harris better than she does me, why, God bless her, I won't he the man to stand in the way." Then I walks on a little way, and I says again—"Sounds werry uice, Fred Wellis, hut you'd never have the heart to give her up."

And then I walks along the lane werry sad and downheart-ed, wondering at the feeling that had come over me, for I was quite changed then and a different mun to what I had heen a year hefore; and the eveuing heing very still—it was in June—I slipped out of the path into the copse, and lay down amongst thc moss under the hazel stuhs, and listened to the songs of the hirds. It was hot, and heavy, and close, and as I lay looking down through an opening in the trees at the old church I could see hehind it in the distance the faint flickering of the summer lightning.

I felt lower and lower as I lay there, and wondered what it all would come to, when all at once I felt the hlood rush into my face, for I heard a merry laugh, and, raising my head a bit, I could see Ellen Morris, her cousin—a girl of her own age—and Phil Harris walk by; and then, instead of getting up like a man and going and joining them, I let my head fall and lay there groaniug.

Next morniug, when we were all in the yard—Harris, and Ellen's father and me, and a few others—the guv'nor comes out and says that he's got orders from the church wardens to refix the weathercock on the top of the church spires.

"Now, it does seem a pretty affair," he says, "to spend a week or two fixiug and nnfixing ladders and scaffolding up that are sphere to do a tom tit of a job that a trowel and a bit of cement would finish in ten minutes."

Ellen's father said it did, certainly, but if it warn't done soon the next high wind would hlow the vane off, wheu it wouldn't be safe to fall through the church roof.

"Ah!" says the guv'nor, "it only wants a plucky yonng fellow to go up outside with a bit of that patent compo ready mixed—that as doesn't set so quickly—when it could soon he done, and cost the parish a sovereign where it will now cost tweuty times as much; and I don't like these jobs, for they look so hard at a long hill for so little work." And then the guv'nor stands up with his hands shading his eyes and looking up at the great towering spire with the vane all on one side and looking as dangerous as could be.

Now it so happened that the morning I was chislin' away at a tombstone, at finishing it off ready for letterin', and I felt that low and miserable that I could have wished for that stone to have been for myself; hut I wasn't going to let Phil Harris see that I was down, and so I hegins a whistling, hut stops all at once, for old Morris says—

"We shall have one of these youug sparks here a slipping up and doing it, I knuow."

But the governor shakes his head and says—

"No," he says, "I shouldn't like to set one of my men at such a risky joh as that; and then there was no more said about it.

I felt better that night, for old Morris had asked me to go down and smoke a pipe with him at his cottage just outside the town; and smoking a pipe with him meant sitting for a couple of hours in tbe same room with Ellen; and just at that time I was all up and down—clouds and sunshine. I was walking aloug, thinkiug what a happy life it would he if Ellen only liked; how hard I would work—what a cottage we would have, and how proud I should he of earning hit after hit of furniture to put in it—how bright and eheering it would be to go home from work, and see who was waiting for me; and there I went on mooneying along, till I stops short, for some one says,

"Let me pass; please."

I starts, and, as I said afore, stops short, for therc stood Ellen, looking handsomer than ever.

"Now or never," says I to myself, for we were standing in in a narrow lane, with barely room for two to pass hetween the thick hedges; and then bursting out with it all at once, or I shouldn't have got it said at all—

"Ellen," I says, "I am goiug to go away."

"Are you?" she says, with a half smile—it really was only a half smile, for I think there was a shade of darkness iu it.

"Yes, unless you say a loving word to stop me."

"What would I stop you for?" she says, "you know your own fancy best."

"My fancy's to stop here," I says, "Nelly, if yon'll let me; hut I can't stop here to have my heart broke, and he always miserable. Dear, dear Nelly, I can't talk like a hetter mau would, and tell you how I love you, for I'm only an ignorant workman; but though I've nothing to offer you but the love of an honest man, I"—

"Hush!" says Nelly, and she slipped by me and was twenty yards away before I knew what made her run off, which I now saw was Phil Harris, who had just turned into tbe lane. I'd have given my ears almost to huve stood and watched 'em, hut I thought it would look meau and shabby, so, making up my mind that I'd trouble my head no more about the affair, I walks on to the cottage, where I finds old Morris busy enough in his garden hoeing his potatocs.

"Now theu, lad," he says, "just in time to lend a helping hand."

"All right," I says, and directly after I was going down one o' the rows eartbiug the things up at a terrible rate.

"Geutly, gently," says old Morris, "you'll be cutting 'em to pieces."

But I couldn't stop, but went on chopping away like fury; lor I could see in a distauce them two coming down tbe road towards the cottage, and I'm afraid I made oue peck less ol potatoes in the erop thau I should have done.

"Here, suppose you weeds them onions Fred," says old Morris, "I'll finish earthing up;" and he comes over and takes away my hoc, as if he thought it wasn't safe to trust me with it. He was about right, too, for I should have done no end of mischief amongst the garden stuff.

I stoops down and goes at the ouions and, hesides weeding, I thinned 'em, too, pretty tidy, as I dragged at 'em, for I could hear steps and voices, and soon after them two came in at the gate, and I thought old Morris didn't look hest pleased ahout it neither, but he didn't say nothing.

Bimeby we goes in, after having a good wash down by the pump, and then, after sitting aud smoking a bit—Nelly all the time keeping as far off from me as possible—old Morris hegan to talk about the job as wanted doing to tbe spire, and he says—

"We're to hegin o' Monday morning, unless one o' you chaps uips up first."

"What's that, father?" says Nelly, looking up from her work.

"Why, the guv'nor was talking about mending the spire up a top; and I was saying whether Fred here or Phil Harris would go up and do it first."

"Not they," says Nelly, tossing her head; "they haven't got courage enough."

I looks at Phil Harris pretty sour, just to find as he was doing the same to me; and then old Morris says—

"Let's see; it's a hundred foot up to the top o' the tower, and ahout ninety-five foot up to the weather-cock. I shan't go on the job anyhow, if I can help it."

We spent a werry dull evening, and I kept thinking more and more of going away for I felt very discouraged und down; and at last gets up to go, thinking as Nelly would ask me to stay a little longer; hut she didn't, so I went off to my lodging and goes to hed.

It was a heautiful night; and when I had pulled up the hlind, so that I might wake early, I could lie there and see the great tall church spire shining in the moonlight, all as clear and distinct as could he, with the vane all on onc side; and then all at once I began to think what Nelly said.

"They haven't got courage enough;" and then I thinks to mysell as I dare do it; for when one a fellow was on top o' that tower he might climb the spire by the ornamental crockets as was carved on the stone, and at first there was one about every yard, hut as it got higher they were closer together; and as I lay thinking about it I felt my hands turn damp and hot inside, while I couldn't help shuddering.

"She wouldn't think auy more of me if I did it," I says: "but I would show her as I'm more game than Phil Harris; and if I was to fail, why, it wouldn't be much consequence."

Just then I falls asleep, and there I was in trouble, for Nelly was up atop of the spire crying for help, and as fast as I tried to climb up and briug her down, something kept putting me back, till at last I jumps up iu bed with my hair all wet and big drops on my forehead. Tben I goes to sleep; but there was the church spire in my dreams every time I dropped off; and at last just at dayhreak, I gets up, shoves my head in a hasin o' cold water, has a good rub, aud then looks at my watch, and finds it was four o'clock, I opens the window und then somehow or other hegins thinking about how would be the best way to get up the spire.

"Let's see," says I, "the bell house door's sure to be fast, but one can get on the roof o' the church, and then there's a door into the tower." And then I stood there watching till I don't know how it was, but I slipped down to the yard, shoves a trowel into my strap round my waist, and then goes to the shed, which I found open, mixes a bit of the compo and beats it up well, and pops it into a handkersher, and ties it up, and this I fastens to my strap too, so as I could shove it round bebind if I liked; and then I slips off to the churcb-yard.

The gates were locked, but I jumps over the wall and across the wet grass, while I couldn't help thinking it werry likely as I might want a stone myself; but somethiug seemed to draw me on, and I kept on, saying, "Haven't got courage enough, ha!" till I reached the little door in the round tower by the chancel. I gives it a push, finds it open, runs up the old, worn, corkscrew staircase, and stood soon on the lead roof, where I looked down at the town and began to feel a bit shaky, hut thought I'd go to the top o' the tower and look at the beautiful view, for it would be madness to climb tbe spire, for it looked so much harder now.

So I goes along the roof to the hig tower, where I'm blest if the ugly old corbels didn't seem to he winking aud laughing at me as the sun shoue upon them, till I passed through a little door aud went on—up—up—up, round the little staircase; now peeping through the narrow slits in tbe thick wall, now stopping to listeu at the door where the great clock goes tick-tack, tick-tack;" and then up again till I come to the place where the great hells were hung, and I stepped in on the oak beams, and then started, for there was a great whizzing noise and then a big hammer rose and struck five—making such a din as made me thrust my fingers in my ears until the noise was over.

Straight up above me, and lit by the little dormer windows, I could see ladder after ladder across and across going right up the spire, but they were nothing to me, so I goes up and up the round staircase ugain till I gets to the top and stands on the narrow leads where the spire sprang from, and then I should have fallen but lor the stone battlement, which was breast high.

I might well start, for there, about twenty feet above me was Phil Harris trying to swarm up the spire, with his dinner basket slung nnder his arm by a strap.

I did feel mad, for though a minute afore I was all of a shiver, and had quite given up all thoughts ol trying to climb, now I should have liked to have dragged him down, and was half disposed to run round the other side and hegin there.

"Hallo!" I says, aud he started so he nearly let go as he looked down aud saw me, and then, lowering himself from crocket to crocket, as we calls the little knob-like ornaments you see on some spires, he directly after stands alongside o' me.

"Can't he done," he says, lookiug quite pale aud white; "a monkey couldn't do it."

"Don't suppose anything could do it as didn't have pluck," I said jeeringly.

"I've got pluck enough to do anything you can, Fred. Wellis," he says, "now then!"

I never says a word, but pulls off my jacket and wesket; stieks my cap on tight, for there was a stiff hreeze up there; gets my trowel in my belt where it would he handy; and then shoves the bit o' cement in the handkersher behind me, and wets my hands ready for a start on the side where the wind hlew, so that it might push me towards the spire:

"Why, you ain't goiug to try?" says he; but I didn't answer, but draws myself up from crocket to crocket—and awful hard work it was; but I didn't feel a bit frightened now, and though I kept getting more tired, the job got easier and easier every minute.

Bimeby I passes one little window; and then I hears from down below some one a hooraying, and then a lot of shoutiug and talking, and I knows that's the people as have seen what I'm doing of, and that tbere's a crowd a collectin'; but I duren't look; but now and theu stopping for hreath, I goes

on, up, and up, and up, till I'm werry near the top, and the spire gets thinner and thinner; while, though it's as fine and bright a morning as can be, the wind seems to blow terribly hard, and I can feel the stones I am on quite shudder like.

Now, don't you go and think as a spire when you gets near the top is a werry little thing, because it ain't; it's the distance off as makes it look so small, and even those little knobs as I got by was a good deal bigger than you might think; and when I'd got so far up that I could get my hands partly round and look about me a bit, the height seemed something awful—twice what it was when I was down below.

Phil Harris shouted something to me, but I don't know what, for I kept on climbing in a sort of mad frenzy, as you'd call it, and at last, with my trouser knees worn through and my hands bleeding, I lays my hand on the great thick copper support o' the weatbercock, and then my troubles seemed to begin, for I had only one hand to hold on by and one to work with. But I gets the trowel out and in my teeth, drags the cement round, and then has to get out my knife and slit the hankersher to get at the stuff; when, holding on with all my might, I tries to get the vane upright in its place.

To look at it from below that seemed easy enough, but the thing was about six foot high and it was only by climbing a bit higher I could move it at all and then as fast as I got it upright the wind had such power that it blew it sideways again, and I soon found I was getting regularly done up with my job. Cement! I might just as well have had a bit of gum, for the thing wanted its lower part wedging in with bits of stone and then to be held firm while plenty of compo was applied; and so I finds as I can't do the least good after all my trouble; and begins to get down.

And how was that to be done?

"Same way as you got up," p'raps you'll say. Jes so; but how about losing nerve and strength, and finding, when you're about thirty foot down that one of the crockets snaps right off, and you has to hold on for dear life, with the wind trying to tear you off like a dead leaf, and toss you on to the stone paving at the tower foot.

One of 'em did snap off; and I shall never forget the shudder as went through me, nor yet the wild shriek as came up from out the streets a hundred and seventy feet below me. But it was for life and I forgets my bleeding knees as I draws myself up again, climbs a bit higher, and there rests, panting, giddy, afraid to move and not daring to make another trial, though I could have reached the next ornament if I had lowered myself.

But I could not recover my nerve after that slip, and as I clung there I kept on trying to think it was all a dream. At last, though, I shouts out—

"Harris!" but there was no answer: and pressing flat up against the stones and stopped there without moving, with my mouth and lips and tongue parched and dry.

Close by me there was one of those little dormer windows, but it was composed of sloping bars and did not open, so that it seemed as though I was beyond reach of help.

All at once I heard a voice as I knew was that of old Morris, and he cries out twice over—

"Can' you get down, Fred?" But I couldn't answer; but half stood, half lay there with the wind still tearing at me as if to dash me off; and I was trying to reckon the minutes it would take before I should leave go and fall with a crash on to the tower and perhaps bound off again, to come down into the churchyard; while the last thing as I remember is thinking that perhaps Nelly would be sorry for me now.

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And when Nelly had done telling me how her father, finding I didn't answer, had got inside, climbed the ladders, and kicked out the bars of the dormer window, when by leaning out he could get a good grip of my belt and hold on till help came, and then how they lowered me down with ropes, for I was quite insensible, and had to be carried home—when she had told me this as I lay on the little couch in their room; and when she told it all to me as she knelt by my side, begging and praying me to forgive her for tempting me to do such an horrible dangerous thing, I wouldn't speak for ever so long, not because I wouldn't forgive her, but because it was so sweet to lie there listening to her, and to see the tears shining in her eyes, and even running down her cheeks. It was that afternoon as a many promises were made between us; and one was about Phil Harris, and one was about never saying any more about what had happened this morning, while another which was made when Nelly's face was werry close to mine, was—

Well, I think I said afore there arn't no such person as Ellen Morris now.

LITTLE three-year old Jennie was playing very roughly with the kitten—carrying it by the tail. Her mother told her that she would hurt pussy. "Why, no I won't," said she; "I'm carrying it by the handle."

THE *Columbine*, the so-called women's paper, lately started in Paris, is dead—and "well dead," too. It was a disreputable affair, and a disgrace to the sex.

GOODWIN SANDS.

THE mention of the life-boat reminds me that I was at Saltburn, during one of those great gales which scatter so many wrecks, around our rock bound coast. From the lofty cliffs it was an awe-inspiring sight to watch the burst and listen to the whistle of the storm. Sad enough, next day, to walk along the coast and see the wrecks washed ashore, and to hear the dismal tidings come in, hour by hour, of the lives lost on that eastern cost since yesterday's sun went down! How many of those who read these lines have ever studied the "Wreck-Chart of the British Isles?" How many of them have ever spent (as I have done) an afternoon on the Goodwin Sands? For these, I here insert an anonymous scrap which I picked up some time ago. It will expresses the feelings called up by the desolation which follows an angry storm at any point on our shores: "It is a strange ramble amongst the ridges and hillocks of sand; and for all the tranquillity of the sea, for all the lustre of the sunshine, one can hardly help a sort of weird, wild feeling. The mystery and the dread of the place haunt you, even as you stroll carelessly on; the exceeding loneliness of it—the very gulls have flown away—is only intensified by the little groups of human beings, who look so small upon the great, long waste—the barren, rolling, shifting, pitiless wilderness. Thus dim, thus indistinct, might loom a caravan in Arabia; and the Goodwin Sands are the Sahara of the sea. They are a desert *within* a desert: themselves fatal, and circled by the fatal waves. Beautiful indeed they are with their placid lakes where the surface of the water is not broken by a ripple—beautiful, if you take them in mass, for the gleam with which they answer the glow of the sun—beautiful, if you take them in detail, for the delicate mouldings, fretwork, and tracery where the narrow streams have left the lonely record of their path: and it is a moment to be remembered when you sit down apart, and watch the white and green of the breakers that curl and curve around the barriers of the sand, and inhale that wonderful air which seems like the very essence of life long sought, and hearken to the prepetual wandering warble of the wind, that is now hushed into its softest and sweetest murmur. Beautiful, and yet terrible; for, try as you like, you can't forget the history of the Goodwins, and you know that the sad volume has many pages yet unturned. In one single November storm, a hundred and sixty years ago, thirteen men-of-war struck upon them, and were miserably engulphed, dragged down by the cruel quicksands, or battered to pieces by the breakers; and thousands since—from the stately East-Indiaman, home-returning, with two hundred souls on board, to the poor little fishing-smack, with just a couple of sailors and a boy-have gone down as wretchedly. You think of the dark nights of winter' when the wind blows a hurricane dead on shore—when the lights can be seen through the wild whirl and drift of scud and spray and snow—and when gallant men are horribly swallowed up by this huge cruel monster, that waits and watches, that wakes and kills. Thank God that for every story of calamity we can quote another of human daring and endurance; that, when the storm *does* come, the plainest, roughest boatman on the coast is touched, if but for a moment, by a spark of that electric fire which kindles a man's nature into heroism! As for the dead, if they died at their post and doing their duty, we need not insult their memory by laments; for, after all, there was *that* in them which no storm could kill; and as for the change which we dimly know as death, it was, for brave men, a beautiful death to die!"

That noble society, the "National Life-boat Institution" has a station at Saltburn, and a fine sight it is to see the crew exercised. Almost under the shadow of lofty Huntcliff lies the little trim boat-house with the tiny craft which can live though the hour of danger and with its skilled hands save lives from that waste of waters.—*London Society.*

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, and her parents, her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor, and the younger children, to whom she has been hitherto the mother and playmate, are all to be forgotten at one fell stroke. Every former tie is loosened, the spring of action is changed, and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her, buoyed up by the confidence which love has inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurturned, and yet makes no effort to supply their places; for him is the responsibillity of her errors on him who first taught her by example to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatiated heart to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

THE latest *bon-mot* about Bismark is, that his face depended not upon a thread, but upon a *needle*.

AN INCIDENT IN SCOTT'S LIFE.

"IOPEN the year 1814, says Lockhardt, with a melancholy story. Mention has been made, more than once, of Henry Weber, a German scholar, who escaping to this country in 1804, from misfortunes in his own, excited Scott's compassion, and was thenceforth furnished, through his means, with literary employment of various sorts. Weber was a man of considerable learning; but Scott, as was his custom, appears to have formed, an exaggerated notion of his capacity and certainly countenanced him, to his own severe cost, in several most unfortunate undertakings. When not engaged on things of a more ambitous character, he had acted for ten years as his protectors amanuensis; and when the family were in Edinburgh, he very often dined with them. There was something very interesting in his appearance and manners; he had a fair, open countenance, in which the honesty and enthusiasm of his nation were alike visible; his demeanor was gentle and modest, and he had not only a stock of curious antiquarian knowledge, but the reminisceuces, which he detailed with amusing simplicity, of an early life, checkered with many strange-enough adventures. He was, in short, much a favorite with Scott and all his housebold, and was invited to dine with them frequently, chiefly because his friend was aware that he had an unhappy propeusity for drinking, and was anxious to keep him away from places, where he might have been more likely to indulge it. This vice, however, had been growing upon him: and of late, Scott had found it necessary to make some rather severe remonstrance about habits which were at once injuring his health and interrupting his literary industry.

"They had, however, parted kindly, when Scott left Edinburgh on Christmas, 1813; and the day after his return, Weber attended him as usual in his library, being employed in transcribing extracts during several hours, while bis friend, seated over against him, continued working at the Life of Swift. The light beginning to fail, Scott threw himself back into his chair, and was about to ring for candles, when he observed the German's eyes fixed upon him with an unusual solemnity of expression. "Weber," said he, "what is the matter with you?" "Mr. Scott." said Weber, rising, "you have insulted me, and I can bear it no longer. I have brought a pair of pistols with me, and must insist on you taking one of them instantly." And with that he produced the weapons, which had been deposited under his chair, and laid one of them on Scott's manuscript. You are mistaken, I think," said Scott, "in setting about this affair, but no matter. It can be no part of your object to annoy Mrs. Scott and the children; therefore, if you please, we will put the pistols into the drawer till after dinner, and then arrange to go out together like gentlemen." Weber answered with equal coolness, I believe that will be better," and laid the second pistol on the table. Scott locked them both in his desk, and said, "I am glad you have felt the propriety of what I suggested; only let me request further that nothing may occur, while we are at dinner, to give my wife any suspicion of what has been passing." Weber again assented, and Scott withdrew to his dressing-room, from which he immediately dispatched a message to one of Weber's intimate companions; and then dinner was served, and Weber joined the family circle as usual.

He conducted himself with perfect composure, and every thing seemed to go on in the ordinary way, until, whisky and hot water being produced, Scott, instead of inviting his guest to help himself, mixed two moderate tumblers of toddy, and handed one of them to Weber, who, upon that, started up with a furious countenance, but instantly sat down again, and, when Mrs. Scott expressed her fear that he was ill, answered placidly that he was liable to spasms, but the pain was gone. He then took the glass, eagerly gulped down its contents, and pushed it back to Scott. At this moment, the friend who had been sent for made his appearance, and Weber, on seeing him enter the room, rushed past him and out of the house, without stopping to put on his hat. The friend, who pursued instantly, came up with him at the end of the street, and did all he could to soothe his agitation, but in vain. The same evening he was obliged to be put in a straight wristcoat; and though, in a few days, he exhibited such symptoms of recovery that he was allowed to go by himself to pay a visit in the north of England, he there soon relapsed, and continued ever afterwards a hopeless lunatic, being supported to the end of his life, in June, 1818, at Scott's expense, in an asylum of York."

F. FUSTER proposes to cure all cases of consumption by the administration of raw meat and spirits. Although his method of treatment has not long been employed by Continental physicians, considerable testimony has been borne to the great success which has attended its employment. The new treatment has now been tried satisfactorily in two thousand cases of phthisic. The raw meat is reduced to a pulp, mixed with sugar to conceal its unpleasant flavor, and administered in doses of one hundred to three hundred grammes per day. The alcohol (of the strength of twenty degrees Baume) is given in doses of one hundred grammes a day.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

THAT highly pretentious journal, the New York *Round Table*, which has for several months past pursued a course clearly indicating that its one great object was to make a "sensation" and attract the public attention, at whatever sacrifice, has succeeded in eliciting a letter from Miss Braddon, the popular English novelist, which it undoubtedly regards as "a card," calculated to enhance the notoriety at which it aims. The occasion of the letter, is a characteristically vulgar notice in the *Round Table* of a work attributed to Miss Braddon, which notice was probably a bait for just such a communication as it has elicited. The following is a portion of the letter of the indignant novelist to the editor of the *Round Table:*

Sir:—I have been favored with a copy of your journal for July 14, 1866. In it I perceive that you review, as written by me, a novel entitled *What is this Mystery?* published in New York by Messrs. Hilton & Co. Allow me to say, in reply to your most illiberal criticism, that I never wrote a novel with the title given, and that I have never had any correspondence with its publishers, who, nevertheless, announce their book as printed from my "advance sheets" and who also characterize the work as "Miss Braddon's latest and best." It may be—I hope it is not—in accordance with American notions of literary fair dealing to make these positively false statements. Messrs. Hilton & Co. may derive profit from them; but the true interests of literature and its commerce cannot be served by such audacious mendacity.

Let me add that literary criticism, as a corrective influence, is not advanced by personalities; and that it is insulting to an author and unfair in itself to assume, as you do when reviewing *What is this Mystery?* that "her (the author's) creations were the result of the meditations and inspirations of a milliner's shop." This remark is simply impertinent, and it is only as true as may be the assertion that the review in which it appears is the result of the meditations and inspirations of a tailor's shop; though why good and wholesome "meditations and inspirations" should be foreign to milliners' and tailors' shops, I am at a loss to discover. Moreover, offensive criticism will rather deter than encourage literary aspirants—always a very sensitive race—for whose advent you insert, in the same number of the *Round Table*, an elaborate demand. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, M. E. Braddon,
Author of *Lady Audley's Secret*, etc.

London, July 30, 1866.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Chimney Corner," in the September number of the *Atlantic*, is devoted to the subject of amusements. The article is in the form of a discussion between several interlocutors, and some views which are put into the mouth of one of them, "Bob Stephens," will undoubtedly be considered extremely radical by a large portion of the religious community. Yet it seems to be a fair inference from the general tenor of the colloquy that Mrs. Stowe's own real convictions and feelings on the subject, find expression in "Bob's" outspoken utterances. We give a few extracts:

THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH IN REFERANCE TO AMUSEMENTS

The only thing that the Church has yet done, is to forbid and frown. We have abundance of tracts against dancing, whist-playing, ninepins, billiards, operas, and theatres—in short anything that young people would be apt to like. * * * The theatre and opera grow up among us like plants on the windy side of a hill, blown all awry by a constant blast of conscientious rebuke. There is really no amusement that young people are fond of, which they do not pursue in a sort of defiance of the frown of the religious world. * * * * *

The whole department of amusements—certainly one of the most important in education—has been by the Church made a sort of outlaws' ground, to be taken possession of and held by all sorts of spiritual ragamuffins; and then the faults and short-comings resulting from this arrangement have been held up and insisted on as reasons why no Christian should ever venture into it.

If the Church would set herself to amuse her young folks, instead of discussing doctrines and metaphysical hair-splitting, she would prove herself a true mother, and not a hard-visaged step-dame. Let her keep this department, so powerful and so difficult to manage, in what are morally the strongest hands, instead of giving it up to the weakest.

I think, if the different churches of a city, for example, would rent a building where there should be a billiard-table, one or two ninepin-alleys, a reading-room, a garden and grounds for ball-playing or innocent lounging, that they would do more to keep their young people from the ways of sin than a Sunday school could. Nay, more: I would go further. I would have a portion of the building fitted up with scenery and a stage, for the getting up of tableaux or dramatic performances, and thus give scope for the exercise of that histrionic talent of which there is so much lying unemployed in society.

Young people do not like amusements any better for the wickedness connected with them. The spectacle of a sweet little child singing hymns, and repeating prayers, of a pious old "Uncle Tom" dying for his religion, has filled theatres night after night, and proved that there really is no need of indecent or improper plays to draw full houses.

Here we have, not only a distinct endorsement of "parlor theatricals," but an implied approval of the opera and the theatre, if not as they are, at least as they might be made provided the religious portion of the community would take an interest in them and exert their influence in improving and elevating them.

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE NEED—AND WHAT THE THEATRE MIGHT BECOME.

The things that draw young people to places of amusement are not at first gross things. Take the most notorious public place in Paris,—the Jardin Mabille, for instance,—and the things which give it its first charm are all innocent and artistic. Exquisite beds of lilies, roses, gillyflowers, lighted with jets of gas so artfully as to make every flower translucent as a gem: fountains where the gas-light streams out from behind misty wreaths of falling water and calla-blossoms; sofas of velvet turf, canopied with fragrant honeysuckle; dim bowers overarched with lilacs and roses; a dancing ground under trees whose branches bend with a fruitage of many colored lamps; enchanting music and graceful motion; in all these there is not only no sin, but they are really beautiful and desirable; and if they were only used on the side and in the service of virtue and religion, if they were contrived and kept up by the guardians and instructors of youth, instead of by those whose interest it is to demoralize and destroy, young people would have no temptation to stray into the haunts of vice.

In Prussia, under the reign of Frederick William II., when one good, hard-handed man governed the whole country like a strict schoolmaster, the public amusements for the people were made such as to present a model for all states. The theatres were strictly supervised, and actors obliged to conform to the rules of decorum and morality. The plays and performances were under the immediate supervision of men of grave morals, who allowed nothing corrupting to appear; and the effect of this administration and restraint is to be seen in Berlin even to this day. The public gardens are full of charming little resorts, where, every afternoon, for a very moderate sum, one can have either a concert of good music, or a very fair dramatic or operatic performance. Here whole families may be seen enjoying together a wholesome and refreshing entertainment—the mother and aunts with their knitting, the baby, the children of all ages, and the father—their faces radiant with that mild German light of contentment and good will which one feels to be characteristic of the nation. When I saw these things, and thought of our own outcast, unprovided boys and young men, haunting the streets and alleys of cities, in places far from the companionship of mothers and sisters, I felt as if it would be better for a nation to be brought up by a good strict schoolmaster king than to try to be a republic.

In alluding to Queen Emma's recent visit to New York, the *Citizen*, edited by Miles O'Reilly, made an appeal to "Jenkins" as follows:

One would think, in looking at the chronicles of Queen Emma's daily doings, that he was reading the utterances of snobbish English journals, whose chief delight is to revel in the names and titles of the great people they are permitted to talk about. The visit of that royal lady to America is undoubtedly one of significance and hope for the future of American interests in the beautiful islands where she is still a power. But we must confess to a shrinking from this inordinate and overwhelming prostration of body and soul before every "royal" or "princely" person who approaches our shores. There is reason in all things. Queen Emma deserves to be handsomely received and most hospitably entertained, both in her own right, as a lady distinguished by superior accomplishments and rare personal worth, and also as a representative of a people whose good will we desire, and whose importance as guardians of the central entrepot between the vast commercial interests of the Orient and the Occident, is increasing most rapidly. But while this is so, and while it may be a graceful courtesy to seem more appreciative of the honor of a lady's visit than if it were a distinguished man, there can be no necessity for forgetting our own dignity. We simply lower ourselves without elevating our guests; and it is to be hoped, therefore, that "Jenkins" will restrain himself.

Mr. Greeley's great sensation book, the *American Conflict*, bids fair to obtain a greater sale than any work of the day, pretending to a historical character. The leading Eastern journals, including some that are decidedly antagonistic to the author in politics and his views of the war generally, speak very favorably of the book, and of the impartiality (so far at least as intention is concerned) that characterizes it. On this latter point, the New York *Citizen* says:

That class of people who gain their idea of Mr. Greeley from the clamorous ignorance of July rioters—who are strongly conservative, but whose conservatism is summarily comprehended in the saying, "D—n a nigger anyhow, and Horace Greeley too"—probably entertained strong doubts of Mr. Greeley's fitness to become the historian of a struggle in which he had taken so prominent a part. They looked upon him as a man whose hot prejudices would blind and warp his judgment; as a fanatic, incapable of a broad, liberal view of men and of events. Those who knew him better never doubted his eminent fitness for the task. Mr. Greeley's convictions, whether right or wrong, are the results not of passion and prejudice, but of an honestly adopted and consistently adhered to theory of morals and of government. He will strongly condemn and combat men's deeds when they are at variance with his settled convictions of right and justice; but the meanness that goes behind the actions of men and impugns their motives, that denies sincerity and honesty to political adversaries, finds no lodgment in Horace Greeley's bosom. There need be no fear that the *American Conflict* will be a vehicle for partizan bitterness.

JUSTICE TO M'CLELLAN.

In reference to the slowness of McClellan's advance against Lee just previous to the battle of Antietam, Mr. Greeley says:

He moved slowly because uncertain, as were his superiors, that the rebel movement across the Potomac was not a feint.

It is easy now to reproach him with the slowness of his advance from Washington to Frederick; but it must be borne in mind that his force consisted of the remains of two beaten armies—his own and Pope's—not so much strengthened as swelled by raw troops, hastily levied for an emergency; while opposed to him was an army of veterans, inferior, indeed, in numbers, but boasting of a succession of victories from first Bull Run onward, and proudly regarding itself as invincible. Perplexed as to Lee's intentions, and hampered by the necessity of covering at once Washington and Baltimore, McClellan moved slowly, indeed; but only a great military genius, or a rash, headstrong fool, would have ventured to do otherwise. After he learned at Frederick that Lee had divided his army, in his eagerness to clutch the tempting prize, McClellan blundered sadly in not hurling his army at once on McLaws, and thus cutting his way swiftly to the Ferry. Yet, with all his mistakes, he moved vigorously enough to have seasonably relieved Miles, had that officer evinced loyalty and decent fitness for his position, or had Ford defended Maryland Heights with vigor and tenacity.

A HIT AT GEN. HALLECK.

The *Citizen* alludes to the distinguished Commander of the Pacific, as, "the universally friendless, because universally misunderstood, General Henry Wager Halleck." We are inclined to think that both the "friendlessness" and the "misunderstanding" are somewhat exaggerated in their extent, by the *Citizen;* assuredly "universality" cannot be predicated of either. That Mr. Greeley neither admires nor understands the General sufficiently appears from the following mild allusion:

Halleck's insisting that Harper's Ferry should be held, after he knew that the rebel army had crossed into Maryland, is one of those puzzles so frequently exhibited in the strategy of the Generalissimo, which must find their solution in some higher, subtler, and more leisurely existence.

Among the more noteworthy books recently published in the United States, is *Histoire de Jules Ce'sar*, par S. M. I. Napoléon III., Tome Deuxiems—being the completion of Napoleons celebrated history. This edition being in French, will be preferred to the excellent translation recently published by the Messrs. Harper, at least by all who are able to understand the original. This work is a beautiful specimen of book-manufacture—being printed with clear-cut type on heavy, creamy paper, with colored maps. The publishers are Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

This enterprising house has also published *Taxation; its Levy and Expenditure, Past and Future*—being an inquiry into our financial policy, by Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart.,—which, though having primary reference to England, is still of great interest to all students of political economy in our own country.

From the same source we have, *Recent British Philosophy;* a Review, with Criticisms, including some Commentaries on Mr. Mill's Answer to Sir Wm. Hamilton, by David Masson. The title-page gives a general idea of the character of the work, which will be gladly welcomed by the many students of "Hamiltonism."

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have just published *Battle-pieces and Aspects of the War*, by Herman Melville, who will be remembered as the author of *Omoo, Typee, etc.*

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued *Four Years of Fighting;* a volume of Personal observations with the Army and Navy, from the first Battle of Bull Run to the Fall of Richmond, by Charles Carleton Coffin. "Carleton," of the Boston *Journal*, was considered one of the most graphic correspondents of the war, and his observations in a handsome volume with illustrations, maps, etc., cannot fail to prove attractive to those having a taste for war literature.

Among recent English publications, we notice *The Contemporary Review*, a handsome octavo of 664 pages; *The Argosy*, a bound magazine of tales, travels, essays, and poems, from such writers as Chas. Reade, Mrs. Oliphant, and Jean Ingelow.

Love amid Ruins.—Declarations of love are frequently seen on the walls of Pompeii, and both the style and their orthography prove that they were written by all classes of society. Some of them are satisfied with celebrating their beloved ones with verses, particularly from Ovid. There are also passages from poets whose works are lost, and some of the poets made the verses themselves. "May I die," you read on the wall, "if I would be a God without thee!" Most of them speak in prose, and sometimes in tolerably barbarian prose. Some of the inscriptions declare love and wrath with great frankness. "My dear Sava, love me I pray thee." "Nonio greets her friend Pagarus." "Meta, the actress, loves Contus with her whole heart. May the Pompeian Venus be propitious to them, and let them ever live in harmony." "Asselia, may'st thou wither." "Virginia to Tertius: Thou art too ugly for me." Only in one instance does a man express love for his wife; another reveals the whole of a little romance. A poor lover, deserted by his fair one, finds her again, after having long searched for her, and writes on the house where she lives: "There she is, there she is; no more doubt as to this; Romula lives here with a rascal."

Putting a Good Face On.—The staid book house of A. Roman & Co. have just had a new front placed in their store, and now present as an attractive appearance as any store on Montgomery street.

Eastward Bound.—An unusually large number of our prominent citizens depart this morning on the *Sacramento;* many of them being accompanied by their families.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADAME CELESTE made her *debut* in the *Woman in Red*, before a California audience at Maguire's Opera House, on Monday evening last to an overflowing house. The play is said to have been suggested by the abduction of the "Mortara" child by the Papal authorities a number of years ago; and the story, like that of *Gamea*, is one of a loving mother seeking her child through years of sorrow. The first peculiarity noticable in Madame Celeste is her strong foreign accentation, which falls strangely upon the ear, and, in her rapid declamatory passages, makes it somewhat difficult to follow her. Her action was exceedingly dramatic and artistic, and shows the studious artist in every movement; yet still there was wanting a vital power or electrical force sufficient to awaken that sympathetical feeling in the audience with the character assumed, so essential where the pathetic feelings are the ones solely appealed to. The play was placed on the stage in a most creditable manner, with effective costumes, tableaux and groupings, and with splendid new scenery, by the Tornings. Madame Celeste was ably supported by Miss Kate Denin, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Judah, Miss Goodrich, and by Messrs. McCullough, Wilson and others.

The *Woman in Red* has been played all the week to good houses without creating any great enthusiasm, which, from the nature of the play and the familiarity of the story to the public, it could not be expected to do. We are fully convinced that Madame Celeste will make a more decided impression in some of her other plays—in *Green Bushes*, and *Flowers of the Forest*, for instance.

This afternoon and evening the *Woman in Red* will be presented for its last representations. On Monday evening the *House on the Bridge* will be produced, which, report says, is not of the pathetic and sorrowful order; but something fresh, striking, and sensational, with nothing of the "Sorrows of Wester" hue about it.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—*Don Giovanni*, which constituted the last regular performance of the second season, was also brought forward to inaugurate the third, on Monday evening last. There were many creditable features in the representation, but the opera is not adapted to the powers of the artists, and was hardly so successful as to warrant a repetition by the present company. Signor Milleri, who kindly undertook the part of "Leporello," hardly needed the indulgence which had been bespoken in advance; his acting was quite up to the standard of the rest. M'lle Tourney, as "Elvira," deserves perhaps more praise than any other singer in the cast, having appeared to better advantage than in any character yet assumed by her. Signorina Brambilla, as "Zerlina," sang "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino," with exquisite taste and expression, but her conception of the character does not satisfy us; nor do we think Signor Mancusi by any means successful as "Don Giovanni," although his rendering of "La ci darem," "Fin ch' han dal vino," and other gems, displayed his usual artistic vocalization. Herr Schraubstadter, as "Masetto," and M. Roncoveri, as the "Commandant." were very good; while Signora Bianchi, as "Donna Anna," and Siguor Banchi (in the place of Siguor Morley) as "Don Octavio," did the best they could in parts not suited to them.

Signorina Brambilla took her first benefit on Wednesday evening, the opera being *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The house was full and enthusiastic, and the cantatrice was overwhelmed with floral offerings from the audience and from several of her fellow artists. Her singing of the Bolero from the *Sicilian Vespers*, and of Ricci's graceful Waltz, in the music lesson scene, was rapturously applauded.

La Sonnambula was given last night, *La Juive* having been postponed until Monday, when we believe it will positively be given.

This evening *Ernani* will be repeated, for the benefit of the Clerks' Relief Association.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Signor Bianchi announces that the Howson English Opera troupe will give a series of performances at the Metropolitan theatre on the off nights of the Italian opera, commencing with *Der Frieschuetz*, on Tuesday evening. The simple and pleasing style of music usually found in English opera, well rendered by these promising young artists, should win its way to the hearts of a large class of our music-loving people.

MARK TWAIN IN TROUBLE.—The public of San Francisco are already apprised by enormous posters covering all the bulletin-boards and dead walls of the city, that "Mark Twain," The Californian humorist, and the great Historiographer of the Sandwich Islands, proposes to deliver a lecture upon the agriculture, religion, and social characteristics of said Islands, on Tuesday evening next. Judging from the numerous applications for tickets that have been made at THE CALIFORNIAN office during the past two days, "Mark" will have an overflowing audience. In his advertisement, "Mark" says "the trouble" will commence at eight o'clock. *Our* "trouble," however, has already commenced—in the shape of an overwhelming rush for tickets, the demand for which was yesterday so pressing, as to interfere seriously with the regular routine of our office duties. Those wishing to secure seats for the occasion, can apply at the Academy of Music at any time after nine o'clock on Monday morning.

THE ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, at Eureka Hall, Montgomery street, is one of the most complete institutions of its kind on this coast. All the models and charts are, in fact, similar to those of the anatomical institutions in Paris, London, and New York. The evening lectures, by Dr. Jordan, are exceedingly interesting, and impart much knowledge in the secrets of anatomy that every man should know.

DIDN'T THEY LIVE?—The excavations of Pompeii are going on with an activity stimulated by the important discoveries made at almost every step, and the quantities of gold and silver found, which more than suffice to cover the cost of the works. Near the temple of Juno, of which an account was recently given, has been brought to light a house belonging to some millionaire of the time, as the furniture is of ivory, bronze and marble. The couches of the trinclinium, or dining room, are especially of extreme richness. The flooring consists of immense mosaics, well preserved in parts, of which the center represents a table laid out for a grand dinner. In the middle, on a dish, may be seen a splendid peacock, with its tail spread out, and placed back to back with another bird, also of beautiful plumage. Around them are placed lobsters, one of which holds a blue egg in its claw; a second an oyster, which appears to be fricassed, as it is open and covered with herbs; a third a rat farci, and a fourth a small vase filled with fried grashoppers. Next comes a circle of dishes of fish, interspersed with others of partridges, hares and squirrels, which all have their heads placed between their fore feet. Then comes a row of sausages of all forms, supported by one of eggs, oysters and olives, which in its turn is surrounded by a double circle of peaches, cherries, melons and other fruits and vegetables. The walls of the trinclinium are covered with fresco paintings of birds, fruits, flowers, game, and fish of all kinds, the whole interspersed with drawings which lend a charm to the whole not easy to describe. On a table of rare wood, carved and inlaid with gold marble, agate and lapis lazuli, were found amphoræ still containing wine, and some goblets of onyx.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.—It is all very well to say "don't judge from appearances:" but in emergencies that preclude the investigation of facts, appearances are sometimes the only basis upon which to found an opinion or a decision. For instance, in cases where there is neither time nor opportunity to ascertain the anteeedents of applicants too employment, it is necessary to *judge them by the eye;* and the eye of a shrewd, observant man is rarely at fault under such circumstances. The theory that appearances are generally fallacious, is in itself a fallacy. When we see a fellow with a face like a bull-dog, we know very well he is not a philanthropist. Napoleon held that firmness and courage were indicated by a large, well formed nose, and that military genius were never the concomitant of a snub. Examine the protraits of the world's great captains, from the era of Julius Cæsar down to that of Wellington, and you will find Napoleon's dictum correct.

WATERFALL HIGHER THAN YO-SEMITE.—The *Union Democrat* says a waterfall has been discovered on the South Fork of the Tuolumne which exceeds Yo Semite in height by some seven hundred feet: "The Yo-Semite fall—at least the perpendicular fall—is stated, we believe, at thirteen hundred feet, while this fall of water on the Tuolumne is given at two thousand feet. Dr. King and Mr. Gardiner, under the direction of Professor Whitney, the State Geolgist, have been exploring the section of country watered by the Tuolumne River and branches, and made the discovery of this fall. The gentlemen visited Sonora the other day, and, after remaining a day or two, returned to the falls, where they intend to make a complete survey. The country is described as beautiful, and the valley where the falls are situated enchanting."

MONTESQUIEU was discussing a question with a counsellor of the Parliament of Bordeaux, who was witty, but rather hot-headed The latter, concluding some fiery remarks, said: "Mr. President, if this is not as I tell you, I will give you my head." "I accept it," replied Montesquieu, coolly; "small presents keep up friendship."

THE LIBERALS VICTORIES.—Late Mexican news is very favorable to the Liberal or National Party in Sonora; they having taken possession of Hermosillo and Guaymas, and defeated the Imperialists and French in a severe action on the outskirts of Mazatlan.

NEW MUSIC.—We are indebted to Mr. Gray, No. 613 Clay street, for the "Three Guardsmen Waltz;" and the songs "When the pale moon arose last night;" "Violets under the Snow;" and Billy Birch's new song, "O, would I were a Fly."

THE word "shanty," now so much used in our daily conversation, is a corruption of the French noun *chiente*—a dog kennel.

A FAIR for the benefit of St. James' Church will open at Platt's Hall on Monday evening next.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.—Mr. G. M. Towle, United States Consul at Nantes, contributes to *Hours at Home* a pleasant sketch of "Student Life in Germany," as seen at Heidelberg:

The well fed indolent, sauntering, German "boy," awakens interest soon as one sees him, his manner and dress are so entirely in contrast with our American undergraduates. Let me describe, as nearly as I can, the German student as he appears to stranger eyes—one of a straggling group, sauntering up High street. He is large built, rather stout, and very heavy, both in countenence and gait; his face is large and square, with an expression indicative of good living and much beer; his hair, of a dullish brown color, is cropped closely to the head; upon the side of the skull rests a small round cap, richly embroidered in gold and silver cord and vari-colored, attached to the head by a small elastic behind—this is the cap of the society to which the student belongs; a square plump body, with short thick arms and large hands and feet; enveloped usually in a frock, inexpressibles of the most fashionable color and cut, and high, heavy boots, apparent to the knees; upon his face many scars and little strips of plaster crossing each other—badges of honor these, won in the famous duels of which I shall speak in another paper; in his mouth a long pipe of porcelain; upon which is depicted some super—graceful beauty, a society device, or a representation of the grand old castle, rearing itself above the town, the stem of a shape like a swan's neck, and a bowl of large capacity; in his hand a small cane, or rather stick, for it is too short to be used as a cane, with some fanciful oddity as a handle; and by his side, running anon between his heels, a small, blear-eyed, enormous-headed, blood-thirsty looking bull dog, dearer to his master than women, pipe, I had almost said beer; a sort of lazy swagger in his gait, a usually good humored expession, a very loud laugh, a want of care in his toilet, and a *tout ensemble* which indicates a life of indolence and pleasure. There are, to be sure, studious-looking men, abstemious men, quick, active men, and men whose dress betrays a limited purse, and whose solitude betokens their ostracism from the convivial student clubs, and the bonds which bind large circles of friends. But I have described the common type of the German student, as far as externals go, the student who goes to the University with competent means, and follows his native and the fashionable inclination.

DISCLAIMS PERSONALITIES.—By the following article, clipped from the *Call*, it will be seen that the doctors are having a controversy. To the old time query, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" we can only say the public: "The antagonism between the only scientific method of treating disease, (the Water Cure), and that known as the "regular," or allopathic system, necessarily involves such keen enlistment of feeling, that it is almost a miracle if acrimonious feelings are not engendered in the conflict for the establishment of the one and the maintenance of the position of the other. But the Water Cure Doctor, Bourne, ignores all personal resentments in denouncing medical practice; for among its professors are many gentlemen whom he honors, while he deplores the infatuation which induces them to continue to administer *poisons* to the sick and suffering; yet his private friendships may not he allowed to interpose a barrier to the duty he owes to himself as an enlightened practitioner of Water Cure, to advance its claims and to contrast its simplicity, adaptation to the requirements of Nature, and unfailing certainty in action, with the means employed and philosophy of medical practice. If he owed not this duty to himself, it is none the less a duty to the public, and if severity is sometimes exhibited, it is because severity is demanded. In warring against the wrongs, the crimes, and ignorance of medicine, in the language of another, he "will be as radical as Righteousness, ultra as the Ten Commandments, uncompromising as Truth." And unquestionably true it will he, that he must say many things which will appear harsh, though he never will be unjust. The object is medical reform.

NEW INSURANCE COMPANY.—The "Builders' Insurance" is the name of a new Company, whose articles of incorporation were filed on Friday. The incorporators are: Thomas Mooney, Samuel Crim, Nathaniel Page, John Center, Frank McCoppin, John Dunn, W. G. Weir, J. W. McCormuck, A. Rosenfield, J. D. Connell, W. A. Janke, Charles B. Grant, Wm. B. Cooke. W. G. Gladwin, D. Jordan, etc. The capital is $50,000, in 500 scares of $100 each. The business is to be carried on in the house of the California Building and Loan Society, in the rear of which a new office for that purpose is being built.

WATER CURE.—The Pioneer, and only Water Cure in San Francisco, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Dr. Bourne is probably the oldest water cure physician in the United States, and being pre-eminently practical, has improved the methods of treatment so much, that his system is ten, or perhaps an hundredfold more efficacious than the Eastern and European modes. One thing is certain, Dr. Bourne is the only water cure physician whom the people of this coast have sustained in San Francisco, or anywhere else on this coast, permanently, during fourteen years.

DIARRHŒA, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus—in fact, all intestinal and abdominal diseases—are cured without medicines, and with greater certainty and rapidity than with them, leaving no disastrous consequences as a balance against the future, as is too often the case in medical practice. This style of treatment is only practised in San Francisco by Dr. Bourne. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

LADIES—HOW TO DRAW THEM.—A beautiful complexion and perfect head of hair are charms that attract gentlemen, as blossoms draw the bees. Use Davidson's Circassian Bloom of Youth, and Davidson's Arabian Hair Dressing.

CURES GUARANTEED of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, (generally,) Fever and Ague, and all nervous afflictions, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

HOPE.

WE speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "The Better's" forever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life bright Hope leads us in—
Hope plays around the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has scope,
And over the coffin man planteth—HOPE!

And it is not a dream of vain fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter;
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud,
"We are born for something better!"
And that voice of the heart, oh, ye may surely believe,
Will never the hope of the soul deceive! —*Schiller.*

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.*

[From Pollard's new work, *The Lost Cause;* an "Official Southern History of the War," we clip the following sketches of the scenes at Richmond previous to, and during the evacuation. There have been scores of accounts published of the events occurring at the time our army entered Richmond, but, we believe, this is the first detailed inside view of its evacuation ever published:]

THE THREE DAYS BEFORE THE EVACUATION.

"IT is a most remarkable circumstance that the people of Richmond had remained in profound ignorance of the fighting which had been taking place for three days on Gen. Lee's lines. There was not a rumor of it in the air. Not a newspaper office in the city had any inkling of what was going on. Indeed for the past few days there had been visible re-assurance in the Confederate Capital; there were rumors that Johnston was moving to Lee's lines, and a general idea that the combined force would take the offensive against the enemy. But a day before Grant had commenced his heavy movement, a curious excitement had taken place in Richmond. The morning train brought from Petersburg a wonderful rumor that Gen. Lee had made a night attack, in which he had crushed the enemy along his whole line. John M. Daniel, the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, died the same day under the delusion that such a victory had been won; and John Mitchell, who wrote his obituary in the morning papers, expressed the regret that the great Virginian had passed away just as a decisive victory was likely to give the turning point to the success of the Southern Confederacy! This circumstance shows how little prepared the people of Richmond were on the bright Sabbath of the 2d of April for the news that fell upon them like a thunder-clap from clear skies, and smote the ears of the community like a knell of death."

THE FATAL NEWS.

"A small slip of paper sent up from the War Department to President Davis, as he was seated in his pew in St. Paul's Church, contained the news of the most momentous event of the war.

"The report of a great misfortune traverses a city without the aid of printed bulletins. But that of the evacuation of Richmond fell upon many incredulous ears. One could see the quiet streets stretching away, unmolested by one single sign of war; everything which met the eye spoke of peace. There were but a few people in the streets; no vehicles disturbed the quiet of the Sabbath; the sound of the church bells rose into the cloudless sky, and floated on the blue tide of the beautiful day. How was it possible to imagine that in the next twenty-four hours war, with its train of horrors, was to enter the scene; that this peaceful city, a secure possession for four years, was at last to succumb; that it was to be a prey to a great conflagration, and that all the hopes of the Southern Confederacy were to be consumed in one day, as a scroll, in the fire!

"As the day wore on, clatter and bustle in the streets denoted the progress of the evacuation, and convinced those who had been incredulous of its reality. The disorder increased each hour. The streets were thronged with fugitives making their way to the railroad depots; pale women and little shoeless children struggled in the crowd; oaths and blasphemous shouts smote the ear; wagons were being hastily loaded at the Department with boxes, trunks, etc., and driven to the Danville depot. In the afternoon a special train carried from Richmond President Davis and some of his Cabinet. At the Department all was confusion; there was no system; there was no answer to inquiries; important officers were invisible, and every one felt like taking care of himself. Outside the mass of hurrying fugitives, there were collected here and there mean visaged crowds, generally around the commissary depots; they were of that brutal and riotous element that revenges itself on all communities in a time of great public misfortune."

PILLAGING AND DESTRUCTION.

"When it was finally announced by the Mayor that those who had hoped for a dispatch from Gen. Lee, contrary to what he had telegraphed in the morning, ceased to indulge such an expectation, and that the evacuation of Richmond was a foregone conclusion, it was proposed to maintain order in the city by two regiments of militia; to destroy every drop of liquor in the warehouses and stores; and to establish a patrol through the night. But the militia ran through the fingers of their officers; the patrols could not be seen after a certain hour; and in a short time the city was plunged into mad confusion, and indescribable horrors.

"It was an extraordinary night; disorder, shouts, pillage, and mad revelry of confusion. In the now dimly lighted city could be seen black masses of people, crowded around some object of excitement, besieging the commissary stores, destroying liquor, intent perhaps upon pillage and swaying to and fro in whatever momentary passion possessed them. The gutters ran with a liquor freshet and the fumes filled the air. Some of the straggling soldiers passing through the city managed to get hold of quantities of the liquor. Confusion became more confounded; the sidewalks were filled with broken glass; stores were entered at pleasure and stripped from top to bottom; yells of drunken men filled the air and made the night hideous.

"But a new horror was to appear upon the scene and take possession of the community. To the rear-guard of the Confederate force on the north side of the James river under Gen. Ewell had been left the duty of blowing up the iron-clad vessels in the James and destroying the bridges across the river The *Richmond*, *Virginia*, and an iron ram were blown to the winds; the little shipping at the wharves was fired, and the three bridges that spanned the river were wrapped in flames as soon as the last troops had traversed them."

THE BURNING OF RICHMOND.

"The work of destruction might well have ended here. But General Ewell, obeying the letter of his instructions had issued orders to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses of the city; one of them—the Shockee warehouse—situated near the centre of the city, side by side with the Gallego flour mills, just in a position and circumstances from which a conflagration might extend to the whole business portion of Richmond. In vain Mayor Mayo and a committee of citizens had remonstrated against this reckless military order. The warehouses were fired; the flames seized on the neighboring buildings, and soon involved a wide and widening area: the conflagration passed rapidly beyond control; and this mad fire, this wild, unnecessary destruction of their property, the citizens of Richmond had a fitting *souvenir*, of the imprudence and recklessness of the departing administration.

"Morning broke on a scene never to be forgotten. It was a strange picture—impossible to describe—the smoke and glare of fire mingled with golden beams of the rising sun. The great warehouse of the basin was wrapped in flames; the fire was reaching to the whole blocks of buildings; and as the smoke rose majestically above the horizon, it burnished the fringe of smoke with lurid and golden glory. Curious crowds watched the fire. Its roar sounded in the ears; it leaped from street to street; pillagers were busy at their vocation and in the hot breath of the fire were figures as of demons contending for prey.

THE FORTY "YANKEES" WHO TOOK RICHMOND.

"The sun was an hour or more above the horizon, when suddenly there ran up the whole length of Main street the cry of "Yankees!" "Yankees!" The upper part of this street was choked with crowds of pillagers—men provided with drays, others rolling barrels up the street, or bending under heavy burdens, and intermixed with them women and children with smaller lots of plunder in bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, and tin pans. As the cry of "Yankees" was raised, this motley cry-crowd tore up the street, cursing, screaming, trampling upon each other, alarmed by an enemy not yet in sight, and madly seeking to extricate themselves from imaginary danger. Presently, beyond this crowd, following up the tangled mass of plunderers, but not pressing or interfering with them, was seen a small body of Federal cavalry, riding steadily along. Forty Massachusetts troopers, dispatched by Gen. Weitzel, to investigate the condition of affairs, had ridden without hindrance into Richmond. At the corner of Eleventh street they broke into a trot for the public square, and in a few moments their guidons were planted on the Capitol, and fluttered a strange spectacle in the early morning light."

ENTRANCE OF THE UNION ARMY.

"A few hours thereafter, and Weitzel's troops were pouring through the streets of the city. A lady, who witnessed the grand Federal *entree*, and has given a very graphic account of it, thus describes a portion of the scene: 'Stretching from the Exchange Hotel to the slopes of Church Hill, down the hill, through the valley, up the ascent to the hotel, was the array, with its unbroken line of blue, fringed with bright bayonets. Strains of martial music, flushed countenances, waving of swords betokened the victorious army. As the line turned at the Exchange Hotel into the Upper street, the movements were the signal for a wild burst of cheers from each regiment. Shouts from a few negroes were the only responses. Through throngs of sullen spectators; along the fire line; in the midst of the horrors of conflagration, increased by the explosion of shells left by the retreating army; through the vast aerial auditorium convulsed with the commotion of frightful sounds, moved the garish procession of the grand army, with brave music, and bright banners, and wild cheers. A regiment of negro cavalry swept by the hotel. As they turned the street corner they drew their sabres with savage shouts, and the blood mounted even in my woman's heart with quick throbs of defiance.'

"Meanwhile the fire raged with unchecked fury. The entire business part of the city was on fire; stores, warehouses, manufactories, mills, depots, and bridges—all, covering acres; the continuous thunder of exploding shells sounded in the sea of fire; and in the midst of it was the long, threatening, hostile army entering to seize its prey. All during the forenoon, flame, and smoke, and burning brands, and showers of blazing sparks filled the air, spreading still further the destruction, until it had swept before it every bank, every auction store, every insurance office, nearly every commission house, and most of the fashionable stores. The atmosphere was choking; men, women, and children crowded into the square of the Capitol for a breath of pure air; but it was not to be obtained even there, and one traversed the green slopes blinded by the cinders and struggling for breath. Already, piles of furniture had been collected here, dragged from the ruins of burning houses; and in uncouth arrangements, made with broken tables and bureaus, were huddled women and children, with no other resting place in Heaven's great hollowness.

"Some tardy attempts were made to arrest the conflagration; in the afternoon the crowd of negroes organized as a fire corps; but the five steam engines that played upon the flames were not sufficient to check their progress. It was late in the evening when the fire had burned itself out. It had consumed the most important part of Richmond. The pencil of the surveyor could not have marked out more distinctly the business portion of the city."

QUIET AND REST.

"The evening breezes had turned the course of the fire; and as these still continued, heavy mist clouds hung upon the horizon, or streamed upwards in the varying current of the winds. As night came on, there was a painful reaction after the day's terrible excitement; a strange quiet fell upon the blackened city and its scenes of destruction. It was the quiet of a great desolation. Groups of women and children crawled under shelter of broken furniture in the Capitol square; hundreds of homeless persons laid down to sleep in the shadows of the ruins of Richmond; and worn out by excitement, exhausted as by the excitement of a great battle, men watched for the more row with the dull sense that the work of years had been ruined, and that all that they possessed on earth had been swept away.

THE PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN.—One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is, that, although the organ of sensation, it should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain; yet in the brain resides the power of feeling pain in any part of the body. If the nerve which leads to it from the injured part be divided, we become instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced; yet the organ itself insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. A certain portion of the brain itself may be removed without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all those functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but it has no longer a mind; it cannot think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into its stomach; once there, it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that a part of the brain is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the lower degree, called instinct, or of that exalted kind bestowed on man, termed reason.

JUDGING CHARACTER BY THE COLOR OF A PETTICOAT.—The following is from the pen of a man who "loved not wisely, but too well," and got married:

The way to judge of a woman's character, at first sight, is to ascertain the color of her petticoat. A black petticoat indicates low spirits, a hatred of washtubs and activity, and a taste for dyspeptic literature and quietude. A lady who wears a black petticoat, could no more read and understand this paragraph, than she could swim the Atlantic.

A white petticoat shows a character just the opposite—an unsullied mind and a taste for romance. A woman who takes naturally to white petticoats and never wears any other, is an institution to which young gentlemen of connubial proclivities should lose no time in paying due attention.

The red petticoat, however, is something of which mankind should beware; it is the insigna of Xantippes—a style of females, who cut their toe-nails with their husbands' razors.

*"The Lost Cause. A Southern History of the War of the Confederates. By Edward A. Pollard. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. E. E. Shear, Subscription Agent, 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

RURAL DELIGHTS.

AT this time of the year, everybody with the slightest love of nature persuades himself that, if he were master of circumstances, he would never live anywhere but in the country. And a great many people amuse themselves by trying to think seriously that by and by they are going to take a place in the country, and by picturing to themselves all its perfections and delights. They have exquisite visions of croquet-lawns, and delicious borders of flowers, and of the poetic cow and homely pig in the background. They think how glorious it must be to feel the scents of the garden, and to hear the singing of the birds through one's bedroom window on getting up in the morning, and to watch the moon rise over the tree tops as one goes to bed at night.

The intention of living in the country is, with nine out of the ten people who entertain it, a sheer delusion. They are quite honest, and have fully convinced themselves that they can only lead the ideal life among the green fields and the little birds and the vegetables. Still at bottom there is a lurking fear that after all they might find the country somewhat less of a paradise than they love to think it. And they are perfectly right, for nature, with her usual fondness for compensation, has put some rather heavy drawbacks into the scale against the delights of the fields. For example, the country is a very trying place for ladies. One of the chief delights of living in the country, to people accustomed to towns, is its roominess. You have a large flower-garden, and a large kitchen-garden, and airy meadows, and unnumbered out-houses and offices which, though of no particular use to speak of, fill the mind with a sense of spaciousness and overflowing accommodation.

Then there are spreading trees at the back of the house, and breezy downs in front, and you are at least half a dozen miles from the nearest country town. All this gives one a noble feeling of freedom and expansiveness, and a notion that you are leading the life according to nature, which is quite true; only married ladies and grown-up daughters are not always clear, after a little experience, that the life according to nature is the pleasantest sort of life. For this admirable roominess implies that you are without neighbors, and women without neighbors are generally creatures of stunted lives. Neighbors are to them what his amusements and his profession and his newspaper are to one of the so-called stronger sex. It is all very well for the gentleman who is writing a great and immortal book, or for one who goes up to business every morning and comes down again at night, and who in truth has Sunday only to spend in his Paradise. But ordinary ladies do not write great books and they have nothing to do all the solid day except a little gardening and novel-reading and piano-playing, and perhaps occasionally writing letters to friends in town containing ecstatic accounts of the delights of the country.

In all the nonsense that lovers talk, there is nothing so common or so nonsensical as the resolution that when they are married they will live in some charming nest far remote from the busy haunts of men. The truth is that a young married woman is just the last person in the world who ought to be left neighborless. Accustomed all her life to the pleasant talk of her mother, and the stimulating disputatiousness of her younger sisters, she is utterly lonely as soon as her lord gets back again into his groove of work which he has temporarily left for the purposes of the honeymoon. The charming nest becomes a very palace of boredom and weariness, and she may even find herself committing the monstrous crime of half-wishing herself at home again among the polite wranglings of her unmarried sisters, who at all events kept her from being dull. It is very charming to think of the moon rising over the tree tops, but the moon does not rise over the tree tops in the daytime; and the scent of flowers, however delicious in itself, does not count for friends and companions. Even breezy downs and woods will not make up for lack of human voices. It is not everybody who has such a passion for nature as to be able to make friends with a great black down, or a forest of oaks, or a clump of high-standing beeches. There are people who can strike up companionships of this sort with every inanimate object, from the wide sea down to the daisy nodding its head in the sun, but such people are not very numerous. To be able to feel this friendship for objects that make no articulate response is exclusively the mark of the poetic nature, and young ladies, though ready to compose any number of the sweetest verses, are at the bottom thoroughly prosaic.

Men, like women, do not always find life in the country so perfectly blissful as they supposed. The gardener is a sore tribulation, and an irremovable thorn in the flesh. The graceful contempt with which he treats any suggestion you may be bold enough to make about your own wishes respecting your own garden, the compassionate smile with which he listens to any notion you may have got from a horticultural treatise, the rapidity with which he demolishes any disposition on the part of his employer to give himself any little ais—in short, all the characteristics of a superior person, help to make the garden less a delight than a place of torment. The only plan for getting any peace and comfort out of your garden is to surrender it gracefully and without contention, and the gardener will prove a very affable man. Then, just as the gardener is so very much too good, the other men in the place are very much too bad. The village joiner, the plumber, the plasterer, the man who has a vague and altogether fictious reputation for "doing things" about the house and the stable—these exasperate you as much by their vices as the gentleman in the hot-house by his abominable virtue.

One of the greatest charms about a country house is that there is always something which wants doing. The master of the house is kept in a steady-flowing stream of excitement about little repairs. Pipes, cisterns, tanks, drains, flues, furnish a never-ending pretext for invasions of torpid masons and plumbers. As soon as the smoke has been persuaded to go peaceably up the chimney, the water refuses to flow into the tank, or else it refuses to flow out of the tank except by taking the newly-papered drawing-room wall *en route*. When the mason is sent for, you learn that, like Balbus in the exercise-book, he is building a house with his own hand, six miles off; or else, like Balbus's friend Caius, he has gone to the city for the sake of buying. Then you have moles in your meadow, and rats in your hay-stack, and you have the pleasures of seeing the little mounds in the one and the little holes in the other go on rapidly increasing for days and days until it suits the good pleasure of the man who "does things" to bring his mole-traps and his ferrets.

Then, again, bills are a great trouble, not from their amount, but from their impenetrable intricacy. Why should one find put all in one line a man's labor for a day and a quarter, four pounds of green paint, and three feet of half-inch board, in all amounting to seven shillings and eightpence? How is a plain man to disentangle a statement of this sort, so as to know how much he pays for green paint, how much for the half-inch board, and how much for the day and quarter of the man—whom, by the way, he only remembers to have seen at work for a couple of hours one afternoon? Of course it is impossible, and all payments of this sort must be made simply on the strength of faith. This is evidently a very unpleasant principle for people with a financial mind. Still the plain man may console himself that at least he gets all his vegetables for nothing. But it is ten to one that he will one day unluckily make this vaunt to some cold-hearted political economist from this city, who will ruthlessly prove to him that each stick of asparagus costs him on an average about eightpence, each cucumber several shillings, and so on in proportion down to the humblest vegetable that grows.

It is not to be denied that rural life, in those who are only trying their 'prentice hands at it, tends to develop the virtue of hospitality to a very high degree of perfection indeed. Perhaps it would be truer to say that it develops one half of it, and makes us more eager to welcome the coming than to speed the parting guest. Nobody is ever so welcome in town as the man who comes down to a country place laden with papers and all sorts of gossip. If we used to find him dull and commonplace, his character and conversation have now about them an unequalled savor and piquancy. If he used to be a chattering bore, he is now the most amusing and instructive of companions.

Yet, for all this, for people with sufficient force of character (and of a certain kind of character) to be able to live a great deal upon their own resources, the country is by far the most congenial home. They find all sorts of new sympathies arise, and their whole sense of the companionship of nature is at once quickened and gratified. The very monotony of dark heaths and green fields and hedgerows is imposing, and it is the more imposing to a man who learns the infinite change of growth and color and form which is constantly at work under this seeming monotony. Every process of nature, from the slow stately progress of masses of cloud down to the fierce contests of the tiny adders on a pond edge, and the battles of insects in the sun, becomes interesting and suggestive, and a man of a certain sort possitively luxuriates in the contemplation of the incessant life and growth and decay about him. This consciousness of neverending movement around him far more than compensates for the minute vexations incident to life in places where the civilized organization of town has not reached. But then people of another sort find the vexations far weightier than the joys, and they only think that a man must be an idiot for preferring partially uncomfortable isolation to the life of the city. So he would be if he were like themselves.—*Saturday Review.*

THAT a man should be just and respectful toward all mankind, he must first begin with himself. A man—so to speak—who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

A PRETTY word to look at. The news from the minor German States is given in the journals of Fatherland under the following simple heading: "Mitteleuropaischestaatenpruppe."

LOVE is of the nature of a burning-glass, which kept still in one place, burns; changed often, it is powerless.

ROMANCE *VS.* REALITY.

AFTER TENNYSON WITH A SHARP STICK.

PREFACE.

THE only excuse the author can offer his readers for the rough manners and rougher morals of the characters in the following story is to be found in the fact that as he is not a *poet laureate*, like Tennyson, he cannot call to his aid any poetic license to justify him in giving all the fine feelings and manners of highly-educated people to an unsophisticated village girl, like Annie Lee, a rough sailor's lad, like Enoch Arden, and a miller's only son, like Philip Ray. The author flatters himself, however, that his characters are drawn closer to the life than are those of the poet Tennyson.

CHAPTER I.

AFFECTING PICTURE OF THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

THIRTY years ago three children sat making mud pies in an unfrequented street in the village of Harlem. E. Nocharden, the one with the streak of molasses candy stretching from ear to ear, is a gin mill keeper's only son; Philip Ray, the one with the bark peeled from his nose, is a rough tailor's lad; and Ann Neily, the girl with the bare feet and dirty face, is the only daughter of a peanut and apple merchant who keeps his stand on a neighboring corner, "by permission of the Common Council."

"I'm boss to-day," said E. Nocharden, as he took a seat in the centre of the mud pie, regardless of the effect such a movement would produce on his gushing linen.

"No ye ain't," cried master Ray, as he flung a handful of soft mud in his antagonist's face, half of it going down his mouth, and the other completely stopping up those little apertures called eyes.

A scrimmage followed; much hair was pulled; various scratches were given, and the two combatants went home crying to tell their mothers.

Finally Ann Neily secured peace by giving each a stick of candy which she purloined from her father's stand while that gentleman was taking a nap.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH JOHNNY GOETH FOR A SOLDIER.

TWENTY years have passed, and we find E. Nocharden and Philip Ray suitors for Ann Neily's hand. The girl loves E. Nocharden, but lest anything should turn up that might deprive her of him, keeps Philip Ray hanging on, by seeming kinder unto him. This frightens E. Nocharden into popping the question, and they are wed. As Philip Ray hears the wedding bells he swears on his father's goose that he will have revenge for her treachery. The war for the Union breaks out; the Internal Revenue officers confiscate E. Nocharden's "mill" for dealing in contraband whisky; and, in order to get a living for his family, E. Nocharden, at his wife's suggestion, takes the bounty and goes for a soldier. Before going he fits up an apple-stand for his wife regardless of expense.

CHAPTER III.

ESTABLISHES THE FACT THAT ONE PRESENT HUSBAND IS WORTH TWO ABSENT ONES.

THE soldier had no sooner departed than his wife became lonesome, and silently wished for a partner. Just at that particular moment Philip Ray, the tailor's son, who had in the meantime become wealthy by manufacturing shoddy clothing, thought his time for revenge had come. He offered her his aid, accordingly. She accepted it. He visited her often and long. She appeared to like it. On one occasion he remained very late. The neighbors gossiped strangely about it and shook their heads ominously. She grew angry at her neighbors, and said she would do as she pleased. She did so; which suited Philip Ray to a T.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHOSE BEEN HERE SINCE I'SE BEEN GONE?"

THREE years from the time of E. Nocharden's enlistment had passed, and on a warm summer's evening in August, a weary soldier with bronzed features and battle-stained uniform was seen approaching E. Nocharden's house.

It was E. Nocharden, returned from the war.

He had given his wife no notice of his return, because he thought it would be nice to surprise her.

He neared the house, and preparatory to entering took a peep in at the window.

Death and furies, what was it he saw—his wife in the embrace of his rival, Philip Ray, with their lips glued together.

With the desperation of a maniac, and without a moment's delay, he rushed for the door, and bounded into the room.

The weather being too warm to follow him, dear reader, let us remain outside.

CHAPTER V.

A SOLDIER OF THE UNION IS IN FAVOR OF DISUNION.

THE morning paper next day contained the following in the police intelligence:

"Before Police Justice Smith, yesterday, a man named Ray made a charge of assault and battery against a returned soldier named E. Nocharden, when, upon trial, it turned out that the defendant found the plaintiff infringing on his marital rights, and administered to him a dose of correction in the shape of two black eyes and two damaged front teeth. The judge dismissed the complaint on the ground that it 'served the plaintiff right.'"

In the advertising columns of the same paper appeared the following:

NOTICE!—All persons are hereby warned against trusting or harboring my wife, ANN, on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her after this date. E. NOCHARDEN.

THE END. [*New York Atlas.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS } *Publishers.*
C. H. WEBB. }

THE CALIFORNIAN:

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29. 1866.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

"BLACK SHEEP."

"BLACK SHEEP," a new story by Edmund Yates, now publishing in Charles Dickens' Magazine, will be commenced in the next number of THE CALIFORNIAN. Edmund Yates is the author of "Land at Last," and other popular novels, and the fact that Charles Dickens has chosen him out of the entire field of popular English writers to furnish the leading serial for his magazine, *All the Year Round*, is alone a sufficient guarantee of his superiorty as a writer, and an undeniable voucher for the ability and quality of the coming story.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SNAP SMITH'S DOG" has been received and is under advisement. It has excellent points, but could be "cut" to advantage.

JUNO AND JUPITER, by "Œnone," has come to hand, but has not yet been passed upon.

THE POEM entitled "Egeria" is respectfully declined. The author can obtain the MS. by calling at THE CALIFORIAN OFFICE.

"E. N."—The burlesque of Dr. S——, is a decidedly clever performance, but we have come to the conclusion that that vein is worked out.

CALIFORNIA HOMES.

GENTLEMEN who come from the East to "do" California and then hurry back to publish a book embodying the results of their observations and experiences, are wont for the most part to speak indulgently of our present, and hopefully of our future social condition.

They, however, generally agree in noting among its existing characteristics, the materialistic spirit that pervades our society, and the comparative feebleness of that home feeling, and of those family ties which acquire depth and strength in older communities. An absence of sentiment among our women and young people, and a disposition among all classes to decide every question of worth, value, and desirableness by reference to a pecuniary, or a bald utilitarian standard, are also prominent topics of remark with these observers from abroad.

As to the alleged comparative weakness of home feeling and of the ties of kindred among us, we suspect that men who have passed the middle age of life are liable to see indications of this kind through the illusory haze of their own feelings. Elderly people are apt to think the world has changed, when the change is in themselves. Instances are by no means infrequent of the same species of complaints and lamentations in regard to society at the East on the part of Californians returning after a long absence to their early homes. Hawthorne predicted the decadence of "homes" as a consequence of the general substitution of air-tight stoves for the old-fashioned fire-place, arguing that homes without hearths were an impossibility. It seems, at any rate, to be certain that the family sentiment and the feeling of kindred are generally stronger in cold countries than in warm ones. A comparison of the poetry and fictitious literature of Germany and the north of Europe with that of the Southern nations will strikingly illustrate this. Family pictures and family ties form a large element in the legends and tales of the Germanic and Scandinavian races, while in those of the South, passion and gallantry predominate almost to the exclusion of other elements. Certainly a rigorous climate, that during a great portion of the year keeps the household together, and gathers it around the fireside in the long nights of winter, would seem *a priori* more favorable to the strengthening of family ties and the development of the sentiment of home than one so mild and genial as to make it not only practicable but pleasant to pass the greater part of the time not devoted to sleep in the open air.

As to the alleged materialistic tendency in California society, the disposition to refer the decision of questions of relative values to a pecuniary standard, to base social distinctions upon wealth or occupation, these things undoubtedly exist; but are they confined to California? Are they not rather marked features of the society of nearly all great American cities? Assuredly if the delineations of fashionable life at the East, which we find in the current literature of the day, are to be accepted as at all reliable, Shoddy artistocracy and Brummagem gentility are quite as predominant and influential in New York and the other principal Atlantic cities as in San Francisco.

So far as there is any foundation for the complaints in regard to the absence in California homes of the sweet associations that hallow the word, such complaints have equal force in our generation as applied to American homes generally. The change has come with our departure from simple and primitive modes of life, the introduction of more artificial habits, an increased taste for luxury, and a consequent relaxation in the fashionable code of social morality.

It is a most significant and deplorable fact, that there are entire circles in our existing society in which children in the family are regarded as an incumbrance and an annoyance rather than a comfort and a delight. And this can only be explained by the fact that in such circles the majority of children are undisciplined and spoiled; for assuredly nothing can add more to the charm of a home than the presence of judiciously trained and well bred children. Yet, as a general thing, it must be admitted that in California, (and we do not believe our case to be exceptional in the United States), children in a family are not considered one of the features which make it pleasant as a visiting place. They are more frequently a terror to landlords, a source of continual anxiety and irritation to parents, and an intolerable nuisance to the friends and visitors of the family.

Upon the whole we are inclined to the opinion that notwithstanding the supercedure of broad-mouthed fire-places and back-logs by grates and fenders, there may still be "homes" no less happy and hallowed than in the days of our grandfathers; that they are quite as possible in California as in New York, and that the most formidable obstacle to their realization, is the neglect of firm and wise family discipline on the part of parents, so that children, instead of being the very light and joy of the house, become annoyances and plagues.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL BUGBEAR.

ABSURDITIES are often amusing, and they are sometimes instructive. In the way of a solemn, and at the same time an edifying absurdity, we know of nothing more grotesque than the "arguments" so long current in the partizan press, designed to prove that the Government of the United States was constitutionally bound during the late war to play the part of a non-resistant against treason and rebellion, and so become accessory to its own destruction. It was with the utmost gravity urged as an objection against necessary measures of self-protection, that said measures were "unconstitutional." Rebels who had repudiated the Constitution as binding upon themselves, still held it up as a shield for their own protection, and claimed the right to advance under its secure cover to the attack which was to overthrow both it and the Union, the preservation of which was its sole object. And the unconstitutional war by which the nation was preserved being ended, the same appeal to the Constitution is made for the purpose of preventing a safe and durable reconstruction. Undoubtedly the war for the preservation of the Union was "unconstitutional" in the sense at least that the organic law contains no provision applicable to such a contingency as the attempted secession of a number of Confederated States. In like manner and to the same extent, the act of the man who shoots a highwayman in self-defense is "unlawful," since the statutes fail to set forth the cases in which human life may be lawfully taken, except indirectly and by way of definition of the degrees of crime.

The truth is, that it is quite impossible to make the action of the government, or of any branch of it, either during the war or since its close, square with the strict letter of the Constitution. In this respect the President and Congress are equally guilty, if there is any guilt in the matter. Upon strict theoretical constitutional grounds, the moment the rebel armies surrendered and the Confederate States signified their submission, they were restored to all their rights in the Union —to all their rights as individual States in the control of their own internal affairs, and all their rights as component parts of the United States. From that moment any interference with their domestic polity was unconstitutional, and any delay in admitting them to representation in Congress, or the imposition of any terms as the condition of such admission, was equally unconstitutional. Such was the abstract and theoretical view of the case; a view as palpably monstrous and ineffably absurd in the eye of instinct and common sense, as it would be to insist that a man must allow himself to be knocked down and robbed on the highway without resistance because there is a law against assault and battery.

After the surrender of Lee the President acted unconstitutionally, and without consulting Congress, as the exigencies of the case demanded. But such action was indorsed by the nation, and none but theoretical quibblers objected to it. The President at once assumed, in accordance with the dictates of common sense, that the fact of acknowledged defeat and enforced submission did *not* at once restore the late rebellious States to all their rights. He assumed that the Government had the power to impose "conditions;" and Congress has claimed no more than this. Hence the difference between Congress and the President, whatever else it may be, is not a constitutional difference. It is a difference of policy, not of principle; of degree, not of kind.

In fact, nothing can possibly be more inconsistent and illogical than the attempt on the part of the President to hold up the Constitutional bugbear for the intimidation of Congress. That scarecrow is the legitimate and exclusive property of those who, with an originality only equalled by their effrontery, claimed the protection of the Constitution which they had repudiated, while they were endeavoring to destroy the national existence which it was the sole use and function of that Constitution to conserve.

"BLACK SHEEP," the new novel by Edmund Yates, which has just been commenced in Dickens' magazine, *All the Year Round*, opens with far richer promise than *Land at Last*, by the same author, though the latter found multitudes of delightful readers, and won for Mr. Yates a position among the first novelists of the day. Though *Black Sheep*, in its first chapter, at once takes a powerful hold upon the reader's interest, and gives promise of being in one sense highly sensational in its character, it may safely be inferred from circumstance of its appearance in such a periodical as *All the Year Round*, that it will not be "sensational" after the Pierce Egan style. The story opens so powerfully and promises so well, that we have concluded, notwithstanding our general prejudice against the publication of "serials," to furnish it to the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN as fast as it appears, which we shall be able to do in advance of any other periodical on this coast. The first installment of "Black Sheep" will make its appearance in next week's CALIFORNIAN.

A CALIFORNIA RAILROAD HIGH AS THE ALPS.—The California end of the Pacific Railroad will be higher than the Passes of the Alps. The grade at Cisco, ninety-three miles from Sacramento, and fourteen miles from Alta, the present terminus of the passenger trains, is 5,911 feet above the level of the sea, only 315 less than the top of Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountains and the highest land in New England. When the grade reaches the Summit Station, twelve and a half miles from Cisco, it will be 7,042 feet above the level of the ocean, 816 feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington, and higher than all but one of the world-renowned Passes of the Alps. The gigantic character and magnitude of the work necessary to carry the Pacific Railroad across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the backbone of the American continent, may be readily conceived by the above figures; and must take rank among the most remarkable of all railroad achievements. The elevation reached at Summit Station is much greater than that attained by any other railroad in the world.

[For the Californian.]

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

YOU have done fair enough about Franklin and Shakspeare, and several parties not so well known—parties some of us never heard of, in fact—but you have shirked the fellows named below. Why this mean partiality?

JOHN SMITH was the son of his father. He formerly resided in New York and other places, but he has moved to San Francisco, now.

WM. SMITH was the son of his mother. This party's grandmother is deceased. She was a brick.

JOHN BROWN was the son of old Brown. The body of the latter lies mould'ring in the grave.

EDWARD BROWN was the son of old Brown by a particular friend.

HENRY JONES was a son of a sea-cook.

WM. JONES was a son of a gun.

JOHN JONES was a Son of Temperance.

In early life GABRIEL JONES was actually a shoemaker. He is a shoemaker yet.

Previous to the age of 85, CALEB JONES had never given any evidence of extraordinary ability. He has never given any since.

PATRICK MURPHY is said to have been of Irish extraction.

JAMES PETERSON was the son of a common weaver, who was so miraculously poor that his friends were encouraged to believe that in case the Scriptures were strictly carried out he would "inherit the earth." He never got his property.

JOHN DAVIS' father was a soap-boiler, and not a very good soap-boiler at that. John never arrived at maturity—died in childbirth, he and his mother.

JOHN JOHNSON was a blacksmith. He died. It was published in the papers, with a head over it, "DEATHS." It was therefore thought he died to gain notoriety. He has got an aunt living somewheres.

Up to the age of 34, HOSEA WILKERSON never had any home but Home, Sweet Home, and even when he had that he had to sing it himself. At one time it was believed that he would have been famous if he had become celebrated. He died. He was greatly esteemed for his many virtues. There was not a dry eye in the crowd when they planted him.

MARK TWAIN.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The "Alta's" Literary Critic.

The book-reviewer of the *Alta* discovers a strong resemblance between a rather commonplace and very diffuse little juvenile book, entitled *Timothy Crump's Ward*, and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is a classic elegance of style observable in the criticisms of this literary gentleman, and a precision and delicacy of expression that are quite rare in the class of writers to whom the business of reviewing new publications is generally confided. Here is a specimen:

"As a juvenile novel, it is the best that has issued from the press for years. The plot is the history of Ida, a little girl that was kidnapped, and at the end of the book she is only ten years of age. After she had been stolen from her mother, she was placed in charge of Timothy Crump, a cooper, in New York, who knew nothing of her parentage or kidnapping. At the age of nine years, she was stolen from him and carried off to Philadelphia."

It is quite refreshing to encounter a critic of this stamp, one who knows his own mind thoroughly, and who delivers his opinions with oracular decision. He talks like a man who understands his subject. He doesn't go beating about the bush, with qualifying phrases and half meanings, as, "an excellent juvenile," "one of the best that has issued from the press," etc.; nothing at all of this hesitating sort; but he comes out short, sharp, and decisive; "It is *the best* that has issued from the press for years." *That's* the style of criticism for a respectable first-class paper; there's no "Bohemianism" about that; no false brilliancy, no effeminate polish, no demoralizing literary frills, no disgusting subserviency to the old-fashioned canons of rhetoric or Syntax. It's the solid style suited to a substantial journal representing substantial interests. It's a style too, that is calculated to command respect. Had the critic merely said that the Crump story was "*one* of the best," etc., the keen reader might have suspected that he had not read *all* the stories "that had issued from the press for years," or that he wasn't quite clear and certain in his own mind about the exact relative merits of said stories. Whereas this unhesitating, flat-footed way of putting it, at once compels our respect for an authority whose edicts are announced with such decision. It won't do for any literary person to venture an opinion upon the merits of a new book until he has read the *Alta's* book notices. It would be the height of presumption to do it. That fellow knows all about literature, as "Mark Twain" does about the Sandwich Islands.

The Sandwich Islands.

The returned missionary, "Mark Twain," is about to deliver a lecture on the scene of his late missionary labors, the Sandwich Islands. This lecture is to be delivered on Tuesday next at the Academy of Music, within one block of which building Emma, Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is residing. The great question which agitates peoples' minds at present is: "What will 'Mark Twain' say? Will he, to gain the favor of Queen Emma, and with the hope of, by means of her interest, eventually supplanting his deadly enemy, Staly, and becoming Bishop of the Sandwich Islands, give a glowing account of the Islands and their inhabitants, or will he, on the other hand, from a desire to prove his utter hatred, detestation and abhorrence of a monarchical form of government, go to the other extreme and pitch into the Sandwich Islands and Sandwich Islanders?" We believe that "Mark" will take a middle course—we hope he will do so—but he is terribly unreliable. The report that he intends to dance a war dance on the conclusion of his lecture is incorrect—he commenced training but broke down before he brought himself down to the required weight. A number of absurd reports have been set afloat concerning "Mark Twain's" romantic adventures in the Sandwich Islands which will be set at rest by his lecture. He will on Tuesday next at the Academy of Music emphatically contradict the mermaid story which has caused him so much unpleasantness; also, the base fabrication with reference to the waterfall of the Mountain Princess and the other strange stories which have caused him so much annoyance since he has relinquished his missionary labors. We are sorry that "Mar" kdid not engage Union Hall instead of the Academy of Music, as the latter building will probably not accommodate more than half of those who will be anxious to hear him.

The Needle Gun.

The *Bulletin* one day last week attempted to tell its readers all about the needle gun, but, like a camel who should attempt to go through the eye of a needle, made a blundering attempt. The *Bulletin* says: "The needle gun was invented by Dr. Rufahl, a German, some eight or ten years ago. In 1860 he offered it to the British Government. It was exhibited and inspected at Woolwich and rejected by the Board of Ordnance."

This is not the case. The needle gun was in use in the Prussian army in 1845, and its efficiency was thoroughly tested in the revolution of 1848. Dr. Rufahl's gun was an attempted improvement on the needle gun. The *Bulletin*, setting forth the superior advantages of the American made rifles, says: "It is well known that in the armories of the United States arms are manufactured by machinery, upon the plan that every part of every gun shall be precisely like the corresponding part of every other gun; so that when a gun is to be made up the artisan takes the stock in his hand, and walking around picks up the several parts in their order as they are needed, each one of which fits precisely into its place without the touch of a file or any attention whatever, making up the complete arm; so that from a dozen broken and battered rifles gathered up from the field of battle, on the average half a dozen perfect ones can be made up, each as good as new."

This is true, but it is—or *should be*—equally well known that in the armories of all the nations of Europe, arms are manufactured by machinery, and that the parts are equally well made. The *Bulletin* should have known that at the present day we cannot pretend to be quite so far ahead of all nations in the world in the manufacture of death-dealing instruments, as it would seem to imply. The great objection to the Spencer rifle, is that it is liable to get out of order in consequence of the spiral spring which pushes forward the cartridges, becoming rusted and thus losing its strength, while the needle gun is always efficient even when it has been allowed to remain exposed to the weather for a considerable length of time. The most sensible paragraph in the article in the *Bulletin* of Friday, September 21st, headed "The Needle Gun," is the following: "When the truth of history comes to be written, it will probably appear that the Prussians won the battle of Sadowa because they were determined, years ago, upon the secession from the Germanic Confederation, which they have now accomplished; studied the ground; organized their plan of the campaign and chose their own position; and determined to fight the matter out, while Austria supposed that the solution would be reached by a negotiation after a mere display of force."

The fact of the matter is, that the Prussians won the battle by the pluck which they exhibited more than in consequence of a rain setting in which wet the percussion caps of the Austrians.

A Military Outrage.

The daily papers recently published an account of a military outrage perpetrated against a highly respectable citizen of Fort Mojave. The pretext for this arbitrary exercise of authority, was that the injured citizen "kept a rum-mill," and had been "clandestinely furnishing tangle-leg and fighting whisky" to the boys in blue stationed at the Fort. On this shabby pretence the military despot in command in those parts assumed the exercise of "proconsular powers," and ordered the place of business of the respectable citizen to be "cleaned out," which was done. The outraged individual, however, is going to assert his rights and insist upon his legal remedy by an action for damages before a competent tribunal. As a preliminary step he has sent in his bill, of which the following is a copy:

MOJAVE CITY Agust 4th 1866

Capt. Robt. H. Porter Dr.

To B. H. Paddock

To Closing place of huisness	$150,00
" Spilling Stock of Liquors	50,00
" Ingury dun Hons in Closing	15,000
" Insulting Propritors	500,000
" Amount due for Furnishing Lignors To Soldiers under your Command	500,00
	13,50 00

Pleas Settle this Small
Amount as soon as posible
As I am a going a way and
Shall nead all the Mony
I can rase

B. H. PADDOCK.

Hippophagy.

Why should San Francisco remain behind the rest of the world? Paris has decided that horse-flesh is delicious food. A French *restaurateur* has started for London for the purpose of establishing a house for the sale of horse-flesh. Let this subject be agitated in San Francisco. Horse-flesh cannot be tougher than some of our beef. We are a horse-raising and a horse-racing community—let us turn our old stock to some use. If horse-flesh becomes a fashionable article of food the owner of a valuable horse which has become lame, can at least comfort himself with the reflection that he can sell it at so much a pound. Race-horse steaks will become popular at our fashionable restaurants, and sporting gentlemen will eat them as a matter of course. Filly will take the place of *filet de veau* in the French restaurants, and colt's foot be a more favorite dish than calves' feet. Worn out race-horses will of course be fattened for the market, and will command immense prices, and we may perhaps at some future day see the following notice in a restaurant window: "'Norfolk' porterhouse steaks to day," or, "'Lodi,' or 'Patchen,' roast at 1 o'clock." Then there may arise a notion that horses of one color may be better than those of another. "Piebald pot-pie" might become popular, or roast "chestnut" might be held in high favor by epicures. It is quite evident that if hippophagy become general, the phrase "he is a good judge of horse-flesh" will acquire quite a different signification from that which it possesses at present.

The Good "Times" Coming.

The public of San Francisco are quite determined that they will have a *Times* newspaper, although the company popularly supposed to have been formed for the purpose of issuing a paper under this title, has not yet issued a prospectus. However; the *Times* is to be published—in the course of a month or two. To make preparations for the publication of such a paper as the *Times* is designed to be is no work of a moment. We understand that a new paper is very shortly to be published in London. It is to be called the *Stranger in London*, and is to be made up in a novel manner. All the news, articles, and information it contains will appear in parallel columns, in three languages—English, French, German.

It is possible that the *Times*, which the public of San Francisco are expecting so eagerly, may be published in Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit. If this be the case, the difficulty attendant on obtaining fonts of these types will explain why the *Times* does not come out. At present the ungrateful public sneer at the *Alta*, which they term "dull, old-fogyish, and stupid," and look out anxiously for the good *Times* coming.

Mrs. Woxcockle on the Union Prayer Meetings.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a churchwoman, and I don't believe in prayer meetings, exceptin' such as where the service is read. Besides, what's the use of bolding "Union Prayer Meetings" (which is what they call 'em) now that the war is over, and the Union is saved? And more than that, why should politicks be introduced into the Church? If prayer meetings is to be held why should they be called "Union Prayer Meetings?" If the Prisperterins, or the Methodies, or the Baptists, or any of the sects choose to hold politereal prayer meetings in their Conventercles, (which they call churches, but which are nothing but meeting-houses) why let 'em, but I don't think church people should countenance such doings; and I for one, know a great many of the members of Trinity that don't approve of it. For my part, I object, and always have, and always shall, to frateruizing with dissenters. Yours Respectful, MARIA WOXCOCKLE.

Post Mortem Expenses.

There has been much said about the illiberality manifested by the Lone Mountain Graveyard Company in their dealings with the public. It appears that the small homestead lot, six feet by four, to which every man is supposed to be entitled to after death, costs $75 in Lone Mountain. This seems to be, just a little, crowding the mourners. All who lose relatives wish to bury them where their remains may not be disturbed, but may remain in quiet until their Mother Earth receives them into her bosom, from whence the original elements of which they are composed were originally borrowed. Graveyard proprietors and undertakers trade upon the best feelings of humanity. It is easy for them to extort money from grief-stricken ones who feel that to bargain about the sum to be paid for the last resting place of those they have lost, would be brutal. It is a pity that the city does not make provisions for establishing a public cemetery, and thus supply graves without charging an exorbitant rent for them.

Taking People Off.

Jump has made some terribly severe caricatures of our leading citizens, and has taken them off in the most severe style, holding them up with all their little peculiarities of countenance and manners, to the ridicule of the public. We last week made fun of the advertisement of Mr. Birch, who is at present giving his entertainment at Lyceum Hall, because he said he was going to give a faithful description of us on his return to England.

We have seen Mr. Birch's entertainment and are convinced from the witnessing the wonderfully natural and unsparing manner in which he caricatures some of his countrymen, that he is a dangerous man. He is almost as good as a live caricaturist, as Jump is with his pencil; and the speed with which the mild-looking Mr. Birch becomes a sailor, a milkman, a fop—or in fact anything else—is certainly surprising.

A Discriminating Critic.

The dramatic critic of the *Flag* pitches into Madame Celeste for attempting the *role* of *The Woman in Red*, and says: "Gamea was the rock on which Vestvali split. Had she assumed some character more adapted to her powers, she would, no doubt, have made a success in San Francisco."

Everyone in San Francisco—except the "dramatic critic" of the *Flag*—is well aware that "Gamea" was the only part in which Madame Vestvali was really successful; in this impersonation everyone acknowledged she displayed wonderful power, and a thorough conception of the part. The "Beautiful Demon" was the part that d—d decidedly Vestvuli's prospects in this city.

Classical with a Vengeance!

A Boston "literary" journal, the *Sunday Times*, desiring to grace its columns with a classical quotation, furnishes a new and astounding reading of the first line and a half of Horace's Ode "Ad Postumum," (the fourteenth of the second book.) The Sunday-paper classicist thus improves upon the original:

"Eheul furgacer Posthume, Posthume,
Labunier anni. . . ."

This reminds us forcibly of the favorite French phrase—*Nourions vourions*—of a distinguished Californian, which ever since his return from a visit to Paris (where he acquired an exhaustive knowledge of the latest fashions and of the French language) he has been in the habit of making effective use of in conversation on all topics.

A Model Criticism.

The *Alta* furnishes the following model criticism of a new novel:

"It is a beautiful story, just the thing to please women. I nearly cried my eyes out over it. The heroine is so unfortunate. She is an English girl who runs away to marry a young widower, whose first wife had been a gipsy girl. But it appears that she is not dead; so the heroine, finding herself not wedded, returns home disgraced in the eyes of society, and ill-treated by her family. It was subsequently discovered that the hero's first wife was dead, and that her twin sister pretended to be the wife for the purpose of extorting money from her brother in law. This discovery made all right, and the hero and heroine are happy at last."

Some "high-toned" review or first-class literary paper should engage that critic. It is a shame that such abilities should waste their sweetness on the desert air of a daily paper. "Why should such gifts be hid? Why have such talents a curtain before them?"

A Popular Sentiment.

There are several pretty little moral sentiments about maternal affection, etc., uttered by the various characters in the play of *The Woman in Red*; these have, for the most part, failed to draw any applause from the audience; but when Mr. John McCullough, in the character of "Victor," as he lights a cigar, calls it "an unfailing solace in time of trouble, and a soother of care"—a tremendous shout of applause from the audience explains how it is that there are two or three cigar stores in every block in this city.

Rather Tempting.

Two dentists in this city say in their advertisement: "We make a specialty of Filling Teeth with a Mallet." This is really tempting, but we expect that some enterprising business rival will undertake to get ahead of these gentlemen by advertising his "specialty of filling teeth with a sledge hammer." We have always preferred a pile driver ourselves, but a mallet is no doubt pretty good.

Flopping Times.

The *Call* swore Tuesday's news a stunning "whopper,"
That said the *Herald* had become a "flopper;"
The wiser *Alta* thought the news was true,
And so on Wednesday morning *it* "flopped" too;
But still *more* wise, the *Times*, by holding back,
Can take its first start on the winning tack.

Showing Her Teeth.

The *Courier*, of this city, in a description of Jump's picture of the operatic artists, says that Miss Louise Tourney appears as if she were showing her teeth to the public. Miss Tourney is quite right to show her teeth prettily. However much one may object to a bull-dog's showing his teeth, no one can object to a lady's showing her teeth if Nature—or a talented dentist—has supplied her with a good set.

Very Natural.

The editor of the *American Flag* says:

"It is said that Artemus Ward, the American clown, is making a fortune in London. He is a regular contributor to *Punch*. Mr. Punch must be rather hard up for indigenous wit, we infer."

Brainless people who wish to be thought wise, always hate clever men.

Rouge et Noir.

An exchange says: "A negro, with red hair and whiskers, is one of the lions of Mobile."

This must, indeed, be a dandy lion. We have seen many lions with red hair and whiskers—this conjunction of *rouge et noir* is quite a novelty.

THE next Opposition steamer day will be on the 25th of October. The *America* is being supplied with new boilers, and will sail on that date.

HOW PHIL CONSIDINE MET THE BANSHEE.

"DID yonr honor ever hear tell," inquired Darby, as we emerged on the direct highway to that portion of her Majesty's dominions called Cahirciveen, "of how Phil Considine met the Banshee?"

"Never!"

I leaped off the car as I answered, glad of the opportunity to stretch my aching limbs. I had penetrated so far into Darby's idiosyncrasy as likewise to know that whenever he volunteered a yarn commencing with, "Did you ever hear tell?" it was an unmistakable signal that the "baste" wanted a rest.

The shades of evening were rapidly descending, the black of night clothed the rugged fastnesses we had left behind us, mists rose in curling wreaths from mountain-moss and lowland lea, the last faint peucilled rays of day were glinting up the far western wave, and the plaintive lowing of the kine mingled with the distant moaning of the ocean; it was just that hour of the evening when the imagination feeds on the marvellous and supernatural. And as Darby threw the reins to his tired steed and strode alongside of me, I could scarcely restrain a wandering glance to each lichen-covered crag or yellow-blossomed furze-brake, momentarily expecting that his wild legends would become realized by the appearance of some one of the strange beings with which he had peopled the romantic West.

"Well, thin, your honor must know," continued Darby, "that the Banshee is a quare sort of spirit, and always appears before a death in a family: it is a woman, yer honor, and generally appears in the gloom of evenin, and keeus to herself just a child singin a wailful, purty, little song; and more times whiu she's angry like, you could hear it risin up in the air, fearsome to hear, fitful and heart-wringin, just like the screech of a dying hare. Arrah! sure, your honor, there isn't one of the raale ould stock at all that hasn't a Banshee in the family, sometimes appearin for misfortin, and more times, whin the corpse candles are lightin; but, bedad, if she spakes to you, ye may lave yer clothes wid the first respectable naybour, and just lie dowu in the most convanient spot, for go yon will, and the less throuble ye give yer relaytions the aisier they'll pray for the repose of yer sowl.

"Phil Considine was a rovin sort uv blade—a regular sporther, and never could settle down to a day's mowin, rapin, or turf-cuttin in his life; but if there was a hare to be soho'd, or a main nv cocks to be fought, or a salmon to be coaxed in sayson or out nv sayson, shnr Phil, the darlin, was the boy to do it; and he had as many pets, betuue dogs, and badgers, an saaless, an game cocks, as id set up a thravelin, showman. He was a hardy crayture, too, an would as lieve sleep out on the side uv a mountain as on the best feather-bed in the barony; ye'd know Phil a mile off by his shamblin gait—half throt, half walk—his ould caubeeu stuck on the back uv his head; an alpeen nv the raale mountain-ash always unaisy in his fist, and the neck nv a black bottle peepin out uv his coat, in which, he said, he carried holy water to defind himself agin the good people; but, bedad, it was so often impty that people began to think at last that he used to meet whole regimints uv them: anyhow, there ye'd see Phil goin along, and divil resave the bush or tuft, that the alpeen wouldu't be shoved into, lookin for hares' forms and the like; and see him settin a trout or a salmon—oh! musha! it was a pitchur intirely. There he'd stand away back from the bank uv the river, shadin his eyes wid his left band, the alpeen in his right, held in the middle, as if it was the but uv a fly-rod: his back donbled up like a rapin hook, and his knees thrimblin backwards and forwards wid every move nv the fish; an often if you watched him close from a hidin place, he'd get so wake in himself that he'd forget, maybe, and take a pull at the holy-wather bottle, all by mistake, uv coorse.

"Well, wid all, Phil was a mighty dacent poor chap, and never a crayture was lyin sick bud Phil id have a nice leverit, or may be a young grouse, or a dawshy silver salmon, an he'd lave it quiet and easy like at the door early uv a mornin, so that nobody id know where it kem from; and sure if he did snare a hare of an odd start, or run a salmon by the light uv a bog dale,—divil a one was the worse of it.

"However, sheep begun to go, an fowl roosts wor found impty uv a mornin, and tho there was a load uv thravellin tinkers about the country, yet the sthrong farmers all about wor down upon poor Phil. Now, Phil was a poor divil that had a conscience, an let the thruth be towld, he had nayther hand, act, nor part in the sheep staylins or fowl sackins that was goin on, for it was an ould thief uv a horse docther, who more betoken got seven years for the same—divil's cure to him!

"Well, Phil was himself again, and wint on wid his ould capers, an people liked him all the better, whin the times all of a suddent fell hard—raale famine the poor craytnres wor sufferin in these parts, and Phil was put to his wits' ends to keep starvatiou from the doore an the life in his poor famishin gorsoons. There was a great big gomersal of a farmer lived down there by the river, over where yer honor sees the big white house beyant!"

"Ay, Darby—I see it!"

"His name was Pat Flaherty, yer honor, an he was cousin german uv that same poor Con. Flaherty that I remimbered yer honor uv a while ago!"

"Anan?"

"He was a cruel, selfish bosthoon; he hadn't an Irish heart about him, at all at all; an tho' he had bread, butther and tay, full an plinty, he'd grudge a crumb the size of a midge's wing.

"One evenin Phil was womasin home sad an weary enough, for the childther hadn't tasted a maal's-mate for two days, an a couple of his naybours wor almost in the dead grips for fair want of food; just as he kem down the boreen by the ind uv Pat Flaherty's house, out jumps an illegant, bewtifully fat hoorisheen uv a pig: Phil's heart lepped into his month, an his teeth began to wather, an bits uv pork wid a selvage nv cabbage begun dancin before his eyes, an every grunt the pig id let as he capered on, stickin his snout first in one sod and thin in another, and thin kicking up his crubeens, an gallopin like mad, med Phil fairly beside himself wid timptation; so Phil repated the Pather, and an office agin the snares uv the evil one; but begor, it was all up with the poor fellow, for the pig kep at him, and squintin quite knowiu like wid his gruntin little gray winky eyes, until, at last, Phil whips off his coateen, an 'hoorishes' to the pig.

"Grunt—grunt—squake—squake! says the pig; and, bedad whilst ye'd sqneeze a goozeberry Phil whips the coat round his head, claps him unther his arm, and away wid him down along the river, and across the bog, runnin like a thorongh-bred at the Curragh, an dodgin like a rat in a haggard.

"Oh faix, it was short work wid poor squeakeen whin onst Phil had him housed; he was kilt, an divided betune the childher an the starvin naybours, an divil as much as a bristle or a bone, a tail or a tusk ever told who tasted the pig.

"Och! ye may be shure, your honor, there was Miliamurther at Pat's whin the pig was missed; the whole barony was sarched, for Flaherty was cruel vindictive in his way; but sight nor light uv the grunther never was fonnd.

"Phil, as I said before, yer honor, had a conscience, an id was very sevare on him; divil a sod he could pass that he didn't think he saw the pig's snout sticking out uv id, an every uoan on the breeze seemed like a dyin grunt; for ye see it was the first civilized animal he ever come by in an unther hand sort uv a way: oh! no, yer honor—Phil was very high in that respect; I wont say the same uv the wild bastes uv the field; for, shure, as he used to say, 'God Almighty gave them for everybody's use;' an as to a pack uv grouse, or a whisp uv snipe, or snarin a scutty tail, begor, he'd sweep 'em the same as a live coal would a turf clamp.

"Phil daren't go to Father Doolin; for Pat Flaherty was great in the dues, and the fat goose, or the tindher turkey, much less a goolden crock of butther, or a creel of the raale red-bog turf, was never wautin whin the coadjuthor gev the wink; so he was afeared to say boo to a bulrush, for he knew that 'Paudeen More' had his suspecs uv him, and that the fate uv the horse-docther was nothin to the transportatiou that my poor Phil id get, if he was found out.

"One evenin just like this, yer honor, Phil was comin down by the ould castle uv Rosscarberry, a great ould sthronghould, too, an a bad spot to be near at nightfall; for the ould chieftains, they say, walks about there still, and many is the quare sight and sound I heerd tell uv the same spot. Well, yer honor, as I was sayin, Phil was comin along purty brisk, whin just as he got near the stile by the onld tower, the sight left his eyes a'most; for there, sittin unther the withered branch of the eldther three, was—divil resave the doubt—the Banshee herself, ay, thrue enough; dnsky white, and croonin away, as she rocked backwards and forwards, with her arms restin on her knees.

"Phil's heart was goin thump—thump—thug—thug that you might hear it a mile off, his jaw hung loose an thrimblin like the dewlap of a cow, every bone in his body shook and rattled like a bladder full uv pays, an his knees wer playiu hide and go seek wid one another.

"'Phil Considine?' says the Banshee.

"'Poo-ho-ooh!' blurted out Phil, fallin down on his marrow-bones.

"'Phil Considine?' says the Banshee.

"'Holy Mary uv Aigypt!' began Phil.

"'Howld yer tongue!' says the sperit, 'an attind to me!'

"'Y—y—yis, Mam!' says Phil, takin a pull at the holy-wather bottle.

"'Phil Considine!' says the Banshee. 'I've been watchin yer goins on!'

"'Seven Pathers and eight Aves for the repose uv yer poor sainted sowl!' whimpers Phil.

"'Phil!' says the sperit. 'Ive been watchin ye, an there's somethin heavy on yer conscience!'

"'All the way to the Cross nv Coppla, wid pays in my brogans!' groans Phil.

"'Confess at onst!' says the Banshee, wid a screech that made the ould tower rock agin, whilst the leaves on the eldthers shook and rattled like tundther, an a big white owl flew out, wid a whoop that made the hair of Phil's head stand nv an ind.

"'Whoo o-o-o!' cries Phil. 'I stole a pig!' says he.

"'Ye stole a pig, ye murtherin vagabond!' says she.

"'I did, ma'am, av ye plaze, an be marciful—marciful—an give us a long day to repint uv the same!'

"'Oh—hoo—hoo!' says she, wid a wailful croon, 'an who did ye stale the pig from, ye misfortunate craythur?'

"'Pat Flaherty!' moans Phil.

"'What—ye stale a pig from Pat Flaherty? the good—pious Pat Flaherty, that attinds to his devotions, and takes care uv his clargy; go directly and restore the dacint man his pig!'

"'Begor, I can't says Phil, gettin bould wid another swig of the holy-wather. 'Begor, I can't, mam,' says he, 'for we ate the pig!'

"'Oh, ye haythen sinner!' says the sperit, "ye onlooky thievein naygnr! See here, now Phil Considine!' says she, and she lifts up her hood, an her eyes glowered out at him like two stars in the middle of a winuowin sheet. 'Mark my words!" says she.

"'Yis, ma'am!' says Phil.

"'The day uv judgment 'ill come!' says she.

"'Thrue for you, alanna!' answers Phil.

"'I'll be there!' says she.

"'More glory to you, ma'am!' says Phil, taking another throw uv the black bottle.

"'An you'll be there!' says she.

"'Id's myself 'ill be prond to meet yon, anyhow—hic—hic hiccup!' says Phil.

"'An Pat Flaherty 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Ugh, the dirty b—b—baste!' says Phil.

"'An the pig 'ill be there!' says she.

"'Whoo—be jabers! Banshee, jewel, I have id!' yells Phil, flinging the alpeen and the bottle. 'I'll say, there, Pat Flaherty—*there's* yer pig!'"

DAHOMEY AMAZONS HUNTING THE ELEPHANT

MOST of our readers are aware that the bravest part of the Dahomey army is a legon of highly trained women, who are considered the *elite* of that body.

At a future time we shall treat of their exploits in war. During time of peace, their favorite amusement is hunting the elephant, a pastime at which they are very skillful, dangerous as it is.

When they come within range of a troop of the animals, they surround them and creep up under the cover of the trees and bushes, and when within good aiming distance, they fire simultaneously at the command of their leader.

Always several elephants remain helpless or killed upon the spot; but woe to the unlucky huntresses wh find themselves in the track of these that flee, particularly if they have been wounded.

The gigantic creatures become terribly ferocious with pain and rage, and several times the most horrible accidents have occurred to the intrepid women.

A short time before I reached Dahomey, two of the king's favorite Amazons had lost their lives in these perilous haunts. They were stationed near together, and both engaged in loading and firing again at the retreating flock, so much engrossed, that neither saw nor heard two wounded elephants who were rushing toward them through the long weeds. Some of their companions beheld their danger and cried out, but it was too late.

The hapless women turned; before they could flee, one of them was imprisoned between the enormous tusks of the foremost elephant, pinned to the ground, and her life trampled out under the blows from his trunk and feet—one last cry of agony from her tortured lips ringing dismally through the ears of her sisters.

Before any of the band could take aim and fire, the other elephant had seized her companion in his trunk, elevated her high in air, while with a last instinct of courage and self-preservation, her hand tried to clutch her carbine as it fell from her grasp.

For an instant the infuriated animal held her poised thus aloft, then with a single twist of his trunk, sent her flying through the air, and her mangled corpse fell so close to her agonized companions, who watched the terrible spectacle, that her blood spattered their faces as she fell. The victims were deeply regretted by the band, and their grief was shared by the monarch and his whole kingdom. They had been celebrated for their daring in battle, their wonderful strength and address at games of skill, and more than all, their inhuman cruelty to any prisoner who fell into their hands during battle.

The troops, among their other war-songs, preserve a chant celebrating the prowess of this unlucky pair lamenting their untimely end, and hurling their names at their foes as a shout of triumph which must carry dismay to their hearts.

A LITTLE girl, after having been to church, was very fond of preaching to her doll. Her mother overheard her, one day, reproving one for being so wicked. "O, you naughty, sinful child," she said, shaking its waxen limbs; "you'll just go to that place of *brimstone and molasses*, and you won't burn up—you'll just sizzle."

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

"THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR HOW TO LIVE, AND WHAT TO LIVE FOR."—This is the title of an interesting and highly useful little book, published by Dr. Beck, of this city. It is *especially* adapted for the perusal of *young men*, nevertheless its truthful pages should be read by all, as they contain good, sound, healthy matter which can be easily understood and appreciated by every reader. This work is issued *gratuitously* on application to the Doctor, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of postage stamp or envelope addressed to Dr. Beck's office, 314 Kearny street, or post office Box 1599.

Dr. Beck is a member of several American and European Universities, and has published numerous works on *Anatomy*, *Medicine*, and *Surgery* His former connection with the principal "Anatomical Museums" of New York, Paris, London, etc., combined with his experience in his profession render him a highly desirable person to consult, and we can confidently recommend him to the public.

EMPEROR MAX has received important news from his vrow, Carlotta; though his having no children, accounts for his not having heard that at C. A. FLETCHER'S, No. 1 Montgomery street, can be found the largest and most elegant assortment of BOY'S CLOTHING there is in the city. Boys' Suits as usual made to order from a superior line of Cloths and Cassimeres, always on hand, after the regular Eastern Fashion Plates, received monthly; this being the only Boys' Clothing House in receipt of them. A large assortment of Gentlemen's Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Traveling Trunks, Valises, etc., at all times, and at the most reasonable rates.

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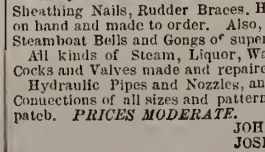
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REMARKS ON EATING.

PROF. BLOT says it is a fact beyond a question that the intellectnal and moral faculties of man are influeuced in a large degree in their operations by those physical conditions which are dependent upon our food. Physiology proves that it is the contraction of the muscles that prodnces wrinkles ; therefore, a person whose food is properly prepared will always appear younger and more beautiful than one who follows no scientific principles in his eating. Good food, properly prepared, will keep his muscles in order and elastic. Any one, male or female, young or old, starting with a good stomach, can keep healthy and in good flesh with proper food ; it is only necessary to select the kind required by the constitution, and prepare it judiciously. It is not what we eat that makes ns fat, but what we digest. Bad food may bring a temporary bloatedness, but not the plumpness of good health. He agreed with the opinion expressed by Thomas Jefferson, as well as by a celebrated New York clergyman, that good things have been made by the Creator for good people. Another thing in food, it ought always to be prepared according to the age of the person for whom it is intended, and for the sex, as well as according to the climate and the season. In winter more fatty matter is necessary to be eaten than at any other time of the year. In spring, greens, which purify the blood and remove the bile occasioned by eating fatty snbstances in the winter. In winter we need more bile ; in the spring we must get rid of it if we would be healthy. When warm or hot weather comes we must supply the wasted system by eating meat. Meat is better in summer than anything else. It is a great mistake to suppose that vegetables are the best for the stomach at this season of the year. He recommends roast beef for summer. Skim off the fat. Don't bring fat to the table.

AMONG the recent inventions in France, which have been brought to light by the discussion of the needle gun, is one which fires twenty balls a minute, and has a musical box in the butt, thus doing away with the necessity of regimental bands.

As a practical joke, a petition numerously signed was addressed to a boarder at one of the hotels in Saratoga—a hard water-drinker—requesting him to leave the place, as he was exhausting the spring. His capacity is prodigious.

HIGH.—A Bismuth mine has been opened in South America, two-thirds up the highest peak of the Andes—the Iljamper mountain. It is fifteen thousand and six feet above the sea, and just below the line or perpetual snow.

STATISTICAL.—Of six hundred and twelve young ladies who fainted last year, more than one half of them fell in the arms of gentleman. Only three had the misfortune to fall on the floor.

"Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Vell, ash for dat, I gant zay. I trink feefty to seexty classes a tay, end it tosh not hurt me, but I don't know how it would pe if a man vash to make a hog of hisself."

LOVE'S fetters were formerly made of flowers, but in our day gold bonds are preferred.

AN editor out West boasts of having had a talk with a woman, and got the last word.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, gaitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.
A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyee & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Perree, 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.
N. Bosehen, corner Fifth and Mirla.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Satter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Roscublatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MAPS.
Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. ' . Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kobler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.
T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,
J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.
Sacramento : J street ; San Francisco : corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)
Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"
NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.
Fifteenth Year (1866,) in SAN FRANCISCO.
Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. s22 3m

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Sargical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.
Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

M'LLE PICOT,
22 Montgomery street,
Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.



Just received, ex-steamer Colorado, a fine assortment of ELEGANT PARISIAN BONNETS, together with an invoice of TRIMMINGS, consisting of Ribbons, Velvets, Ornaments, etc.

TRY LE COUNT'S INK.



CORNER OF
Sacramento and Montgomery streets,
SAN FRANCISCO
Post Office Address : Lock Box No. 1477. je30 3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.
Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
Proprietor.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE
SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
AS GOOD A COMPANY AS ANY IN THE
UNITED STATES!

INSURANCE on Lives on all plans and on as favorable terms as any other safe company. No Extra Premiums for Traveling to and from the East.

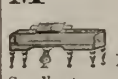
ACCUMULATED FUND.....$2,500,000

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
General Agents for Pacific Coast and Territories,
S. E. corner California and Montgomery sts.

Accidental Insurance!
UNITED STATES
CASUALTY INSURANCE CO.

Insurance against all kinds of ACCIDENTS.
The Only Mutual Company in America.
Fifty Dollars per annum insures your life against death by accident for $10,000 for one year, and gives you $50 if disabled.
Five Dollars per annum insures you for $1,000 and $5 per week compensation.
Insurance for any period, or for a trip or voyage.
RATES as low as any good Company can afford.
R. L. & F. OGDEN,
S. E. corner of California and Montgomery streets,
General Agents for Pacific Coast.

MASON & HAMLIN'S



CELEBRATED
CABINET ORGANS.
New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.
A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

JOHN GORMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
No. 619 Merchant street,
Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H STOCKDALE Proprietor

SISTER GRACE.

SISTER GRACE in wimple white,
Hood of gray, and robe all sable,
Comes from where the convent casts
Shadows from each tower and gable.

Sister Grace the abbess sends,
With her hazel rod and basket,
Fish to catch for convent supper.
Her meek nature, how they task it!

Swallows fly in crescents swift
O'er the ripples and the shallows,
Where, bowed down with tearless grief,
Bend the melancholy sallows.

Clear and loud she chants the psalm,
Clear it sounds across the cover;
Laughing echoes words return,
Answers from some phantom lover.

Dragon-flies, in Emerald mail,
Glance around her float, that's bobbing;
On the yellow bough above
Chirps his little hymn the robin.

Flashing springs of silver trout;
Stately black-browed swans come steering,
Where the willow-flowers bloom pink,
Where the swirling current's veering.

Sister Grace is all intent
On the scarlet float that's swimming,
Where among the osier stems,
Brown and full, the tide is brimming.

The *Magnificent* she sings,
While her hazel-rod is bending;
Benedicite she chants
For the day so softly ending.

Clear and loud, the holy psalm
Sounds across the sloping cover;
Laughing echoes words return,
Greetings from some phantom lover.

Still the echo answers her
From among the leafy beeches—
Laughing answers, sweet replies,
Sounding like a lover's speeches.

Where the green flags, sharp and keen,
Cast their zigzag shadows,
Sister Grace sits there, and hears
The thrushes singing in the meadows.

Lazy ripples move around
The yellow water-flowers so stately;
Still sits Sister Grace alone—
Calm, contented, and sedately.

Swallows' shadows come and go;
All the eastern hill is sunny;
To and fro the lingering bees
Cruise half-wearily for honey.

Clear and loud fair Sister Grace
Sings, and far across the cover,
From the hillside comes the echo,
Answers from a phantom lover.

Come the white moths to the flowers,
Purple water-buds are quivering;
Pulsing breezes o'er the grass
Creep with slow and gentle shivering.

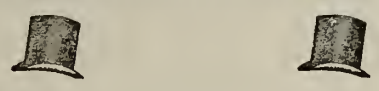
Sister Grace waits till the rod
Bends with strange and mighty fishes:
Orange, golden, barred and striped—
Ornament for convent dishes.

Wind comes shaking lily stems,
Tossing, surging through the beeches—
Wind that bears the echoes soft,
As of a phantom lover's speeches.

Suddenly between the reeds
Laughs a face, and greets the Sister;
Then a hand stole round her waist,
And a living lover kissed her.

Benedicites they sang—
Ayes many—night and morning;
But the watcher never saw
Truant Sister Grace returning.

WOMAN.—"I have always observed," says the celebrated traveler, Ledyard, "the women in all countries are civil, obliging tender and humane. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With men it has often been otherwise. I wandered over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest meal with a double relish.



THE STYLES FOR

Fall and Winter of 1866

WILL BE INTRODUCED

SATURDAY....SEPTEMBER FIRST,

AT

MEUSSDORFFER'S

HAT MANUFACTORIES,

635 and 637 Commercial street.....San Francisco
125 J street.....Sacramento
Corner of D and Second street.....Marysville

We wish to direct especial attention to the choice variety of LATEST NOVELTIES selected by Mr. K. MEUSDORFFER, at Paris, London and New York, which arrived by last steamer. Our own manufacture of MOLESKIN HATS are the EXCELSIOR in elegance and durability in the State.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.
Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say, *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

PIANOS!



PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos

YANKEE NOTIONS

AND

FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
Battery street, near Pine.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street Petaluma.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

FURNITURE

AND

BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!

LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

AND

LOWEST PRICES!

AT

Goodwin & Co.'s

FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE

Accidental Insurance Co,

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident.

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,
Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to
A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,
Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,

685 Market street, corner of Third,



WILL BE OPEN ON AND after SATURDAY, Aug. 25th, EVENINGS, till 8 o'clock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,
F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,
GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and
ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

QUINCY HALL,

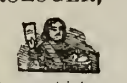
545, 547, 549 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM in California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,



530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 20,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street.

Dr. Cohen has been very successful in curing all disease. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC*, *ORIZABA*, *CALIFORNIA*, *ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.



STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF

California Scenery!

A Series of over

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

Illustrating the different Processes of MINING, the MAMMOTH TREES OF CALAVERAS COUNTY, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley. Views of the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE, and published by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 and 319 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

N. B.—Catalogues containing a complete list of Views sent to any part of the world, free of postage.

CHILION BEACH,

Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Lick House,

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to order. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York.

CURRAN'S OPINION OF SELF-PRAISE.

CURRAN and Erskine had frequent opportunities of meeting, and must have looked on each other's powers with respect. On one occasion Grattan's name was mentioned; and Erskiue casually asked what "he said of himself." "Said of himself!" was Curran's astonished interjection; "nothing. Grattan speak of himself! Why, sir, Henry Grattan is a great man. Sir, the torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan; a team of six horses could uot drag au opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march, like the trumpeter of a puppet-show. Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire of the incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either one or the other."

This sally may have been stimnlated in some degree by one of those fits of irritability to which Curran was liable; but no man could be more entitled to the praise than the speaker himself. Of course, every man of vigorous, faculties kuows his own powers, and knows them better than the world can. But no popular applause—and he was its idol—no homage of his profession—and he was the acknowledged meteor of the Irish bar—and no admiration of private society—and he was the delight of the table—could ever betray Curran into self-praise.

It must be supposed, that when he was thus scrupulous in his own instance, he demanded no less reserve from others. When Lord Byron rose into fame, Curran constantly objected to his talking of himself, as the great drawback to his poetry.

"Any subject," said he, "but the eternal one of self. I am weary of knowing once a month the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I should as soon read a register of the weather, the barometer up to so many inches to-day, and down to so many inches to-morrow. I feel scepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper, things that come as regular and as notorious as the full of the moon. The truth is, his lordship *weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public.*"

DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.—This is an age, among other things, of discovery. The human intellect has employed itself upon scientific investigation, within the last fifty years with wonderful energy and success. Among the discoveries of the last century are:

The steamboat.—Fulton launched the first one in 1807. Now there are over three thonsand steamboats traversing the waters of America. Nearly all the rivers in the world are traversed by steamboats.

Magnetic Telegraph.—In 1800 it took weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans, now it can be done iu as many minutes by the electric telegraph, which only had its beginuing in 1843.

Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800.

The electro-magnet was discovered iu 1821.

Electrotyping was discovered ouly a few years ago.

Hoe's printing press, capable of printing 20,000 copies an hour, is a very recent discovery, but of most important character.

Gaslight was unknown in 1800, now every city and town of pretense is lighted with it.

M. Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839.

Chloroform is also of recent discovery.

Astronomy has added a large number of new planets to the solar system.

BE JUST, as sincere equity snpports the human race. Be good, as bounty attaches every heart. Be indulgent, since thou livest among beings weak like thyself. Be modest, as pride hnrts the self-love of every human being. Pardon injuries, as vengeance engenders hatred. Do good to him who injures thee, that thou mayest show thyself greater than he, and also gain friendship. Be moderate, temperate and chaste, since voluptuousness, intemperance and excess destroy thy being, and render thee contemptible.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

Departure of 30th connects with English steamer for Tumaco, the port of the new mines.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

SEPTEMBER 29TH,

SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with the *OCEAN QUEEN*, Capt. Weir.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of in-	
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or udults--- fants	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Billious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

A. KOHLER

HAS NOT SOLD OUT,



But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

FANCY GOODS,

TOYS, &c.,

Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.

Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.

A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Extending from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

OCCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

A CARD.

Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, for the next

THIRTY DAYS,

At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner Bush and Montgomery streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets, San Francisco.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,

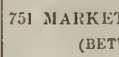
751 MARKET STREET,

(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)

SAN FRANCISCO.

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED



TO THE BRADBURY PIANO AT the Mechanics' Fair, by a Committee of the BEST MUSICIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, but to cure. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, but they can force back, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, but seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can be more productive of cure than these Pills. Their utmost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
Bowel Complaints,
Coughs,
Colds,
Chest Diseases,
Costiveness,
Dyspepsia,
Diarrhœa,
Dropsy,
Debility,
Female Complaints,
Fever and Ague
Headache,
Indigestion,
Influenza,
Inflammation,
Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
Lowness of Spirits,
Ringworm,
Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum,
Scalds,
Skin Diseases.

NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony.

☞ Sold by all respectable Dealers in Medicines throughout the United States—at 25 cents per box or pot.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine,
Agents for Pacific Coast.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

NOT to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
Is for the world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto the land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the brazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose store-house
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of foe or frown,
Unto the kindly hearted,
Cometh blessing down.

RANDOLPH.

RANDOLPH, in dress and appearance, at the age of thirty-five years, appeared like a lad of eighteen. It was not so much what was said, but the speaker's manner and appearance, that gave such a withering force, generally, if not always, in debate, pointing his skinny finger with ludicrous or feeling effect.

It was during the session of the Virginia convention, of which he was a member, that a large crowd had assembled, among it many ladies, patiently waiting to hear him on the subject in which he was known to be interested. It was near five o'clock in the afternoon before his long, lank form was seen quickly to pop up from his seat. The hum of voices was instantly hushed, all listening for the first words of his speech. Looking around for some time, he said--

"I do not feel, Mr. President, that this convention is a suitable place for ladies, and I must plainly tell them that I shall quickly speak that which will make them move."

It was enough; the galleries were cleared of the ladies in double quick when he proceeded.

A gentleman (my old and lamented schoolmaster) once told me that he had been standing some five hours in the hall, waiting to hear Randolph, and had become almost tired out; but when he commenced, his fatigue seemed suddenly to leave him, and so rich was the repast, such "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul," that he would willingly have remained five hours more after its conclusion.

His sarcastic reply to John Hampden Pleasants, the editor of the Richmond *Whig*, is very generally known, but the circumstances attending it may not be uninteresting. During a speech in Congress, he had been so bitter and violent in his attack upon the editor of the Richmond *Whig* as to induce Mr. Pleasants to proceed to Washington to give him a cowhiding. Mr. P. had barely gotten on Pennsylvania Avenue, when he beheld Randolph approaching, and, wishing to provoke him, he placed himself directly in his path, and insultingly remarked, "I never give way for a scoundrel;" when quick as thought, and with great nonchalance of manner, Randolph passed round him, replying, "I always do, sir."

So good was the retort that it disarmed Mr. Pleasants—who ever enjoyed a good joke—who stood laughing while Randolph quietly pursued his way, as if nothing had ever happened. Pleasants told this jnke as the best he ever enjoyed.

ONLY the other day a young lady asked me: "What is your favorite flower?" I answered, of course, "extra family;" when for some reason or other, all the females in the room set up the endless giggle they are so famous for.

TYLER BROTHERS,

NO. 632 WASHINGTON STREET,

AND 691 MARKET STREET, - - - - CORNER THIRD,

SAN FRANCISCO,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

SCHOOL BOOKS,

STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

BLANK BOOKS,

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JUVENILE BOOKS,

FANCY ARTICLES,

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Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we stamp with

INITIALS,

In COLORS or PLAIN.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, OR PRINTED.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

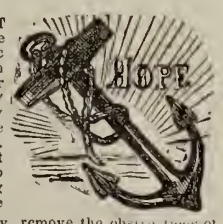
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

AYER'S

Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers.

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA, NIGHT SWEATS, BRONCHITIS, SPITTING OF BLOOD, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,

CONSUMPTION,

And all Diseases of the

CHEST AND LUNGS

This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc., soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough.

PRICE.....ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
401 Battery corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the 10th day of September, 1866, in the matter of the estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, minors, the undersigned, guardian of the estates of said minors, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on or after TUESDAY, the 2d day of October, 1866, at twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said minors of, in and to the undivided two-sixth part of those two lots of land situated in said city and county, and described respectively as follows, viz: 1st.—Commencing at the southeast corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence southerly along the easterly line of Taylor street 112 1-2 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 81 1-2 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 25 feet; thence at a right angle westerly 28 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 87 1-2 feet to Pine street, and thence westerly along Pine street 53 1-2 feet to the point of beginning. 2d.—Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Pine street 81 1-2 feet easterly from the southeast corner of Pine and Taylor streets; running thence at a right angle southerly 137 1-2 feet; thence at a right angle easterly 56 feet; thence at a right angle northerly 137 1-2 feet, and thence westerly along said line of Pine street 56 feet, to the point of beginning. And said guardian will receive offers or bids for said property from this date at said office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in said city and county.

ROBERT L. HARRIS,
Guardian of the Estates of David Whipple and William Whipple, Minors.

San Francisco, September 15th, 1866. 4t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to WILLIAM SMITH, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and that one half of the Defendant's property, if he have any, be awarded to Plaintiff, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

A. WILLIAMS, Plaintiff's Attorney, 535 Clay street. } je30 3m

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. an5-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

W. B. BOURN, President.
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CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

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SATURDAY EVENING.....SEPT. 29,
Benefit of the
CLERK'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
On which occasion will be produced the opera of

Ernani.

MONDAY ENENING—
Harvey's great lyric work,

La Juive,

Which, on account of the immense preparation required for its production, has had to be postponed to that date.

Signor Bianchi has pleasure in announcing the *Engagement of the Howson Opera Troupe*, who will commence their engagement at this Theatre on TUSDAY EVENING NEXT, with DER FREISCHUETZ, and will perform the English Opera on alternate nights with the Italian Opera.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle, Orchestra and Parquette.....$1 00
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SEPTEMRER 29th.

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Last representation of

The Woman in Red.

MONDAY EVENING—
First night of the startling Drama, entitled the

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Reserved seats, - - - - - - - 50c. extra
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

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The Sandwich Islands.

MARK TWAIN,
(Honoluln Correspondent of the Sacramento Union,) will deliver a LECTURE

On the Sandwich Islands,

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
On Tuesday Evening, - - - - October 2d,
In which passing mention will be made of Harris, Bishop Staley, the American Missionaries, etc., and the absurd Customs and Characteristics of the Natives duly discussed and described. The great VOLCANO OF KILAUEA will also receive proper attention.

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A DEN OF FEROCIOUS WILD BEASTS
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866,
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English Travellers and Italian Brigands, by W. J. C. Moens.
The Magic Mirror, by William Gilbert.
Men I Have Known, by William Jordan.
The Journal of a London Playgoer, from 1851 to 1866, by Henry Morley.
Venetian Life, by William D. Howells
The Hidden Sin—a Novel, with numerous Illustrations.
Internal Revenue Law, compiled by Horace Dresser.
Jenny Ambrose, or Life in the Eastern States.
Cosas De Espana, by Mrs. Wm. Fitt Byrne—2 vols
Our Neighbors in the Corner House, by T. S. Arthur.
Stories that Might be True, etc., by Dora Greenwell
Post Biblcal History of the Jews, by Morris J. Rap hall, M A Ph. Dr.—2 vols.
Illustrations of Masonry, by Wm. Preston—New Edition.
The Spirit of Masonry, by Wm. Hutchinson, F. S. A.—New Edition.
The True Masonic Chart, by Jeremy L. Cross—New Edition.
Fire, Fire Engines and Fire Brigades, by Chas. F. T. Young, C. E.
Hand-Book of Geographical Terms, Geology and Physical Geography, by David Page.
Engineering Facts and Figures for 1865, edited by Andrew Betts Brown.
Rules and Tables, by Professor Rankine.
The Exhibited Machinery of 1862, by D. K. Clark.
The Red Doctor, translated from the French of J. P. Lafitte, by Hnon D'Aramis.
Homes without Hands, by Rev. J. G. Wood. American edition.
Drift; a Sea Shore, Idyl and other Poems, by Geo. Arnold.
Fernley Manor, by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels.
War-Chess, or the Game of Battle.
Parlor and Field Croquet.
The Emerald, a Collection of Tales, Poems and Essays, edited by Epes Sargent.
Stanley's Mathematical Drawing Instruments.
Harpers' Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East, by W. P. Fetridge, fifth year.
Manual of Map-Making, by Alex. Jamieson, LLD.
The Year-Book of Facts, 1866, by J. Timbs, F. S. A.
Across Mexico in 1864-5, by W. H. Bullock.
The Embroiderer's Book of Design, by Delamotte.
Mediæval Alphabets and Initials, by F. Delamotte.
Examples of Modern Alphabets, Plain and Ornamental, collected by F. Delamotte.
The Book of Ornamental Alphabets, Ancient and Mediæval, by F. Delamotte.
Journal of Eugenie De Guerin.
The Mormon Prophet, by Mrs. C. V. Waite.
Culture of the Grape, by W. C. Strong.
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NATURE UNVEILED,
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PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
ja27-tf Between California and Pine

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made, in the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled, IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, September 25th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. Office 36 and 37 Montgomery street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LIVISSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 216 Front street. (up stairs)

San Francisco. CHARLES C. DUISENBERG, Administrrtor.

San Francisco, September 29th, 1866.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at number 510 Minna street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 28, 1860.

ELLEN CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased.
S. L. LUPTON, Attorney, 637 Washington street. s29 5t

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3000 of "BONNET'S," from $3 to $7 per yd;
2500 of "BISCHOFF'S," from $2 25 to $6 per yard;
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ALSO,
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VOLUME V., No 20.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

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CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL:
Charles Algernon Swinburne.
The Taste of Our Men of Wealth.
Local Art Items.
"Lion's Mouth."
Correspondence.
Literary Gleanings and Gossip, with Copious Extracts from New Books.
Babies are Beasts.
Nosopoetic.
Advice to Young People.
A Distinguished Member of Howard No. 3.
Mrs. Woxcockle on St. James' and the Jesuits.
Mr. Jefferson Snort on the Architects of San Francisco.

SELECTED:
Black Sheep.—A Story. By Edmund Yates.
Discipline of Children.
The Grocer's Story.
Conscience.—An Essay.
Another Ascent of Mount Hood.
Large Eyes.
Charles Lamb.
The Pretty Faces of the Ladies.
Live Wives and Dead Husbands.

POETRY:
Unrequited.
Moods.
On the Translation of the Divina Commedia.

ANOTHER ASCENT OF MOUNT HOOD.

WE copy from the *Vancouver Register* the following account of the ascent of Mount Hood, made by H. K. Hines and Company, in August last. We omit the primary ascent of the main range of mountains, and the night's encampment at the foot of Mount Hood, and take the record where the party, after passing over decayed volcanic rock intermixed with ashes, meet the snow line:

"We tied our horses at the foot of a broad field of snow which sweeps around the south side of the mountain for several miles in length extending upward to the immediate summit of the mountain perhaps three miles. The ascent of this snow field is comparatively easy. It is smooth and only in places so steep as to render the footsteps uncertain. Near the upper edge of this snow field the deep gorge from which flows an affluent of the Des Chutes, on the right, and of the Sandy on the left approach each other, and seem to cut down into the very foundations of the mountain. The waters were rushing from beneath the glaciers, which at the upper extremity were rent and broken into fissures and corners of unknown depth. From some of these was issuing a blue sulphurous smoke exceedingly nauseating.

"A few hundred feet above this we reached a point of rocks projecting through the snow, from which steam and smoke were issuing, and which were in places so hot that we could not hold fragments of them in our hands. Here we lingered for a time, and then turned our faces towards a yawning chasm which cut across the fields of ice some five or six hundred feet altitude from the summit of the mountain and perhaps two hundred above where we stood. Following the course of this chasm to the left, we found a place where with a little care it could be crossed, by the help of our staves, and then turned our faces directly up the last steep ascent towards the extreme summit. This ascent was at an angle of not less than sixty-five degrees, but the snow was softened by the hot sun so that it was not difficult to obtain a foothold, though the climbing was exceedingly toilsome. It took us near three-fourths of an hour to make this ascent. But as we neared the summit, a grand and thrilling excitement seemed to thrill and kindle through every nerve, and we sprang upon the pinnacle with the agility of gazelles. At one o'clock P. M., we reached it, having been just six hours in making the ascent from our camp. Now let us look around.

"The summit of the mountain is a circular ridge of three or four hundred yards in length, having its outward curve to the north. On this ridge there are three or four eminences rising a few feet above the average of the ridge. The highest of these is the one to the east, though it is only a few feet higher than the others. We passed along the entire ridge and over these elevations. The snow upon them is from six to ten feet in depth, and only in one place did a single rock project through it. That was the extreme summit of the highest point of the ridge, and the highest point of land in the United States. On this rock, covering them with a large fragment broken from it, we left mementoes of our visit.

"The scene around was overpoweringly indescribable. I could select here and there a point and speak of it, but to present the scene is a simple and utter impossibility. It would require the canvas and brush and years of toil to give an idea to the eye. Yet a few general observations may be taken. The first is the Cascade range itself. From south to north its whole line is at once under the eye, from Diamond Peak to Ranier, a distance of not less than four hundred miles. Within that distance are Mounts St. Helens, Baker, Jefferson and the Three Sisters, making, with Mount Hood, eight snow-covered mountains. Eastward the Blue Mountains are in distinct view for at least five hundred miles in length, and lying between them and us are the broad plains of the Des Chutes, John Day's and Umatilla rivers, one hundred and fifty miles in width. On the west the piny crests of the Coast Range cut clear against the sky, with the Willamette Valley sleeping in quiet beauty at their feet. The broad belt of the Columbia winds gracefully through the evergreen valley toward the ocean. Within these wide limits is every variety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie, bold, beetling precipices and gracefully rounded summits, blending and melting away into each other, forming a whole of unutterable magnificence.

"On our way down we went into the crater of the mountain. It opens through an immense ice cave down which we descended until our way was stopped by a perpendicular wall of fifty or sixty feet in height. If we had a rope I should certainly have ventured to the bottom, but as it was, was obliged to content myself with looking into the steaming, smoking mouth of the crater. In two hours from the summit we reached our camp, judging the distance to be six miles. At night we began to pay the price of our day's work. The glare of the sun on the snow had burned our faces and blinded our eyes so that sleep was out of the question. A very long night was succeeded by morning at last, but two of our party were totally unable to open their eyes. All that day we lay in camp, they blind as rocks, and suffering the most excruciating pain. At 4 P. M. we took horse, the blind men tying up their red and swollen eyes with wet handkerchiefs, and Mr. Moreland and myself leading their horses, travelled until nine o'clock. The next morning one was able to see enough to guide his own horse, but the other could not open his eyes until we reached Revenue's at eleven o'clock A. M. But the prize was worth the pain, though the pain might all have been avoided by simply wearing a veil.

CHARLES LAMB.—Lamb himself was always dressed in black. "I take it," he says, "to be the proper costume of an author." When this was once objected to, at a wedding, he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable, that "he had no other." His clothes were entirely black, and he wore long black gaiters, up to the knees. His head was bent a little forward, like one who had been reading; and, if not standing or walking, he generally had in his hand an old book, a pinch of snuff, or, later in the evening, a pipe. He stammered a little, pleasantly, just enough to prevent his making speeches; just enough to make you listen eagerly for his words, always full of meaning, or charged with a jest; or referring (but this was rare) to some line or passage from one of the old Elizabethan writers, which was always ushered in with a smile of tender reverence. When he read aloud it was with a slight tone, which I used to think he had caught from Coleridge; Coleridge's recitation, however, rising to a chant. Lamb's reading was not generally in books of verse, but in the old lay writers, whose tendency was towards religious thoughts. He liked, however, religious verse: "I can read," he writes to Bernard Barton, "the homely old version of the Psalms in our prayer-books, for an hour or two, without sence of weariness." He avoided manuscripts as much as practicable: "all things read *raw* to me in manuscript." Lamb wrote much, including many letters; but his hands were wanting in pliancy, ("inveterate clumsiness" are his words,) and his handwriting was, therefore, never good. It was neither text nor runing hand, and the letters did not indicate any fluency; it was not the writing of an old man nor of a young man; yet it had a very peculiar character; stiff, resolute, distinct; quite unlike all others that I have seen, and easily distinguishable amongst a thousand.—*Charles Lamb. By Barry Cornwall.*

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

CHAPTER I.

IN THE AVENUE.

"I'M to keep to the right?"

"Keep on a bearin' to the right, sir, 'cross Watch Common, and down One Ash Hill, and that'll bring you straight on to Poynings, sir! No luggage, sir?"

"None, thank you!"

"Luggage! no! I should think not! party's without a overcoat, don't you see, Thomas?—without a overcoat, and it freezin' like mad! Poynings, indeed! What's he doin' there? He don't look much like one of the company! More like after the spoons, I should say!"

The polite porter who had made the inquiry, and the satirical station-master who had commented on the reply, remained gazing for a minute or two at the stranger who had just arrived at the Amherst station of the Southeastern Railway, and then went back to their occupations.

"Freezing like mad." The station-master was right. The frost had set in with the commencement of February, hard, black, and evidently lasting. The iron-bound roads rang again, even under the thin boots of the stranger, who hurried over them with a light and fleeting step. The sharp, keen air whirling over bleak Watch Common so penetrated his thin and wretched clothing, that he shivered horribly, and, stopping for an instant, beat his sides with his hands in an awkward manner, as one to whom the process was new, and who was vainly endeavoring to imitate some action he had seen.

Then he hurried on with a short, rapid, jerking step, essentially different from the league-swallowing, swinging pace of the regular pedestrian accustomed to exercise; stumbling over the frozen, solid, ruts made by the heavy cart-wheels, slipping on the icy puddles, and ever and anon pausing to take fresh breath, or to place his hand against his loudly-beating heart. As he skirted the farther edge of the common, and arrived at the brow of the hill which the porter had mentioned to him, and which he recognized by the solitary tree whose branches clanged above him in the night-wind, he heard, by the chimes of a distant church, ten o'clock rung out sharp and clear through the frosty air. He stopped, counted each chime, and then set off again at a quickened pace, his progress down the descent being easier now, muttering to himself as he went,

"Ten o'clock! I must press on, or they'll all be in bed, I suppose. Beastly respectable, old Carruthers, from what I can make out from the Madre, and what little I saw of him! Servants up to prayers and all that kind of thing. No chance of getting hold of her, if I can't make her know I am there, before those prayers come off. Glass of cold water and flat candlestick directly they're over, I suppose, and a kiss to Missy and God bless you all round, and off to bed! By George, what a life! What an infernal, moping, ghostly, dreary existence! And yet they've got money, these scoundrels, and old Carruthers could give you a check that would make you wink. Could! Yes, but wouldn't, 'specially to me! Ba, ba, black sheep, and all the rest of it! Here's a poor tainted mutton for you, without the wind being in the least tempered to him! Jove, it goes through me like a knife! There'll be a public-house somewhere near, I suppose, and when I've drawn the Madre, I'll step off there and have some hot rum and water before turning in. Hold up, there, you hawbuck brute, pull your other rein! What's the use of your lamps, if they don't show you people in the road?"

He had sprung aside as he spoke, and now stood flat against and pushing into the leafless hedge as a carriage with flashing

lamps and steaming horses whirled so closely by him as almost to brush his arm. The coachman paid no attention to his outcry, nor did the footman, who, almost hidden in overcoats, was fast asleep in the rumble behind.

The next instant the carriage was whirling away; but the pedestrian, seeing the condition of the footman, had swung himself on to the hind step, and, crouching down behind the rumble and its unconscious occupant, obtained a shelter from the bitter wind, and simultaneously a lift on his road. There he crouched, clinging firmly with both hands in close proximity to the enshrouded knees of the unconscious footman—knees which, during their owner's sleep, were very helpless and rather comic, which smote each other in the passage of every rut, and occasionally parted and surveyed the dreary gulf of horse-cloth between them, to be brought together at the next jolt with a very smart concussion; and there he remained until the stopping of the carriage, and a sharp cry of "Gate" from the coachman, induced him to descend from his perch, and to survey the state of affairs from that side of the carriage most removed from a certain light and bustle into which they had entered. For, on the other side of the carriage to that on which the stranger stood, was an old-fashioned stone lodge with twinkling lights in its little mullioned windows, and all its thousand ivy-leaves gleaming in the carriage-lamps, and happy faces grouped around its door. There was the buxom lodge-keeper the centre of the group, with her comely red face all aglow with smiles; and there was her light-haired, sheep-faced husband standing by the swinging iron gates; and there were the sturdy children, indulged with the unwonted dissipation of "sitting up;" and there was the gardener's wife awaiting to see company come in, while her master had gone up to look at fires in hothouses; and there were Kidd, the head-keeper, and little Tom, his poor idiot boy, who clapped his hands at the whirling lights of the carriages, and kept up an incessant boom of imbecile happiness. Sheep-faced male lodge-keeper bobbing so furiously as to insist on recognition, down goes window of carriage farthest from the stranger, and crisp on the night-air cries a sharp, curt voice—

"How do, Bulger? Not late, eh? hum—ah! not late?"

To which Bulger, pulling at invisible lock of hair on forehead—

"No, Sir John! Lots company, Sir John! Seasonable weather, Sir—"

But the carriage was whirled away before Bulger could conclude, and before the stranger could resume his place under the sheltering lea of the now conscious footman. He shrank back into the darkness—darkness deeper and thicker than ever under the shadow of the tall elms forming the avenue leading to the house, and remained for a minute buried in thought.

The night was clear, and even light, with the hard, chilly light of stars, and the air was full of cold,—sharp, pitiless, and piercing. The wind made itself heard but rarely, but spared the wayfarer not one pang of its presence. He shrank and shivered, as he peered from under the gaunt branches of the trees after the carriage with its glittering lights.

"Just like my luck!" he thought, bitterly. "Nothing is to be wanting to make me feel myself the outcast that I am. A stranger in my mother's house, disowned and proscribed by my mother's husband, slinking like a thief behind the carriages of my mother's fine friends. I will see my mother, I must see her; it is a desperate chance, but surely it must succeed. I've no doubt of *her*, God bless her! but I have my doubts of her power to do what I want."

He emerged from the shadow of the trees again, and struck into the avenue. He quickened his pace, shivering, and seeing the long line of way lying level before him, in the sombre glimmer of the night, he went on with a more assured step. Angry and better thoughts were keeping the young man company, a gloomy wrath was in his dark, deep-set eyes, and the hands which he thrust into his coat-pockets clenched themselves with an almost fierce impatience. He strode on, muttering, and trying to keep up an air of hardihood) though there was no one to be deceived but himself), which was belied by the misgivings and remorse at his heart.

"A fine place and a grand house, plenty of money, and all that money gives, and no place for her only son! I wonder how she likes it all! No, no, I don't: I know she is not happy, and it's my fault, und mis." His face grew darker and more angry, and he shook his clenched hand towards a stately house, whose long lighted facade now became visible.

"And *his*,—*his* who married my mother, and deceived her, who gave her hopes he never intended to fulfil,—my ill conduct the cause of his forbidding her to bring me here!—he always hated me; he hated me before he saw me, before he ever knew that I was not a sucking-dove for gentleness, and a pattern of filial obedience and propriety; he hated me because I existed,—because I was my mother's son; and if I had been the most amenable of stepsons, he would have hated me all the same, only he would have shown his hatred differently, that's all. I should have been brought here, and made to feel insignificance, instead of being left to beg or starve, for all he cares. I am better off as it is."

A harsh smile came over of his face for a moment. "Quite a blackguard, and all but a beggar. All but? No, quite a beggar, for I am coming to beg of my mother,—coming to your fine house, Capel Carruthers, like a thief or a spy; slinking in at your gates under cover of your fine friends' fine carriages; a prodigal step-son,—by Jove, without the faintest chance of a welcome, and every probability of being turned out, if discovered. Company here, too, of all nights in the year, to make it more difficult to get hold of old Brookes unsuspected, but not so unfortunate either, if I'm seen. Hangers about are to be found even in the country, I suppose, on festive occasions. There's the house at last! A grand place, grim as it is under the stars, with a twinkling firmament of its own on the ground floor. The lights look warm. Good God, how cold it is out here!" Again he drew back close to the tall, dark stems of the trees, to let a carriage pass; when it had discharged its load under the portico, he emerged cautiously upon the broad carriage sweep by which the company were arriving.

The house was an old one, and was surrounded by a narrow fosse or ditch, which in former days might have been full of water, and used for defensive purposes, but which was now drained and dry, and served as a kind of area, looked into by the windows in the basement. Above this fosse, and stretching away on either side of the heavy portico, was a broad and handsome stone terrace, the left-hand portion of which lay in deep shadow, while the right-hand portion was checkered with occasional light, which made its way through the partially closed shutters of the ball-room. Cautiously crossing the broad drive, and slipping behind a carriage which was just discharging its load at the hall door, George Dallas, the stranger whose fortunes we have so far followed, crept into a dark angle of the porch until the crunching of the gravel and the clanging of the door announced the departure of the carriage, and then, climbing the balustrade of the terrace, and carefully avoiding the lines of light, made his way to the window of the room, and peered in. At first he shook so with the cold that he could not concentrate his attention on what was passing before his eyes; but having groped about and found a small tree which was carefully protected with a large piece of matting, and which flanked one end of the balustrade, he quietly removed the matting, and, wrapping it round him, returned to his position, watching and commenting on the scene of which he was a spectator.

It was an old room on which George Dallas looked,—an old room with panelled walls, surmounted by a curious carved frieze and stuccoed roof, and hung round with family portraits, which gave it a certain grim and stern air, and made the gay hot-house flowers with which it was lavishly decorated seem out of keeping. Immediately opposite the window stood the entrance door, wide open, and flanked by the usual bevy of young men, who, from laziness or bashfulness, take some time to screw their courage up to dancing-point. Close in front of them was a group which at once arrested George Dallas' attention.

It consisted of three persons, of whom two were gentlemen; the third was a young girl, whose small white-gloved hand rested on the arm of the older of her companions, who, as George Dallas caught sight of them, was in the act of presenting the younger to her. The girl was tall, slight, very graceful and elegant, and extremely fair. Her features were not clearly discernible, as she stood sideways towards the window; but the pose of the head, the bend of the neck, the braids of fair hair closely wound around the well-shaped head, and worn without any ornament but its own golden gloss, the sweeping folds of her soft white dress,—all bore a promise of beauty, which, indeed, her face, had he seen it, would have fully realized. He saw her bow, in graceful acknowledgment of the introduction, and then linger for a few minutes talking with the two gentlemen,—to the younger of whom George Dallas paid no attention whatever, after which she moved away with him to join the dancers. The older man stood where she had left him, and at him George Dallas looked with the fixed intensity of anger and hatred.

"There you are," he muttered, "you worthy, respectable, hard-hearted, unblemished gentleman! There you are, with your clear complexion and your iron gray whiskers, with your cold blue eyes and your white teeth, with your thin lips and your long chin, with your head just a little bald, and your ears just a little shrivelled, but not much; with your upright figure, and your nice cool hands, and your nice cool heart, too, that never knew an ungratified lust, or a passion which wasn't purely selfish. There you are, the model of respectability and wealth, and the essence of tyranny and pride! There you are,—and you married my beautiful mother when she was poor, and when her son needed all that she could give him, and more; and you gave her wealth, and a fine house, and fine friends, and your not remarkably illustrious name, and everything she could possibly desire, except the only thing she wanted, and the only thing, as I believe, for which she married you. That's your niece, of course, the precious heiress, the rich and rare young lady who has a place in your house, though the son of its mistress is banished from it. That's the heiress, who probably does not know that I exist. I should not be surprised if he had ordered my mother to conceal the disgraceful fact. Well, the girl is a nice creature, I dare say; she looks like it. But where can my mother be?"

He approached the window still more closely; he ventured to place his face close to the panes for a moment, as he peered anxiously into the room. "Where is my mother?" he thought. "Good Heaven! if she did but know that I am shivering here."

The strains of sweet, clear music reached his ears, floods of light streamed out from the ball-room, a throng of dancers whirled past the window, he saw the soft, fluttering dresses, he heard the rustle of the robes, the sounds of the gay voices, and the ring of laughter, and, ever and anon, as a stray couple fell away from the dance, and lingered near the window, a fair young face would meet his gaze, and the happy light of its youth and pleasure would shine upon him. He lingered, fascinated, in spite of the cold, the misery of his situation, and the imminent risk of detection to which he was exposed. He lingered, and looked, with the longing of youth, for gayety and pleasure; in his case for a simple gayety, a more sinless pleasure, than any he was wont to know. Suddenly he shrank quickly back and clutched hard at the covering of matting in which he had shrouded himself. A figure had crossed the window, between him and the light,—a figure he knew well, and recognized with a beating heart,—a figure clad in purple velvet and decked with gleaming jewels; it was his mother. She passed hastily, and went up to Mr. Carruthers, then talking with another gentleman. She stretched out one jewelled arm, and touched him on the shoulder with her fan. Carruthers turned, and directly faced the window. Then George Dallas flung the matting which had covered him away, and left his hiding-place with a curse in his heart and on his lips.

"Yes, curse you," he said, "you dress her in velvet and diamonds, and make her splendid to entertain your company and flatter your pride, and you condemn her to such misery as only soft-hearted, strong-natured women such as she is can feel all the time. But it won't do, Carruthers; she's my mother, though she's your wife, and you can't change her. I'll have some of your money, tyrant as you are, and slave as she is, before this night is over. I'm a desperate man; you can't make me more miserable than I am, and I *can* bring you to shame, and I *will*, too."

He stepped softly to the edge of the terrace, climbed the balustrade, and sat down cautiously on the narrow strip of grass beyond; then felt with his hands along the rough face of the wall which formed the front of the area. He looked down between his feet, the depth was about ten feet, he thought. He might venture to let himself drop. He did so, and came safely on his feet, on the smooth, sanded ground. An angle of the house was close to him; he turned it, and came upon a window whose shutters, like those of the upper range, were unclosed, and through which he could see into the comfortable room beyond. The room was low but large, and the heavy carved presses, the table with green baize cover, the arm-chairs, one at each side of the fire, the serviceable, comfortable, and responsible appearance of the apartment at once indicated its true character. It could be nothing but the housekeeper's room.

In the centre of the table stood an old-fashioned oil lamp, no doubt banished from the upper regions when the moderator made its appearance in society; close to the stand was a large Bible open, a pair of spectacles lying upon the page. A brass-bound desk, a file of receipts, a Tunbridge-ware work-box, and a venerable inkstand were also symmetrically arranged upon the table. The room was empty, and the observer at the window had ample leisure and opportunity to scrutinize it.

"I am in luck," he said. "This is Nurse Ellen's room. There are the dreadful old portraits which she always insisted on keeping over the chimney-piece, and venerated, quite as much because she thought them objects of art as because she fancied them really like my father and mother. There's her Bible, with the date of my birth and christening in it. I dare say those are the identical spectacles which I broke, playing Red Riding Hood's grandmother. I wish she would come in, and come alone. What shall I do if she brings any one with her, and they close the shutters? How delightful the fire looks! I have a great mind to smash the window and get in. No one would hear the noise with all that crashing music overhead, and there does not seem to be a soul on this side of the house."

No sound of footsteps made itself audible on the terrace above his head. He was sheltered a little more in his present position, but still the cold was bitter, and he was shivering. The impulse to break the window grew stronger. He thought how he should avoid cutting his hand; his shabby gloves could not protect him, suppose he were to take off his waistcoat, and twist it around his hand ad arm. He had unfastened one button of his coat, as the idea occurred to him, when a sound overhead, on the house side, caught his ear. It was the click produced by opening the fastening of a French window. Then came steps upon the light balcony, which was one of the modern decorations of the old building, and voices which reached him distinctly.

"Any influenza you may catch, or anything of that kind,

you must ascribe to yourself, Miss Carruthers. You would come out this—hum—by Jove—awful night!"

"O, don't fear for me Captain Marsh," said a light girlish voice, laughingly, "I'm Poynings bred, you know, and accustomed to be out in all weathers, so that I run no risk; and though it is wintry enough outside, the temperature of that room was becoming unbearable!"

"Think it must be caused by that old woman's red face that we noticed, or the thingummy—paradise feather in her cap. She with the very thin daughter. Don't you know?"

"Of course I know. The old lady is my aunt, Lady Boldero; the young one is my cousin Blanch!"

"Haw, by Jove, sorry I spoke, haw! By the by, that was Sir Thomas Boldero's park, where I met you riding on Friday, wasn't it, Miss Carruthers?"

"Yes. I was taking a short cut home, as I thought I should be late for dinner."

"You were going a rattling good pace, I noticed. Seemed to have distanced your groom."

"My groom! That's a luxury I very seldom indulge in,—never, when I think I can dispense with it without my uncle's knowledge. It is disagreeable to me to have a man perpetually at my heels!"

"You shouldn't say that, Miss Carruthers,—shouldn't indeed. You don't know how pleasant it is—for the man."

"Very pretty indeed, Captain Marsh! And now that you've had the chance of paying a compliment, and have done it so neatly, we will go back, please. I begin to feel a little chilly."

As the speakers moved, something fell at George Dallas' feet. It was so dark in the corner where he stood that he could not distinguish what it was, until the closing of the window above gave him assurance that he might move in safety. Then he went forward, and found it was a sprig of myrtle. He picked it up, looked at it idly, and put it into the breast-pocket of his miserable coat.

"What a sweet voice she has!" he said. "A sweet face, too, I am sure; it must be so, to match the voice and hair. Well, she has given me something, though she didn't intend it, and will probably never know it. A spirited, plucky girl, I am sure, for all her grace and her blonde style. Carries too many guns for the captain, that's clear!"

He dived down in the midst of his words, for the door of the room into which he had been looking opened quietly, and an elderly woman in a black silk dress entered. After casting a glance around her, she was about to seat herself at the table, when Dallas gave two low taps in quick succession at the window. The woman started and looked toward the spot whence the sound came with a half-keen, half-frightened glance, which melted into mixed astonishment when Dallas placed his face close to the glass and beckoned to her with his hand. Then she approached the window, shading her eyes from the candlelight and peering straight before her. When she was close to the window, she said, in a low, firm voice—

"Who are you? Speak at once, or I'll call for help!"

"It's I, Nurse Ellen. I—"

"Good heavens, Master George!"

"Yes, yes; open the window and let me in. I want to talk to you, and I'm half dead with cold. Let me in. So. That's it."

The woman gently raised the sash, and so soon as the aperture admitted of the passage of his body, he slipped through and entered the room, taking no notice of his old nurse, but making straight for the fire, before which he knelt, gazing hungrily at the flames, and spreading both his hands in eager welcome of the blaze. The old woman closed the window and then came softly behind him, placed her hand on his head, and, leaning over his shoulder and looking into his face, muttered,

"Good Lord, how changed you are, my boy! I should scarcely have known you, except for your eyes, and they're just the same; but in everything else, how changed!"

He was changed indeed. The last time George Dallas had taken farewell of his old nurse, he had parted from her, a big, strong, healthy youth of eighteen, with short, curly brown hair, clear skin, bright complexion, the incarnation of youth and strength and health. He knelt before her now, a gaunt, grizly man, with high cheek-bones and hollow rings round his great brown eyes, with that dead, sodden pallor which a life of London dissipation always produces, and with long, thin, bony hands with which he clutched hold of the old woman, who put her arms round him and seemed inclined to burst into a fit of sobbing.

"Don't do that, nurse! don't do that! I'm weak myself, and seedy, and couldn't stand it. Get me something to drink, will you? And, look here! I must see my mother to-night, at once. I've come from town on purpose, and I must see her."

"She does not know you are here?" asked Mrs. Brookes, while she gazed mournfully at the young man, still kneeling before the fire. "But of course she does not, or you would have told me."

"Of course, of course, Nurse Ellen," said George Dallas, "she knows nothing about it. If I had asked her leave, she would not have dared to give it. How is she, nurse? How does she like her life? She tells me very little of herself when she writes to me, and that's not often." He rose from his knees now, and pulled a ponderous black horsehair chair close to the fire, seated himself in it, and sat huddled together, as though cold even yet, with his feet on the broad old-fashioned fender. "I had to come at my risk. You shall know all about it, nurse; but now you must contrive to tell my mother I'm here."

"How can I do that, Master George?" asked the old woman, in a tone of distress and perplexity. "She is in the ball-room, and all the grand folk are looking at her and talking to her. I can't go in among them, and if I could, she would be so frightened and put about, that master would see in a moment that something had happened. He is never far off where she is."

"Ha!" said George, gloomily; "watches her, does he, and that kind of thing?"

"Well, not exactly," said Mrs. Brookes; "not in a nasty sort of way. I must say, to do him justice, though I don't much like him, that Mr. Carruthers is a good husband; he's fond of her, and proud of her her, and he likes to see her admired."

The young man interrupted her with selfish heedlessness.

"Well, it's a pity he has the chance to-night; but, however it's managed, I must see her. I have to go back to town to-morrow, and of course I can't come about here safely in the daytime. Think of some plan, nurse, and look sharp about it."

"I might go up stairs and join the servants—they are all about the ball-room door—and watch for an opportunity as she passes."

"That will take time," said George, "but it's the best chance. Then, do it, nurse, and give me something to eat while you are away. Will any of the servants come in here? They had better not see me, you know."

"No, you are quite safe; they are looking at the dancing," she answered, absently, and closing as she spoke the shutters of the window by which he had entered. She then left the room, but quickly returned, bringing in a tray with cold meat, bread, and wine. He still sat by the fire, now with his head thrown back against the high, straight back of his chair, and his hands thrust into his pockets."

"Very plain fare, Master George," said the housekeeper, "but I can't find anything better without wasting time."

"Never mind, nurse. I'm not hungry, and I'm not above eating cold meat if I were. Beggars must not be choosers, you know; and I'm little better than a beggar, as you also know. Give me some wine. It isn't felony, is it, though I have got into my step-father's house through the window, and am drinking his wine without his knowledge or consent?"

His tone was very painful to the faithful old woman's ear. She looked at him wistfully, but made no reply. He rose from the chair by the fire, suddenly drew another chair to the table, and sat down by the tray. Mrs. Brooks left the room, and took her way along the white stone passage which led to the entrance hall of the mansion. Passing through a swinging door covered with crimson cloth, she entered a spacious square hall, decorated, after the fashion of country houses, with stags' heads and antlers. The floor was of polished oak, uncarpeted, but at each of the six doors which opened into it lay a soft white rug. A bright fire blazed in the ample grate; and through the open door of the ball-room light and the sound of music poured into the hall. A number of servants were standing about, some lingering by the fire, a few ranged close to the door of the dancing-room, exchanging comments upon the performances with perfect impunity. Under cover of the music Mrs. Brooks joined the group, which respectfully gave way at her approach, and ceded to her the front place. She looked anxiously, and for some time vainly, for her mistress.

At length she perceived her, but she was seated at the further end of the room, in conversation with an elderly lady of extraordinary magnificence in point of apparel, and who required to be spoken to through an ear-trumpet. Mrs. Carruthers was not a skillful performer upon that instrument, and was obliged to give her whole mind to it, so that there was little chance of her looking in any other direction than the unInviting one of Mrs. Chittenden's ear for the present. Mrs. Brookes looked on impatiently, and longed for a break in the dancing, and a consequent movement among the company. At length the music ceased, the panting waltzers subsided into promenade, and Mrs. Carruthers rose to place her chair at the disposal of a young lady whose exertions had told upon her, and who breathlessly accepted the boon. As she stood for a moment turned toward the door, she caught sight of the housekeeper's face, and saw she looked pale and agitated. Catching her mistress' eye, the housekeeper made a slight, stealthy sign. Very gracefully, and with perfect calm, the tall figure, in its sweeping velvet dress, made its way through the dispersed groups between it and the door, from which all the servants had precipitately retreated at the cessation of the music. What was wrong? Mrs. Carruthers thought. Something, she knew must be wrong, or Ellen would not be there beckoning to her. A second gesture, still more stealthy and warning, caused her to pause when within reach of the housekeeper's whisper, without turning her head towards her.

"What is it, Ellen?"

"Hush! where is master? Can he see you?"

"Yes, he is just beyond the screen. What is the matter?"

"Turn round, and stoop; let me tie your shoe—there!"

Mrs. Carruthers stood in the doorway, and bent her head, holding her foot out, and lifting her dress. Mrs. Brookes fumbled with the shoe, as she whispered rapidly—

"Come as soon as you can to my room. Be careful that you are not missed. Some one is there who wants to see you."

"To see me, Ellen? On such a night, and at such an hour! What is wrong? Who is there?"

The old woman looked earnestly into the frightened face, bending over her, and said rather with her lips than with her voice—

"Master George!"

[To be continued.]

THE PRETTY FACES OF THE LADIES.—How vain must be all the reasoning of the sage or the moralist who would persuade a beautiful woman that it is wrong to admire herself! It is always so much better when we are teaching, to teach only what is possible; and it is not possible for such a woman to look in the glass and not see that she is beautiful. A thousand tongues will be always ready to tell her that she is so, and she will necessarily read this pleasant fact upon the countenances of all who regard her with attention. As well might the guardian of youth insist that the sun was not shining at noon to-day, or say that if we close our eyes it will be night as attempt to persuade a beautiful girl neither to see her own charms nor to admire them. The only good thing to be done in such a case is to admit the fact honestly and fairly—to confess frankly that you think the girl beautiful, and that you admire her face, so far as beauty goes, but no further. There is the point to stop at—to convince her that a beautiful face can do very little for her beyond pleasing for awhile, and that if it pleases some, it will inevitably vex others, making for her enemies as well as friends. Nor need it prove difficult, if honestly and fairly done, to convince her of the very limited value of beauty, as regards herself; that it will never make her amiable or intelligent, or even amusing; that it will never help a friend in perplexity or distress, never alleviate suffering, never so much as enliven domestic intercourse, nor do the slightest thing for her or others that is noble or great, generous or kind; and beyond all, that, as regards her own share of the beauty, it will inevitably fade and die away, leaving, in all probability, no trace behind. It may be said that this is already the habitual way of treating beauty in the young, and a very disagreeable way too. I freely grant that it is disagreeable, where this is all; and I think I have observed in some well-meaning people a little tendency to taunt and sneer at beauty, as if it were nothing, or worse than nothing; which it is not. And I would especially ask attention to what I have pointed out as a necessary prelude to these unpalatable remarks—viz: a candid and hearty recognition of beauty, even personal beauty, wherever it exists; nay, also a cordial admiration of it as something delightful and worthy of being admired, but only for what it is really worth.

SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES.—It is remarkable that the daughters of Shakspeare's plays with whom we are most acquainted—Desdemona, Juliet, Jessica, Hero, Miranda, Rosalind, Celia, and Portia—have neither brother nor sister. Each of them is the only child of her parents. Ophelia has no sister. With the exception of Juliet, they are all motherless. Although Lady Capulet talks of her age, she was only twenty-eight when she proposed to her daughter the acceptance of Paris' hand. There is no confiding love between Juliet and her mother. On the contrary, she is reserved and secret, keeping her a stranger to her thoughts. Lady Macbeth stands distinctly apart from the other females of Shakspeare's, knowing no kin, as if authoress of herself; yet she is restrained by reverential awe when, intent on evil, she casts her eyes upon the image of her sleeping father. Jessica is insensible to any such touch of natural tenderness. The daughters of Lear, with their deformity, scarcely surpass her in cruelty and filial impiety. She betrays her father, plunders his house, bears off his family remembrances, elopes with his enemies, and the enemies of his race. Even the ring of Leah, on which she knew his old age doted, she profanely exchanges for a monkey; and, in the end, consorts and feasts amid exultations over his overthrow and ruin. Desdemona is an unkind daughter. She deceives and clandestinely, in the night, deserts her father's house for the "sooty bosom of a Moor." The match was mortal to him—grief of it broke his heart. In all her subsequent career, in sunshine and storm, and even in the last memorable evening in his bed-chamber, alone with Amelia, when her thoughts recur to her childhood, and the memories of her mother, and her mother's maid, Barbara, rise up before her, she has not a tear, nor a word of pity or tenderness, or even a thought for her neglected and languishing father.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

It is not often that the Westminster *Review* is guilty of such crude and fustian criticism as is contained in the notice of *Felix Holt*, in its July number. There are few newspapers even, of the slightest literary pretensions, that would publish such feeble and inappreciative "criticism" as the following:

Further, we think that since the term "Radical" so conspicuously challenges attention on the title-page, and since, too, in the Introduction we are reminded that the action took place thirty-five years ago, some of the characteristics of the time should have been more clearly reproduced. Toryism then meant wealth to the landlord, and starvation to the peasant. Toryism then meant ignorance for the poor, and brute force for the rich. It fact, Toryism too often meant pleasure enjoyed by the few regardless of the sufferings of the many. It was this injustice that made many a hero and martyr throughout the Midland counties, a bitter sense of wrong that raised many a village Hampden; and we feel the necessity of some dark background of this kind, as both a cause of and foil to the rugged earnestness and nobleness of Felix Holt.

We are asked for what is difficult, but we think we have some right to ask it from the author of "Romola." We judge her by a very different standard to that by which we should judge any other novelist. And if we point out what we regard as further defects, it is not from a spirit of fault finding, but rather as indicating the perfection which we expect from George Eliot. In the first place, then, we think that the early relations between Mrs. Transome and Mr. Jermyn should have been given more in detail. After we have finished the story we feel that we are without the true starting point. We are left to imagine motives as best we may, and to judge without any true means of judging. This, in our opinion, is a fault in art. Again, too, we think there is somewhat too much of a straining after profound sayings. It may be our fault, but we certainly cannot understand such a sentence as—"The sins which Rufus Lyon had to pray against had been those of personal ambition and those of a too restless intellect, ceaselessly urging questions concerning the mystery of that which was assuredly revealed, and thus hindering the due nourishment of the soul on the substance of the truth delivered." (Vol. i. p. 145.) Again, too, the following sentence contains far too much shell in comparison to the pearl—"The sensitive little minister knew instinctively that words which would cost him efforts as painful as the obedient footsteps of a bleeding hound that wills a foreseen throe, would fall on this man as the pressure of tender fingers falls on a brazen glove." (Vol. i. 301.) Further, we have to express a difference of opinion from some of her statements. Thus the following appears to be only a half-truth: "All knowledge which alters our lives penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning: the day that has to be traveled with something new and, perhaps, forever sad in its light, is an image of the life that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near. (Vol. ii. 161.) There are still other minor blemishes—a certain thinness of thought in passages, and some rather strained jokes which might be pointed out—did we not know how easily the world can pick out faults, but with what difficulty beauties.

Imagine what ideas of art the critic must possess who suggests "not from a spirit of fault-finding, but rather as indicative the perfection which we expect from George Eliot," that "the early relations between Mrs. Transome and Mr. Jermyn *should have been given more in detail!*" It is fortunate, indeed, that the author's ideas on the subject were widely different from those of her critic.

The following extracts from Mr. Swinburne's new volume, will serve to furnish some notion of its spirit and quality:

FROM THE HYMN TO PROSERPINE.

"O gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day!
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains men say.
New gods are crowned in the city, their flowers have broken your rods.
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate gods.
But for me their new device is barren, the days are bare;
Things long past over suffice, and men forgotten that were. . .

"Wilt thou yet take all, Galilæan? But these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breasts of the nymphs in the brake;
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death.
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable wings. . . .

"Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilæan, the world has grown gray from thy breath. . . .

"Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but, standing, look to the end.

"Though the feet of thine high priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod;
Though these that were gods are dead, and thou being dead art a god,
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilæan, thy dead shall go down to the dead."

FROM VERSES "TO DOLORES."

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?
* * * * *
By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwisted and bitten
Till the foam has a savor of blood;
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.
* * * * *
Thy skin changes country and color,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.
* * * * *
Where are they, Cotytto or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown red?

The following, regarded from a purely artistic stand point, is wonderfully fine, though its spirit is unmistakably Pagan;

NO SIGN.

For none shall move the most high gods,
Who are most sad, being cruel; none
Shall break or take away the rods
Wherewith they scourge us, not as one
That smites a son. . . .

When have they heard us, who hath known
Their faces, climbed into their feet,
Felt them and found them? Laugh or groan,
Doth heaven remurmur and repeat
Sad sounds or sweet?

Do the stars answer? in the night
Have ye found comfort? or by day
Have ye seen gods? What hope, what light,
Falls from the farthest starriest way
On you that pray?

Are the skies wet because we weep,
Or fair because of any mirth?
Cry out; they are gods; perchance they sleep;
Cry; thou shalt know what prayers are worth,
Thou dust and earth.

Alluding to this volume, the New York *Nation* of September 6th, says:

"The power of the critical press has lately received a signal illustration in the withdrawal from circulation of Mr. Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads.' The unequivocally, and sometimes unjustly, expressed disgust with which the literary papers received it, has had its effect. We are curious to see whether the American edition, now nearly out, will be suppressed also."

We venture to predict that the American edition will *not* "be suppressed also."

Miss Braddon's new magazine, *Belgravia*, is to commence during the present month. Its chief feature will be a novel from her pen, entitled *Birds of Prey*. Among her principal contributors are mentioned Charles Reade, whose *Griffith Gaunt*, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has so greatly scandalized prudish readers; Mr. Winwood Reade, his nephew, the author of a very readable work on Africa; Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, novelist and biographer; Mr. Robert Buchanan, the young Scottish poet; Mr. Mortimer Collins, a brother of *the* Collins; and Mr. George Augustus Sala, who will continue his *Streets of the World*, a series of papers begun in *Temple Bar*.

Christina Rossetti, whose volume of poems has been already noticed in the Californian, and to whom her more enthusiastic admirers are disposed to assign even a higher place among the sisterhood of song than that of Mrs. Browning or Adelaide Proctor, lives in London, and is, it is said, an intimate friend of her sister poetess, Miss Jean Ingelow. She is not young, as one might have inferred from her poetry, but is religious and charitable, living a quiet and reserved life.

A very remarkable book has recently been published at Paris, in which the author endeavors to prove that the destiny of the human race is influenced by the earth's magnetism. In like manner as the zodiacal light, shooting stars and other natual phenomena are referable to an effect of magnetism, so are great events in the history of nations and of individuals. For example, the 9th of November is the day of least magnetic circulation, and the least physical and moral energy, while the 22d of June is the day of most circulation and most energy. The 18th Brumaire (November 9) was a memorable day in the life of the First Consul—the 22d of June saw the finish of the Empire. Then, again, it is to magnetism that several great moral movements are due—Teutonism in Prussia, Anglicanism in England, Galicanism in France and Catholicism in the Papal States.

The book is entitled, "Manifeste du Magnetisme du Globe et du l' Humanite." The author states, in substance, that he expects to create a sensation, and that he is "prepared for clamor, and to be teacher as a dreamer." We suspect that so far as the "sensation" and the "clamor" are concerned, he is destined to meet with a humiliating disappointment.

Among the new works announced by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, as in preparation and to be published during the Autumn, the following are the most noteworthy:

"Flower-de-Luce," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "Religious Poems," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems," by John G. Whittier; "Evangeline," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; "The Prose Writings of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow;" "The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell; "Maud Muller," by John G. Whittier; "Lectures on Greece, Ancient and Modern," by the late President C. C. Felton; "The Diamond Tennyson," a New and Complete Edition of Tennyson's Poems, in one volume; "The Picture of St. John," by Bayard Taylor. "The Prose Writings of John G. Whittier;" "Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy," by Charles Reade; "The Biglow Papers," by James Russell Lowell; Second Series; "The Yankee in Canada," by Henry D. Thoreau; "Treasures from Milton's Prose Writings;" "The Life of James Gates Percival," by Julius H. Ward; "Character and Characteristic Men," by Edwin P. Whipple; "The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHAT WAS THE "TRICLINIUM?"

San Francisco, Oct. 2, 1866.

MR. EDITOR: Sir,—I was much surprised to see, on reading the last number of The Californian, that you were copying the display of ignorance made by the *Alta* regarding the discoveries of Pompeii—that paper having transformed the Roman word, *triclinium*, into "triuclinium"—a word not found in the Roman language. Had the editor of the *Alta* been a classic, he would have known that *triclinium* meant the couch on which the guests reclined at dinner. Again: the *Alta* states that "The walls of the *triclinium* were decorated with paintings;" that is, the walls of a couch were decorated with paintings! Had the *Alta* editor been acquainted with classical literature, he would have known that the Romans did not eat their meals in a *triclinium*, but in a room dedicated to that purpose called the *Cœnaculum*, the walls of which might be decorated with paintings, as I have seen in the pictures of *Cœnacula* found in Herculaneum. Having been intimately acquainted with Roman history for thirty years past, and having written and published a large work on the subject, I cannot see the domestic life and habits of my old Roman friends so misrepresented by ignorance, without taking some notice of it. If the editor of the *Alta* wishes to gain some information on the domestic life and habits of the Romans, I would recommend him to read the biography of Gallus, the friend of Horace, who lived in the reign of Augustus, at the most refined period of the Roman empire. Yours very truly, F. H.

We think our correspondent is unjustly severe upon the *Alta*. The paragraph in which the error indicated occurs, is not editorial. It is a "clipping," and the "scissors man" of the *Alta* is not responsible for it. Indeed, he would have had no *right*, in strict journalistic etiquette, to have corrected the error had he been aware of it. He might have noted it by way of critical comment; but his neglect to do this does not fairly imply even that he was ignorant of the blunder.

ART IN SAN FRANCISCO.

To the Editor of the Californian:

It has often been remarked that the people of our city have little or no genuine love of art, and are chary in their patronage of anything tending to its advancement.

Paintings are purchased here in numbers that are surprising and at prices that are fabulous, viewing the habits and disposition of our people; but, when the merit of the purchases is considered, their number and price form a sad commentary on the taste of the buyers. They buy because it is fashionable, and from a desire for so much *furniture*, rather than from eagerness to possess that which pleases the æsthetic sense and satisfies an innate longing for what is beautiful. In our parlors are seen many costly engravings, with, here and there, a truly excellent painting; but they also contain a countless multitude of wretched pictures, which, in older cities, where art has found a more attractive home, would not be deemed worthy of a frame.

That this state of things exists is due mainly to the fact that we have had little to educate the taste of the community, nothing to draw forth and sustain that latent appreciation of everything tending to elevate and refine our natures, which needs but cultivation to kindle it into active existence.

We have few artists—none of great ability; no public galleries of paintings; and the few private collections of any merit, are inaccessible to strangers. The attempts to inaugurate art exhibitions in this city have failed, not for want of paintings, but on account of the utter worthlessness, with some exceptions, of the pictures exhibited.

Having few or no opportunities to learn, if ignorant, what is really good, or, if cultivated, to buy it, our people must refuse to buy home productions, or quench their thirst for the beautiful with engravings and photographs—artistic enough, perhaps, in themselves, but reproduced till the eye tires of seeing them; or with paintings by a squad of tyros who, deficient alike in genius and education, have come here, not to study art for its own sake, but to cover canvas with pigments at so much the square foot.

With perhaps the grandest scenery that ever engaged an artist's brush; an atmosphere lending an ever varied beauty to the view; a climate permitting almost unlimited study of Nature; a field almost untrodden by painters of skill and repute; a wealthy people whose tastes need only to be guided to draw from them a liberal encouragement, we have every-

thing to attract an artist to our shores; yet we have had scarcely one of more than average ability.

We recognize the difficulty of genius developing itself in this expensive country, where every hour must be devoted to earning bread and butter, or seem to violate the established rule of society. This condition of things is inconsistent with the poetic ideal of art life. Nevertheless we object to supporting unfledged artists who, while laboring with the diligence of sign painters, forget their art in their love of money, and flood the city with crude and hasty apologies for pictures, that tend somewhat to satiate the people's desire, yet fail to elevate their taste. Such men prostitute a noble calling; they exert no beneficial influence on society. Art is not the road to fortune, and though great artists may earn it, none ever made it his sole ambition.

What we want to awaken amongst our people is an appreciation of art, and to lead them to give to its devotees a generous patronage, is a class of artists who will labor with a true love of art itself, whose ambition is not to paint and sell quickly, but to attain that eminence and achieve that honor awaiting deserving genius everywhere.

Not until we are rid of the money-seekers and have among us good, earnest, and ambitious men of genius; not until the growth of a spurious taste for the hasty, cheap, and gaudy productions of unskilled workmen, has been discouraged and checked by the exhibition of that which is true to Nature and art—that which is born of something more than paint and canvas; which is the creation of a true, poetic, and artistic soul—will our people learn to know the true from the untrue in art, and be brought to that standard of culture and refinement when it can be no longer truly said that they are devoid of appreciation, and wanting in the perception of the beautiful. J. S. B.

THE "ROUND TABLE."

To the Editor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—In the last number of the *Round Table*, which you have very justly characterized as "the most enormously pretentious journal in America," I find the followiug:

To the Editor of the Round Table:

DEAR SIR:—Can you or any of your readers inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, where the quotation,

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"

can be found? Yours truly, PH. B. V.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27, 1866.

To this query, the eminently literary editor of this pre-eminently literary periodical, replies as follows:

"If not in Pope, in some of the writers of his period."

It is scarcely necessary to inform any tolerably well read person that the line in question occurs in the first edition of Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

In the last revision by Byron himself, the passage reads:

"Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best;
Yet, still, obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass;
So well the subject suits his noble mind
He brays, the laureate of the long-eared kind."

This last line in all former editions reads,

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,"

a line which I think will be sought for in vain, either "in Pope" or in any of "the writers of his period."

Yours truly, TIMON TICKLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 5, 1866.

To the Editor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—Will you be kind enough to inform me whether Edmund Yates, the author of *Land at Last*, and *Black Sheep*, is the same individual who was expelled from a London club some years since in consequence of a difficulty with Thackeray, who was a member of the same club?

Yours, etc., W. H. L. B.

The author of *Land at Last* is the individual referred to by our correspondent; but we are not certain whether the difficulty resulted in his actual expulsion from the club.

To the Editor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—Some weeks since, I noticed in one of the literary papers published in this city, an allusion to Tennyson's "Lady of Shallott," in which it was remarked that said poem was "an allegory," and that "not one literary man in a hundred pretended to have any definite idea of its meaning."

Without assuming to be "a literary man" I confess that I have never understood the poem in question. Can you furnish the key to it? AN ADMIRER OF TENNYSON.

We have a tolerably well defined notion of the meaning of the "Lady of Shallott," though it is quite possible that the author would repudiate our interpretation. But our correspondent's communication comes to hand too late to afford us time to furnish our views on the subject this week.

To the Editor of the Californian:

DEAR SIR:—Can you inform a reader of THE CALIFORNIAN where the lines,

"Like dropping buckets into empty wells
And growing old in drawing nothing up,"

occur? I have searched for them in vain, and made fruitless inquiries as to their authorship of all my literary friends.

HAWTHORNE STREET.

The lines are Cowper's, and they occur, we think, somewhere in "The Task."

AMUSEMENTS.

AT the Opera House on Monday evening Madame Celeste personated the double part of "Ernest de la Garde," and the gipsy "Zambaro," in the *House on the Bridge*, and achieved a notable success in the characters; both of which were sustained with marked ability. On Wednesday *The French Spy* was brought out; Celeste playing the protean part of "Henri St. Alme," a character written for and created by her, with remarkable grace, expression and effectiveness; and with a laudable freedom from that courseness of assumption given to the character by most of its more modern representatives. For which latter merit may we long keep her memory green. *The French Spy* was repeated on Thursday evening. Last evening was set aside for Celeste's benefit, and a densely crowded house was the result of the appeal.

But few more occasions will be offered to see Madame Celeste before her departure, which will take place on the 10th instant, as she leaves on the next Panama steamer for Australia.

To-day *The French Spy* for Celeste's last *matinée*. This evening *Green Bushes*, which will be repeated on Monday and Tuesday evenings for her last performances.

On Wednesday evening next Miss Alice Kingsbury will make her *début* at the Opera House as "Fanchon," in *The Cricket*. The lady is said to be young, versatile, vivacious and attractive—as fresh and charming as the flowers of May—and the possessor withal of dramatic ability far above the ordinary standard of young actresses. The New York *Sunday Mercury* says: "As 'Fanchon' she stands without a rival." And calls her a "bewitching little combination of talent, beauty and grace." If the *Mercury* speaks true, these are rare gifts and must prove very popular ones for their happy possessor.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The public and the management were amply rewarded for their patience under the annoying postponement of *La Juive*. by the unexampled perfection and magnificence with which it was finally produced, on Wednesday evening, to a crowded and fashionable house. The new scenery and accessories, splendid costumes, and crowd of supernumeraries, indicate to the most superficial observer that no expense has been spared to lend to Halevy's great work the aid of its appropriate and gorgeous *mise en scene*; but the musical difficulties, enormous in extent, and only overcome by weeks of patient and persistent rehearsal, can be but faintly appreciated, even by the favored few who have watched those rehearsals far into the "small hours," and noted the earnest good will with which the artists. conductor, stage manager, chorus, and orchestra, all worked together to perfect the general result. The grandeur and beauty of the music, to say nothing of its novelty, and the spectacular magnificence of the pieces, should give *La Juive* a long and remunerative run. It was repeated last night, and will be performed for the third time this evening.

The English Opera season on off nights by the Howson troupe has met with very inadequate support. *Der Freischutz* was creditably given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings to poor houses.

The Winter season at the Metropolitan will open, under the auspices of Birrell & Co., managers. with the famous Ravel-Martinetti troupe of twenty-four performers, who are to leave New York on the 20th inst., for this city. Heller, the great magician, will be the succeeding attraction.

"MARK TWAIN'S" Lecture on the Sandwich Islands, on Tuesday evening at the Academy of Music, was a splendid success. From the time the lecturer made his peculiar bow to the public and commenced to relate his "trouble" with his orchestra—a recreant wretch of a trombone player who, after being engaged to play, declared he "wouldn't stand and toot out tunes to an audience" unless he had other musicians and instruments to accompany him—until the close of the lecture he had his audience perfectly under his command. The public assembled with the expectation of being pleased, and we will venture the assertion that scarcely one out of an audience of twelve or thirteen hundred, was disappointed in that expectation.

The peculiarities of the lecture consisted of the graphic manner in which the information was given concerning the resources and products of the Islands. and the salient traits and habits of the Islanders commented on; interspersed with that constant undercurrent of humor—so characteristic of the speaker—breaking forth when least expected. and keeping his audience constantly on the *qui vive*, and in a semi state of merriment. Other notable points were the marked and individual style in which the lecture was delivered; the peculiar gestures and tones so characteristic of humor and originality—so unmistakably natural and unstudied—without any straining after effect; all of which served to give a genuine zest and relish to "Mark Twain's" lecture far more palatable than that which characterized that pun-seasoned effort of Artemus Ward's, the *Babes in the Wood*.

As "Mark" will shortly deliver his lecture before the Sacramentonians, and, in due course of time, repeat it here, we, for obvious reasons, will not give a synopsis of it, or attempt to do it justice in detail. We can only add that the town is ringing with its praises; and that "Mark Twain," the lecturer, will henceforth enjoy as wide a recognition as "Mark Tawin," the humorous writer.

DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN.

PEOPLE are, nowadays, a great deal more tender in the discipline of children than their grandmothers and grandfathers used to be, or even farther back, if one likes to go into the general region known as the "times of our ancestors." But we doubt whether the result of tender discipline has been to produce more dutiful sons and daughters, or better people, on the whole, than resulted from a mode of treatment which did not consider a child degraded by being treated as a creature whose proper position was one of subjection.

In the present days parents are apt to treat their children far too much as if they were of equal consideration with themselves. Albert or Edith (we suppose the old typical names of John and Mary are for evermore extinct) must have a voice in all matters concerning him or her. There is no longer a ruling power of parents, and a little governed community of children; but, as a lady of much experience remarked in our hearing, the Scriptural injunction of "children, obey your parents" is translated in modern practice into "Parents, obey your children." When this subversion of the proper order of things takes place, there can be no true discipline. It is only where the parents (and in the case of young children, the mother especially) exercise wise and firm rule that discipline can be really said to exist.

It is sometimes imagined that the training of children in habits of obedience, and other good things, can be safely put off till the child is some years old. Nothing can be a more fatal mistake. A very young child indeed can preceive when it may have its own way, and when not: and baby, who has everything he cries for, will not be an obedient or easily trained "Master Albert" at the age of three.

No doubt the exercise of judicious discipline is a dificult thing, and involves a great amount of self-denial on the part of parents. It is so much easier to yield than to be firm, and it is hard to know how to be firm without being harsh. But, if the results of good discipline be desirable of attainment, than it is good to endeavor to exercise such judicious government and training. Even with care and watchfulness on the part of parents, children do not always become all that is good—a fact everybody is only too well aware of. But without these, and without the judicious government of children, *as children*, parents have no right to complain. when children show no signs of being able to walk in good ways, in which their feet have never been set.

NEURALGIA.—People suffer weeks, even months of torture, with neuralgia, and Dr. Bourne thinks nothing whatever of effecting perfect cures in ten or fifteen days; sometimes "bad cases" are cured in a week. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

RHEUMATISM.—If there is a doctor in this town who can cure rheumatism, surely, quickly, pleasantly, and is certain enough in his promises to guarantee them, it is Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

ASK HIM.—If you wish to know why the use of drugs and medicines are pernicious, and contrary to reason and common sense, and cannot discover it otherwise, ask Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and you will be very likely to find out. He can also tell you that disease is much easier cured without medicines than with them, as more than twenty-five years' experience has taught him. *

DR. BOURNE'S BATHS, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. If any person is so ill-informed as to suppose that the miserable Russian Persian or Turkish bath has any resemblance to the scientific character of that of Dr. Bourne, let him only once have a demonstration of the quality of the Russian, Persian, Turkish or Digger Indian style. All intelligent persons recognize the superiority of the Masonic Temple article. *

RHEUMATISM.—Thousands of persons who have saturated themselves with quack nostrums, run the gauntlet of the "regulars," made themselves as "slimy as the crawling reptile in the mud baths," or drank the waters which resembleth "decayed hen fruit," and all to no purpose, have then taken a few of "Dr. Bourne's Baths" and been speedily and permanently cured. They cure where all else fails. Cures guaranteed for stipulated prices; and that does not mean patch-work, but cures. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Also, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc. *

CORRECT, IS IT NOT?—When an allopathic or medicine doctor is "taken sick," you will immediately see a score or less of one, two, four, or no-horse doctors rushing to his assistance. Is it because they have no confidence in themselves, or in their system? Mark the difference When Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Doctor, becomes an invalid, he has that well-founded confidence in the immutable principles and certainty of his system, and his own knowledge and experience, than he will be his own doctor; judging that if he is not capable of doctoring himself, he is not fit to doctor you. Is that not correct? No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

PURGATIVE PILLS have become a settled necessity with the American people. Indeed, cathartics always have been and always must be used, in some form, by all mankind. In this country, the pilular form of administration has been growing in favor since pills were first made of Aloes and Rhubarb, rolled into a ball. Their high position in the public confidence has finally been secured and fastened into permanency, by AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS. the most skillful combination of medicine for the diseases they are intended to cure, that science can devise or art produce. Those who need pills, no longer hesitate what pills to take if they can get Ayer's Pills.—[*Wheeling (Va.) Press.*

FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF WATER CURE ON THE PACIFIC.—It is very singular, yet true, that not one of a number of persons claiming to have been pupils of Dr. Thrall's Hydropathic College, and professing to hold his diplomas, who have located at various points on this Coast during the past seven years, after continual ups and downs, maintain their original location, and in fact it is not an easy affair to find any one of them at this present writing. From which facts Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, argues either that Dr. Thrall's system must be sadly inefficient, or that his pupils must sadly discredit his teachings. No other conclusion can be arrived at. It must be distinctly understood that Dr. Bourne never was a pupil of Dr. Thrall, but believes he was in practice before him some years, and has a far better system of treatment, or he would probable have fared the fate of Thrall's pupils, and been a source of amusement to the allopathic doctors, instead of being a thorn in their flesh. Dr. Bourne has been a permanent resident of San Francisco during, say fourteen years, and has removed only twice in nearly twelve years. *

"ON TRANSLATING THE DIVINA COMMEDIA."

I LIFT mine eyes; and all the windows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side,
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!

Atlantic Monthly. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE GROCER'S STORY.

"I WAS a young man, and a poor one then, and had a hard struggle to make my little shop keep my family. It was only by pinching and saving, and keeping a sharp look-out for every bargain, that I managed it at all. We lived in a shabby little street, and had only very poor customers. A loaf of bread, a quarter of a pound of butter, and two ounces of black tea was quite an order; and most of those that came wanted trust.

"One day when I had been to the market I brought home half a dozen hams and hung them up about the door, more for show than anything else, for hams was a good holiday dinner in those regions, and not an every-day affair, I can tell you. They went off slowly, as I thought they would. Now and then some one would come in for a pound, and once I sold half of the smallest one to a woman who wanted it for her Sunday dinner. She was to pay me on Monday morning, but she never did, for on Sunday night her husband killed her with a rum bottle, and they took her body past my shop with its poor head all beaten out of shape.

"And so the hams hung there through the summer, and through the fall, and quite on into the winter.

"It was just as the December nights began to grow long and dark and cold, that I noticed a new policeman on our beat—a young handsome-looking fellow, with very bright eyes, but with such thin cheeks and hands, although he seemed to be powerfully built and made for a rather stout man, that I could not help watching him and wondering whether he had been ill or not. The first time that I noticed him was about sunset, and he passed and repassed my window a dozen times, looking all the while straight at those hams which dangled from the frame of the awning. 'I hope he means to buy one,' I said to my wife, as we sat together over the tea-table; 'and I shouldn't wonder if he did, for he seems to have taken quite a fancy to them.'

"But the evening passed, and though I saw him every now and then on the other side of the way, looking across with his bright eyes straight at the hams, he did not come in or speak to me on the subject. And so I made up my mind that he would send for it in the morning, and somehow made so sure of it that whenever I saw a decent-looking woman go by with a basket on her arm, I said: "That's the policeman's wife coming after the ham." I was mistaken, however; and after the street lamps were lighted I began to see the man pacing up and down, up and down, up and down, with his eyes still fixed as they had been the night previous upon the hams. Once he caught me peeping at him, and then he turned so red and looked at me with such a wolfish glitter in his eyes, that I grew angry, and said to myself: "It's well that keeping unsaleable articles isn't a crime in this country, for if it was I should expect to be arrested.' So I gave him back his look, turned on my heel, and walked back into the shop. I did not see him again that night; but long after everything had been taken in and locked up, and I was snug in bed, I heard a tramp, tramp, tramp, upon the pavement, and knew it was the new policeman, and that he was looking at the hooks where the hams hung, as well as though I had seen him.

"On the third evening he was there again; that you may say was no wonder, for it was his duty to be upon that beat and no other; but it was curious that he should keep on staring at those hams with those bright wolfish eyes of his. I didn't like it, though I couldn't have said why. A vessel had been wrecked at sea about that time, and an extra, with the latest news of the disaster, came out that evening I bought a paper, and sat down behind the counter to read it. It was a stormy night, and but few customers came in, and those were easily served, and somehow, between reading and thinking, time passed on, until the clock struck eleven, and I had not yet taken in my goods or put up my shutters.

"Just as I was about to do so, (in fact I had already put my hand upon the first piece of the shutter) my door opened, and an old woman came in. She was a sottish, miserable creature, known about the place as Irish Kate, and, with her red nose and bleared eyes and bloated limbs, was as ugly a figure as any one ever cast eyes upon. 'Another dram, I suppose,' I said to myself, going behind the bar at once, for I wanted to get rid of her as soon as possible. But she, to my surprise, came close up to me, and put her great red paw upon my arm.

"'I've made a diskivery, mister,' she said. 'You've not been keeping a bright lookout as ye should; there's been a thafe at work widout this blessed night.'

"'What thief!' I asked.

"'More than I can tell ye,' she answered. 'But I think its a policeman, no less, the blackguard.'

"'A policeman!' I cried, and my thoughts flew at once to the man I had seen staring at my hams.

"'It's too dark to see his face,' she said; 'but I caught the shine of a star on the coat he had on, and who iver it was took a ham from your pegs and hid it in the ash-box beyant the cornor. Ye'll find it there, if ye look; and now ye'll not refuse an old woman a sup o' whisky for the information?'

"I gave the old creature what she wanted, hurried her out of the shop and put up the shutters, growing angry every moment.

"'If it is the policeman I'll make him pay dearly for it!' I exclaimed, as I slunk along the sidewalk to the corner, keeping in the shadow all the way, and when I stood beside the box and saw by the light of the lamp, close by, that the ham was there, wrapped in something which looked like a handkerchief, I bit my lips and clenched my hands with rage. Had it been a common thief I should not so much have minded; but a policeman! it was more than I could stand. So I crouched myself in a doorway and waited. The watch were relieved at twelve o'clock; I knew that, and knew also that this would be the time when my policeman would come to take the ham from out of its hiding-place. And sure enough, when the time came, I heard him challenge the man who was to take his place and come marching down toward the corner. I let him get the ham under his arm before I stirred, but then I pounced on him like a tiger.

"'I've got you!' I cried. 'A pretty policeman you are, indeed; but you shall suffer for it; you shall suffer for it, I can tell you.'

"He struggled with me for a moment like a wild thing, and then all of a sudden dropped the ham and fell down in a helpless sort of a heap upon the ground.

"'I'm a ruined man!' he groaned, 'a ruined man! there's no hope for me now. Oh my God! my wife—my poor little wife!' and he burst out crying like a woman.

"The sight softened me, but I was angry still.

"'You should have thought of that before you become a thief,' I said. 'If the guardian of a man's property is not to be trusted, what is to become of him? And you look like a gentleman—you do not seem like a scoundrel; how have you ever stooped to do such a disgraceful thing as this?'

"He was standing beside me now, and the lamp fell upon his face. It was white as any corpse's, and his eyes glittered terribly.

"'I'll tell you what made me do it,' he said; 'it was the only thing which could have driven me to an act like that; my wife and child are starving—starving, I tell you, and I have nothing for them!'

"'Policemen's families don't often starve,' I said, with a sneer.

"'My God! can't you believe me—won't you believe me?' panted the man. 'I have only been appointed three days; I have not received a cent of salary yet. I have been ill a long while, and had neither money nor credit. Last night we went to bed supperless; to-day there has not been a crust in the house, and those hams tempted me, and I meant to pay you afterwards.'

"He covered his face with his hands, and I could see great tears dripping through his fingers, and before I knew it my own cheeks were moist, and so we stood silent with the ham lying between us on the ground.

"At last he turned towards me and said: 'Do what you like with me. The last hope is gone.'

"But I put my hand on his arm, and said: 'God forbid that I should take that last hope from you, that I, of all men, should be the one to ruin you. If your story is true—and I believe it is—I pity you more than I blame you.'

"He looked at me in a sort of bewildered way, as though he scarcely understood me, and I took him by the arm and led him back to the shop. There I filled a basket with bread and butter, and coffee, and put the ham on top of all. 'Take it home to your wife,' I said, 'you'll pay me when you get your salary, and if you are in need before that time, come to me. I'm a poor man myself, and I can feel for other poor men.'

"I shall never forget that man's face in all my life, so wondering, so thankful, and so awe-stricken. All he said was: 'God bless you," but there was a whole sermon in those three words, and I slept better for them.

"On Christmas night he paid me every cent, and from that day until I left the neighborhood dealt with me regularly. But times grew so much better that I took a store in a good street at the other end of the town, and, one way and another, saw no more of my policeman for three good years.

"One night, just such a cold night as that on which I first saw him staring at the hams, I was awakened long after midnight by a cry of fire. I started up to see the flames through the floor, and to know the store down stairs was all ablaze. The stairs were on fire also, and when I opened the entry door the hot air and smoke rushed in and almost smothered me, I gave up all hope of getting my wife and helpless little ones out of that burning building alive and safe. Help came to us, however, and, though in clambering down the ladder, I slipped and broke my arm, I was thankful when I saw that all were safe. I was so faint and ill from the accident, you see, that I hadn't all my wits about me, and believed there was no one missing. My blood ran cold when my wife, clasping her hands, with an awful look upon her face, screamed:

"'Our little Lucy, our little Lucy, is left behind!'

"She had slept with our hired girl since her baby brother was born, and the woman in her fright had forgotten her little one. There she was at the top of that burning building, out of the reach of any human help; it seemed to me, as I looked up at the walls, a great, red and yellow sheet of flame, with blue gleams here and there, as though the devilish heads were peeping out and grinning at us. Still, hopeless as it was, I should have gone back into the burning house and saved my baby or died with her if I had been able to stand. No one else would venture. It would be a foolish sacrifice of life, they said, for no doubt the child was already smothered by the smoke, and though I raved and pleaded, and made wild promises, they shook their heads, and only bade me have patience.

"Patience!" I thought that I was going mad as the face of my little girl—my sweet, pretty pet—rose up before me. But just then a tall man dashed through the crowd and came toward me.

"'Quick!' he shouted, 'which room is the child in—speak quickly—which room?'

"'The back room on the upper floor,' I groaned, and he dashed away from me, parting the throng with his strong arms, and in another moment I saw him mounting the ladder. I heard them calling him to come back, bidding him beware, and speaking of him as though he were dead, already. But he never heeded them, and as I saw him hidden by the black smoke which poured from the window, I covered my face and prayed that the angels who walked in the fiery furnace might go with him.

"Perhaps they did. Something stronger than an earthly thing must have been there, for in a few minutes—they seemed years to me then—we saw him coming down the ladder with something in his arms. 'The burnt body of my child, perhaps,' I thought, but as he came closer, I saw that it was my own laughing, living darling, with her blue eyes open and little arms about his neck.

"The roof fell in the next moment, but my treasure was safe and that was all I cared for.

"'What shall I say or do to thank you,' I said, as I grasped his hand. 'I'm a ruined man, and I can only give you my blessing; but let me know your name at least.'

"'Have you forgotten me? don't you remember me?' he said, as he bent over me. 'Look again.'

"I did, and I saw a pair of bright gray eyes, a face I knew, and something glittering on his breast. And the scene at the corner of the dirty little street, on a wet December night, came back to me, and I saw my policeman once more.

"'It is you,' I said, 'and you have saved my child from such an awful death."

"'And what did you save me and mine from?" he said, with tears in his eyes.—'Starvation, ruin, utter degradation. I should have been a felon, and my dear ones paupers this night, but for you. I have not paid the debt; I never can; but when I heard that it was your child that lay at the top of that burning building, I prayed that I might save it, and I know God heard me.'

"And then he told me what had brought him to the neighborhood on that night of all others in the year.

"I had lost all, for I was not insured, but he was prosperous and stood by me like a brother; nursed me through my illness, and loaned me money for a new start in life. So that in a little while things grew bright again, and here I am, you see, as comfortable as most people."

"And the policeman?" I asked.

"His hair is as white as my own now," said the old man. "And my daughter, the little one he saved that night, is married to his son."

FAT MEN.—Our corpulent readers will not object if we say a few words in their favor. It is said to be a fact that no fat man was ever convicted of murder. Stout people are not revengeful, nor as a general rule, are they agitated by violent gusts of passion. To parade a fat housebreaker in the criminal dock at the Quarter Sessions would be a phenomenon indeed. The fellow who works with skeleton keys is generally a lean and wiry individual, as he can only force himself through holes scarcely large enough to admit a cat. Imagine a fat man doing these things, and then imagine him alarmed and running away, with a policeman after him. Corpulency is not the sign of villainy, but rather of good nature and good will to all men.

IF a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would probably become a very modest man indeed.

UNREQUITED.

THE words that trembled on your lips
Were uttered not—I knew it well!
The tears that would your eyes eclipse
Were checked and smothered ere they fell;
The looks and smiles I gained from you
Were little more than others won. . . .
And yet you are not wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

You know—at least you might have known—
That every little grace you gave,
Your voice's somewhat lowered tone,
Your hand's first shake or parting wave,
Your every sympathetic look
At words that chanced your soul to touch
While reading from some favorite book—
Was much to me—alas! how much!

You might have seen—perhaps you saw—
How all of these were steps of hope
On which I rose, in joy and awe,
Up to my passion's lofty scope:
How, after each, a firmer tread
I planted on the slippery ground,
And higher raised my venturous head
And ever new assurance found.

May be, without a further thought,
It only pleased you thus to please;
And so to kindly feelings wrought
You measured not the sweet degrees:—
Yet, though you hardly understood
Where I was following at your call,
You might—I dare to say you should!—
Have thought, how far I had to fall.

And thus when, fallen, faint, and bruised,
I see another's glad success,
I may have wrongfully accused
Your heart of vulgar fickleness:—
But even now, in calm review
Of all I lost and all I won,
I cannot deem you wholly true,
Nor wholly just what you have done.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

Brigandage still continues to be the opprobrium of some of the fairest regions of Italy. The permanence of this inveterate evil is one of the most remarkable of the moral phenomena which the history of Italy presents. All the measures that have hitherto been taken for its eradication have more or less failed, and it really seems as if the practice had in the course of ages completely wrought itself into the character and habits of a portion of the people; for the province in which brigandage still chiefly prevails is the one in which it has existed from the earliest times. It is nearly co-extensive with the ancient Samnium, some of the mountain tribes of which had given themselves up from time immemorial to a predatory life. They had amassed considerable wealth when they first came in contact with the Romans. Their arms were highly finished and costly, and, according to Cæsar, supplied models for those of the Roman troops. Neither time nor the surrounding civilization has effected much change in the habits and character of this people. The bandit is here still a popular hero. The tradition and tales of his exploits pass from generation to generation, and are equally the delight of childhood, youth, and age. A traveller, attracted by curiosity to these savage regions, and struck with the surpassing beauty of some village belle, would probably be told, in a confidential whisper, that the girl who could have commanded the hand of the wealthiest peasant in the district, is betrothed to the noble brigand chief whose home is among the distant hills. There are, however, two distinct descriptions of brigandage, —one normal, the other accidental. The professional brigand is often the father of a family, cultivating his paternal fields in the intervals of his lawless occupation, proud of his ancestral honors, and not without a certain sense of religion; for, kneeling before the humble picture of the Virgin, which imparts, as he believes, a sanctity as well as a grace to his cavern, he invokes her blessing, and proceeds, in the full confidence of her favor, on his adventure of rapine and blood. In some districts the lower orders sympathize with brigandage and support it; and the better classes are coerced by a system of terrorism into complicity. Military measures may have checked, but they have been ineffectual to suppress it A condition of society in which almost the whole population are banded together in a league against government and law. is a phenomenon produced by the combination of many causes, Much is attributable to the long impoverished condition of the peasantry, and to their social isolation. "Neapolitan brigandage," says Count Maffei, whose former official connection with the province enables him to speak with authority on the subject, "is only the symptom of the decay that for centuries has been constantly undermining that unhappy country. The peasant there has no interest to bind him to the soil, and even the persons whom we call proprietors are far from being owners of the land. In those districts there is a part of the population designated by the name of terrazzani, who have actually nothing to live upon but the proceeds of plunder and theft. The misery and destitution of these classes are the direct causes of brigandage. When the poor laborer compares the brigand's life with his own wretched lot, he cannot avoid drawing conclusions far from favorable to the cause of law and order; and we cannot wonder that that romantic existence lures him from the constant labor and misery to which, in his own station, he is hopelessly condemned. The voice of conscience is silenced, and he betakes himself to a course of life which appears to him a legitimate way of obtaining his livelihood."

Such has been for centuries the social state of the country, and multitudes of the poor resorted to brigandage almost as if it were an honorable and lucrative calling; a statement which is confirmed by the fact, that of 375 brigands in the gaols of the province of La Capitanata in the month of April. 1862, 293 were laborers (praccianti); while in those districts where the laborers and proprietors stood in a more satisfactory relation to each other, brigandage attracted only a few of the worst characters, and was easily put down. In the districts on the borders of the Papal States, where it is a foreign importation, bands of brigands are organized without difficulty. Sheltering themselves on the Roman side of the frontier, they make irruptions into the Italian territory, emboldened by the certainty that, at the approach of danger, there is always a safe retreat in their rear.

The country recently infested by political brigandage has been not the Abruzzi nor Calabria, but a district about fifty miles to the east of Naples, and the line of frontier bordering upon the Papal States, between Sora and Terracina. The contest with brigandage has been harassing and obstinate, and has proved one of the greatest impediments to the progress of Southern Italy; "but," as Count Maffei justly says, "if brigandage had no support but its own strength, a fourth of the troops which have been contending with it would have been sufficient to put it down."

The losses sustained between the years 1860 and 1864 by the brigand hordes which have kept the Neapolitan provinces in a state of chronic anarchy. show that the work of extermination is not being efficiently performed:

Brigands shot [executed]	1038
Killed in conflict with the troops	2413
Total killed	3451
Taken prisoners	2768
Total	6219

In the same period 932 brigands voluntarily surrendered. A story is related by Count Maffei which shows that there exists a certain sense of honor even among these outlaws. The general officer in command of the military division of Avellino came suddenly upon a party of fourteen brigands. Surprised and surrounded, they requested permission to attend a mass at the nearest church before they surrendered, stipulating only for their lives. As Christmas was at hand, they asked permission after mass to spend that holiday with their friends, pledging themselves to return on a stated day. The officer, curious to ascertain whether the word of a brigand could be trusted, granted their request, and, to his surprise, all returned at the time appointed, but accompanied by eleven more brigands, who voluntarily surrendered. Touched by their honesty, the officer desired them to go home again until the first day of the new year, and to return on the second. They all reappeared, but with twenty additional brigands, who also gave themselves up. This proves that conciliation may not be without its advantages. We should be glad to hear that each commune had been made responsible for the acts committed within its bounds.

A Commission was appointed by the Italian Government in 1861 to inquire into the best means for removing from the country the disgrace of brigandage. The recommendations of the Commission include the diffusion of education, the extinction of certain feudal privileges which have been found to operate unfavorably on the condition of the peasant. the drainage of marsh lands, the encouragement of public works, and, above all, the construction of roads. No country in Europe, not even excepting Spain, is so ill provided with roads as Italy. The Government of ancient Rome constructed great military ways, and made a few roads for the convenience of the luxurious patricians leading to fashionable watering places, such as Baiæ and Naples; but the country south of the capital was inhabited chiefly by shepherds, and roads were therefore scarcely required. La Basilicata, a province nearly equal in extent to the whole of Tuscany, is to the present day almost entirely without carriage roads. The inhabitants of such a country must necessarily be unable to hold much intercourse even with such small centres of civilization as exist, and commerce must be almost unknown. The immense tract which separates the Abruzzi from La Capitanata is equally destitute of roads. Beneventum, situated in a *cul de sac*, has only that leading towards Rome and Naples. In the province of the Neapolitan capital itself twenty-four communes are totally unprovided with roads; and of the whole 1848 communes of the former Neapolitan kingdom, there were, in 1860, 1321 entirely without carriage ways.

Something has already been done by the Italian Government to supply a want so indispensable to the progress of the country. Military roads have been cut through the peninsula of Monte Gargano, and it is consequently no longer infested by banditti. But the moral remedies for the plague of brigandage,—the sad inheritance from long ages of misgovernment and neglect—remain in a great degree to be applied.—*London Saturday Review.*

LIVE WIVES AND DEAD HUSBANDS.

THERE'S John, reading his newspapers. You might drive nails into his temples, and he wouldn't know it. Look at him!—legs up, head thrown back, and a cigar in his mouth—the very picture of absorbed enjoyment. Three papers he has there; he will read them all, till he has gleaned every particle of news. One good hour he has been at it. Now if I say to him, "John, what is the news?" he will reply "Oh, none—nothing in particular. There are the papers —take 'em if you like."

Now nobody in his senses believes that John has been employed one good hour reading "nothing." He is just too lazy to tell what he has read—that's the amount of it. Now I would much rather read those papers than mend this coat of his. It is really too bad of John; he might have given me something to think about while I was doing it. An idea! Suppose I try this lazy system on him. Now if there's anything men like when their wives come home with a budget of news, it is to have them sit down and entertain them with it —not about troubles or servants, of course, but spicy little bits of gossip about their friend Jones' wife, and what the witty Mrs. Brown said on such an occasion, and how the pretty and saucy Miss —— said if she were Smith's wife she would ——. Oh, don't they like to hear all about it! and don't they like to question them as to how women think and feel on such and such subjects, which information they can only obtain from their wives. Of course they do; and when a bright little woman has chatted to them an hour or more, and told them more amusing things than you could count, and they have laughed and enjoyed it, what return do they make? Why, they just stretch themselves on the sofa and go to sleep.

Now I tell you what—I for one have borne this state of things long enough!' It is all owing to that vile lethargic tobacco. Before long we women will be expected to cut up their food, and feed them; they will be too lazy even to eat. Now I'll tell you what I mean to do—I am going to cut off the supplies till I get something back. I'll just try the monosyllabic system on John. He will say to-night, "Well, Mary, where have you been to-day? and what have you seen?" and I'll just answer, bending over my work, "Oh, I went out a little, and I didn't see anything in particular. Then John will take a scrutinizing look at me, and ask if I have the headache; and I shall answer sweetly, "No, dear." Then John will try again: "Well, Mary, did you go shopping?" "I? no—oh no, dear. I didn't go shopping to-day." Another look at me, and another period of reflection. "Have you heard any bad news, Mary?"—"No, John, I hope not. "Well—what then makes you so silent? You generally have so much to tell me, and you sometimes get off a very bright thing, if you did but know it. Something is the matter with you—what is it?" and John will come round and peep into my face. "Oh, pshaw! I know—you are paying me off for not talking," he will say, half-vexed, half-repentant.

Then I shall get up in the middle of the room, and hold forth. "Yes, John—that's just it. You haven't the ghost of an idea how horridly stupid you've grown! Don't I hate that lethargic tobacco! It is going to revolutionize society, let me tell you. We women are squirrel-like creatures, and can't stand it. No wonder all these awful trials fill the papers. You needn't laugh. I tell you it takes two to make home bright. Don't you suppose, you lazy thing, that a woman is as much perplexed, and worried, and sick of the practical at the end of the day as a man can be? Do you suppose she always feels like giving out the last remnant of her vitality to amuse a statue? I tell you she wants a response; and she would have it too, if a man's soul and body were not so tobacco-steeped that every sense and feeling is merged in the one drowsy desire to let the world and everything in it, including its wives, go to the dogs. And they *are* going, John! Now, lastly, I tell you-and all other Johns who may read this, that it is the very worst possible policy on your part, as you'd see if you ever read the papers with an eye to your own firesides, which you don't. You can wonder how Smith's wife or how Jones' wife could ever have done so-and so; but it never enters your slow heads to ask if the homes of these wives were silent and cheerless, and if their husbands took all their attempts to enliven them as matters of course, and gave no echo back; and that being the case. whether the bright sunbeams outside might not glitter too temptingly for their weariness."

And here I shall jump down from the chair, and, looking at John, shall see—that he is fast asleep! FANNY FERN.

'THE rule about rivers dividing kingdoms does not hold in Europe. The Danube, for example, flows through two kingdoms and two empires. It begins as a Protestant rivulet, becomes a Roman Catholic, and finally turns Turk.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City of all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS, C. H. WEBB. } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6. 1866.

Travelling Agent.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for The Californian.

Mr. John C. Robinson is authorized to act as Agent for The Californian.

Dr. W. F. Brandreth is requested to call at this office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Sketch of "J. S." is received and is under advisement.

L. S. D. L.—*New London, Conn.*—The poem "To —" will appear

"'Snap,' Smith's Dog," will appear in next week's Californian, in our next issue.

somewhat reduced in length, unless we shall receive some intimation from the author on or before Wednesday, to the effect that he is unwilling to have any editorial liberties taken with his manuscript.

"Astræa" will be welcome to a space in our columns, weekly, for her (or his) "Art Items."

"H. S. B."—The article presenting the argument against "Private Theatricals," is declined solely on account of its inordinate length. We are quite willing to present both sides of the question; and if "H. S. B." will take the trouble to present his, or her, views in a communication somewhat less prolix and diffuse, we will cheerfully give it space.

"BLACK SHEEP."

"Black Sheep," a new story by Edmund Yates, now publishing in Charles Dickens' Magazine, is commenced in the present number of The Californian. Edmund Yates is the author of "Land at Last," and other popular novels, and the fact that Charles Dickens has chosen him out of the entire field of popular English writers to furnish the leading serial for his magazine, *All the Year Round*, is alone a sufficient guarantee of his superiorty as a writer, and an undeniable voucher for the ability and quality of the story.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new volume confirms the opinion that in subtle skill in the use of language for producing effects similar to those produced by the arts that appeal to the sight, and in mastery of the mere music of verse, he is the greatest of English poets. The movement and rhythm of some of his anapæstic verses, altogether aside from the sense, are sometimes as ravishing as a delicious strain of music on the water of a midsummer night, and sometimes as wild and stiring as a bugle note. In making words and phrases do the work of colors he surpasses Shelley himself, and it is impossible to say anything stronger than this. Nevertheless, to a certain extent, he is "a word-cobbler," resorting to artifices to charm the ear, that often seem like mere tricks. He has, in particular, a certain art of employing alliteration and the repetition of the words, which no other English poet has ever possessed, or at any rate, which none has ever employed with such amazing effect. True, this is an art which neither Milton nor Wordsworth would have used, had they possessed the secret of it, and perhaps it is an artifice rather than an art, but that it ravishes the ear, and excites vague pleasurable emotions like those produced by certain kinds of music, is undeniable. The anapæst is a wonderful power in his hands, and he seems fully conscious of the fact, for it is his favorite foot. Of course, in estimating a poet of Mr. Swinburne's grade, and in estimating him as an artist, we have nothing to do with the supposed "moral tendencies," etc., of his poems. No really great artist ever worked to embody a moral, for every great artist *feels* if he does not know, that whatever is true and genuine of its kind carries its moral with it, and that memorable things in art cannot be achieved in the spirit in which edifying stories for good little boys are written. Therefore we are not going to lecture the poet on the score of his wickedness, sensuality and paganism. We would indeed have wished that his subjects had been different, and his manner of treating them different. We would have wished that his taste should turn less steadily in the direction of scoffing, libidinous, and atheistic song. But Mr. Swinburne is Mr. Swinburne, not Milton or Wordsworth. He must see through his own eyes, and speak of what he sees according to the depth of his own vision. Life and humanity and the universe are many-sided, and we are willing to see Mr. Swinburne's side; and though we cannot conscientiously recommend his new volume as a Sunday school book, we are not blind to its beauty and power. Finally, we are very far, indeed, from considering Mr. Swinburne a great poet in the larger and worthier sense. His vision is intensely keen, but narrow in its range. His mastery is in language rather than in thought. He could not endure the test of translation. Unless he could find a translator who possessed his own marvellous mastery of words and phrases, and tricks of rhythm and alliterative effects, all the bewildering charm and witchery and ravishment of his verse would evaporate and vanish in the process of the transfer into another language. His poetry is hot and feverish and lurid, and notwithstanding its marvellous power in certain directions it has no thoughtful depth, no contemplative wisdom, no serene and lofty beauty. He is blind to the nobler and sweeter aspects of life and humanity. With all his wealth of imagination, his splendor of phrase, his magical mastery of language and rhythm, he is absolutely poverty-stricken, in those loftier and more enduring elements that make the highest species of poetry a thing of beauty and a joy forever. On another page, the reader will find some excerpts from his last volume, from which he can judge for himself of the justice of our estimate of this the most brilliant and idiosyncratic poet of our generation.

THE TASTE OF OUR MEN OF WEALTH.

THOUGH there is much truth in the indictment against San Francisco Artists drawn by a correspondent, and which will be found on another page of our present issue, there are some of the counts, upon which we should be inclined to render a verdict of Not Guilty.

Our correspondent's picture of the existing state of things among us in reference to high art, is painfully accurate. There is little pure taste or genuine appreciation, except among classes that do not possess the means of affording substantial encouragement to genius. Unfortunately the great majority of those who are pecuniarily qualified to play the part of Mecænas, are destitute of every other qualification. If they buy books or pictures at all, they buy them as furniture, or because they consider it fashionable. But they do not really care for them or enjoy them, or believe in them. Neither as a general thing have they much faith in the sincerity of people who do profess to care about such things; they can understand how a man can be thoroughly in earnest in his admiration of a thousand dollar mirror, or of gorgeous upholstery, how he can grow enthusiastic over a choice *pate*, a particularly a fine cigar, or the latest fashionable brand of champagne; but that a sensible human being should derive much real and unfeigned pleasure from a picture or a poem, they can neither comprehend nor fully credit. In addition to the more blunt and manly class of wealthy materialists who do not disguise their contempt for "art nonsense," and who are in fact rather proud of it, it is not pleasant to consider how large a proportion of those who seem to take an interest in these matters, and who even go into raptures over what it is fashionable to admire, are either insincere or unintelligent in their admiration. A taste for music is more easily cultivated than a taste for either of the sister arts, and yet how large a share of the professed enjoyment of the higher order of music, is probably a mere affectation.

Our correspondent attributes this condition of things to the lack of "artists of great ability," whose works would be of so high a grade as to "educate the taste of the community." He thinks our wealthy men have "few or no opportunities to learn, if ignorant, what is really good." Now this appears to us to be taking up the difficulty at the wrong end, and confounding cause with effect. The cultivation of pure taste in the patrons of art, and of talent and genius in the artist, must advance together. All appreciation commences on a comparatively low plaine, and works upward gradually. The person who begins by honestly and unaffectedly admiring a sign-painter's daub, or the rudest ballad that ever jingled, may come in time to appreciate Turner or Tennyson. It is the Gallio who "careth for none of these things," whose case is hopeless, caused by art-objects no matter how little calculated those objects may be to satisfy a highly cultivated taste. If our wealthy citizens will only learn to interest themselves in art at all, they will soon learn to appreciate and admire what is genuine and worthy of admiration, more than the charlatan productions which are "made to sell." The importation of "great artists" is not what is needed. Let a taste for high art begin to develop itself, and the supply of a superior article will soon equal the demand for it. The genius and the capacity are here. What is really required is the taste that will appreciate, call for, and adequately reward the best and worthiest efforts of that genius and capacity.

We are indebted to Choyinski, of the Antiqnarian Bookstore on Second street, for a choice assortment of foreign and Eastern periodicals. Choyinski is the chief literary purveyor for the whole of that portion of the city south of Market street, and his "Circulating Library" includes all the more interesting new publications.

New Music.—"Truth in Absence," a new song, made popular by Miss Emma Howson, has just been published by M. Gray.

IDEALISTS IN POLITICS.

SO far as abstract questions are concerned there can be no compromise between right and wrong. But what is inadmissible in philosophy, or in theoretical ethics, is often not only necessary, but wise in practical affairs. So far as theory is concerned, we can accept nothing that falls short of the standard of ideal perfection; but in practice we must be content temporarily at least, with what is attainable. And the difference between the philosopher and the statesman commences precisely here; the former deals with theories and principles, the latter with measures. Expediency and the friction of present circumstance and surrounding, which are not admitted as elements into the calculations of the one, have a powerful influence with the other. In politics, there can be no real issue in regard to principles—at least no practical issue. This only arises when the abstract ideas and ethical or philosophical theories of hostile parties have been reduced to the shape of measures. Votes cannot be taken, or political campaigns conducted upon abstract issues. The question as between the theories of Reconstruction held by President Johnson and Congress respectively could never be practically settled so long as they retained a purely theoretical form. But when Congress embodied their ideas on the subject in a bill, a real political issue was presented.

Simple as these propositions may appear, it is from a lack of the perception of their truth that much of the acrimony and violence of our political warfare springs. The practical men who wish to do the best that the nature of the case will admit, misunderstand the theorists whom they denounce as visionaries, radicals and abstractionists; while the latter in their turn accuse the others of sacrificing principle to expediency. It is seldom that the philosopher is fit for the work of the statesman; indeed, it is rarely the case that either order of mind can comprehend and do justice to the other.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

IT cannot be said that San Francisco is illiberal in her patronage of artists. Thomas Hill, by a few years of labor on these shores has accumulated quite a snug little sum, and gone East to enjoy a brief period of leisure. We believe it is his intention to visit the French Exhibition of 1867.

Butman, also, is in the Eastern States, having retired for awhile to live upon the, by no means, moderate earnings of his pencil. Both of these artists have paintings on exhibition at Jones & Wooll's; the *View of the Yo-Semite*, by Hill, being one of the best of his works. At the same place is exhibited a new picture, by Nahl. The subject is a young native California Girl, standing at the door of a vine-clad cottage. Within is seen the dim figure of an old crone bending over a fire and preparing a meal. In the foreground are painted with wonderful exactness such household implements as one might see at every other kitchen door in the country. The picture presents very clever effects of natural and artificial light, but as a work of art, is hardly one the artist should be willing to risk his reputation upon.

Wandersforde has, at Roos' gallery, a view, in oil, of Clear Lake. The tone of this picture is excellent—the finish very perfect. Mr. Wandersforde has seldom exhibited oil paintings, but we have seen few, if any, executed by resident artists, possessing one tithe of the merit of this. We were shown at this gallery three water colors, two of them compositions, the third a view in the Yo-Semite Valley, by one whose name, in art circles, is almost unknown. They are from the pencil of William Keith, a young fellow townsman, and a beginner and student in art. These pictures are but studies, and are the first he has exhibited, but they show a promise of genius of the highest order. There is a vigor and freedom of style, truthfulness in effect, and brilliancy of coloring that no artist on these shores has yet equalled.

Bush shows two small pictures which betoken a commendable improvement in style.

Arriola, who paints with almost the rapidity of a Hoe printing press, has also at the same place, quite a number of pieces, remarkable only for the singular infelicity displayed in the choice of subjects, the atrocity of their coloring and the pertinacity with which they are displayed to the view of a bewildered public.

Denny, our only marine artist, seems to be idle, for we have seen nothing from his hand for a long time. Astræa.

California Dress Silk.—Messrs. Newman & Meyer, silk manufacturers of this city, completed, on Thursday last, their first dress pattern, and gave it a public exhibition at their manufactory, corner of Battery and Jackson streets. It was a very heavy fabric of black silk, soft and glossy, thirty-eight inches in width and twelve yards long. It was woven from raw silk imported from China. The raw material can be imported free, while the manufactured silk has to pay sixty per cent. duty. China and Japan now supply a large portion of the looms of Italy and France with raw silk, which can be laid down in California at very low rates, and can be profitably converted into dress goods under the present protective tariff.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me"
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Nosopoetic.

THE above is the pretty term which Dr. Rowell used in his lecture on swill-milk, which he delivered before the Dashaways. He used it because it was an uncommon word, and those of his audience who were unacquainted with the Greek language would not be able to guess at its meaning. Some persons thought when he called this milk "nosopoetic" that he referred to its smell. Most people thought it had something to do with a nose. Its use made the lecture sound learned. Had he used the word "noso-comical," many would have thought he was speaking of a snub nose—while, perhaps, nosopoetic might mean the poetic or Grecian nose. The housekeepers of San Francisco should be grateful to Dr. Rowell for teaching them this word. Let them try it on the milkman. What a stunning effect it would have on a milkman to say, "Wretched man you are discovered! Your milk is nosopoetic! Nosography has taught me that my blessed infant is murdered by you, and the nosocomical professors confirm my view of the case."

As there are many persons who will not take the trouble to search for the meaning of a word which they do not understand, perhaps they will be able to remember why swill-milk is called nosopoetic if we help them by putting it into rhyme, like the statement of the number of days in each month in the year:

Milk nosopoetic
Makes all the babies sick—
Gives them the stomach ache,
Keeps them all night awake;
Produces diseases.
And, while it appeases
The poor infant's craving
For food, sends it raving
Drunk quite, and it cries on,
Cause why? It's took pison!
Milk nosopoetic
All rules dietetic
Forbid to a babby—
It makes it grow flabby;
It never can nourish—
The babby won't flourish.
Of course all fond mothers
This very much bothers;
They know that a cow will
Drink swill—so says Rowell.
"Give 'Johnny' or 'Mary'"
No milk from a dairy;
Get a cow to supply it—
Just rent one or buy it.

MORAL.

Now, mothers, advice take. At once buy a cow—
Don't hesitate, doubting and wondering how
You'll feed it, and if you can make the spec pay,
The milkman finds "Where there's swill there's a way."

Mrs. Woxcackle on St. James' and the Jesuits.

MR. EDDYTER: Sir—I was indooced by some frends to take an interest in the St. James' Fair for the benefit of the Free pew Church now worshipping at Dashaway Hall; and accordingly, being a churchwoman, and as such opposed to dissent and conventercles, and meeting houses, and believing that there is no "church without a bishop," and that Dr. Wadsworth, and Dr. Scudder, and Dr. Stone; and Dr. Stebbins, and the rest of them dissenters have no more right to administer the sacrements than a chimbley sweep, not having the apostolical succession nor the three orders, I thought I was doing a Christian work in making up sofa cushions and afghans, and tidies, and such for the Fair; and mercy knows I spent money enough at Locan's for worsters and patterns, to keep a poor family in vittals for a month, and now after all, the Fair is a failure, the rumor being spread, which I regard as a wicked slander, that Mr. Eagan is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a disgnised Jesuit, and means to carry the church over to the Rouin Catholicks, for which he was sent over here from Rome by the Pope, and which I am sure Mr. Eagan never dreamed of, though I for one am sorry that he did give in about the beautiful uniform and the red vestures he appeared in, which the Bishop disapproved of, being nufortunately low church, wich I mean the Bishop, not Mr. E.

As to the Fair, I lost all interest in it when I saw it was being badgerized to that extent; and so, not being disposed to be dictated to and domineered over by offishus upstarts and new people that come from no one knows where, and who don't know who was their own grandmothers, I withdrew and retired, not wishing to have nothing more to do with it. Yonrs Respectful,

MARIA WOXCACKLE.

P. S. There are some religious people who are very fond of "doing good," as they call it, by which they mean taking the lead and making themselves conspickuus in everything that is going on in the church; hut they don't think that there is ennything good or Christian, unless they can he offishus and have the management, which I despise and abominate. If its on the strength of their rich husbands that they presoom, (which Mr. Woxcackle can buy and sell most of 'em) it certainly isn't because they contribute more than others, which is fur from the truth. Doing good indeed! But they shan't dictate to me, that I'm determined. M. W.

P. P. S. Last night, which was Friday, Mr. Woxcockle and me looked in again to the Fair; Mr. Woxcackle saying he thought he might "make sometbing on his luck, in the raffels," and that it was "as good sport as going to Steve Whipple's," which is unbeknown to me what he meant. But sure enough he did turn out lucky, for his number drawed a prize in Mrs. ——'s raffel. I must also in common cander take back what I said about the Fair being a failure, for the hall was full, which was owing to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands being advertised to be present, which was brought about in consequence of St. James' being a High Church, like Bishop Staley's of which Queen Emma is a dootiful member and communicant. All of which gave a hily aristocratic tone to the Fair last night. M. W.

Advice to Young People.

We are always charmed to meet with those paragraphs in newspapers which are headed "Advice to Young People." One of these has again started on its travels round the press, and is doing, no doubt, an immensity of good. We transfer a few of these moral maxims to this column in order—as "Mark Twain" advises—to give a moral tone to the "Lion's Mouth:"

"Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face."

We think it would be better, perhaps, to advise a young person to keep another person's secret and please himself about keeping his own. The second piece of advice is of course intended for young people who don't squint. The author of this edition of advice to young people is evidently one of the Legion—not that which choked the pigs, but the Temperance Legion—for he says "Drink no kind of intoxicating liquor." We should, in favor of good little boys who have their healths drunk on their birthdays, except raspberry wine which is an intoxicating liquor, though not severely so. Here is a piece of advice which is not very easy to follow:

"Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income."

Of course a young person can, when he has an income, live "within" it; hut, in the case of misfortune, it appears he is not expected to live within his income—that is, he is to live *without* it.

"Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper."

That is shocking advice. It is a good thing to be rich, hut getting rich is not always an honorable or pleasant occupation—so the sooner it is done the better. This string of moral maxims closes with the advice "Read over the above maxims at least once a week." We suppose the author of these maxims thought himself a perfect apostle. We expect he was the author of "The Advantages of Early Rising" and other works designed to make people uncomfortable. It is quite a work of supererogation to write advice to young people as long as there exists a work entitled "The Proverbs of Solomon." If young men would read those maxims ever once every week, they might very often prevent them from making fools of themselves.

Babies are Beasts.

Gail Hamilton, in her volume entitled "Gala Days," makes the assertion that babies are beasts. Oh, mothers of America, arise in your wrath and annihilate this Herod in petticoats! Fancy a *man* deliberately putting in print such a statement as this: "Childhood is preeminently the animal stage of existence. The baby is a beast—a very soft, tender caressive beast—a beast full of promise—a beast with the germ of an angel—but a beast still."

It is all very fine for Gail Hamilton to try to tone down the severity of her remarks by saying that a baby is a nice little beast, a pretty little beast, and all that sort of thing, but it won't do. She, directly after this, commences abusing it again, saying: "It is not so amusing as a monkey," and a week-old baby is "a puling, scowling, wretched, dismal, desperate-looking animal." Isn't this awful? Everyone who has ever had a baby—that is every mother—knows that a baby—that is, *her* baby—is an angel and gets wickeder and wickeder every day after it is old enough to go to school. Babies are beasts, are they, Gail Hamilton? We should not like to test your philosophy by calling one of your babies a beast (Gail Hamilton is married and has children we believe); we value our precious eyesight too much. Isn t it a pleasant reflection that beasts are of the kingdom of Heaven? Have you never read your Bible Gail Hamilton? Brillat Savarin in his "Hand-book of Dining," philosophizes on the manner in which man, who was at first frugiverous because he was too weak to kill animals fit for food, was lead to invent weapons first to defend himself and "his carniverous instinct represented by his canine teeth also urged him and, once armed, he preyed and fed upon all animals round him." He then continues: "This instinct of destructiveness still exists; children seldom fail to kill the little animals that are left at their mercy; if they were hungry they would eat them"

Of course Gail Hamilton will approve of this, and will call babies "destructive, slaughterous, carniverous beasts." Mothers ought to know whether babies are beasts or not. Gail Hamilton is probably a mother, so we may be wrong If mothers will drop their ideas on this subject into the *Lion's Mouth*, we will see that they are properly masticated and digested; and if they prove that babies are not beasts, then shall the *Lion's Mouth* utter fearful roars in defense of outraged and calumniated babyhood.

Humane.

The Sacramento *Union* professes a vast deal of "humane feeling" toward the *Alta*, which it seems to imagine stands in extraordinary need of sympathy. Says the Sacramento organ: "We are disposed to humane and would gladly throw the *Alta* a line to help it out of the ugly pool in which the collapse of Johnsonism has left that journal floundering. The catastrophe is pitiable. It would be a genuine case for sympathy but that even in its struggles to reach a firm footing on the right side of the great question of the day the victim frantically denies the solidity of the ground on which we stand and casts muddy spray in the face of truth."

We suspect there's a lurking taint of hypocrisy in this pretended commiseration. What galls the "Radical" provincial organ, is the *Alta's* lofty moral announcement that it wasn't going to "do right in bad company," and though Andy Johnson and his policy were all O. K. it was going to sail into both "because they were supported by Copperheads." The country paper can't understand the *Alta's* high-toned code of ethics. That's what's the matter.

Mr. Jefferson Snort on the Architects of San Francisco.

Our fervid and rather excitable anti-Bostonian correspondent, Mr. Jefferson Snort, sends us a communication for the "Lion's Mouth" embodying a particularly ferocious onslaught upon the architects of this city, which we feel somewhat delicate about publishing until we have consulted our attorney as to the liability which we might incur by so doing under the provisions of the law of libel.

The following is the least violent portion of the epistle:

MR. EDITOR:—I am by profession an architect, a profession which I have practised for thirty years, in several of the principal cities of the Republic. But if I remain in San Francisco, I shall have to abandon it or forfeit all right to my own self-respect. The men who call themselves "architects" here, are for the most part empirics and charlatans; many of them are mere illiterate scrubs, destitute of the very rudiments of a professional education. * * * It is scarcely credible—it is monstrous, and yet it is the congelated truth, that men who were boss carpenters at home, and who couldn't tell a Corinthian from a Doric column, or furnish an answer to the query whether the Pantheon was a Gothic structure or not, have the effrontery to set up here for "architects!" * * * They have no *esprit du corps* and no decent respect for the honorable usages of their profession. * * They underbid one another, and practice the most despicable arts to obtain employment. Some of them even take work *for nothing* to bring themselves into notice. Nearly *all* are willing to "go into competion" on the quack principle of "no cure no pay." Let me instance: * * * In short, sir, I am disgusted. They are meaner and more grovelling than the pettifoggers of the Justice's Courts, more degraded than quack doctors, more jealous than rival singers or poets. They remind me of a nest of wriggling and hissing vipers, in which every viper is struggling to rear his head above the heads of his fellows. There are some exceptions, hut they are disgustingly few It makes me sick to think of it.

Yours indignantly, JEFFERSON SNORT.

All an Illusion.

The "heavy editor" of the Owyhee *Avalanche* has made the astounding discovery that "the sensation of shaking hands with a great man" is pretty much the same as that experienced in shaking hands with an ordinary mortal." He thus records his "experience:"

"Quite a number of men, of whom we've heard much and seen little, have visited our camp recently. In our rural simplicity, we always supposed that one would experience an unusual sensation when privileged to 'touch flesh'—shake hands—with the great; but it's all a delusion, else we're mistaken in the flesh we've touched; and this can hardly be, for among them are Judge Lowe of the Supreme Bench of Iowa; Messrs. Ladd and Tilton, Portland and New York bankers; Mr. Thompson, of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company; and Major-General Steele, Commanding Department of Columbia. We find all these gentlemen very agreeable people; like the most of us, looking out for their financial interests—except General Steele, who is interested in our red brethren and District Commander."

A Distinguished Member of Howard No. 3.

On Wednesday there was grief among the members of Howard Engine Company No. 3. Every man in the company felt that he had lost a friend. Death had stricken down one of their number, against whom no evil could be uttered. The friend whom they all mourned, was one who valued the friendship of the poorest of them as much as that of the rich, one who knew no deceit but was honesty and integrity itself. A member of the Company for fourteen years at the time when up to the hour of death, an active member still. Fanny died of old age and hard work in the Volunteer Fire Department at three minutes past 6 on Wednesday last. Fanny came of good family, being the daughter of a long line of settlers. Fourteen years ago Fanny, in consequence of some slight, no doubt, left her home, being at the time in an interesting condition. She entered the engine house of the Howards—mistaking it perhaps for a lying-in hospital—was hospitably received, and within a very short period of time after reaching this asylum became the mother of six interesting puppies. From that day up to the time of her death, Fanny has endeavored to pay the debt of gratitude which she felt was owing to the Howards. The faintest tap on a far distant bell, was immediately responded to by "3's dog." Fanny was always the first to hear the bell, and was never known to cease barking until the boys made preparations to run out the engine. We fear that had people whom good dogs bite, instinctively knowing that they deserve to be bitten, will not think that the fact of Fanny's having, since she took up her abode in the engine house, been the mother of ninety six dogs creditable to her. The Howards, however, always took good care of Fan at these times, and no delicacies were thought too good for the mother and her progeny. On Thursday night Fanny's body was enclosed in a burial case—not "a patent metalic" one—and placed on the hose carriage. Many mourners followed her remains to the grave at the corner of Mission and Spier streets. It is a pleasure to write an obituary notice of one concerning whom no harm can be said, and whom, as far as regards honesty and fidelity, not even a tombstone could flatter.

The "Times."

It is rumored that Mr. Craig, of the Eastern Associated Press, arrived in San Francisco by the last steamer, for the purpose of settling the difficulty about the *Times* obtaining the despatches. McClatchy says the *Times* is sure to get the despatches. McCrellish denies it. McCarthy says "we shall see." *We* say, let the "Macs" settle it among themselves.

Scene in a Segar Store.

Fast Young Man (Addicted to making puns)—Will you take a smoke, as the Pine street mill says to Montgomery street?

Montgomery Street Lounger—Don't care if I do. I'm used to it.

WE ARE compelled to observe that quite a number of our Atlantic literary exchanges are in the habit of republishing articles from THE CALIFORNIAN, without credit. What is still more in violation of the code of journalistic etiquette, they not unfrequently transfer poems and sketches written for THE CALIFORNIAN to their own columns as original contributions. Several of Emilie Lawson's poems, which first appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN, have been thus appropriated by the New York literary weeklies; and, in the last number of the *Review*, an excellent and high-toned journal, we find a poem by Charles Warren Stoddard, entitled "The Woodpecker," which was written for THE CALIFORNIAN and appeared in its columns about a year ago, republished with the line "For the N. Y. Weekly Review" over the title. We are quite confident from what we know of the character and standing of the *Review*, that there must be some satisfactory explanation of the matter, which will completely exonerate our contemporary from the suspicion of intentional wrong doing.

WEALTHY MINES.—The largest income tax paid in California is that returned by Jules Fricot of Nevada county; which is $181,511. His partners in mining, Messrs. Ripert and Pralus, return an income over $91,000 each. There are quite a number of others engaged in mining in the same county, whose incomes range between $40,000 and $100,000.

CONSCIENCE.

IT is an old and a trite saying, but not on that aecount tbe less correct, that a vast amount of the miscbief doue in the world is done by conscientious people. Writers, and more especially theological writers, have been in the habit of talking of conscience as if it were an unwritten Bible, a divinely appointed guide implanted by Providence in tbe heart of each individual to tell him what is right and what is wrong. The assumption that sucb an oracle exists within us is purely arbitrary; and if it be true tbat individual consciences have been the cause of many errors and of many erimes, it is merely an identical and self-evident proposition to maintain that conscience is not infallible. The admirable sermon in *Tristram Shandy* points ont how even St. Paul abstains from telling us that he has a good eonscience, and contents himself with saying that be *trusts* he has a good one, which is a diffcrent matter. And if bigotry, intolerance, and persecution are evils; if the many fanatical excesses that have disgraced evcry seetion of Christendom. our own included, are blots upon the annals of religion, it is evident that conscience itself is not always an unmixed blessing. A large part of Mr. Lecky's *History of Rationalism* might indeed, without impropriety, have been styled a history of the blunders of the human conscienee. For, like the oracle of Delphi, the oraeles of conscienee commit continually every conceivable mistake; they sanction what is evil, they condemn what is good, they are tortuous, partial, and obscure, and not seldom, when their influence is most required, they are dumb.

Most persons who think even superficially upon the subject will be forced to admit all this; but when it eomes to dealing with the ordinary affairs of life, we generally fall back upon our old allegiance to conscience, and wheuever we feel a disposition to be virtnous, we show it by obeying tbe minute whims and caprices of our "moraal instinct." Few preserve the golden means betweeu two opposite extremes. Either we neglect reason and the generous dictates of our hearts altogether, or we rush blindly into the other excess, and treat conscience like a wilful child, to be petted and humored at all hazards. How irrationally men and women may act while they are oecnpied in piously burning incense to this fictitious idol of their own creation, may be seen almost every hour of the day.

We need not go to history for instances of the fatuity of conscienee; we have plenty in our own drawing-rooms and at our own dinner-tables. One of the great difficulties in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures is to know when and where to draw a line. Naturc has no straight lines ready made; and in the same way it may be said that morality has no straight lines ready made; and there is no wide gulf, like that which separated Lazarus and Dives, to separate what is bad from what is good. The definition of virtue depends upon the circumstances through whose labyrinth it is the task of virtue to guide us with the golden thread, and, as the circumstances shift, tbe conception of wbat is best to be done under the circumstances must shift too. Accordingly, drawing lines is a nice and a continual occupation for anxious domestic moralists. If they employed reason upon the task, the results obtained would, at all events, be consistent and intelligible. But tbey employ in its stead that sort of vague moral sensibility to which they give the name of conscience, and the consequence is that they are usually landed in a maze of inconsistent absurdities.

If we could only unravel the history of any individual conscience, and see how it has grown to be what it is, our reverence for the name would not be increased. It is nothing better than a collective term applied to the sum total of moral sensibilities we possess, however, they may have been acquired, or on whatever foundation they may be based. The atmosphere, intellectual or religious, in which we have been brought up, the books we have read, the praise and blame we have seen distributed by others, the ideas we have admired in secret ourselves—all are represented in this single word. The force of association is nowhere exemplified more completely than in reference to our moral sentiments, and the manner in which they lay hold of our imagination. Every wave of human thought and experience, by means of oral or written education, finds its way, sooner or later, into conscience's cave. The delicate moral sense of a cultivated man or woman is a plant that has been fed by every sort of wind under heaven. Literature, society, imagination, books, men, dreams—all have gone into the mill, and helped to turn out our conscience as it is. A sense which is the product of such a weighty combination is not a sense to be unduly disparaged.

The advantage, on the other hand, of not closing one's eyes to the heterogeneous elements of which conscicnce is compounded, is that we learn to persurde ourselves thereby that one of the businesses of life is to weed aud reform conscience. The first thing that strikes one is the excessive difficulty of the operation. Most people so utterly depend, for whatever there is in them of good, upon their moral sensibility, that the business of prunning it appears as perilous as the Irishman's amusement of whittling away the signbdard on which he himself was seated. It is like snipping away at the rope by which we are suspended in mid-air. And there is something which seems like profanity in cutting down even prejudices which have become interwoven, in the course of time, with pious ideas or with generous emotions. Like the woodman's tree, they sheltered us in youth, and we do not feel inclined to desert them simply because argument for them is weak and wanting. Yet, the more sensitive and receptive a thing conscience is, the more it is capable of being formed and moulded by ourselves at our own will. Reason will make as good a centre for sentiment to grow round and to cling to as prejudice, and the sentiment thus planted is less likely to be torn up by the roots. The excuse so often put forward by a man, that he has acted according to his conscience, is not then an apology for a blunder or a folly. A man can make his own conscienee, just as he can raise his own watermelons. It is as much his duty to prevent it from becoming an inconvenient and tangled and matted growth of damp moral feeling as it is the business of a gardener to keep his fences clipped and to weed his gravel walks. It is true that men are to be judged according to their lights, but that is no reasou why they should not trim their lamps.

The principle on which each individual lamp may best be trimmed is not so easily defined. But the general history of human error, if it ever is written, will doubtless show that as fruitful a sonree of error in the past as any has been the self-assertion of Conscience over Law. Men take their wild growth of moral impressions and susceptibilities, however they may have been produced, and set them up in the plaee of maxims of universal application. The first thing, then, to be done to most eonsciences would be to see that their dictates are consonant with some code that will hold good for mankind at large. If not, conscience must be reformed till it speaks in a different toue. So to act as if each action were to be made the fonndation for a universal social law was Kant's golden rule; and one is never more likely to be impressed with its value than when one has been reflecting on the erratic variations of that untrustworthy compass, the human eonscience. The absurdity of intolerance, or bigotry, or prejudiced obstinacy, or even of those numerous and faneiful lines which eonscicnce in slighter matters draws, will become at once apparent if we endeavour for a moment to think of any of them as elevated to the position of an universal dogma.

California Wines.—The New York *Home Journal* has the following upon our wines: "The opening of the California wine region is most opportune. There, in the virgin soil and blander atmosphere of the sunny slopes of the Pacific, the vine flourishes in all its pristine health and vigor. It grows almost without human care, spreading its branches over the earth and bearing its rich loads of fruit year after year, scarcely failing once in a century. California is unmistakably one of nature's most carefully prepared wine-gardens. It is not surprising that these wines have become so popular in this country, and are taking the place of all others. To persons whose tastes have been perverted by the fiery, vitiated compounds which pass in the market for foreign wines, these pure California juices seem at first rather weak, and their delicate aromas and flavors fail of appreciation; but all natural, healthy tastes find in them the requisites of a perfect wine—a refined and delicious enjoyment of the palate: a genial nutriment which assimilates kindly with tbe blood, and a gentle stimulant which imparts a permanent tone and vigor to the system, without the injurious reaction of drugged and alcoholic mixtures. Such being their character, we cannot but rejoice to see them coming into general use, believing as we do that their introduction must tend powerfully to promote healtb and temperance."

Underground Travelling in London.—Underground travelling increases at a surprising rate. In the first six months of 1863, the number of passengers conveyed on the Metropolitan line was 4,823,437; in 1864, for the same period, it was 5,207,335; in 1865, it was 7,462,823; but in tbe first half of the present year it rose to 10,303,395. The revenue has correspondingly increased; in tbe first of the four periods it was £53,058; in the last, the sum amounted to £102.947, a prodigious sum to make up of sixpences, threepennies, and peuce. The overground traffic, however, along the same route remains much the same as it was before the Underground Railway was opened. The result is one of good augury for the other underground lines now in process of construction.

Interesting to Ladies.—Among tbe novel inventions of the day, is one by a down-Easter, who has patented a lady's garter, consisting of a soft, flexible band, which is to be clasped around a lady's leg, next to the skin, over which the stocking is to be drawn, and the usual elastic garter placed, so as to encircle the stocking directly over the band, and thus all uneasiness occasioned by the elastic binding the limb too tightly is obviated; besides this, the stocking is held up more securely and neatly.

The oldest house in the United States now standing as originally built, is the Rev. Dr. Whitfield's, at Guildford, Connecticut. It was built in 1639, and the stone walls and oakwork remain in good condition.

Chinese Literature.—The date of the invention of paper seems to prove tbat some of the most important arts connected with the progress of civilization are not extremely aucient in China. In the time of Confucius they wrote on the finely pared bark of the bamboo with a stile; they next used silk and linen, whieh explains why the character *chy* paper is eompounded of that for silk. It was not until A. D. 95 that paper was invented. The materials which they use in the manufacture are various. A coarse yellowish paper, used for wrapping parcels, is made from rice straw. The better kinds are composed of the *liber*, or inner bark of a species of *morus*, as well as of cotton, but principally of bamboo. As a reading people, the literature of China is, as may be expeeted, very abundant in quantity, if not super-excellent in quality. The main portion consists of plays, romances and novels. The general character of these indicates a powerful imagination, and a love of the grotesque; but the literary tone is low, and there is little, if any, moral purpose evinced in the developement of the plots. The historical literature is highly significant of the national character. There is a continuous history of China from the earliest ages down to the conclusion of the Mongol Tartar dynasty, called the "Twenty-one Historians," consisting of nearly three hundred of those *brochures*, or thin volumes stitched with silk, about ten of which are generally contained in a folding case. Yet we should search in vain in these volumes for anything beyond a barren chronicle of facts and dates. Trains of reasoning and lessons of political philosophy can scarcely be looked for in a country, the theory of whose government has always been despotic, however tempered by other circumstances. "Instead of allowing," observes Mr. Gutzlaff, very correctly, "that common mortals had any part in the affairs of the world, they speak only of the emperors who then reigned. They represent them as the source from which the whole order of things emanated, and all others as mere puppets, who moved at the pleasure of the autocrat. This is truly Chinese; the whole nation it represented by the emperor, and absorbed by him."

Education to be Adapted to the Individual.—The great secret of education is to develope the faculties of an individual; for it may happen that his real talents may lie hidden and buried under his education. A decided character, however, is repugnant to a particular pursuit, yet delighting in another; an indifferent lawyer might be an admirable architect. At present all our human bullion is sent to be melted down in a university, to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine; in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconcerted by their parent. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son; but the true genius of the avocation, the bent of the mind, as a man of great original powers called it, is too often absent. Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering on the stage of society, actors out of character.

If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Don't I know what that means? Well, I'll tell you. You know that if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand the same height in one as the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Youthful Conduct.—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or improvident, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in future years; and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

The road mending in Paris is an example to all the world. The Pont Royal needed relaying, and, in the dead of the night, carts brought all the stones, and a steam-roller, weighing thirty thousand *kilogrammes*, crushed them to pleasant pieces for horses' feet and carriage wheels before the traffic of morning commenced.

Louis Napoleon is building a $5,000,000 opera house in Paris, which will rival in extent and grandeur the Coliseum at Rome. Nothing combustible will enter into its composition. It will cover over seven and a half acres, and be 200 feet in external height.

Upon a beam of one of the houses recently pulled down near Notre Dame, Paris, the following inscription was cut in the wood: "I was placed here in the year 1459, and was six hundred years old when they took me from the forest."

Nothing prevents a person from being natural and easy so much as an extreme desire to appear so.

Reading is the ally, not the adversary of genius: and he who reads in a proper spirit can scarcely read too much.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healtby appetite.
Tbey are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify tbe breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsiu and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring u gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicucy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, or Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can he found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire. Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy groods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets. *

EMPEROR MAX has received important news from his vrow, Carlotta; though his having no children, accounts for his not having heard that at C. A. FLETCHER'S, No. 1 Montgomery street, can be found the largest and most elegant assortment of BOY'S CLOTHING there is in the city. Boys' Suits as usual made to order from a superior line of Cloths and Cassimeres, always on hand, after the regular Eastern Fashion Plates, received monthly; this being the only Boys' Clothing House in receipt of them. A large assortment of Gentlemen's Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Traveling Trunks, Valises, etc., at all times, and at the most reasonable rates.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Gennine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Clouks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

ALL GOOD JUDGES OF PIANOS agree that Frishee & Scott have the finest and largest stock of Pianos in this city. They are agents of the celebrated firms of Calenberg & Vaupel, of New York, and Knabe & Co., Baltimore. There is certainly not an instrument equal to those imported hy them. Mr. Gusvav A. Scott pays, also, particular attention to having their stock of foreign and American sheet music equal to any New York store. They keep at No. 3 Montgomery street, Masonic Temple.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A SUMMER AND WINTER MEDICINE.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. *Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic* and *Diarrhœa Pills* cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, *Maggiel's Salve* is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other prepation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
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ARE NOW OFFERING
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
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FALL CLOAKS

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of chargo. JO 'N KELLY, Jr.,
Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, For Sale, Trade, or or Let.
Horses taken on Livory by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

YANKEE NOTIONS

AND

FANCY GOODS!

MERCHANTS wanting Goods in this line should not fail to examine our stock, which is new and attractive, before buying elsewhere.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
Battery street, near Pine.

LARGE EYES.

LARGE eyes have always been admired, especially in women, and may be considered essential to the highest order of beauty, in almost every description of which, from Helen of Troy to Lola Montes, they hold a prominent place, We read of "large spiritual eyes," and "eyes loving large;" and also of "little, sparkling, beady eyes," to which the epithets "spiritual" and "loving" are never applied.

An Arab expresses his idea of the beauty of a woman by saying that she has the eye of a gazelle. This is the burden of his song. The timidity, gentleness, and the inocent fear in the eye of the "deer" tribe are compared with the modesty of the young girl. "Let her be as the loving hind and the pleasant roe."

Persons with large eyes give us the impression of being "wide awake," and ready for action, while small-eyed people have more generally "a sleepy look" and a sluggish temperament or habit of body. Dr. Redfield observes, that "persons with large eyes have very lively emotions, think very rapidly, and speak fast, unless there be a predominance of the phlegmatic temperament. Of persons with small eyes, the reverse is true. The former are quick and spontaneous in their feelings, and in the expression of them, and are therefore simple, like the Scotch, Swiss, and all who inhabit mountainous regions. The latter are slow and calculating, and, therefore, artful, like the Gypsies, a people who generally inhabit level countries. There is a connection between activity and the ascending and desending acclivities, a fact which we evince in running up and down stairs, and which an active horse exhibits when he comes to a hill; and hence the Scotch Highlanders, as well as the sheep, goat, chamois, etc., have large eyes and very great activity."

EITHER the taste for novel-reading is on the decline, in England, or the number of three-volume novels appearing from the various publishing houses is too great for the market. At Mudie's, and other large Westend libraries, the number of each novel now "subscribed for," is only about half of the quantity usually taken five or six years ago.

A Western horse-tamer advertises a performing horse, that will kick a cigar out of the mouth of any one in the audience, who chooses to let him, without touching the face of the smoker.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

October 10th—GOLDEN AGE, Capt. W F. Lapidge, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.
October 19th—GOLDEN CITY. Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
October 30th—MONTANA, Capt. Geo. H. Bradbury, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Wear.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGAAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH at A. KOHLER'S, No. 424 Sansome street.

s1 3m

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.

E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Finch & Co., 133 Montgomery street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. A. N. Clark (late Knowles & Clark) removed to 410 Kearny.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyce & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Institute, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Peirce. 415, 417 and 419 California street.

GROCERS.

N. Boschen, corner Fifth and Minna.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
J J. Miller, corner Sutter and Leavenworth.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent, 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pin

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MAPS.

Pacific Map Depot, A. Gensoul, 511 Montgomery.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.

New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Eureka, C. H. Brickwedell & Co., Clay, near Montgom'y
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Philadelphia, Jacob Weiss, 308 Montgomery street.
Helvetia, Johnpary & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S. E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
S Myers, 332 Montgomery street.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Sun Burst, Carolin & McArdle, cor. Second and Market.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, R. C. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

UPHOLSTERER.

T. McAllister, corner Sutter and Lenvenworth.

WATER-CURE INSTITCTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

BLACK SILKS.

BLACK SILKS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,

ARE NOW OFFERING AT RETAIL,

500 yards good BLACK SILK at $1 50 per yard;
2000 yards good BLACK SILK at $1 75 per yard:
1500 yards good BLACK SILK at $2 00 per yard;
1800 yards good BLACK SILK at $2 25 per yard;
1000 yards good BLACK SILK at $2 50 per yard;
1200 yards good BLACK SILK at $3 00 per yard;
3000 of "BONNET'S," from $3 to $7 per yd;
2500 of "BISCHOFF'S," from $2 25 to $6 per yard;
800 dresses PLAID CHALLYS and DELAINES at $2 00 per dress.

ALSO,

600 doz. GOLDEN GATE KID GLOVES at 50 cents per pair.

THE ABOVE ARE ALL OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, AND WERE PURCHASED AT THE LATE AUCTION SALES, AND ARE FROM TWENTY TO FORTY PER CENT. LESS THAN THEIR REAL VALUE.

Laces! Laces!

FORTY-FIVE DAYS FROM PARIS.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

OFFER AT RETAIL

The following Assortment of Laces:

CHANTILLY.

LACE COLLARS,
LACE BERTHAS,
LACE CAPES,
LACE BARBES,
LACE INSERTIONS,
LACES, Wide and Narrow,
LACE FLOUNCES,
ONE LACE FLOUNCE, worth $1,000, for $350

GUIPURE.

GUIPURE COLLARS,
GUIPURE CAPES,
GUIPURE BARBES,
GUIPURE INSERTIONS,
GUIPURE, Wide and Narrow;
GUIPURE FLOUNCE, suitable for Trimming of Shawls

CLUNY.

CLUNY WHITE,
CLUNY COLLARS,
CLUNY LACE SETS,
CLUNY, Black and White,
CLUNY INSERTIONS.

APPLIQUE.

APPLIQUE LACE COLLARS,
APPLIQUE LACE HANDKERCHIEFS,
APPLIQUE LACE, Wide and Narrow,
ONE APPLIQUE LACE FLOUNCE for $150, worth $500.

VALENCIENNE.

VALENCIENNE HANDKERCHIEFS,
VALENCIENNE INSERTIONS,
VALENCIENNE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
VALENCIENNE LACES, Wide and Narrow.

POINT.

POINT D'ANGLETERRE, by the Yard,
POINT D'ANGLETERRE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT ROND COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT APPLIQUE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT DE DUCHESSE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT D'ALENCON COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT DE VENISE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
ONE POINT DE VENISE SET COLLAR AND SLEEVES for $150, worth $300.
CHANTILLY LACE SHAWLS,
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE SHAWLS, Trimmed with Guipure,
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE SHAWLS, Trimmed with Chantilly.
LAMA LACE SHAWLS,
LAME LACE CIRCULARS,
YAK LACE SHAWLS,
YAK LACE CIRCULARS.

The above Invoice of LACES will be offered at FIFTY PER CENT. LOWER THAN CUSTOMARY PRICES.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
No. 9 Montgomery street,
Lick House Block.

WHOLESALE HOUSE, 107 BATTERY STREET,
s15 1m Near Pine, San Francisco.

MASON & HAMLIN'S



CELEBRATED CABINET ORGANS.

New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

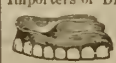
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCETS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner

R. H McDONALD & CO

Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OR POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

☞ Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

☞ Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious! and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED.*

s22 3m

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say, *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

MOODS.

ON the Summer day
Heaven was gay,
Flowers and sunshine along the way.
I loitered and stood
In listless mood,
With many a sigh,
I knew not why;
Nothing was pleasant; nothing good.

On the Winter day,
Heaven was gray—
Coldness and mire along the way!
How or where
Had I cast off care?
For light and strong,
With a snatch of song,
I stepped through the mud and biting air.

SHERIDAN'S VINOUS ELOQUENCE.—The following ancedote of Sheridan's vinous eloquence has been related by one of the oldest surviving friends and followers of Fox, and himself a highly influential whig of the old school. This gentleman and Sheridan had dined together at Bellamy's; and Sheridan having taken his allowance, gave his accustomed signal for a move. The signal consisted of the words, "Now I shall go down and see what's doing in the house;" which in reality meant, and was always so interpreted by whoever dined in his company. "I have drank enough: my share of the buisness is done; now do yours; call for the bill, and pay for it." On this occasion the usual course was pursued; and the bill having been settled by Sheridan's friend, the latter, hearing that Sheridan was "up," felt curious to know what he could possibly be at, knowing the "glorious" state in which he had just departed. Accordingly, he entered the house, and, to his no small astonishment, found Sheridan in a fit of most fervent oratory, thundering forth the well-known passage: "Give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical prinee; give them a truekling court; and let me but have an unfettered press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England!"

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL.—The following anecdote of Mr. Webster is told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, as an illustration of the "uncertainty of worldly fame," and the folly of making it the controlling object of life:—

A few years since, but before the great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, he was on his way to the old homestead. He took the stage at Concord, New Hampshire, and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster.

"Surley I did," said the old man; "and the captain was a brave and good man, sir; and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark at Bennington."

"Did he leave any children?" said Mr. Webster.

"O, yes; there was Ezekiel, and I think Daniel."

"and what has become of them?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Why, Ezekiel—and he was a powerful man, sir—I have heard him *plead* in court often; yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading at Concord."

"Well," said Mr. Webster, "and what became of Daniel?"

"Daniel—Daniel" repeated the old man, thoughtfully; "why, Daniel, I believe, is a lawyer about Boston somewhere."

AN official in Chicago recently bought a ticket in a lottery, for the purpose of obtaining evidence against the proprietors, and indicting them; but the ticket happened to draw a thousand-dollar prize, and the officer is not inclined to prosecute.

A Jewish synagogue at Berlin, just completed, is represented to be one of the most gorgeous buildings in Europe, costing seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold.

TURNIPS are now made into paper.

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

MONEY TO LOAN!
MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE
SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,
AS GOOD A COMPANY AS ANY IN THE
UNITED STATES!

INSURANCE on Lives on all plans and on as favorable terms as any other safe company. No Extra Premiums for Traveling to and from the East.

ACCUMULATED FUND.....$2,500,000

R. L. & F. OGDEN,
General Agents for Pacific Coast and Territories,
S. E. corner California and Montgomery sts.

Accidental Insurance!
UNITED STATES
CASUALTY INSURANCE CO.

Insurance against all kinds of ACCIDENTS. The Only Mutual Company in America.
Fifty Dollars per annum insures your life against death by accident for $10,000 for one year, and gives you $50 if disabled.
Five Dollars per annum insures you for $1,000 and $5 per week compensation.
Insurance for any period, or for a trip or voyage.
RATES as low as any good Company can afford.
R. L. & F. OGDEN,
S. E. corner of California and Montgomery streets,
General Agents for Pacific Coast.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866.

TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA,
(The AMERICA, since her last trip, has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired. She has received NEW BOILERS, has been double planked, caulked, coppered and painted throughout, making her one of the STRONGEST and BEST STEAMERS on the Pacific.)
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

No Charge for Board on the Isthmus. 100 lbs Baggage free

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on Thursday, November 15.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

CHILION BEACH,
Bookseller and Stationer,
NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Lick House,
Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, in border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING!



LARGEST STOCK!
LATEST STYLES!
The Best Workmanship,
AND
LOWEST PRICES!
AT
Goodwin & Co.'s
FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,
Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE
Accidental Insurance Co,
OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident.
In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,
Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.
☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.
CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
For Policies, or further information, apply to
A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,
Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S
Piano Warerooms,
685 Market street, corner of Third,



WILL BE OPEN ON AND after SATURDAY, Aug. 25th, EVENINGS, till 8 o'clock.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
J. B. DUNHAM'S,
F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,
GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and
ERNEST GABLER'S
CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. an25-3m

GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.



STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF
California Scenery!

A Series of over
ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!
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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to
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will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
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A CERTAIN CURE FOR
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This celebrated Cough Remedy effects a speedy cure by producing a free and easy expectoration, heals abscesses of the lungs, prevents unhealthy secretion of the bronchial tubes, and removes from them those accumulations of morbid matter which cause oppression of the breast, difficulty of breathing, etc, soothes irritation of the respiratory organs which produces cough
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BUT ENOUGH TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT THE EXCELLENT is THE TONIC of the day.
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Dr. Cohen has been very successful in curing all diseases. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

LABOR.

WARM-HEARTED Labor in the fields
Is nobler than the courts of state,
For she, at least, with truth can say,
That all her ends are good and great.
She moves, a princess, full of smiles,
With ripened plenty in her arms,
And casts about her gifts, and sees
The hillsides fall of golden charms.

She comes by helts of ripened corn,
And vines that hend with purple wealth,
By orchards dropping crimson fruits,
Blowing the golden airs of health.
She wears a four fold crown, hegirt
With the four seasons, flashing hright
On all her children as they come,
Gathering aronnd her with delight.

She goes by streams and dusty mills.
By meadows full of purple hloom;
All perfect in her godliness,
With hlessings for the humhlest home.
She walks on solid ground, and hares
Her hrow to feel the hreath of morn,
And hears the hugle breezes hlow
Among the emerald-hladed corn.

She dots the sea with stately ships,
And looks across the world to see
Her harvests grow, her reapers reap
The golden grain in harmony.
She moves, and all her steps are flash
With starry flowers and healing halm,
She looks on passion, and the storm
Is hashed, and all is pure and calm.

New York Citizen. W. A. TAYLOR.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S LAST WIFE.—"Amelin," or Brigham Young's last wife, has the andacity to snnb the prophet and do as she pleases. She is described ns tall. well-formed, with light hair, gray eyes, and regular features, but quite pale from ill health, and with little or no refinement of manner. When at the theatre, sitting in the king's box with her husband, the observed of all observers, she may be seen eating apples and throwing the skins about, alternately chatting with Brigham and levelling her glass at some one in the assembly. She leads the ton, and is the model woman for the saints. At all times she is the gayest of the gay, and at others she treats her liege lord rather shabbily. She is notional, imperious, and somewhat coquettish, to all of which Brigham submits, and pets her as a child. Servants are at her disposal, and her establishment is extensive and imposing. Brigham often dines with his new wife. One evening a friend was taking tea with them, and Amelia was in bad humor. After tea they remained at the table eating nuts, and Amelia threw her shells through an open window on the opposite side of the room. Her husband said: "Amelia, don't do that; put your shells on your plate." "I shan't do it," replied the fair one; "I'll throw the shells where I please." Young was silent for a time, but became so annoyed that he again said: "Amelia, I wish yon wouldn't do that any more." "I don't care," replied she, "I'll throw the shells where I please, and do as I please, and you may help yourself." And pulling her guest by the dress, she said: "Come, let's go up stairs and let him grunt it out."

QUEER thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I can cel it, and if I can-cel it, I can't sell it.

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The following steamships will he despatched on dates as given below:

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Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot he made in nsing them; so harmless as to he free from danger, and so efficient as to he always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
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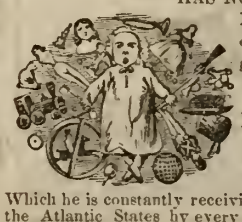
35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

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Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

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IMPROVED IN 1861;

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Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, und none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

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5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected hy letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and hack flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may he held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied hy the waste heat und without extra fael.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the hath-room equal to any range.

☞ Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
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Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

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N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to he manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

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REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON

SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
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Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

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IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

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TO THE BRADBURY PIANO AT the Mechanics' Fair, by a Committee of the BEST MUSICIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

DR. MAGGIEL'S

Pills and Salve.

These Life-giving remedies are now, for the first time, given publicly to the world. For over a quarter of a century of private practice the ingredients in these

LIFE-GIVING PILLS!

Have been used with the greatest success. Their mission is not only to prevent disease, hnt to cnre. They search out the various maladies by which the patient is suffering, and re-invigorate the failing system. To the aged and infirm a few doses of these valuable PILLS will prove to be

A VERY FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH,

For in every case they add new life and vitality, and restore the waning energies to their pristine state. To the young and middle-aged, they will prove most invaluable, as a ready, specific, and sterling medicine. Here is a dream realized, that Ponce-de-Leon sought for three hundred years ago, and never found. He looked for a fountain that would restore the old to vigor and make youth ever

AN ETERNAL SPRING!

It was left for this day and hour to realize the dream, and show in one glorious fact, the magic that made it fair.

THESE FAMOUS REMEDIES

Cannot stay the flight of years, hut they can force hack, and hold aloof, diseases that might triumph over the aged and the young. Let none hesitate then, hut seize the favorable opportunity that offers. When taken as prescribed—

FOR BILLIOUS DISORDERS

Nothing can he more productive of cure than these Pills. Their almost magic influence is felt at once; and the usual concomitants of this most distressing disease are removed. These remedies are made from the purest

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

They will not harm the most delicate female, and can be given with good effect in prescribed doses to the youngest babe.

FOR CUTANEOUS DISORDERS

And all eruptions of the skin, the SALVE is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone, hut penetrates with the most searching effects to the ver root of the evil!

Dr. Maggiel's Pills

Invariably cure the following diseases:

Asthma,
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Coughs,
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Chest Diseases,
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Dropsy,
Debility,
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Inward Weakness,
Liver Complaint,
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Salt Rheum,
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NOTICE.—None genuine without the engraved trade-mark around each pot or box, signed by Dr. J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton st., New York, to counterfeit which is felony

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R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine,
Agents for Pacific Coast.

THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

SHE has a figure trim and neat,
And full of health and life,
With nimble hands and nimble feet,
The blacksmith's little wife.

Her hair is dark, her eyes are blue,
And though her cheek is browned,
An anchorite would smile to view
A face so smooth and round.

All day she labors like the bee,
The blacksmith's little wife,
While round her play her children three,
Bright-haired and full of life.

And all day long, her cheery song
Comes through the cottage door,
While tap, tap, tap, her gaiters rap
The neatly sanded floor.

Her swarthy husband, from the town,
Comes home when day is dim;
For kisses he must stoop 'way down,
Or she climb up to him.

He's just the man that women crave
To shield them from "the wrong,"
For he's as kind as he is brave,
As brave as he is strong.

"You're tired out with work," she sighs;
"You lead a weary like."
"No, no," quoth he, "'tis Paradise,
With such a little wife."

The gleeful fire with ardent rays
Peeps slyly from the hearth,
The tea-pot blushes in the blaze,
The kettle shakes with mirth.

The sleek "grimalkin" purs and mews,
The dog whines at the door,
The pattering of little shoes
Is heard along the floor.

About the smith the children play
When evening's meal is through,
They love to see his pipe of clay
Send forth its clouds of blue.

They clamber on his shoulders broad,
They clamber on his knee,
While wife looks on with smile and nod:
And all are full of glee.

I'd sooner be this blacksmith bold,
With such a little wife,
Than have the wealth of yellow gold
That gilds an aimless life.

COMMON SENSE.—He who sedulously listens, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say to the point, evinces most common sense and promptness of character, and shows that he is fitted for business and likely to succeed.

A DOWN east editor, in describing a country dance, says: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."

THE BEST OF SPIRITS.—A reporter, in describing a meeting of a total abstinence society, said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the *best of spirits*."

IT makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

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Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

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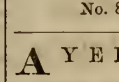
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24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

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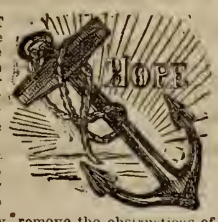
and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Address

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No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.

Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

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Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

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OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

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AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

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NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

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SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent. au5-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made, in the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled: IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, September 25th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LIVISSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 216 Front street, (up stairs) San Francisco. CHARLES A. C. DUISENBERG,
Administrator.

San Francisco, September 29th, 1866.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator. Office 323 Montgomery street. 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at number 510 Minna street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 28, 1866.

ELLEN CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased.
S. L. LUPTON, Attorney, 637 Washington street. s29 5t

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. But

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
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REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

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HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

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THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

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SATURDAY EVENING.....OCTOBER 6th,

Will be performed, for the third time in California, Halevy's great opera of

La Juive, (The Jewess.)

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Dress Circle, Orchestra and Parquette.....$1 00
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M'ME CELESTE,

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MR. J. McCULLOUGH,
and A POWERFUL COMPANY.

Last representation of

The French Spy.

SATURDAY ENENING—

Green Bushes.

Miami.....M'me Celeste

MONDAY & TUESDAY EVENING—
LAST NIGHTS OF M'ME CELESTE.
GREEN BUSHES!

WEDNESDAY EVENING—
FIRST NIGHT OF

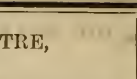
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Reserved seats, - - - - - - - 50c. extra
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Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

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Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
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Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
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Family Sewing Machines!

For EMBROIDERY,
Are exclusive.

For BRAIDING,
Are unexcelled.

For QUILTING,
Are unapproachable.

For HEMMING,
Are superior.

For TUCKING,
Are unequalled.

For GATHERING,
Are unsurpassed.

For FELLING,
Are admirable.

For STITCHING,
Are faultless.

For CORDING,
Are incomparable.

EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT THERE ARE BUT two valuable Sewing Machine Stitches—the "Grover & Baker" stitch and the "Shuttle" or lock stitch. The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company are the only manufacturers who furnish machines of each style, and are therefore the only dealers who afford an impartial opinion of their relative merits. A pamphlet containing samples of both these stitches in various fabrics, with full explanations, diagrams and illustrations, to enable the purchaser to EXAMINE, TEST and COMPARE their relative merits, will be furnished on application.

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Days of Yore. By Sarah Tycter; 2 vols.
Ecclesia Dei; 8mo, Cloth
Eastertide Sermons. By Henry Alford.
Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman McLeod.
A Lost Love. By Ashwood Onrn.
How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage. By Mrs. Warren.
History of Julius Cæsar; vol. 2, in French.
Recent British Philosphy. By David Mason.
Diseases of the Eye. By J. Dixon—new edition.
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Philip Earnscliff. By Mrs. Edwards.
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General Sherman and his Campaigns. (Subscription book.
Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliot, author of Adam Bede, etc.
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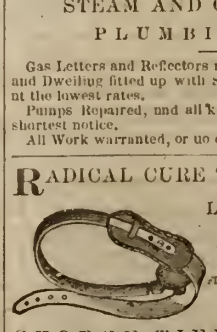
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In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.
Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.
All Work warranted, or no charges made.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
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GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
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Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Bautscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magnetic Electro Machines, etc.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of MARGARET CHANCE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francis Chance, the Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Chance, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, October 4th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. FARENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. o6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. MOSBY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of James T Boyd, Special Administrator of the Estate, left unadministered, of Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, setting forth that the final account of administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, has been settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week each week for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 1st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner. o6 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LURSSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 216 Front street, (up stairs) San Francisco. CHARLES A. C. DUISENBERG, Administrator.

San Francisco, September 29th, 1866.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator. Office 323 Montgomery street. o6 5t

M'LLE PICOT,

22 Montgomery street,
Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.



Just received, ex steamer Golden City, a fine assortment of ELEGANT PARISIAN BONNETS, together with an invoice of TRIMMINGS, consisting of Ribbons, Velvets, Ornaments, etc.

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H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 21. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 13, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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PROSE—
Jumping Frog of Calaveras—By "Mark Twain."
From Death to Life—a Story.
Early Risers.
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The Elder Booth—His Eccentricities.
The Sources of the Nile.
Gossip for the Ladies.
The Growth of Culture.
Highly Indecorous.

PROSE—
Literary Gleaning and Gossip, etc.
Correspondence on Art.
Artists, Public Parks, Gardens, etc.
"Lion's Mouth."
The War of the Architects.
Mrs. Woxcackle on "The Sensation of the Week."
POETRY—
Good Night.—by W. A. Kendall.
The New Temple.—by Jane Gray.

THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS.

[In compliance with very frequent requests we re-publish the following, which is the most popular of all of "Mark Twain's" humorous sketches. The writer introduces his story by stating that he visited Angel's Camp at the request of one Artemus Ward, to seek information of a friend of his—the Rev. Leonidas Greeley. In answer to his queries he is referred to an old resident of the Camp since '49, one Simon Wheeler, whom he found dozing over a bar-room stove; and, upon being roused and interrogated, he blockades "Mark" in the corner and relates the following story of the only Greeley who ever lived in the Camp.]

THERE was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Greeley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the Spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, some how, though what makes me think it was one or the is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side, and if he couldn't he'd change sides—any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still, he was lucky—uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it—and take any side you please, as I was just telling you: if there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first—or if there was a camp-meeting he would be there reglar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man; if he even see a straddle-bug start to go any wheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Greeley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *anything*—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick, once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in and Greeley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet—and Greeley, before he thought, says: "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Greeley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate like, and come cavorting and spraddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look onery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog—his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the for'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up—and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog just by the joint of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Greeley always came out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Greeley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for himself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Greeley had rat-tarriers and chicken cocks, and tom cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Greeley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him send Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out "Flies! Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straight for'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair-and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Greeley would bet up money on him as long as he had a red. Greeley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Greeley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Greeley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Greeley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing I should judge—he can out-jump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Greeley and says, very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Greeley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad, like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Greeley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog; and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Greeley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Greeley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wa'nt no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Greeley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate: "Well—*I* don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Greeley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow," and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound," and turned him upside down, and he belched out about a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front-yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Greeley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Greeley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Greeley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"O, curse Greeley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

Yours truly, MARK TWAIN.

THE MEETING.

I MET her in the quiet lane
One Sabbath morning early;
The sun was bright, although the rain
Still glittered on the barley.
The lark was singing to his mate,
The wild bells chimed their warning,
We paused awhile outside the gate;
We lingered till it was too late
To go to church that morning!

Again we met. The whisp'ring leaves
Glanced nigh in sight and shadow;
The reapers piled the yellow sheaves;
The bees hummed o'er the meadow.
The royal sun rose up in state,
Our marriage-day adorning;
The bells rang out; wide stood the gate,
And neither of us was too late
To go to church *that* morning!

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

EAGER sails surged by and vanished into mist like the thoughts that had haunted me of late: straight as if from a line dropped the sun, rayless, red, and wrathful, behind the hills, and in an instant fell the gray shudder and coolness of the twilight over dimpling water and flashing sky, and creeping up the lawn between the gaunt trees struck me like a foreboding of new evil, and sent me hurrying to the house.

The wind that had stilled a moment as if watching the sun, rose again and followed me; not with long fitful sweeps, dying away in high, plaintive moans, but with a heavy continuous roar like that of the sea, rolling up in waves of sound and breaking with such fury against the broad front of our old house, that I shut the door and drew the curtains, as though some fierce living creature were pressing hard after me.

Warmth and light streamed out to meet me from the grate; rosy and golden, catching the gleam of silver on the sideboard and purple and amber tints from the glass in the cabinets; but with the thickening twilight masses of strange shadows were twisting and tangling themselves in with the heavy sweep of the curtains, as though the thing that thundered without, and gibbered and wailed in the chimneys, was lurking there and might spring up and take goblin form before me.

I was shrinking uneasily from the bare idea when the patter of little feet on the stairs, and a quick cry of mingled terror and anger struck sharply on my ear and sent me hurrying into the hall. It was nearly dark, but the faint ray shining through the sidelights fell full on my husband's face, who had come I knew not how, since I had heard neither crunching of wheels or jar of heavy doors, not even a whine from "Leo." His face was pale, his eyes black with wicked fire, but he nodded and even smiled as I came out (if that ghastly drawing away of the lips that showed white under his moustache, from his glittering pointed teeth, could be termed a smile.)

I gave him not so much as a glance of surprise in answer, for though the look photographed itself deep in my memory, and afterward took life and meaning and grew to be the nightmare of my thoughts and dreams, I received it, reasoning about it at the moment no more than the senseless camera; for by my husband stood Marie, a French woman, and his *protegé*, holding fast, with an ugly smile on her face, my boy Ralph, my golden haired baby—his violet eyes all aflame, his cheeks glowing, as he struck fiercely at her with his little dimpled hands. Instinctively she dropped his arm as I came out. The child ran to me and I took him up, nestling his dear head in my neck and kissing him to still his frightened crying.

"Put him down," said my husband, harshly, but without looking at me. "He is a young rebel."

"He will not go with me. He refuse absolutely," exclaimed the French woman.

"Why should he go?" asked I, coldly.

Marie shrugged her shoulders and jerked her head in the direction of my husband, who stood still, looking away and biting savagely at his long blonde moustache.

"Monsieur can explain."

"There is no need of explanation. It is enough that it is my will."

"It is not mine, then, and it shall not be done," answered I sharply, and still holding Ralph I turned toward the dining-room door. Fury blazed redly up in my husband's ghastly face and he stepped hastily toward me, but he checked himself instantly, only saying low, to Marie, "Take him." The brown fingers of the French woman twitched and clutched at each other convulsively, and her eyes glared out at me from under their half-closed lids like some wild beast about to spring, but she folded her arms resolutely across her broad breast, and said:

"Not if Madame still oppose herself."

"Say rather," cried I, with my hand on the door, "when I lay stark and senseless in death. Not till then will I give you my boy, my sole comfort."

Marie answered by the all-expressive shrug and an inexplicable gesture toward my husband, who was fumbling nervously with his handkerchief. As he came toward me, holding it oddly crumbled in his hand, something seemed to strike at my brain and heart. I reeled, but was startled back into life by my darling's cry.

"Mamma, hold Ralph tight. Don't drop me."

My husband came closer.

"Are you mad, Bella?"

"No, but you are."

"But hear reason. Your life and health depend—"

"My boy is my life and health. He shall not leave me unless for heaven, and then I will follow him."

Ralph nestled uneasily.

"Mamma, tighter. I am falling.

"No, my darling, not from my arms;" but even as I spoke I felt him slide from my grasp, for it seemed as if the sea was upon me, striking faintness to my heart, swaying me as it does the dead in its caverns, sounding melodiously in my ears, surging and dashing up around me till my breath came in quick, short pants. Then the bells began to chime. They were funeral bells, but very sweet, and with that I floated away on the billows till there opened before me a mighty cathedral, and Ralph and I were walking up an aisle that was all one golden glory. From somewhere pealed suddenly an organ, and waves of harmony rolled out that bore us up, higher and higher toward the dome of height.

"This is heaven," said I, "but why have we left earth?"

"Ask your husband, you stumbling block," answered a scornful voice, * * * and all was silent, and I was awake, lying on the bed in my own room in the midst of shadow only half dispelled by the flaring candle on the table.

There was a sickening smell of ether in the room and a curious feeling in my throat and mouth. My first thought was of Ralph, but he was not there. I ran to the door that opened on the hall. It was locked. I tried the one going into my husband's room. That, too, was fast. I laid my hand on the bell. The cord was cut. My windows opened only on a light balcony that neighbored nothing but the black river and the gaunt trees. I was betrayed and a prisoner; and my baby—my child—my ears that should have heard him even in the stillness of the tomb, had been deaf to his cries. My traitorous arms had lost him from their grasp, though mighty love should have given them life and force to save him were I dead.

For a time I think I was raving mad. I dashed my hands against the door. I screamed wildly for help. I even went to the balcony to throw myself down, but my watchful angel held me back; and, worn out, I fell at last on my bed and in sleep cheated my misery of some hours of torture.

The morning came, raw and ghostlike, with mist, as I looked out on it, lying on my bed, bound mind and body by the reaction of my terrible excitement, with a languor that was in itself a pain; yet conscious—keenly conscious that there was no little golden head nestling on the lace-edged pillow in the crib by my side, and that the horror of yesterday was only the incarnation of the tangible something that had filled me with shuddering, and covered me with shadow, since the reading of that most mistaken will—my father's will—that made my darling and myself the luckless barriers between my husband and my long coveted estate. Only after our decease was he its master—and a child holds life by such a tender thread! Once away from me, how easy for Ralph to die? and he once in Heaven; how could I remain behind? Why, any fool, interpreting that will by my husband's face, might have been a prophet, and months before proclaimed my desolation.

So thought I, crying out on myself with awful self reproach, falling away into heavy sleep, in which I continually, in a helpless, tangled, dizzy way, went over my miserable thoughts, starting out of it to take up the web of dark forboding at the very thread where I had laid it down—all this time without a thought of God, only that He had brought this misery upon me, and, therefore, it was useless to look to Him for help.

At length a lock creaked, and a tray was thrust in through the partially open door, on which was my breakfast, and the following lines in my husband's handwriting:

"When you give in writing your free and uncondition consent to my plans regarding Ralph, you shall be restored to the world and to life not before."

My consent! I could not understand. Why was that required when Marie already had the child? I wearied myself in brain over it.

Another morning came, and I was startled out of sleep by a cry from Ralph. I could have sworn it was his voice, even before I reached the door outside of which I heard him struggling and calling out: "Mamma, mamma, why don't you let Ralph in, mamma?"

It was Marie's voice that told him "Mamma was very sick," and then I heard Miss Vernon, his governess, soothing him as she led him away. As I heard the patter of his dear feet dying away, my whole soul rebelled, and cried out as though it would burst its bonds. O, my darling! close to my arms, and I could not reach him! going away, and I might never look in his eyes again.

All the old madness was surging back upon me, when my pitying angel whispered (I say my angel, for I know well that my poor tortured brain had no power to call my dear hope back to life):

"Ralph is here because the wary French woman will not take him without your consent. While you have the courage not to go mad or die, he will be here and safe."

The thought electrified me into life. Despair only comes when there is no longer an object for which to suffer, and the dearest one I could ever know was now given me. I had neglected food, but now I ate to strengthen myself. I had scarcely glanced out, but now I opened the long glass doors and went out on the balcony.

It was yet early Spring. The air was humid, the sky pale and soft, the river lovely in a veiled brightness, the brown tufted shore-lines opposite melting away in feathery mist. Sails glanced through the net-work of the leafless trees and wandered out into the light like spirits. Opposite, the sunlight struck full on a veined and purple rock rounding out like a castle keep. Further up, just in the gap, between retreating hills on the one side, and jutting, wooded battlements on the other, like a pearl in enamel setting swayed and balanced a tiny vessel, dazzling white in the sunlight. Near the house gurgled and chirrupped merry little birds, raising eyes of thankfulness to Heaven, and darting continually in and out among the leafless, orange-hued boughs of the willow, whose flexile curves traced out something like the painted arches of a cathedral.

My eyes and heart filled together, and falling on my knees, I found myself crying out with tears and sobbing:

"Thy will be done, oh! Mighty Father! Thy will be done; and give me strength to bear it."

Unconsciously I had uttered the words aloud, and, as if in answer, came a curious rubbing, grating sound. Looking up, I saw—

But this part of my story is best explained by the evidence of Miss Vernon, Ralph's governess, given in writing during the progress of a trial which at the time excited no small attention.

EDITH VERNON'S DEPOSITION.

"I am unmarried, and twenty-five years of age. My name is Edith P. Vernon. Since the 25th of September last I have acted as nursery governess to Ralph, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Magruder. During the time that I have been a member of his family, the behavior of the Doctor has been often brutal and violent, and never at any time calculated to inspire respect and affection. After the death of Mr. Horst (Mrs. Magruder's father) and the reading of his will, which occurred in November, the Doctor, if possible, became more morose than before. I heard the will freely commented on by the old house servants and by Mrs. Magruder herself, who said that it was dictated by a most mistaken kindness, and would yet be the cause of bitter affliction. I also heard Mr. Magruder swear that he would have the contrary old fool's (her father's) money, in spite of him or his lawyer.

On the afternoon of the 19th of March (I know the date, having recorded it in my diary) I was coming down from the nursery, when I saw Dr. Magruder and Marie Moreau, a French woman, standing at the foot of the stairs. I heard Mrs. Magruder talking excitedly, and looking over the balusters, saw her by the dining-room door, very pale, and holding Ralph in her arms. I saw the Doctor go up to her in what I then thought a singular manner; but, unwilling to learn more, went back to the nursery and closed the door.

Shortly after Marie came up with Ralph and commenced to undress him, saying that she was ordered to do so by Mrs. Magruder. I was surprised, as Mrs. Magruder was well aware of the relations existing between her husband and Marie, but made no comments. Ralph was crying violently, and insisted on it that papa had killed his dear mamma. On asking for Mrs. Magruder, I was told that she was sick and could see no one. Going into the lower hall, I found it filled with the fumes of ether, and lying by the dining-room door Mrs. Magruder's headdress. It was an elaborate affair, fastened on by long ornamental pins, and I felt convinced that it could not have been lost only in a violent struggle. I was so disturbed that I went to the Doctor and begged to see Mrs. Magruder. He ordered me back to the nursery with a savage refusal. I then, while he was at dinner went to the door of her room and found it locked, and Marie, who saw me there, told me in a threatening way that I had better not meddle, and that if I wanted orders I could apply to her, as she was mistress during Mrs. Magruder's illness.

In the morning, meeting her again with a small tray in her hand, I asked what that was, and after a little hesitation she told me, angrily, that it was Mrs. Magruder's breakfast.

I saw the Doctor come out of his study holding a slip of paper, and not daring to linger went on to the nursery, but before closing the door I heard a key turn, and Ralph, who was behind, came in sobing, and told me that "Marie had locked up his mamma." I was now confident that Mrs. Magruder was a prisoner, but dared not hint my suspicions, as my story would everywhere be considered as impossible, and I should at once be dismissed from the house.

That evening, as I was in the library, the Doctor and Marie came in together. I was standing behind one of the high tables and in the darkest corner of the room, and they did not see me. They spoke in French, the Doctor vehemently urg-

ing Marie to do something that I could not understand, while she steadily refused, saying over and over again that she would not give the law a hold on her. This, in connection with existing circumstances, convinced me of the existence of some foul conspiracy against Mrs. Magruder, and I no longer hesitated in trying to effect her release.

I suppose it is proper to speak here of the plan of the Magruder mansion. It was an old-fashioned double house, belonging to Mrs. Magruder, and before her marriage was known as Hurst Hall. Dr. Magruder occupied two rooms on the second floor, in the extreme end of the building. Mrs. Magruder's chamber was next his. A small vacant room, or rather a passage-way, was between her apartment and my room, (the nursery). It had a door opening on the nursery (of which I kept the key) and one going into Mrs. Magruder's room, which was never opened, her bed being placed against it.

My room (the nursery) had two doors, one opening in the hall, the other on a landing, from which a narrow flight of stairs led directly into the grounds. On the opposite side was a similar suite, of which the best chamber was tenanted by Marie. In Mrs. Magruder's room were three doors; one opening on the hall and one into the Doctor's suite, of which of course he had the keys; a third, as I have said, into the vacant room. Her windows led out on a small covered balcony, but I could not speak to her from below without exciting attention. I remembered, however, that Ralph's play-room, on the floor above, opened on the top of this balcony, and having assured myself that the Doctor and Marie were both in the library, I went up there and crept cautiously out on the zinc-tiled roof. Before long I heard the jar of the glass doors below, and a light step, as if she were passing up and down.

I had written on a slip of paper these words: "There is a door behind your bed. If you can open it you will find the door of the nursery open at twelve to-night."

I made haste now to do this up, and dropped it by a string just below the projecting cornice of one of the pillars. But still the pacing went on, and every moment increased the risk of being seen. I dared not speak. The wildest fancies went dizzily through my brain. I said to myself that the unfortunate lady was mad, or perhaps that the old tales were true, and disembodied spirits could make cheerful the spot where a great crime had been committed. I took out a small pocket-knife and began to scratch and grate it over the zinc. Still the soft, regular footfalls went on. I was turning away in despair when a sobbing voice broke out suddenly in words of prayer. I renewed the grating with the knife, and this time had the great joy to feel the string softly seized from below. With my heart beating as if it would burst out of my body, I lowered the rest of the cord and waited. In a moment I heard Mrs. Magruder say to herself, "thank God!" and then, a little louder, "I understand, and will do it." I crept in again, expecting each moment to be met and thrust out of life by the Doctor or Marie. I fancied that my nervous manner was exciting remark, and that the French woman watched me with more than cat-like vigilance.

As it was the Doctor's custom in closing the house for the night to take out the keys and carry them to his rooms, it was necessary to possess myself of the one belonging to the door at the foot of the little back stair-case. This was the easiest thing in the world to do, yet I passed in and out a dozen times before my coward fingers could draw it from the lock. Wishing Ralph to sleep heavily, at supper time I mixed laudanum with his milk. The little fellow disliked the taste, but Marie, who bore a hatred to the child, was good enough to make him drink it. The evening at length set in, and while Marie was out I oiled all the hinges and bolts whose creaking might turn traitors, unlocked the door of the vacant room, and possessed myself of two heavy shawls of Mrs. Magruder's. I did this in a mechanical, desperate way, for I was weighed down, pressed almost out of sense and action by a foreboding of failure. I knew that God was above, but, Heaven forgive me, I felt as if even His power might fail us.

Seated by Ralph's crib I waited, listening to his deep breathing and to the echoes of life pulsing in different parts of the great house. Till ten o'clock the Doctor and Marie sat below together. Then she came up, and he as usual closed the house.

Of course the key was missed and a search made, during which I felt as if Marie's eyes were burning into my pocket, and I think the evil intelligence that animated her did have some prescience of my intriguing, if only by sympathy, for, contrary to her custom, she sat in my room long after the rest had gone to bed, talking to or rather at me, in her sententious, affected way, till she drove me almost mad with impatience and disgust.

At half past eleven she left me, and then I began to listen, and I thought the very air was listening with me, the whole house was so like death. Unable to bear the suspense, I rose and opened the door of the vacant room. At the same instant appeared Mrs. Magruder on the other side. She made an eager gesture and came toward me so soundlessly that I half fancied her a ghost indeed. When she saw Ralph her very face cried out with mighty love, and longing to seize him in her arms, but I think she distrusted her own self-control, for she stepped back while I wrapped him in his blanket and lifted him from his crib.

Fast bound in his drugged sleep he offered no resistance, and muffling ourselves in the shawls we stole down the stairs, our hearts noisier than our steps. The bolts slid easily back The free air struck chilly on us. Leo, the huge Newfoundland, dashed at us with a growl, but recognizing his mistress turned and went with us, stopping sometimes and whining, by way of remonstrance.

Along the lane, close under the shadowed wall we walked softly and swiftly, out to the white, lonely road, neither of us speaking and scarce seeing each other, only I felt Mrs. Magruder's hand clinging with desperate tenacity on my arm.

Once Ralph cried low in his sleep and nestled in my aching arms, but I hushed him again. Once an awful faintness of doubt, dread and hope assailed me, and I had nearly dropped my precious burden.

At length there rose up before us a broad, white house, standing back from the road among overreaching trees. That was the house of Dr. Bernard, Mrs. Magrude's best and oldest friend.

Being used to night-alarms they were not discomposed after the fashion of ordinary respectable households, on being vigorously rung up after one o'clock at night. We were admitted, believed and protected. I have no more to tell.—"

Nor I to add. This is my story. There was indeed a bitter ensuing contest, but that belongs to legal records. Suffice it is that, through all, God's mercy still sustained me, and brought me finally from Death to Life.—*N. Y. Citizen.*

AN OIL STORY.

SAM BLACK, who owned a snug little farm, was somewhat startled one day by an offer of more than twice the worth of it in greenbacks.

"Shall you sell the farm, Samuel?" asked his wife.

"Certainly I shall," said Sam, "if the fools don't back out, or prove to be a couple of escaped lunatics, as I half suppose them to be." And sell it he did.

After the bargain was made and the money paid, one of the men took Sam and his wife to the back of his garden, where there was a small excavation in the ground filled up by the recent rain.

"See that oil!" said the excited individual, scooping up some of the water in an old tin cup, and holding it up for their inspection.

Sure enough, the oil was half an inch thick on the top of the water.

Sam was indignant. If he hadn't been a fool, as he said to his wife, and just watched for indications, he might have died "worth heaps of money!"

Sam's wife restrained herself, coaxed her husband into the house, and told him the whole story.

"You remember when I had my cough last winter, and the doctor recommended cod-liver oil, Sam, and you brought home a whole gallon, because you got it cheap, and made me promise to take a dose three times a day? Well, I didn't! and it stood in the closet till I cleaned the house, when I threw it all into the hole at the foot of the garden."

Sam saw the joke, and pocketed the cream of it in the shape of a pile of greenbacks.

At last accounts, Sam was living in clover, while the oil hunters were industriously boring—and may be until this time, for all we know.

COFFEE.—The physical effects of coffee are well known; it accelerates the circulation of the blood, but sometimes causes palpitation of the heart and giddiness. It has even been thought to occasion apoplexy and paralysis. Nevertheless, celebrated writers—such as Fontenelle and Voltaire—made constant use of it, almost to an abuse. They were told, *it is a slow poison;* it was, indeed, slow, for these learned men, who died, one at a hundred, the other at eighty-four years of age. However, at the present time coffee is a beverage whose power over intellectual or moral habit has, perhaps, never been calculated as it deserves, since it has become general, and almost suppressed the drunkenness which disgraced our ancestors at the end of their grand repasts.

GUSTAVE DORE has recently had a large cage of live rats fitted up in his studio, for the purpose of watching the movements of these animals, which will occur more than any other in his new illustrations to the "Fables of La Fontaine," the work he has at present in hand. There are nearly twenty animals in the cage, which has its compartments and sly holes, constructed on purpose that the rat may show his true character.

TWO MILES A MINUTE.—The Duke of Richmond objected to having Goodwood Park disfigured by posts and wires, and, consequently, the telegraph company employed pigeons to convey messages from Goodwood to the telegraph office, at Chichester, during the races. At the recent meeting, thirty pigeons were employed, and the distance, six miles, was flown in about three minutes and a quartor.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

FALL BONNETS.

IT is quite too early to speak definitely of fall bonnets; nevertheless we judge that there will not be very much change; they will still be permitted to retain their present varied and picturesque forms, though, undoubtedly, the little crowns just set on the top of the head will be relinquished as the cold season advances.

Unfortunately, useless for all practical purposes, as the present style of bonnets are, they are not unbecoming, instead of one fixed and arbitrary shape, there are half a dozen equally fashionable, and ladies can therefore suit their own style of face and feature better than they ever could before.

A very new and stylish hat for early fall wear has a back and front of a square form, and both so much alike that at first sight it is difficult to tell which way it is intended to be worn. It is made of black *tulle*, with a border of corn colored velvet, worked with small jet beads, and a large Malmaison rose, with jet drops for ornament.

Another, perhaps still more *distingue*, was made of black gauze drawn into puffings, and ornamented with one large deep-red rose, and three chains formed of coral beads, which passed under the chin, over the gauze strings.

Hats of Tuscan, Italian chip, and Leghorn are being prepared for early fall wear, by trimming them with wreaths composed of small feathers, well curled, and dotted with colored chenille.

Very beautiful chip bonnets are edged with a border of red velvet, covered with white cluny *guipure*, and ornamented with a bunch of small flame colored feathers.

Bands of black feathers are very pretty, dotted with lily of the valley; these are used as a wreath, and sometimes as a narrow border to the new bonnets.

Gauze veils, attached by some elegant ornament, will undoubtedly be a feature of the fall bonnets.

A corn-colored silk bonnet is coming into style, edged with a narrow quilling of scarlet velvet; bouquet of corn-colored and scarlet flowers. Inside, a Marie Stuart peak of silk, edged with scarlet velvet, falls over the hair, which is arranged in full puffs front and back.

A plain silk bonnet of fall-leaf green is also coming into style, trimmed with a rich green ribbon and a fine branch of brown fern; inside trimming, both front and back, of brown fern and scarlet berries. The veil is fastened at the back of the bonnet.

The Gipsy Queen of puffed white silk, dotted with pearl beads, the edge finished with a festoon trimming of pearls, a double chain of which falls over the back hair.

HOW THE EMPRESS DRESSES.—A correspondent tells: "The journey to Nancy, from which the Empress and her son, the Prince Imperial, returned but recently, was one continuous succession of triumphs for the Imperial lady, and a dazzling display of *toilettes* for the ladies who had the honor of receiving her Majesty. From Chalons to Nancy, and on her arrival at the station of the latter town, the Empress wore a white muslin dress, covered with the richest Nancy embroidery—an industrial production for which Nancy is celebrated. The embroidery was worked in a straight line above the hem, and again in sprays ascending every breadth of the skirt. The design was exquisitely graceful, bees being very prominent, mingling among the flowers. The bodice, which was high, was trimmed with horizontal lines of the finest *guipure* insertion. The skirt was worn over a rich white silk petticoat; a wide white silk sash was tied at the back of the waist; a Marie Antoinette scarf, made entirely of fine *guipure*, and a Lamballe bonnet, covered all over with lilies of the valley and large crystal dew drops, completed her Majesty's *toilette*. At the Nancy ball, to which more than four thousand people had been invited, the Empress wore a white *tulle* dress, and a white *tulle peplum*. The latter fitted the figure, and was adjusted to the waist, with a band of large diamonds; an antique *bandeau*, consisting entirely of diamonds, encircled the head."

THE NEW HOOPS.—If anything had been required to give the much-abused tilting hoops their death-blow, it would have been found in the mortifying inconvenience to which they have subjected the ladies. A fashion correspondent in Paris, writing on the 20th of July, makes the important announcement that a new style of crinoline has been decided upon in that city, and that although its cut, shape and make up were not generally known at date, the article was being manufactured on a large scale, and would soon appear. It is called *cochetraine* to some purpose, and, as its name indicates, its hidden or imperceptible in front and on both sides, while a long gored train ending with a frill, affecting the shape of what gentlemen call "the tails" of their dress coats, supports and maintains the trains of the robes behind, where with the help of a string, it raises one's skirts above muddy pavements. It also prevents them from falling in or twisting round the cavalier's legs when they kindly volunteer to offer ladies an arm on trying occasions.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADAME CELESTE'S engagement at the Opera House closed on Tuesday evening with the *Green Bushes*.

On Wednesday evening Miss Alice Kingsbury, the "Elfin Star," commenced her engagement, and made her first appearance in *Fanchon the Cricket*. In the character of the wild, hoydenish "Fanchon," who appears in the first act, Miss Alice Kingsbury was startlingly natural and produced a rude romping girl on the stage in a manner which almost frightened those who know what horrid things rude noisy girls are; as they looked at her frolicking round the stage, tossing her long hair off her face with a toss of the head as a rough colt might shake its mane, people forgot that she was acting; but in the second act when the rough "Fanchon" has become softened by love, the impersonation was beautiful. In her interview with "Landry Barbeaud," where he was first beginning to discover that he loved her, nothing could be more delightful than Miss Kingsbury's representation of the coyness of the innocent "Fanchon," her manifestations of love, doubt, hope, and other passions which move the breast of a maiden in love for the first time, were most vividly portrayed, and the audience by bursts of enthusiastic applause, showed their appreciation of the life-like picture. Miss Kingsbury's declamation is not good, but in the impersonation of characters who are only required to speak on the stage as people talk off the stage, but little fault can ever be, we fancy, found with her. She certainly deserves the title of "witching," for she quite captivates her audience and makes them fully enter into the troubles of poor "Fanchon" and rejoice with her in her happiness. Mr. McCullough played "Landry Barbeaud" very well indeed, making many quiet points which brought down the house. Mrs. Harry Jackson had a part which was not quite large enough for her and attempted to make something out of nothing by playing it in tragedy style—she failed, as anyone must have done, in making it interesting. *Fanchon* has only one good part in it—"Fanchon;" when this part is played by such a charming actress as Miss Alice Kingsbury, the audience desire no more. Having devoted so much space to the play in which Miss Kingsbury made her appearance, we can say but little about the performance on Thursday evening and last night.

On Thursday the house was crowded from pit to dome. *The Little Devil* and *Andy Blake* were performed. In the first piece Miss Kingsbury was a most charming "Little Devil," and Mr. McCullough acquitted himself admirably as "Raphael D'Estangue." Some of the other characters were not well played. In the concluding piece, *Andy Blake*, Miss Kingsbury made an immense hit as the bould Irish boy, and her execution of an Irish jig brought down the house.

Last night *Little Barefoot* was produced with Miss Kingsbury as "Amri." This afternoon *Fanchon the Cricket* will be given, and in the evening *The Child of the Savanna* and *The Bonnie Fish Wife* will constitute the entertainment.

Edwin Forrest returned to town this week, but immediately set off on a visit to Yo-Semite and the Big Trees. He will leave for the East on the 19th instant, and will probably never again appear on the stage, although he has derived great benefit from the mineral springs of this State.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—The gratifying success of *La Juive* induced the management to repeat it on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of this week, making altogether six representations to well filled houses. The last night, especially, was an overwhelming and enthusiastic tribute to Signor and Signora Bianchi, who selected the occasion for their first benefit during the present season.

This evening the ever welcome *Crispino e la Comare* will be given for the last time.

On Monday Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which has been for some weeks in readiness, will be produced; and as the season draws rapidly to a close, we fear that this favorite opera (like *Nabuco* and *La Traviata*) will not be given a second time, although it would undoubtedly attract two or three good houses.

On Wednesday evening a rich and varied entertainment will be presented for the benefit of the general director. Mr. J. F. Crowly, whose untiring activity has contributed much to the success of the season. The first and fifth acts of *La Juive*, comprising much of the most impressive music in the opera, will first be given; followed by the famous music lesson scene from *Il Barbiere*, in which Signorina Brambilla will introduce "Il Bacio," and Rode's "Air and Variations," while the comical shaving business between Mancusi and Roncovieri will also constitute an attractive feature. The performance will close with the last act of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Miss Jennie Landesmann in the part of the Page, and M'lle Rosa Siegrist—a charming and graceful young artist—in the ballet; the Second Artillery Band, besides their usual appearance in the ball scene, will perform some beautiful selections between the acts; and the talented Siegrist family will also appear in some of their striking gymnastic feats; so that during the whole evening there will be no moment wasted. Mr. Crowley has made up a capital programme, and deserves a good house.

Friday and Saturday nights will be the last of the season, and probably the last of Italian Opera for some time to come. The operas for those evenings are not yet announced.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.—The Howson troupe, at the Metropolitan, gave *Fra Diavolo* on Tuesday evening and *The Bohemian Girl* on Thursday; both being very creditably presented with one or two exceptions. In *Fra Diavolo* Miss Emma Howson made a charming "Zerlina," and Miss Clelia Howson a very characteristic "Lady Allcash." Mr. Frank Howson, Mr. John Howson, and Mr. S. W. Leach were all good: the first as "Lord Allcash," and the last two as the two robbers. Mr. Herberte and Mons. Charles as "Fra Diavolo" and "Lorenzo," sang their parts creditably, but were very inefficient in acting them.

The orchestra and chorus of the Italian troupe give their very efficient aid to the representations of the English Opera company. *The Mountain Sylph*—for the first time in California—and *Cinderella* are announced as in preparation.

DR. JORDAN'S ANATOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC MUSEUM.—The ceroplastic preparations in Anatomy and Pathology, which Dr. Jordan has imported to this country at a great expense, are on exhibition at Eureka Hall daily, from morning until 10 o'clock P. M. Dr. Jordan delivers nightly lectures which are noted for their practical and scientific knowledge.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[THIS department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

WE observe that quite a number of the critics, in noticing Christina Rosetti's poems, speak of them as being pervaded by "a morbid tone." The N. Y. *Home Journal* thinks that this is especially true with reference to the devotional poems, and attributes the alleged "morbidness" to the influence of "a gloomy ecclesiasticism" upon the poet's mind. Unless the treatment of grave subjects with a certain vein of thoughtful sadness, and a disposition evinced at times by the poet to dwell with steady contemplative earnestness upon mournful themes, are proofs of morbidness, we can find no sufficient ground for the charge. To us, there rather seems evidence of mental disorder in that sensitive shrinking from the contemplation of the more sombre and saddening aspects of life and experience, which characterizes those poets who always write in a vein of optimism calculated to produce the impression that the world is all sunshine and flowers, and that all the people in it are jolly—or else its their own fault.

A reasonable gravitation of the mind toward the great mysteries that encompass, and the great problems that perplex us, and a thoughtful sadness in their contemplation, are proofs of strength rather than feebleness, of health rather than sickness.

The three following pieces are probably the gloomiest that could be selected from the volume; yet, with the exception perhaps of a single stranza in the first, there is not to our apprehension a really morbid strain in either of them:

REST.

I would have gone; God bade me stay:
I would have worked, God bade me rest:
He broke my will from day to day;
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go:
Now I would rest; God bids me work:
He breaks my heart tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where Thou seudest me;
Day after day I plod and moil:
But Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil
And rest with Thee?

FOR A DREAM'S SAKE.

The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
For a dream's sake.

I hang my harp upon a tree,
A weeping willow in a lake:
I hang my silenced harp there, wrung and snapt
For a dream's sake.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart;
My silent heart lie still and break;
Life and the world and mine own self are changed
For a dream's sake.

The third is only morbid in the sense in which every sober allusion to what all of us know to be inevitable, and most of us dread, is so:

Underneath the growing grass,
Underneath the living flowers,
Deeper than the sound of showers;
There we shall not count the hours
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain
Beauty reckoned of no worth:
There a little girth
Can hold round what once the earth
Seemed too narrow to contain.

There is undoubtedly a strain of melancholy in these poems, but is it not a sickly, or a merely sentimental melancholy. It is the result of clear insight, a courageous willingness to look at all things as they are, and a mind too honest and too strong to seek an exemption from disagreeable sensations by ignoring any true aspect of things.

George Eliot's novels are generally very saddening books; but they are not so through any morbid taint in their author If they are not as pleasant reading as Mr. Dickens' delightful *coleur de rose* pictures of Utopian life and impossible human nature, they are so because her intellect is too powerful and clear-sighted, and her sense of the supreme allegiance due to artistic truth is too profound to permit her to draw human character like a sentimentalist, or to represent human life as if it were all a charming comedy if not a broad farce.

Upon the whole, we think it admits of serious doubt whether those persons are most free from the taint of morbidness, who cannot endure the presence of suffering, and who always look the other way when they pass an undertaker's shop or encounter a funeral.

One would have to look far before he would find among contemporary literature, a poem so original and striking as the following by Mathew Arnold. It embodies a whole system of the Philosophy of Life. It is the poetry, however, not the philosophy that we indorse:

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards o'er the star-lit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye, who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye Stars, ye Waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew!
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer—
"Would'st thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they!"

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll.
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul."

"Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see." . . .

O, air-born Voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in my own heart I hear.
"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

"POWERFUL" WRITING.

There is no word that is employed so vaguely and at the same time so capriciously in our contemporary criticism, as the word "power." Novels, poems, and essays, are characterized as "powerful" or "weak" upon the most arbitrary principles, and without any trouble being taken either to define the sense in which the writer uses the terms, or to point out the elements of "power" present or lacking in the subject of his criticism. The New York *Review* says in alluding to this abuse of words:

Here lies the secret of all well-meant but unfair and one-sided criticism—of which there is no lack in the journalism of the period. A critic, for example, whose idea of power in writing is based upon the doctrines of Muscular Christianity, will necessarily glorify the author of "Guy Livingston," and will, as necessarily, disparage the author of "John Halifax." In the former he is refreshed by contact with biceps: in the latter he discovers nothing but a dull narration of effeminate self-denial. The one is powerful; the other is weak. Place the same critic at a theatre, and let him behold Mr. Edwin Forrest ramping and hissing and howling in Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, and he will be overjoyed at such splendid manifestations of strength. Show him Mr. Booth's *Hamlet*, and he will find it but a tame and vapid personation, and will wonder at the taste that can approve and relish it. Set before him the great picture of Cæsar lying dead in the senate-house, and, in comparison with almost any battle-piece, or picture of a horse-race, he will find it cold and dull, wanting in vitality and altogether weak. To such a man, a thunderstorm is a better emblem of power than a sunrise—and yet the one is contemptible flurry, in contrast with the massive grandeur and ineffable sublimity of the other. Needless is it to say that the criticism of such a writer, no matter how sincere, is utterly worthless—except in so far as it stimulates beneficial reflection upon the great varieties of mind that are addressed by the artist.

A recent literary item tells us that the author of *Felix Holt, the Radical*, has left England and temporarily taken up her residence on the Continent, to avoid the temptation of reading contemporary criticism of her novel, and thus to escape the annoyance of learning what Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Tompkins, etc., etc., think of her work and her genius. This piece of information, of course, does not proceed from Miss Evans herself. It is given out by a newspaper gossip, and is as likely to be false as it is to be true. If, however, Miss Evans really has fled from the critics, she has acted wisely. They, certainly, can teach her nothing; and while their praise might be grateful, their censure could not but wound a sensitive spirit. If vanity misses a little pleasure, sensibility avoids great pain. Nor is the avoidance of criticism—as will be said in many quarters—a sign of weakness. There is no writer living who, in the absolutely true sense of the word, possesses power, in a greater degree than Marion Evans; and, if she declines to listen to criticism, it is only because she perfectly well appreciates the rarity of large-thoughted, comprehensive, delicate appreciation.

[For the Californian.]

THE NEW TEMPLE.

SEE! mighty Babel rise,
High, towering to the skies
On Shinar's plain!
So superstition's throne,
With thousand tongues unknown,
Has bid the nation own
Oppression's reign.

Here, we a temple raise,
On truth's eternal base
To Liberty!
A temple whose fair dome
Shall point the nation's home:
Whose motto bids them come—
"Here, all are free!"

Oppressor and oppressed
Seeking one common rest,
Shall hither come.
Loud let your heralds ring,
'Till bond and free shall sing,
'Till the last wanderer bring
His tribute home.

'Till fell oppression fled,
Skulks, with the craven dead,
In grim repose;
Fair freedom lifts the veil—
Hail Liberty! All hail!
Mighty thou shalt prevail
O'er all thy foes.

And in this temple fair,
Which we to God uprear,
The praise shall be
The never ceasing song
Of the enfranchised throng,
Borne all the earth along—
"Here, all are free!"

Now let us strike the lyre
In strains yet clearer, higher,
To Liberty!
Sing, universal good,
Sing, the great brotherhood—
Shout, over hill and flood,
Our Land is free!

JANE GRAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ART AND ARTISTS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

To the Editor of the Californian:

SIR:—"J. S. B." in his correspondence on "Art" in last week's CALIFORNIAN, is inclined to be rather severe on those of our artists who "forget their art in the love of money." I think that "J. S. B." can hardly have reflected upon all the trials that an artist must have to encounter in this materialistic country. The artist must live, and in order to do so he is obliged to sell his pictures at the valuation of such persons as may have the means to furnish fine parlors, who are very seldom those of any cultivation, or even natural refinement. "Money" is the only God that most wealthy Californians know, and all who have had to labor in any of those fields not designed to supply material wants, can bear testimony to how grudgingly the most trifling pittance is doled out to them. Indeed I believe it quite impossible for a person of either sex to make more than the barest means of existence, and that by the closest application in any business calling for cultivation, refinement, or genius, unless aided by some factitious deputation or circumstance. The artist can hardly be said to have forgot his art in the love of money, when in order to secure a bare existence he is obliged to sacrifice all his hopes and tastes, and spend the time and energy that he would gladly devote to the study and advancement of his art in work that has become to him mere druggery. All the artists whose names have become household words, have possessed the means of living independent of their art, or have had wealthy patrons and appreciative friends. Where in this country is the artist to look for what in any sense could be called patronage, much less for that appreciation of genius which is ever needed to give to it its brightest coloring? How, we would ask, Mr. Editor, is it with literature? Does *it* pay so well as to place the writer above the drudge and thus give time and inspiration for the loftier flights? How with the "poets," do they reap a golden harvest? Are they any better off than the artists?

Respectfully, M. B. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11, 1866.

PUBLIC PARKS AND GARDENS.

To the Editor of the Californian:

During the first years of the settlement of any new country the population devote their whole energies to making money. They till the soil sufficiently to make it produce food; they build houses which will serve them as shelters; but they have no time to do more than this. In course of time fortunes are accumulated, and some of those who have devoted the earlier years of their lives to acquiring money, begin to slacken in their efforts to add to that which they already have, and think rather how they can make their wealth conduce to their comfort. Too many have, by the time they have acquired what they consider a fortune, lost the faculty of enjoying the good things of life which money would enable them to procure. The subject of laying out a public park in San Francisco for the benefit of its citizens is agitated at present. This community is now certainly old enough and wealthy enough to afford this luxury, and it is to be hoped we shall very shortly see steps taken to secure it. In the meantime it is to be regretted that there are many men of wealth in San Francisco who appear to take no interest in beautifying their homes. To such, the action taken by R. B. Woodward Esq., is a standing reproof. He has, by a liberal outlay of money, turned the sandy desert, which formerly surrounded his house, into beautiful gardens. This undertaking, which was at first commenced to gratify the taste of an individual, has now become a public benefit. Woodward's Gardens, on Mission and Valencia streets, now form our most pleasant suburban resort. Experienced landscape gardeners have laid out these grounds with consummate taste. A winding walk embowered in shrubs, leads to the top of a slight eminence, from whence one can enjoy a beautiful view. Beneath is a miniature lake on which float black swans and other rare aquatic birds. Fine conservatories have been built which contain choice tropical plants. The art gallery is filled with pictures from the brush of many a native born artist, as well as a collection which the proprietor formed during his tour through Europe. In different parts of the garden are to be seen curious animals, well cared for in comfortable cages, and almost tame enough to be allowed to roam at large.

In creating this little paradise, Mr. Woodward has spent his money well—has done far better with it than if he had allowed it to remain accumulating interest. He has made the citizens of San Francisco a delightful garden where they can wander about perfectly undisturbed, free from the noise and other *disagrémens* to be found in public gardens whose entrance is through a drinking saloon, and which were formed for merely speculative purposes. No liquor is sold at these gardens, and the fee charged for admission is less than that generally given to an English nobleman's servant for conducting you through the picture gallery. Every fine afternoon ladies and children may be seen strolling through these gardens, learning the names of rare trees and shrubs, all of which have tickets attached to them. It is worth the while of the denizen of this sandy city to pay a visit to this beautiful spot if only to refresh his eyes with the sight of a broad expanse of green grass. Long may Woodward's Gardens—the result of the promptings of a cultivated and refined mind—remain open to the public, and may others like them shortly be formed in the vicinity of the city, with owners like Mr. Woodward, liberal enough to throw open them to the public, as are many of the private parks of England to be enjoyed as much by those who own neither houses nor lands, as by those who, blessed with wealth, have put it to so good a purpose.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10, 1866. C. D.

MORE ABOUT ART.

To the Editor of the Californian:

Your editorial answer to your correspondent "J. S. B." gives the true state of art affairs in San Francisco. Paintings of value and merit have been brought here and sacrificed at a tithe of their value. The artist who would sit down in San Francisco to paint for fame, sadly mistakes his location. Even the few who discourse the most glibly on pictures seem to know but little of our local artists, for I see your correspondent "Astræa" errs in several of his art items. He says "Denny, our only marine artist, seems to be idle, for we have seen nothing from his hand for a long time." How blind "Astræa" must be. Denny, Bush, Hill and Marple had several good pictures in the recent catalogue sale of of paintings by Duncan & Co., and they were sold for a trifle over the cost of frames and canvass; while some flaring New York copies of Eastern scenes were eagerly purchased! Denny's pictures, in that sale, were particularly noteworthy, and on the Atlantic side would have brought remunerative prices. Bush, who is rapidly improving, had some charming little studies on the Sacramento which sold, "frames and all," for the alarming price of ten dollars! Marple's "Yo-Semite Falls, "Fallen Leaf Lake," "North Fork of Carson," and "Sentinel Rock," four really good pictures, were disposed of at $31, $31, $45 and $45. Hill, who has an established reputation, fared no better—two of his large paintings selling for $40 and $42. Denny's spirited marine views reached the amazing sum of $27. When it will be recollected that these were all richly framed at California prices, the margin left to the artist may be imagined but could hardly be fingered.

"Give us good pictures" forsooth, why it is not a twelvemonth since the works of Peale, May, Rochermel, Lang, Somers, and others, were sold at auction for paltry sums, ranging from $40 to $80, although soon afterward the glaring red white and blue affairs of Butman brought fabulous sums. So runs the public taste, and as I have no wish to engage in the fruitless task of correcting it I will close. **

To the Editor of the Californian:

Within the last two months I have noted inquiries addressed to no less than three literary papers inquiring what poet Tennyson alluded to in the lines from "In Memoriam:"

"I hold it clear with him who sings
To one clear harp of divers tones
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

Each of the journals so addressed furnished an answer differing from that of the others. One thought that Goethe was referred, a second named Dante, and the third it was David. Now unless I am much mistaken all these opinions are erroneous. I have a distinct recollection of a passage in Wordsworth, though I cannot now recall it, the purport of which is precisely that of the lines quoted, while even the expression is nearly the same. Longfellow's "Builders," also gives very distinct expression to the same thoughts. I have no doubt that Wordsworth is the poet referred to by Mr. Tennyson. V. K. V.

NEW "THINGS" IN JEWELRY.—Small humming-birds are now mounted for ornaments, and the ingenious adaptation of these gay plumaged denizens of warmer and sunnier climes, to brooches, ect., deserves to meet with success. Small gold beaks are added to the birds, likewise pearl or ruby eyes, and the bird is set in dead gold, chased more or less richly. I have seen an intire set of these humming-bird ornaments—ear rings, brooch, and comb. On the comb there were five small heads, each with a gold beak, and they sparkled like precious stones. Ear-rings are also made in enamel, to represent a dragon-fly, the wings being diapered blue and gold; a peacock, represented in enamel, also makes a most dazzling *motif* for both a comb and brooch. But the most original ear-rings which have come under my notice, are banners of sky-blue and white enamel, studded with very small brilliants, and fringed with gold. Ear-rings are made even larger than they were during the spring; they are most exaggerated in size and style."

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents.

Doctor Chapman, who dislikes French medical works, speaking of a translation, says: "The Frenchman lies first, and then the translation relies on him."

"EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER."—So it is. Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, has had about twenty-five years of it in the curing of disease without medicines, bleeding, blistering, or plastering, and does what few other doctors do-guarantees the promises he makes, because he knows what he can do. *

Boerhave calls the "regular" physician "a fortunate man if positively he injures not his patient."

UNDERSTANDING—The nature of disease so well, from long experience. Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, guarantees cures in almost all cases, if so agreed, but especially in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fever and Ague, Dropsy, etc. *

Hoffman writes "few are the remedies whose virtues and operations are certain; many are those which are doubtful, suspicious, fallacious, false."

CURES GUARANTEED—in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, fever and ague, most cases of paralysis, dropsy, etc., if so agreed, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, whose long experience enables him to afford to the sick the favorable terms named *

"In many instances the patients get well in despite of the means employed; and sometimes when the practitioner fancies he has made a great cure, we may fairly assume the patient to have had a happy escape"—Sir Gilbert Blane.

RHEUMATISM; Neuralgia, in all forms; Fever and Ague; most cases of Paralysis, Dropsy, etc., are guaranteed to be cured, if so agreed, by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

"I know very well," says an old practitioner, "that perhaps more than seven-tenths of mankind die, not from disease, but from the unsuitableness or excess of medicines."

"MIRACULOUSLY" cured patients will be kept well by taking "Dr. Bourne's Baths," 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. It would be nonsense to suppose that any person "cured" in five minutes could "stay cured," without a clean skin, sound stomach, pure blood, and an equal circulation; all or which are affected by "Dr. Bourne's Baths." *

Professor Jackson, of Philadelphia, says "There must be a medical reform."

REMEMBER the "Chinese Doctor." Didn't he carry everything before him for a spell? *

IF THE ALLOPATHIC or "regular" doctors do not get a "roasting" nowadays, from all the new illumination, when will they? *

THE PACIFIC HYGEIAN HOME.—This association commence business at their city headquarters No. 627, Sacramento street, between Montgomery and Kearny, to-day. They have fitted up in connection with their business office an elegant Lecture Hall, furnished with a large collection of paintings, drawings, busts, skulls and pathological charts, where free lectures will be given every Tuesday and Saturday evenings on the preservation of Health, the treatment of diseases, Temperance, Phrenology, Physiognomy and Physiology. There is also a bathing department attached, for the application of medical baths of various varieties; and a Gymnasium with all the necessary appliances for proper exercises. The association have also made many improvements in the buildings at their home for invalids, "Fountain Farm," located about four miles from Oakland, on the Telegraph road to Martinez. The Home is situated on a beautiful rise of ground, just at the mouth of a canon, at an elevation of about 400 feet; from which may be obtained a splendid view of the valley of Alameda, the bay and city of San Francisco, and the Golden Gate. The "Home" is located with especial regard to its climatic and sanitary advantages for invalids. *

THE ELDER BOOTH—HIS ECCENTRICITIES.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

THEY who watched the career of Junius Brutus Booth, which fairly commenced in England in 1815, but in this country, at Norfolk, Virginia, on the 30th of June, 1821, will be surprised at the poverty in incidents and facts of Mrs. Clarke's biography of him.* It is not credible that such a man as Mr. Booth should have left so little on record, and we are quite confident that a much more interesting and valuable biography might be written. The purpose of this work, as actually executed, and whatever the intention of the writer may have been, appears to be not so much to give to the public a complete insight into the life and genius of the elder Booth, as to sustain a natural family pride, grievously shocked by a recent deplorable national calamity. Mrs. Clarke's purpose to protect the family name from the imputation of bloodthirstiness, by showing how all the gentle elements were mingled in the daily life and being of the elder Booth, is sufficiently commendable in a daughter and sister; but as this has been done at the expense of the great actor, who really merits a better and sterner biographer, we must regret this publication. In itself it is well enough, but for the public and for the drama, we wish that something more had been attempted, and that more had been accomplished. Men who fill a large space in the public eye are sometimes unaware that there are watchers on the towers of society who note their outgoings and their incomings, and who can give records with startling minuteness, which will prove lessons to individuals and to mankind. Mr. Booth's history is better known, we think, to individuals who had only a natural public interest in his talents and career, than even to his daughter. At least, she has failed to present more than a meagre record of what the brilliant tragedian accomplished. Lost to himself, to his art, and to society, as were many of Mr. Booth's days, squandered in vagrant wastefulness, yet he was so industrious, so ambitious, and so faithful a devotee of the magnificent yet too often desecrated art which he frequently exalted, and almost always adorned, that it will be pitiful if no better record of him can be transmitted to posterity.

We agree with Mrs. Clarke in all she says of Mr. Booth's love of mankind, and of his regard for religions and creeds; but we do not consider that there is any merit in making the history of a professional man chiefly remarkable for demonstrating that he was something else than what the world took him to be, or he himself publicly professed to be. It is with the elder Booth as an actor, principally, that we would become familiar. What his theological views may have been, or his theories on farming, or on any other subjects, further than as they serve to give the keys to his character, we do not care to know. Such records, no doubt, belong to the career of the man, but the most important part of his life was his dramatic life; all the written or oral testimony on this subject would have been welcome.

Let us come now to Mrs. Clarke's treatment of that portion of her subject which pertains to the eccentricities of Mr. Booth. Here she leaves the reader to conjecture much more than the truth permits, and leaves upon record no statement to meet the charge usually made, that Mr. Booth was a habitual drinker of ardent spirits. While he was alive nothing was more common than to attribute every one of his eccentricities to the influence of strong potations. Mrs. Clarke assigns to domestic afflictions at certain times some of his peculiarities, and truth entitles her to do so; but she does not meet the subject fairly and dispose of it fully. Probably she has not the power to do so; but happily we have the data to enable us to settle, with some degree of certainty, the conflicting opinions on the subject into a solid basis of truth. Personal observation permits us to bear testimony on the subject.

In Boston, at the Tremont Theatre, during the stage management of Mr. William H. Smith, Mr. Booth was announced to follow a short season of comedy, by performing in some of his most effective tragic plays. *Evadne* was selected for the first performance. The house was crowded. At the precise moment when "Ludovico" should enter, Mr. Booth promptly appeared, and the immense audience gave him "an immense reception." He did not heed the plaudits, but moved forward, and turning abruptly up the stage, found on a door a knocker. It had been used the night before in a comedy. This noisy property seemed at the moment more important to Mr. Booth than the play of *Evadne*, or the people who had come to witness it. He seized it and gave it a London gentleman's well-known rat-tat-tat, surprising every one familiar with the scene upon which he had entered. A pause ensued. Then Mr. Booth came towards the footlights and said, with imperturbable coolness: "Ladies and gentlemen, it appears that there is nobody at home!" Murmurs filled the house, which were soon turned into a general conversation, as the stage manager came forward and seized Mr. Booth by the collar. The tragedian was taken from the stage. What ensued behind the scenes has never been publicly stated. Mr. Smith took Mr. Booth into the green-room, and told him that he would punish him severely if he did not proceed with the business of the evening. The threat had a good effect. The curtain was taken up a second time, and Mr. Booth again appeared. No one who was present that evening will forget the brilliant manner in which Mr. Booth performed "Ludovico." We doubt if he ever surpassed that personation. The character was sustained without the slightest flaw or speck, and such was the brilliancy of the performance that the whole audience, particularly during the last act, held spell-bound by the great actor's art, remained in mute and breathless admiration of the scene. Had not Mr. Booth been persuaded to personate "Ludovico" on the evening to which we have referred, it might have been said that he was intoxicated, as was frequently said when he exhibited similar aberrations of mind. The perfection of his acting showed that he was under no alcoholic influence, for no man can place himself before the public upon the stage, even in a slightly intoxicated condition, without being betrayed by his eyes, if not by his general appearance.

Another occurrence of the like nature took place at the Chatham street theatre, under Mr. Charles Thorne's management, in 1839. Mr. Booth exhibited at that time such an indifference in the opening scenes of *Othello* that he was hissed most emphatically. He resented the treatment by beginning to act in his best manner from the close of the Senate scene till the end of the play. During that engagement he drank neither wine nor spirits, but he smoked cigars constantly and with a bad result, for he was unable to remember the text of "Richard III.," and frequently called to the prompter for the "word."

Doubtless, Mr. Booth's eccentricities were increased and made glaring occasionally by the use of spirits. Indeed, we know that this was so, for there are witnesses to the fact that he frequently visiten bar-rooms, and wandered from saloon to saloon, wasting his time and exciting pity for the desecration of his talents and opportunities. We would be be charitable, however, and not cast censure on this unfortunate actor, whose example has had a very deleterious effect upon some of the most gifted young men of this country—hurrying them into their graves, and casting upon their splendid profession stigmas only to be effaced by the virtues of those who shall follow them.

It may be regarded as certain that Mr. Booth was, at times, subject to insanity. The evidences of it were given from year to year during his theatrical life, from 1821 down to the year of his death, and of these testimonies a few have been retained in Mrs. Clarke's volume. One of the painful histories is that which was originally furnished by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, for the Boston *Pearl*, in 1834, and a later edition of which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of last year, its author having somewhat enlarged the narrative at first made public. No one can read the story without being satisfied that Mr. Booth was subject to fits of temporary aberation of mind, which, though usually harmless, were apt to be made severe and dangerous when stimulated by alcohol. There was, however, more to be feared from the constitutional weakness of Mr. Booth than from the agency of the liquor, for it does not appear that he had any fixed habit that made him a slave to the vice of drinking.

Mr. Booth's education was of a high order to a certain extent, but it was not a profound one. As a linguist, he was in advance of the best men in his profession, as was demonstrated in New Orleans, where he personated one of Talma's parts and other characters, speaking the French language. On our stage few persons can speak their own tongue with propriety, and not one in a hundred of the actors of to-day know the difference between blank verse and prose. They usually speak of the mysteries of verse as of some great mountain to be passed over, or as a dangerous lion in the pathway.

Mr. Booth was of the old school of English actors, with whom education was a paramount consideration, as it is now again becoming in Great Britain; barristers, clergymen and physicians, according to report, during the present year having adopted the theatrical profession as preferable to the pursuits for which they were originally designed. Mr. Booth, in this respect, always commanded the admiration of scholars. He never filled an engagement in any city without drawing around him the most learned and cultivated men in this country; and many of those who have held the highest places at the bar, in the senate and in the pulpit, caught much of the spirit of eloquence from the glowing and spirited style of this great actor.

Mr. Booth was a man of marked dramatic genius in the interpretation of character. When he began to depict Iago, for instance, he came upon the stage with the spirit of a man who knew nothing outside of the scene in which he was taking part. His small figure, balanced rather unsteadily on high-heeled boots, rocked with the intensity of his earnestness, and he began his dialogue with a strong, metallic voice, which, when used in violent passages, gained something in power by its nasal tones, although these had sometimes a disagreeble effect on the auditor. As the play proceeded, he showed still more earnestness of manner, every word and phrase being uttered as if then for the first time moulded into expression by the speaker himself. The eyes had their part to do at the same time. Mr. Booth never looked beyond the footlights to see how few or how many persons were before him. He looked chiefly at the interlocutors upon the stage, and he kept them also to the business of the scene, by making them understand that they were there for the special and only purpose of doing something which the poet had designed to produce a positive effect. His gestures were not elegant. They were angular, but they were from the soul; and his arms and hands quivered with emotion as he gave expression to his feelings. When he gave way entirely to the passion of the scene, the audience was excited to the most breathless attention, and many auditors seized their neighbors with an involuntary grasp that was not relinquished till the actor left the stage. Such was the magnetism of his acting that actors and audience shared alike in the excitement. The secret of his power was in his intensity and earnestness. He felt all that he said, and he was in action always, because that was the purpose of his art. As Pescara, he was fearfully grand and terribly sublime in the portraiture of villainy. As Iago, he was subtle, saturnine, humorous, serpent-like and devilish, without any apparent conscience or a single moral inspiration. He had not what is represented as the oily smoothness and sleek suavity of Charles Young, but he seemed an embodiment of the wicked man of the world, moved and inspired only by selfishness. As Ludovico, he was exceedingly brilliant, and his style glittered like the rapier which in the last act he doubled under him in his death throe, thrilling every beholder with the reality of the catastrophe. In the abominable stage version of one of Shakspeare's best plays, Richard III., he was very popular, because in that histrionic exhibition he combined all the elements of his acting. It was, however, the least attractive character in which he appeared, to those whose taste was elevated above that melo-dramatic version. As Bertram and Sir Giles Overreach, he was grand in exciting terror and exhibiting the frightful picture of a human soul wrecked by remorse and wickedness.

We may await the appearance of another actor like Mr. Booth the elder, not without hope. Mr. Edwin Booth, his son, has displayed in Iago remarkably strong claims to the highest distinction. He is, however, apt to flag in the last acts of his performances, and has scarcely the intensity of earnestness that made his father so renowned in this country.

* Booth Memorials. Passages, Incidents and Anecdotes in the Life of Junius Brutus Booth (the Elder). By his Daughter (Mrs. J. S. Clarke). New York: Carleton.

THE MANNERS OF NAPOLEON AND EUGINIE.—The Empress is impulsive, very kind, and has a smile that would be really sweet and charming in any women, and that, naturally, loses none of its charm by showing itself in the face of an empress to a world, still weakly partial to "majesty." The charm of the Emperor's smile is, in its way, just as effective, its power being often acknowledged even by those who detest him the most cordially, as in the case of M. Prevost-Paradol, one of his bitterest political opponents, who, having been received by the Emperor, as is the custom here, after his recent reception into the Academy, on which occasion he had crammed his discourse with ingeniously yet transparantly covered allusions to the Emperor of the most bittingly malicious character, and, being questioned shortly afterwards by a friend as to the impression made upon him by the interview, could not avoid expressing his sense of the charm of the Emperor's manner, and added, quoting a well known French proverb, "The fact is, *mon cher*, that in order thoroughly to hate people, one should not see them too near."

ABSTINENCE OF ROMAN WOMEN.—The ancient Romans, in some respects, were in advance of the present age in their practical physiological knowledge. This was specially the case in the habits of the women. They seemed to be fully aware of the fact that a hardy race must be born of healthful mothers, and consequently any usage or practice likely to affect injuriously the health of women, was viewed by the State with suspicion. The muscles were systematically educated. Frequent bathing was required by law. Large bath houses were established, which were places of common resort. For several centuries of the best ages of Rome it was a criminal offence for a Roman mother to drink intoxicating liquors. At the time of the labors of our Saviour on earth, and for a long period after, it was considered infamous for a Roman to taste of wine. For a guest to offer a glass of wine to one of the women of the household was looked upon as a deep insult, as it implied a want of chastity on her part.

KISSING—A PROSE POEM.—A genuine, hearty, honest kiss is made up of everything that is good. It smacks of truth, of sensibility, of delicate sentiment, of genial susceptibilities, of strong natural sympathies, of ingenious devotion, of preference, of taste, of feeling, of an ardent yet artless nature, at once bashful and tender, willing to be won, needing the winning, yet yielding reluctantly by the natural law that makes coyness a sweet restraint on wooing, stimulating even when it darts away in flight. The first kiss is the down upon the peach, the opening of the rosebud, the blossom of the dawn, the one star of the night, the delight that makes all the future life a dream of the Elysium, and hallows the home of memory.

CORN-FLOWERS.

FROM dawn till dusk, we followed up
The reapers through the wheat;
And tied the rustling corn, that lay
Like sunshine at our feet.

Kate laughed with Willio all day long,
And Kate sang merrily;
He said she sang like any bird,
And then she laughed to me.

For Kate he reaped the poppies red
That nodded in the corn;
For me he broke a pale sweet rose,
And pulled away the thorn.

He said the flowers were like her cheek,
My heart was sore all day;
And when he held the rose to me,
I turned my face away.

The blue shades fell; and by the stile
At dusk we sat to rest;
Through tears, I watched the angels' wings
That flickered in the west.

They gossiped; and I heard them say,
"O, she is never seen
When Kate is near! She's slight and pale;
And Kate is like a queen."

And they went gayly by the fields;
And I, to hide my pain,
Slipped from them at the dusky stile,
And went home by the lane.

I heard his step—I would not stay—
And when he came so near
I felt him breathe, I would not look,
And dried a silly tear.

Then bitterly he spoke. He held
The rose I would not wear;
And I said, "Give it Kate; she twined
The poppies in her hair!"

"O, hear me now, below the moon
That watches from above!
I jest with merry Kate," he said,
"But never speak of love.

"And what is Kate between us two?
I love but you alone;
O, take the sign, and take my heart,
Since, love, it is your own!"

I took the rose. A little bird
Sang out a song for me;
And broadly smiled the harvest moon,
Our happy looks to see.

SICK—AND THEOPHILUS PETS ME.

"THERE are sufferings that take no shape, and have no name"—not a monopoly, however, for there remain griefs, annoyances, and temper trials sufficient to keep us all from mistaking this world for the next.

I should like to call a convention of married women to-night, to tell their experiences of sickness. In the first place, no woman has a *right* to be sick. She has not time. It is a state of "masterly inactivity," belonging under the head masculine.

But I do wonder if ever any other woman than myself was ill, and had her husband for her nurse! If there has been, that woman knows something about a suffering that has a "shape," and a beard, probably; wears boots, and, no doubt, uses tobacco.

I once so far forgot my high calling, as to be ill—not dangerously, but distressfully ill—in that womanly way that cries softly for pettings, caresses, and honey-moon adjectives.

I trust a kind Providence will never suggest a second volume.

Being ill, as I say, I entreated my Theophilus to stay at home.

And he did, one day.

The fact is, confidentially—no sooner had my entreaties prevailed, that he should stay in doors, and pet me, all-day-long, than I began to conjecture, then to fear; afterwards—well wait!

Imagine my carefully darkened room; myself in bed, in my prettiest "white things"—one bright rose-colored ribbon to enliven—looking pale, interesting, and, as I believed, not unpretty; when in comes Theophilus.

Now, my Theophilus is not one of the "feather weights"—that is, not *strictly*. He weighs two hundred pounds, and wears heavy boots. In he comes, I say, everything shakes and quivers.

Whir-r-r—whir-r-r. Bang! bang! And open fly my four great windows!

I wink, and blink, and cover my eyes, when he exclaims in such a voice, that I think he is calling to the man on the roof of the next house. "Fresh air, plenty of light, nothing like it for recovery! Come old lady! come, Clementina! Let's get you up!"

Of course, though I quiver like a jelly, I get up, for hasn't Theophilus stayed at home on purpose to pet me?

But no sooner am I up than he says:

"Come, old lady! come, Clementina! up long enough; let's get you to bed."

Of course, back to bed I go.

Now, there's one little thing that *every* woman knows. If there are chairs in your room sufficient far a funeral, a man *will* plant himself right on the bed. And so down sat Theophilus on my bed.

"Oh—my feet!" cried I.

"Your feet!" says Theophilus, "who supposed your feet were *there?*"

Now, if he would only sit still! not he! He keeps rushing in and out of the next room. He keeps jumping up and looking out of the window. Do I suppose he is looking for somebody? Not I! I only trust there is nobody beneath, and, Heaven grant, Bridget hasn't set out a custard to cool!

By-and-by this good heart says:

"Come, hurra boys! let's give the old lady some lunch." I plead in my now really exhausted state for—"only a bite, dear."

"Certainly," he says, "only a bite, but you must eat or you'll *never* be well."

Out he goes, proceeding down the stairs. I then remember that he hasn't kissed me once all day! I cry myself to sleep, and just as I am in the most soothing doze, I hear a distant tramp, tramp, tramp.

Half awakened, I think of Southern invasion—President Lincoln—*habeas corpus*—and that we are every one of us prisoners.

But, happily, no! it is a peaceful procession bearing—"the wing of a bird," or "dipped toast."

Don't interrupt me! Wait!

First, comes my Theophilus bearing tray No. 1. On it, a large tea-pot, a pitcher of hot water, a tankard of milk sufficient for all the unweaned babies in New England, and about two pounds of sugar.

Of course he put *his* tray on the foot of my bed, and, my feet being slightly irregular in surface, over goes the tea-pot, the milk and sugar mingle just as they should, and all together mingle with me.

But the triumphal procession moves on. Bridget, bearing tray No. 2, on which is a large steak, two lamb chops, ham, eggs, and a large plate of pancakes.

Tray No. 3 is borne by my first born little Theophy, with fried hominy, mashed potatoes, shaved cabbage, and a small cauliflower, of which my good husband remembers I am fond.

A small wretch, belonging to a neighbor, brings up the rear, (which I long to attack, full flank,) with a tray of quince preserves, sardines, with a lemon, a small plate of pickled onions, and—oh! shade of Esculapius!—a sausage!

How do you suppose I *feel*, for certainly I am "speechless;" and to be "bound hand and foot, and cast ont," I think just at this time I might enjoy as a joke.

As I prudently feign sleep, they all tip-toe out. *Tip-toe?* Imagine it!

Theophilus in heavy boots—weight, two hundred pounds. Bridget, in brogans fit for a bog, weight, one hundred and ninety-four pounds. Theophy, school shoes and dirt, weight, ninety-six pounds, and ungodly little wretch—wish I had you here this minute—weight, say, twenty-two pounds.

There! Imagine *that*, on tip-toe! Why it makes me think of the noise of the rats that crossed the Rhine and ate up Bishop Hatto.

Imagine how much of that lunch I wanted. But the climax has not yet come.

My bureau, my table, my mantel are covered by bottles, boxes, washes, and lotions, of an infinite and expensive variety.

Everything denotes a serious illness. Here I lie, apparently very ill, and there that lunch lies—making me out the most *horrible* of liars, and a monster of malignant appetite.

Now comes the "pretty" part of all this. (Oh Theophilus!) As they have all gone, I think I will get up softly, and hold on by the chairs and table—just taste—one onion. (I am so *very* fond of pickled onions, you see!) While I am thus absorbed, (they do taste good!) I hear a creak, creak, creak, on the stairs—well, just such a creak as you can't buy except in a pair of doctor's boots, and lo! before I can jump, leap, or fly back into bed, there—right in the door, stands Dr. Pilbocks.

There! now, you've got the "pretty" part—the situation.

The doctor, who always wears a "dog-wont-eat-dog" expression of face anyway, looks *at me*—looks at the lunch. He looks again—again—once more. (I forget now *where I looked.*) Then he says gently—*gently*, did I say? Well, it was that kind of gently that is so sharp and cuts so deep that you don't feel it till you're killed—yes, gently and very slowly he says:—"Mrs. Theophilus Tuddiwinks, I am very glad to find you so free from pain, and as I am very busy, unless you are sensibly worse, I will not call again at present."

He goes. Time he did.

Onions always did make my eyes "water;" I never, *never*, will ask Theophilus Tuddiwinks to stay from business again to pet *me.*—*New York Home Journal.*

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

[The following is extracted from the story of the perilous journeyings of those intrepid explorers, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, who discovered the mountain sources of the Nile. The work has just been published by Macmillan, of London:]

THE sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and, having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea-horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment—here was the reward for all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style, in honor of the discovery; but, now that I looked down upon the great inland sea, lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake "the Albert N'yanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile. The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo, and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces.—*Baker's Sources of the Nile.*

SEA-BATHING SCENES.

THE tide is well in, and the fun has commenced. Zephyr, the bathing man, paddles a boat, to which is fastened a flight of wooden steps for the bathers to rest upon, to and fro at a distance of a few yards from the shore; while the young Zephyr plunges clad into the water, assisting the confident and encouraging the timid. Two tender creatures float on their backs close to his boat; and yonder, two or three hundred feet from the beach, three pretty faces float hither and thither, rosy with the kisses of the amorous waves. Mark that troop of ocean sylph stripping down over the shingle. Large, light cloaks conceal their fair forms, but as they reach the edge of the sea, they fling their cloaks away, and appear attired in fantastically ornamented jackets and loose pantaloons. Then, with a ringing laugh, into the sea they plunge, scattering the bright water around them, and swim seaward, brightening the water as they go like a troop of Nereides. Maidens of the brine, they put to shame yonder shivering fellow, who crawls into the water, knee-deep, and shivers through every limb. The sun strikes on their faces, glorifying the golden hair of the beauty who takes the lead. They are quite at home in the water. It is an odious comparison, but they swim as finely as frogs, playing all kinds of antics as they speed along.

Yonder is an angel rolling over and over like a porpoise. See, now, they all join hands and float silently side by side upon the water, till, with a silvery burst of laughter, they dash the foam from their faces, and swim onward.

O, to have an hour's marine flirtation with the golden-haired child of Thetis!

That flirtations do take place under such circumstances, I have heard on the best authority.

It is reported that one young gentleman, who swam indifferently, followed out into the sea a young lady, who swam excellently; that, panting with emotion and exertion, he assured her in the briefest possible manner of his attachment and almost choked himself in the attempt to seize and kiss her hand; that, floating upon his back, he explained quietly his position and circumstances, and breathed words of tenderness, while the fair one again and again plunged under water to conceal her blushes; and that, finally, when they swam to shore, the daring youth had been accepted, at the cost of being almost paralyzed with cold.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS, C. H. WEBB. } *Publishers.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1866.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

MR. JOHN C. ROBINSON is authorized to act as Agent for THE CALIFORNIAN.

DR. W. F. BRANDRETH is requested to call at this office.

"BLACK SHEEP."

THE second installment of this story not having arrived by last steamer, we are unable to continue it in this issue. The steamer due to day, will bring us *two* installments, so that there will be no danger of any future disappointment to our readers from the occurrence of a similar accident.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A BACCHANAL LYRIC," "DEATH IN LIFE," and "JUPITER AND JUNO," are respectfully declined.

"TO MY SCOTCH FRIEND," is under advisement.

"L. S. D. L," and several other contributions filed for insertion, have been crowded out of this issue.

THE GROWTH OF CULTURE.

THE letter of our correspondent, "J. S. B.," in last week's CALIFORNIAN, on the condition of art in San Francisco, has elicited quite a number of communications in reply, two of which we publish. The burden of all is the same—the lack of genuine appreciation of art in the community, and the niggardly spirit with reference to it, manifested by the great majority of the class possessing the means of affording it substantial encouragement. All partake more or less of the vein of a Jeremiad, though in a few the tone of angry objurgation swells above that of doleful complaint, and our wealthy people are vigorously scolded because they do not care for, or will not buy fine pictures. This strain is idle if not unreasonable. Culture and taste are excellent things; but there are other things more necessary, and that will always possess an overshadowing influence in young communities. Man must make his habitation comfortable before he can give much serious attention to the task of making it beautiful. While a young colony is busy in cutting down forests, building roads, developing mines, establishing manufactures, in short, until the whole of what may be fairly embraced in "the period of settlement" is passed, a materialistic spirit must necessarily prevail. In a city not yet twenty years old, and a community still mainly occupied in adjusting itself to new conditions, where the social fabric has but begun to settle into shape, it seems scarcely reasonable to look for much high appreciation of the more delicate products of the intellect or the imagination. It has been maintained, too, that true artistic taste is far rarer than talent; and certainly there is a more marked difference among men with respect to their endowment with taste, than there is with respect to their possession of common sense and judgment. And in this, certain venerable authorities on rhetoric declare that Nature evinces her beneficence, making little distinction among her children in the bestowal of the faculties necessary to their well being and the conduct of the practical affairs of life, while she is more partial and capricious in the gift of those that serve for ornament rather than use.

The fact seems to be that, while taste is universal, and men, and even children possess it in some degree, it is of slower growth, and requires more careful culture, and is also characterized by greater diversity in its judgments, than is the case with the practical reason. There is little probability that sensible men will differ in opinion as to which is the better of two roads for traveling purposes, or of two streams for their mill privileges, but if the question is as to which is the more picturesque or romantic, there will be likely to be less unanimity; and ladies are far more liable to differ in regard to the colors, pattern and style of a dress, than as to the quality and durability of its fabric.

Yet every person who prefers one color to another, and even the child who prefers a round or symmetrically shaped object to one of irregular outline, possesses the rudiments of taste. It is something to be able to derive pleasure from any object whose appeal is to the intellect or the imagination through the nobler senses. And it should be borne in mind by those who are disposed to sneer at the judgments of imperfectly cultivated tastes, that inferior objects in art often kindle as much genuine admiration, and afford as legitimate a pleasure as those of a higher character. Imperfect taste, or taste not fully formed, yet in exercise, is a widely different thing from that torpor and indifference to the æsthetic aspects of things which seem like the absence of taste altogether; and there is something elevating—something to be respected in all unaffected enjoyment of what is beautiful in art or nature, even where the admiration is quite disproportionate to the real merits of the thing admired. The man who really enjoys pictures and poems, even though they are very poor pictures and poems, stands higher in the scale of being than the man who only enjoys pudding, let his taste in pudding be never so unimpeachable.

And hence we do not feel so despondent in regard to the prospects of art among us as most of our correspondents, or so much disposed to lecture our wealthy citizens upon their lack of taste. Provided they will buy pictures at all, we shall not consider it an outrage that they buy what they like. When a genuine interest in such objects is established and diffused in any community it is surprising to note how rapidly discrimination is sharpened, and how inevitably the higher judgment of the cultivated few comes to control that of the many. It is a significant and well-known fact that several of the most admirable private collections of paintings in England belong to men who when they commenced gathering them were utterly ignorant of art, and who beginning by purchasing showy and meretricious works, finished by becoming connoisseurs.

HIGHLY INDECOROUS.

THE Press always suffers in its character and influence, when it falls into the habit of pronouncing hasty judgments on important subjects of a delicate nature, more especially when such judgments are expressed with a flippant levity unsuitable to the gravity of the theme. No person who is in the habit of volunteering positive off-hand opinions upon every subject that arises, without thought or consideration, can reasonably expect that his *ex cathedra* decisions will command respect. The case is the same with newspapers, and thus the mingled arrogance and impertinence of that description of journals that insist on intermeddling with all matters public and private, without any regard to the proprietics, and assume to deliver oracular decisions on all questions social, moral, political, religious, or scientific, destroy their power for mischief by rendering them objects of ridicule. Newspapers that make nothing of reversing the decisions of the Supreme Court, correcting the theological errors of Doctors of Divinity, and settling in the most summary style knotty points of science or philosophy, are tolerably sure to find that the wisdom, cheapened by being so lavishly dispensed, carries little weight with the public.

One of the daily papers published in this city, recently alluded to the rumored suspension of the Rev. Mr. Eagan, Rector of St. James' Church, by the Episcopal Bishop of this diocese, in the following strain, in which it is not easy to determine whether a certain hardihood of ignorance, or its repulsive flippancy, is the predominant element:

"A storm has broken over the heads of the members of St. James's Church—an Episcopal Church Society recently organized in this city on the free seats plan. It appears that "My Lord Bishop Kip" is displeased with the Rector of St. James's, and has, in consequence, issued a bull commanding the Rev. Mr. Eagan not to preach another sermon. We do not know what the penalty will be in case Mr. Eagan refuses to obey the lordly mandate, but as this is supposed to be a free country, wherein those can preach who wish to, we presume that nothing worse than burning at the stake or flaying alive will follow as a result of disobeying orders. If we could be allowed to express an opinion in relation to Church matters, we should say that, as the Congregation of St. James's is composed of free white and intelligent citizens, they certainly have the right to say whether the Rev. Mr. Eagan, or Rev. Mr. somebody else, shall preach for them. We trust to see the free seats church movement succeed, in spite of My Lord Cardinal's opposition to it."

Now here we have a respectable daily paper, at least a paper possessing such respectability as attaches to large circulation and business prosperity, passing without the slightest appearance of diffidence or hesitation upon a grave ecclesiastical question, the very data for the decision of which are as yet unknown. And not only is it peremptorily decided that the Bishop is wrong and Mr. Eagan right in the premises, but the journalist cannot bring himself to speak of the former in the language of common courtesy. But even if too intensely Democratic in his ideas to be willing to show any especial deference to a high dignitary in one of the principal ecclesiastical organizations of the country, it would seem to have been scarcely necessary to be guilty of absolute rudeness, and to resort to coarse sneers for the purpose of showing his independence. Possibly, however, he understood no other way than the one he adopted. The *naive* observation, "If *we* could be allowed to express an opinion on church matters, we should say" etc., coming as it does in connection with so singular a display of puerility, sounds exceedingly droll.

Most assuredly "we" ought "to be allowed to express an opinion on church matters," or on the wave theory of light, or the poetry of Hafiz, or the origin of language, or the validity of the Moore title, or on any other subject in the entire range of human knowledge. For this is one of the privileges of "free white men" under the Constitution of the United States and the laws of the land, and we have no doubt that "we" are about as well qualified to deliver "an opinion on church matters" as on the other subjects enumerated.

Had the present question, however, instead of being an issue between a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of California and his Diocesan, been between a Fenian Head Center and a subordinate functionary of the order, or between General Halleck and one of the officers under him, even a critic of this obtuse though ardent mental constitution would probably have been able to master the idea of a submission to constituted authority, even "by a free white American citizen" that is not servile, and of an exercise of such authority that is not tyrannical.

[For the Californian.]

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT,—Good night!
The hour of parting brings the hour of dreams:
Be thy sleep calm and deep,
A spell of down on silky eyelids laid;
Between our pillows distance only seems,
Darkness is a transparent shade,
And sweetest speeches silences inclose,
Like roses' perfume folded in the rose—
Growing intense as silence deeper grows:
Still nearest, and dearest,
Thy heart and mine will keep;
Through the dim star time, into the far clime,
Down Slumber's fathomless stream,
We shall float together, in balmy weather,
With thoughts of bliss agleam;
Good-night!

Good-night,—Good night!
These parting words are but a tender cheat:
We know, whether we go
Beyond arms' reach, or wide as worlds apart,
Together we shall throb at each heart-beat;
Thrilled by the same electric dart,
Shot from the arch god's arched bow,
Through either bosom's wall of snow—
Forever and forever be it so!
Though far as star from star,
Twin souls will interflow;
All the dusks between, are a filmy sheen,
But silver threads the tides,
And every "good-night" is a veil of delight,
Where Love transfigured bides:
Good-night!

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1, 1866. W. A. KENDALL.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

WE wonder why neither Roos and Snow or Jones and Wooll, have paid any attention to light and proper facilities for the display of paintings in their galleries. At one place everything must be viewed through glazed sashes, rendering it a work of no small moment to assume a proper position for an observation; and at the other the light is so dim and uncertain, and the access so narrow and perilous that it hardly repays one a visit.

It requires considerable searching to find anything new in Art in this city, and this week's items will be few.

The art gallery at the Fair of the St. James' Church was not as well patronized as it should have been. Although a greater part of the pictures were uninteresting and had been often exhibited before, there were many paintings that were new and pleasing. We noticed very few works of New York and Boston artists, but there were many by foreign hands, and some very creditable productions of native amateurs. A collection of engravings, many of them rare and valuable, of the works of the old masters, were exhibited here, but hardly formed an attraction for visitors.

ARRIOLA has on view at Roos' a coast scene taken from some point near the Golden Gate. As it is so much superior to the majority of his pictures, it deserves attention. We find little fault with the drawing, and the surf and beach are very fairly painted; but here, as in all of his pictures—though perhaps less here than in others—there is a harshness, an unreality in his coloring, and a stiffness and rigidity in handling, which must be overcome before his pictures can please. The introduction into this picture of portraits of the artist and his military companion is a piece of clap-trap worn out in the war pictures of the Eastern illustrated papers.

NORTON BUSH exhibits views of California scenery—rather tame and insipid however, and entirely wanting in effect. The foreground lacks strength. This artist's faults are those that we think may be cured by study, and we hope to see a development of the talent his friends have promised. ASTRÆA.

TUESDAY, Oct. 9, 1866.

Messrs. Editors Californian:

Please tell me in your next paper who is the supposed author of *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.*

And very much oblige, INQUIRER.

The book has been attributed to numerous different authors, Darwin among the rest. But we believe there is now no dispute that Richard Vyvian is the name of the true author.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Fifth of Novemer.

THE Fifth of November is memorable in England as the day on which the plot of Guy Fawkes to blow up the Houses of Parliament was discovered. The coming Fifth of November is looked forward to with intense interest by the citizens of San Francisco. The first number of "*The Daily Times*, a first class morning journal," is to be issued on that day. The *Alta*, we understand, regards this enterprise as being a no less unholy one than that which was undertaken by Guy Fawkes. It is nerving all its energies to meet the blow. Great efforts are being made to increase the popularity of the *Alta* and all its attachés. Fitz Smythe has had his likeness painted in oil by a Chinaman and exhibited at the store of Messrs. Snow & Roos. on Montgomery street; the Major shows himself on the street; charity sermons in behalf of institutions for the relief of the poor and sick of all the nationalities represented in this city, are published semi-occasionally; a historical sketch of the *Alta*, setting forth the services it has done the State has been published; yet for all this does the *Alta* await the Fifth of November in fear and trembling. Will the *Times* be strong enough to disembowel the *Alta*? Will it drag from that venerable form the auctioneers' advertisements? Will it, like the horrid devil-fish, fasten a hundred suckers on its advertising veins and suck and suck until it leaves nothing but a shrunken carcase which not even electricity and the blood of a thousand battle-fields can reanimate with a factitious vitality? These are deeply interesting questions to the *Alta*. We await the Fifth of November.

The War of the Architects.

MR. EDITOR: So it appears that we have to import not only our school-marms from the Hub, but that we can't even build a school-house without sending to the Yankee Athens *for the plans!* No joke about this I assure you. The *Flag* has let the cat out of the bag, to the confusion and horror, no doubt, of the unfortunate gentleman who secured its damaging advocacy.

By the by, why don't *you* go into this war of Architects? perhaps you could make something out of it—don't let the *Bulletin* and *Flag* have all the glory.

Tell us some more about the Lincoln school. The good people will never tire of reading about the grandeur and elegance of that sarcophagus to the memory of the ex-architect of the Board St. Peter's is no where; Mike Angelo was a fogy. When that New Zealander sits on London bridge contemplating the ruins of St. Paul's, this "*Palatial* College of the People" will stand a monument to the genius of its designer and the disinterested parties to whom the tax payers are *indebted* for its construction.

The *Bulletin* folks thought they were doing the thing up about right; and they had it all their own way for a while, but they didn't lay it on strong enough; they didn't go back to Ancient History, and cause the glory of "Ye Ancient Architects" to pale by their compromise; they were not *up* to that sort of thing, you see, so the *Flag* got the job.

Now the *Flag* lacks discretion, and don't know when it has said enough. In their first article they "slopped over;" and, attempting to convince folks of the just claims of our friend to the school work, they let out the fact that the plans had been procured at the "Hub" regardless of expense. Now, of course none of these seven by nine architects who had the impudence to aspire to the designing of our schools, knew or could know anything about Boston school houses: still it was not necessary to rob him of the credit of having *originated* these various plans.

Their next article was worse yet; it was evidently made up from a re-perusal of "Thompson's Charges" and the newspaper comments on the Lincoln School contracts. Now that had nearly blown over, and it won't do to rake it up, but no one could help being reminded of that fuss You see if the *Flag* goes on it will ruin its friends in spite of itself. If you could only help the thing out, I know you could make it look all right and make some convincing arguments without knocking "the fat into the fire."

It would be worth your while to take hold of it and expose the woful corruption that has crept into the profession since the Board has tempted the outsiders to hope for public employment.

Yours with the etceteras, JEFFERSON SNORT.

An "Indian Legend"

The *Call* has a correspondent who, over the signature of "R," writes a very good letter from Pacific Congress Springs He relates a very pretty legend which does him credit:

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

"Roaming through the mountains, we discovered an almost extinct tribe of Indians, the existence of which is now probably not known by actual experience to any but Shillaber, the cynic, and myself. From this tribe we obtained a curious legend regarding the origin of the Congress Springs. There are three or four of these springs. One of them is continually ejaculating "Boo-ah! boo-ah!" pronounced low and soft. This word, it appears, signifies in the Indian dialect, respectively, "drink," "to drink," and "give me drink." The ancient Indians, it appears, had their mythological characters as well as the Greeks and Romans had theirs. One of the Indian demi-gods was Tucoolino, the God of Quiet. One day, ages ago, while walking along the mountain-tops, he was assailed by Borealihoso, the God of Winds. The latter, after giving the former a good drubbing, cast him down the mountain, and he fell fatally wounded. Tears of shame for his defeat flowed from his eyes, while his pains wrung from him bloody sweat. In his agony, he cried out piteously, "Boo-ah! boo-ah!" and so crying, died. His body congealed into rock; but his tears and sweat continued to flow, and his dying words continue to be repeated from the petrified body, saying, in the Indian language, "Drink! drink!" The tears are the saline waters of the springs, and the bloody sweat is the iron, which shows itself in red streaks of semi-liquid matter, trickling down the stony face of the dead and petrified Indian God."

This is such a pretty legend that we are quite sorry to find any flaws in it; but "R" has made a shocking mistake. He should not have called the God of Winds "Borealihoso." The "almost extinct tribe of Indians" would not be likely to derive the name of their God of Winds from the Latin "*boreas*," the North wind. Then again "Tucoolino, the God of Quiet," would not be the kind of god to kick up such a row when Borealiboso gave him a whipping—or at least he would have stopped by this time instead of going on continually "booahing." However, we hope that "R" will continue travelling, and will meet some more "almost extinct tribes of Indians," and learn other legends from them. Possibly the next tribe he meets will not understand either Latin or Greek.

A Fearful "Judgment."

In the Chicago *Times* of September 17th, we find an account of an actual occurrence with the following headings:

"AN ACCUSED MAN CALLS UPON GOD TO STRIKE HIM DEAD IF HE IS GUILTY—HE FALLS INSTANTLY TO THE FLOOR, A CORPSE."

After a moral introduction the *Times* continues:

"A little over a year ago there lived in a small village in Sweden a man by the name of Rosencrist, whose ostensible pursuit was that of a tailor, but rumor had it that his principle revenue was derived from poaching and stealing, and at least this impression was so strongly confirmed that he suddenly left that village to evade the arm of justice. He came to this country about eight months ago, and took up his residence in Chicago, where he again worked at his trade."

The *Times* knows all about the antecedents of this man, you see; he lived in "a small village in Sweden," was suspected of poaching, and came to America to avoid punishment for breaking the game laws. Then we are told how he took lodgings at a boarding-house, No. 144 Burnside street, in Chicago, and how some of the boarders soon after his arrival, missed sundry articles, but the *Times* says "no clue to the perpetrator could be found." We will let the *Times* finish the story:

"Yesterday afternoon another theft was discovered, and the proofs of guilt pointed directly to Rosencrist—no one else having been near the apartment since the time the articles stolen were last seen. On being accused, he stoutly denied the theft, but, finding no credence was given to the denial, he suddenly grew more passionate, and, lifting up his hand toward heaven, exclaimed that he hoped his "tongue would rot in his mouth, his head drop from his shoulders, and God strike him dead on the spot," if he was guilty. No sooner had these words escaped his lips, when he suddenly began to reel and stagger, and, before support could be given, he fell to the floor—dead. The excitement this incident created among the bystanders can better be imagined than described. Strong men stood paralyzed, women fainted, and none were able to speak for some minutes. The occurrence was so horrible, this apparent retribution so terrible, that men doubted their senses. But the dead man remained prostrate on the floor—a ghastly proof of the reality. The rumor of this strange and startling fatality soon spread through the neighborhood, and in a few minutes the house was filled with horror-stricken people, none of whom doubted that the hand of God was thus made visible."

Rosencrist, we see, was suspected of theft because he was seen near the room. He was accused, and indignantly denied being a thief. His denial was not believed. He then, in order to convince his accusers of his innocence, raised his hand towards heaven and hoped that "his tongue might rot in his mouth, his head drop from his shoulders, and God strike him dead on the spot if he was guilty." His tongue did not rot in his mouth, and his head did not fall from his shoulders, but he fell to the floor dead.

Now this is a really splendid story for educational purposes—to illustrate the danger of profane swearing, and of course of telling a lie. The *Times* tells us that he was a poacher while he was living in "a small village in Sweden;" the boarders in the house at 144 Burnside street missed things, and of course Rosencrist stole them. He called upon God to strike him dead if he was guilty—and he was "struck dead." Nothing could be more satisfactory. But after "strong men standing paralyzed, women fainting, and every one looking at this fearful instance of a "judgment," some gross-minded materialist must needs run out and bring a doctor.

"A physician was called, who pronounced the cause of death to be disease of the heart, produced by over excitement."

Now this is really dreadful. Of course that physician was an atheist. Here is a terrible example of the progress of Rationalism. We suppose the next day one of the boarders who had missed her brooch found it stowed away in a drawer, and then the others began to hunt for the missing articles, and found them all. Then the *Times* would come out with an acknowledgement that it was mistaken in Rosencrist having ever lived in "a small village in Sweden"—that it was another man—and would publish a column obituary of him as a man who had always borne the very best of characters; and say that it was not to be wondered at that the shock of being suddenly accused of theft should kill him. That atheist physician has much to answer for. Couldn't he have lent himself to a "pious fraud." The man was dead, and might have, even after death, have proved a blessing to his fellow creatures, by serving as a terrible warning. Oh what an atheistical, materialistical, rationalistical age we live in!

Mrs. Woxeackle on "The Sensation of the Week."

MR. ENNYTER: Well, I confess that I am dumfoundered! So it appears it was all true, and Mr. Eagan, nevertheless that he preaches so beautiful, (wich none can appreeshiate but them that have heerd) is a Jeshyut after all! Who would have thort it? It did take me so sudden when I fust heerd it, that I came near going rite off the hooks on a dead faint. It was Friday afternoon, a week ago, that Mrs. Van Slam who knows all that's going on, and spends pretty nigh all her time in goin' about pickin up the news and telling it, it was about four in the afternoon, when she come in, and says she "Maria Woxeackle" (wich she allers addresses me by,) "have you heerd the news?" And then without waitin for me to answer, wich she was so eagerlike and excited she could not wait for, she says, "The Bisbop bas suspeuded Mr. Eagan!" "O no," says I all in a tremble, "you don't tell me that!" for I thort sure enuff at first she meant they had hung Mr. Eagan, wich the judges say when they sentence murderers, I havin once been present and heerd twenty years ago in Ohio, when a poor wretch that worked on the farm was hung for killing a black man with a pitchfork in the field in harvest time, which the judge said, should be suspendid by the neck until you air dead, and God bave mercy on your soul. But, "laws, no," says Mrs. Van Slam, when she saw what a mistake I had made, "the poor man is not hung, but he's forbid to preach, and ordered to go home by the next steamer." But Saturday she calls again, and says she, "Maria, they do say he won't give up, and that he's going to preach in spite of the Bishop." How that woman knows everything as soon as it happens, and sometimes before it happens, which she does, is a mystery to me, and so we agreed to go to St. James and hear Mr Eagan, let what would happen, which Mrs. Van Slam vowed she would even if she was suspendid herself for it. But not a word was said about the trouble, and we went away no wiser than we came which greatly disappinted both of us, you may be sure. What's to come of it all mercy knows, but they do say that there will be a terrible time. Anyway I was much relieved to find that Mr. Eagan was only to be stopped preaching, (which he is'nt) instead of being hung.

Yours, Respectful, MARIA WOXCACKLE.

P. S. The fair turned out better than was expected, except the Art Gallery, wich cost for fitting up, et setteier, $400, and only brot in $180, wich is disgraceful to the taste of this community. The pictures were all high-toned, and the lady that presided over the gallery, wich she also did at the Christian Commisshun Fair, and wouldn't on that occashun admit any common trash, and rejected pictures by obskure persons, wich was offered by the owners and brot from Europe, being one by a Mr. Landseer, and one by a Mr. Roohens, and also she paints quite superior herself As to the picture called Seel Rock, admired by some, it looked just like what you can see every day from the balkony of the Cliff House; and who wants to pay their money for a picture that is nothing but a plain copy of what you can see for nothing, I should like to know? M. W.

Disinterested Advice.

Here is an article which is being republished by every ill looking editor in the United States:

"GOOD ANVICE.—Get married, young women! never panse because your suitor is not handsome. If he is good that is much better. Few handsome men are good for much, except to break wives' hearts with jealousy, and fail in business, because too much tempted, to attend to it assiduously."

How easy it is to imagine the appearance of the man who wrote that piece of good advice. A hang dog looking ruffian with no forehead, cross eyed, all his front teeth gone, a broken nose, and a mouth reaching from ear to ear. But good—not handsome but good. O yes, those villainous-looking wretches always are good. "Few handsome men are good for much except to break wives' hearts with jealousy, and fail in business because too much tempted to attend to it assiduously." Here is an infamous libel! The ugly face of the man who invented it must have been suffused with blushes as he wrote it—if he had any conscience, but very ugly men do not possess consciences as a rule. A nice life any pretty woman who married that hideous editor would lead. He would not make her break her heart with jealousy for him, but woe to her if she ever dare interchange a word with any but the most frightful males of the human species! He would watch her like a tiger; he would allow his business to go to ruin while he spent his time in lying in wait for good-looking men making calls on his wife. If he had said apologetically that some very plain looking men are not really so bad as they look he might have been forgiven, but to deliberately libel handsome men and declare that they are not good for much, is vile. There is one comfort for handsome men; let the ugly ones abuse them as much as they like the young women of the present day have good sense enough to value advice such as the above at its true value, and good taste enough to prefer beauty to ugliness.

The Atlantic Cable at Fault.

The Atlantic Cable is certainly a glorious institution. We receive news from Europe now with wondrous speed, but we do not get enough. The trans-continental telegraph informed the Associated Press of California, on Tuesday last, that Tom Thumb's baby was dead, but the news came from England by steamer. We ought to have known this on the 27th of last month—the baby died on the 26th but we received no intimation of it by the Cable. We ought to have known that the baby had a sore throat weeks ago, but we did not. The Associated Press reporter exhibited commendable promptitude in telegraphing this important news to us as soon as it was received in New York, but it ought to have reached there weeks before by the Atlantic Cable. We are afraid that if such news as this is allowed to come by steamer to this continent the *Times* will be unwilling to enter into arrangements to procure news by the Cable.

Quite a New Song.

The *Golden Era* says: "Mr. Gray, publisher, has placed us under obligations for a copy of the song sung by Miss Emma Howson, "Truth in Advance."

We never heard Miss Emma Howson sing "Truth in Advance," but we know that many operatic artistes on being offered an engagement, sing "Cash in Advance," and make the impressario come down to a very pretty tune. Miss Emma Howson sings "Truth in Absence" very sweetly as she does everything, but no one has as yet had sufficient courage to give such an incomprehensible title as "Truth in Advance" to a song.

Thorough.

The *Call* does not often express a decided opinion, but in comparing "Mark Twain" with "Artemus Ward," it goes the entire animal. It says: "There is just the difference between worth and worthlessness." We all know that "Mark Twain" is far funnier than "Artemus Ward," but "Artemus" has made a number of good jokes, and to pronounce him "worthless" is going a little too far. It is a pity that the *Call* when it does get off the fence in discussing any subject, always manages to *tumble* off.

The Shooting Season.

In this part of the earth the shooting season has already commenced; it commences in the heavens next month. Those who are not in bed will see thousands of shooting stars. It is to be hoped that none of these sporting meteors will knock out the Bull's eye, assassinate the Twins, knock the watering pot of Aquarius out of his hand, and frighten the Virgin into hysterics. However, the shooting season in the heavens will only last for five or six nights, and we may reasonably hope that no serious accidents will happen.

A Dangerous Experiment.

The people of Oakland have introduced quail into their gardens to destroy insects. Some of those pretty little pets will be served up on toast if the owners do not keep a sharp look out after them. Those who wish to get birds to destroy insects in their gardens had better procure a few gulls; they will do the business effectually, and no one will eat them.

"Times" Seasoning.

The staff of the *Times* is to consist of Jim McClatchy, superintending editor; Noah Brooks, heavy man; Billy Bosman, scissors; Bennett, general utility; and Ned Pepper, walking gentleman or "local items." Watered by Brooks and seasoned by Pepper the *Times* will flourish as a first class paper.

Jewish Sacrifice to a Heathen Deity.

By a euphemism persons are said, when they are sea-sick, to make an offering to Neptune. This must certainly be the "heave offering" and "wave offering" enjoined by the Levitical law.

A Suggestion.

During his tour on the continent of Europe "Mark Twain" will have to put on a few foreign airs. We would suggest that to flatter the Prussians he would do well to render his name "*Bis*-mark."

EARLY RISERS.

EVERY reasonable man—every one, that is, who gets up when he chooses and goes to bed when he feels inclined—has at times been vexed by the zeal of early risers. If two men take the same allowance of sleep, but one of them begins it at eleven o'clock and the other at two, the first will feel himself a moral head and shoulders above his friend. He fancies himself to be standing on a little pedestal of conscious virtue, from which he may, figuratively speaking, flap his wings and crow over his inferiors. He is always pointing out that, by his self denial and constant superiority to the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, he has set an example whose influence can hardly be over-estimated. However carefully he may act the part of modest merit, he glows with an inward satisfaction which can never be quite repressed. He could not, though he would, hide his light under a bushel; it shines through him as through an alabaster vase; he is too much of an angel among common men to be able quite to cover up his wings.

He glories, even in secret, over his self-inflicted miseries; but, to extract from such recollections all the consolation which they can afford, it is necessary to share them with other people. He is delighted to speak with authority as to the state of the weather between six and seven in the morning. He brings in studiously unintentional references to his walks before breakfast, and he goes quietly to sleep after dinner as if he had earned a clear right to a little repose. Few people have strength of mind enough really to bear up against claims of this kind. Radicals, who say, perhaps very sincerely, that a man's a man for a' that, sometimes betray a perceptible awkwardness in the presence of a lord. No one will admit that mere wealth has any claims to respect; yet we somehow feel an instinctive deference towards a man with a good balance at his banker's, of which we are not conscious towards his neighbor who lives from hand to mouth. In the same way, few people really dare to dispute the merits of a man who gets up at six in the morning; he has accumulated a balance of solid virtue which gives an undefined weight of respectability to his actions. It appears to be merely due to his benevolence that he does not crush you to the earth with a sense of moral inferiority.

And yet, if we could only venture to make a stand, perhaps we might find that this claim is so imposing only because it has not been critically tested. Early rising is, to a considerable extent, a proof of imperfect civilization. In the old time everybody was up with the sun; but the invention of candles, and the change from physical to intellectual labor, have altered all the conditions of life. The evening hours are now superior in almost every respect to those of the morning. In a social point of view, it is unnecessary to demonstrate that no man can enjoy society before breakfast. Strictly speaking, man does not become a social being until breakfast, and even then the instinct exists in a very modified form; many people read the newspaper at breakfast, but no one could be brute enough to read it at dinner. In those barbarous times when dinner took place about midday, supper was the really sociable meal, which has been gradually superseded by the onward movement of dinner. From all this it follows that a man's social tendencies are almost always in the inverse ratio of his propensity to early rising.

When Cæsar remarked, "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights," he evidently meant to condemn, not the unfortunate beings who may be physically lean, but the restless temperament which leads to early rising, self-conceit, discontent, and conspiracy. If people who get up prematurely are disagreeable, and even dangerous, in a social point of view, they will equally fail to justify themselves on intellectual grounds. Those who delight in always firing off small prudential maxims of the "early to bed, early to rise" variety generally denounce the practice of study at night. But here, again, the assumption seems to be gratuitous. The early riser descends every morning into a partial chaos; fires are smoking and green wood sputtering; every house is haunted by unkempt servants, with dusters and shovels, going through the hateful process of putting things in order; the world is slowly getting under weigh, and the machinery moves at first with slow jerks and creaks, and raising clouds of dust. It is absurd to suppose that such an atmosphere of discomfort can be more favorable to mental labor than the harmonious quiet of the evening, when a man may entrench himself in perfect repose, without a fear of interruption; when all the discordant elements of the day have more or less shaken into their places. Every smoker knows the superiority of the evening over the morning cigar; which proves that a philosophical and contemplative frame of mind is far more easily attained at the end than at the begining of the day, a mental attitude of serene meditation being essential to intelligent smoking. Man's powers may be supposed to be fresher and less exhausted in the morning; but, as a rule, this advantange is counterbalanced by the diminution of restlessness and irritability, and the greater power of concentration, produced by the evening calmness. We, therefore, consider that, for almost all purposes, the evening hours have a distinct superiority over the morning for the civilized part of mankind, whose pursuits do not require daylight, and who know the use of gas and candlelight.

For those who have to labor in the fields or workshops, or to get their living by hunting, like savages, there are obvious advantages about making the most of the daylight. The sentiment about early rising is a traditionary instinct, which has wandered into an era where it is not wanted. It is too bad that cultivated beings should go on quoting at us their little hoard of maxims, which at best are gross anachronisms, as though they were eternal truths; and that even the most modest of men should go about running over with ill-concealed complacency, because they have arranged their day on an obsolete hypothesis. If, however, we should be disposed to grant that there is really something in the claim which early risers put forward so pretentiously to the virtue of activity, we should still wish to know why it is of so specially offensive and aggressive a type. Why must they be always dashing it in our faces, and giving thanks at every turn that they are not as other men? Why should an early riser walk through the world wrapped in an invisible cloak of moral pre-eminence? After all, we are fellow-creatures, even if we are too fond of our beds in the morning. The most rabid of the sect must admit that a man is not necessarily a drunkard nor an abandoned slave to his passions because he does not get up at six o'clock; and yet, whilst mixing with the outer world, they always contrive to make it felt that all but themselves are more or less publicans and sinners.

An explanation of the abnormal development of self-esteem to which this and some other second-rate virtues give rise may perhaps be found in the very fact of their smallness. A man who has performed some great and heroic action is bound in honor not to boast of it; he may generally assume, too, that other people will be sufficiently disposed to recognize his claims without requiring them to be put obtrusively forward; but the family of petty virtues to which early rising belongs—punctuality, order, and so forth—require some additional inducements for their practice. They are not amiable qualities. Nobody loves a man the better for always remembering that procrastination is the thief of time, that a stitch in time saves nine, and that a penny saved is a penny got; on the contrary, we are rather apt to consider him as a standing insult to us for our own deficiencies in those respects. It is, therefore, provided, as a natural compensation, that they should give rise to a disproportionate amount of self-satisfaction. Such men are generally more conceited than any other class of meritorious citizens. They look down with a contempt, sometimes affable and sometimes simply arrogant, upon any one whom they fancy to be less of a walking ledger than themselves.

A Frightened Chinese Barber.—After my friend had visited the porcelain tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stept into a barber's shop, and, by way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket. This operation of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and quickly executed, the barber seeming to be delighted with the honor of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process. No sooner, however, had the barber turned round and observed him whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than, taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall his razor, cleared the counter at a bound, and, running madly through the crowd, which was speedily collected, cried out that he was visited by the devil. No entreaties could induce him to return until every Fanqui had left the neighborhood—so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calender.—*An Aid-de-Camp's Recollection Service.*

Ladies, as a rule, are apt to be favorably impressed by gentlemen who "wrap themselves up in the solitude of their own originality," and defy the world to probe the inner depths of their souls. Woman is prone to believe that she can read such characters like an open book; that she has a key to all their mysteries. Underneath the marble exterior she sees plenty of plastic material which only needs her love and tact to leaven into delightful shapes. Minds of tenderness, of intelligence, of magnanimity underlie, she thinks, the blank upercrust of reserve. Too often, after having tried her hand at working them, she repents of her folly in sackcloth and ashes. Your utterly undemonstrative men seldom make good husbands. Understand, however, that there is a wide difference between morbid reticence and mere shyness. The shy man keeps you at a distance from him by shrinking back from you, the unconfiding man by holding you at arm's length. A lady about to make a choice for life between the two will do well to give the prefereuce to the former. Very reserved men are very difficult to govern.

DUMAS' NEW NOVEL.

THE new story of Alexandre Dumas *fils* is called "The Clemenceau affair; the memoir presented by the prisoner," and purports to be the defence of the hero written for the guidance of his advocate:

The character of the heroine is said to be drawn from that of a conspicuous lady of the Bonaparte family, or rather to be composed of a mixture of the characteristic feature of all the females of that race. It tells of the insane love of an artist for the woman he has married in spite of her want of family and fortune, and of the surprise and bitter deception with which, the very day after his marriage, he discovered the total want of principle, of delicacy, of decency, apparent in every expression to which she gives utterance. Before the year has elasped he discovers a guilty correspondence between his wife and a brother artist and learns by accident that there have been many others before this. Despair seizes on his soul. He insists upon a separation, and each goes on his way through the world. The wife finds at last the treasure for which she has been seeking—a rich lover who kept her in scandalous spleudor. The husband goes to Rome in search of that peace which can be his no more. He returns and sees his wife in all the splendor of her beauty, and, accepting her invitation to visite her in the magnificence allotted by her keeper, stabs her to the heart that she may deceive no more men. This novel is a *chef d'œuvre* in its display of the motives which actuates the human mind under peculiar influences. The character of the heroine will remain a type like that of the Dame aux Camelias. Every speech is characteristic of the sensual, insensible, cruel and voluptuous beauty of Paris life, to whom all idea of feminine purity is unknown. Standing before the chaste and sensitive artist in a costume repugnant to his sense of property, he exclaims with wounded delicacy, "Ah, my dear love, imagine what would be your annoyance if any one were to appear just now?" "Pshaw, they would not be so much to be pitied after all," is the reply, evidently suggested by that of the Princess Pauline, when some of her friends, wondering how she could bear to stand to Canova for the Venus, she answered with the most perfect coolness, "Oh' it was not unpleasant. Canova had taken care to have his studio well warmed for the occasion." The novel has given annoyance at the Tuilleries; but the author, of course, denies all idea of appropriation of the peculiarities of the Princess Borghese to his heroine.

A FRENCH SKETCH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DAUGHTER of a tyrant, as odious and cruel as any in history, and of a young, innocent queen, the most touching victim of the terrible Henry VIII., the young Elizabeth grew up on the steps of the scaffold which was to see so many victims. As a child, she had the courage not to tremble before her father; she could regard the execution of the most beautiful women and the greatest men without blanching. She was early accustomed to the noise of the chains, locks, and the axe, and amid all she could still smile. For this innocent girl, reserved for such high destiny, the reign of Bloody Mary was full of dangers and trial; and when she was fetched from the Tower, and told that she was queen, she trembled within herself at the thought of all the murders committed by Mary Tudor. A great day then commenced for Protestant England, which was then to live under clement laws, and, above all things, under an English queen. She was twenty-five years of age, in all the *eclat* of her youth and beauty; her head was evidently well-fitted to wear a crown, and her hand to hold the golden sceptre. At her first glance she saw the greatest men of England at her feet, and ready to aid her with all their courage, their experience, and their virtue. Never did more worthy counsellors address ears better fitted to listen to them; and we, children of the Salic law, are dazzled, as it were, at the sight of so much grandeur around a throne occupied by a princess of twenty-five.

Treatment of Women in Vienna.—Mr. Sala, writing from Vienna, thus describes a shocking incident: "Alongside of that prodigious new Opera House they are building, in the Karnthnerstrasse, a new sewer is being excavated. Peeping into a huge trench, lately, I counted one hundred and fifty women at work there—dreadful creatures who had lost all the softness and suppleness of their sex, were coarse of feature and muscular of arm, and plied the pick and shovel, and flung the dirt about with a will, and shouted to each other in harsh tone and with uncouth gesture. Clad in unwomanly gear, slouched hats tied on to their heads, their arms and necks bare, their skirts little better than aprons, their legs cased in huge bucket boots, their features worn, furrowed, and begrimed—these poor creatures filled me with a sickening horror."

Batty, the lion-tamer, has retired from "the lion's mouth," like a returned information in the old days of Venice, and, having made a heap of money, declines to be eaten by any king of the forest. He has had an escape or two lately, which may have added to his desire to avoid a public death.

S—T—1860—X. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and hills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, or Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire. Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets. *

EMPEROR MAX has received important news from his vrow, Carlotta; though his having no children, accounts for his not having heard that at C. A. FLETCHER'S, No. 1 Montgomery street, can be found the largest and most elegant assortment of BOY'S CLOTHING there is in the city. Boys' Suits as usual made to order from a superior line of Cloths and Cassimeres, always on hand, after the regular Eastern Fashion Plates, received monthly; this being the only Boys' Clothing House in receipt of them. A large assortment of Gentlemen's Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Traveling Trunks, Valises, etc., at all times, and at the most reasonable rates.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Gennine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Cluny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
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Nottingham and Freneh Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices!

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
Proprietor.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH
at A. KOHLER'S,
sl 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

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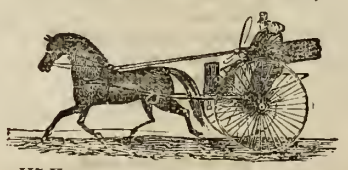
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THE FALL OF VENICE.

[The following lines on the fall of Venice in 1849 have an interest at present arising from the recent redemption of that province and city from Austrian rule. They were composed by an Italian lady, very young at the time.]

O'ER the murky air
Chill twilight falls;
Silent I gaze
On the distant walls:
Silent and sad
From the terrace-height
I gaze on Venice,
My soul's delight!

Behind the clouds
Of the pillared west
The evening beam
Sinks fast to rest;
And plaintive rises
A hollow moan:
'Tis the parting sign
Of the deep lagoon.

A gondola
Steals on my sight:
Ho! gondola,
What news to night?
"The plague spreads fiercely,
Our food is spent;
The white flag waves
O'er the battlement."

Oh! shine no more,
Italia's sun,
On fortune vanquished,
On hope undone!
Ye shades; still bide
Each coming noon;
Sigh on forever,
Thou deep lagoon!

Venice! behold,
The hour is come:
Thou'rt called to meet
The martyrs' doom;
The plague spreads fiercely,
The food is spent,
The white flag waves
O'er the battlement.

The death came not
By the cannon's crash,
By the winged bolt,
Or the kindling flash;
But the living death
Is thine to die,
Of a city starving
In agony!

Record, O Fame,
In future story,
Her tyrants' crimes,
Her patriots' glory;
And curse the foe,
Till thy cry is hoarse,
Who would seize fair Venice,
A famished corse!

Sternly she met
The desperate strife,
Dauntless she struggled
With ebbing life;
But the plague spreads fiercely,
Her food is spent,
And the white flag waves
O'er her battlement.

Down on these stones
I dash my lyre,
With Freedom's knell
Its notes expire:
This my last song,
Lov'd Venice, hear!
Take my last kiss,
My parting tear.

When wandering lonely
In foreign climes,
Thou shalt live in my thoughts
Of other times.
Enshrined in my heart
Thy form shall rest,
Like the first fond dream
Of the lover's breast.

Now all around
Night's shadows brood;
Low moans the wind
O'er the darkened flood;
The chords are broken,
My voice is spent—
And the white flag waves
O'er the battlement.

GRAND FALL OPENING.—E. E. CASWELL & Co., 74 Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House, having received all the latest styles of French Bonnets, Hats, Velvets, Flowers, Ribbons, etc., will be pleased to see their friends and the public generally, at their opening, commencing October 16th..

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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866.

TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA!

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AMERICA,

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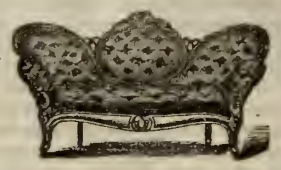
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From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

No Charge for Board on the Isthmus. 100 lbs Baggage free

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Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

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THOSE in wealthy circumstances, or who pursue sedentary employments within doors, generally use their lungs but very little, —breathe but very little air into the chest; and thus, independently of positions, contract a wretchedly narrow, small chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be perfectly obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect, the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can be stretched open to double their ordinary size, with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and a perfect immunity from consumption. The agent, and only agent required, is the common air we breathe, supposing, however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as lacing, or tying it around with stays, or tight dress, or have shoulder-straps upon it. On rising from the bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, your head thrown back, and shoulders entirely off the chest; now inhale or suck in all the air you can, so as to fill the chest to the very bottom of it, so as no more air can be got in; now hold your breath, and throw your arms off behind, holding in your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please; when done in a cold room it is much better, because the air is much denser, and will act much more powerfully in expanding the chest. Exercise the chest in this manner, it will become very flexible and expansive, and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.

HE WOULD NOT DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—Somebody tells a good story of a visit to a revival meeting. He modestly took a retired seat in the gallery, and listened quietly. When the sermon, whose text was, "Let me die the death of the righteous," was ended, the minister requested "all those who would like to die the death of the righteous" to stand up. Our friend, regarding himself as only an "outsider," kept his seat. Every one else rose. Soon he saw his error; for, after the prayer was over and the audience seated, the pastor cast a withering glance at our friend and said: "The number of those who did not rise is so small that I shall take no advantage of them." A man in his vicinity whispered; "Why, here is some one in our midst who doesn't want to die the death of the righteous?" And as our friend was trying to steal quietly out, he heard an ancient lady say to her companion: "Sakes alive! if there isn't the poor sinner who is against dying the death of the righteous!"

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N. B.—Catalogues containing a complete list of Views sent to any part of the world, free of postage.

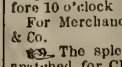
CHILION BEACH,

Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Opposite the Lick House,

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York.

MASON & HAMLIN'S



CELEBRATED CABINET ORGANS.

New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

I. TRUMP & CO.,

No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery;

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.
Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.
All Work warranted, or no charges made.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

October 19th—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
October 30th—MONTANA, Capt. Geo. H. Bradbury, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Wear.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867; for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGAAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

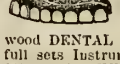
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.
Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

☞ Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. ☜ 3m

PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

THIS NEW AND COMMODIOUS HOTEL, built and furnished in accordance with the most modern and improved plans, and with a view to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, is now open for the reception of guests.

To those who have visited Santa Cruz, it is unnecessary to speak of its beauties and its natural advantages over all other places of

Summer Resort.

To those who have not, the Proprietor can only say, *COME AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES*—giving all who may come the assurance that his earnest endeavors shall be to make the Hotel, in all its appointments, equal to the surroundings of this delightful Sea side Resort.

GEO. T. BROMLEY,
Santa Cruz, April 4, 1866. Proprietor.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

REST.

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking,"
Calmly still she strove to speak;
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laughed that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass;
They were startled, and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers round a bed,
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead!

MIS-QUOTATIONS.

A WRITER in the Charleston *News* corrects some mis-quotations, from which we give the following:

What is more common than the expression "from that bourn whence no traveler returns." There is no such phrase. The words of the poet are "The undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveler returns"—*Hamlet* 3, 1. Bourn means limit, boundary, and only as the poet used it, is the strength of the passage seen:

"A looker-on in Venice" is as common as household words. But the following is the correct version: In Measure for Measure, 5. 1, the Duke says: "My business in this State made me a looker on here in Vienna, where I have seen corruption and bubble till it o'errun the stew."

But the last example I will give of popular misquotation is the most remarkable. In newspapers, in books—in speeches of men who ought to be educated—everywhere we meet with the phrase "to the manor born;" referring to locality. The true language is found in the following, It occurs when there is a flourish of trumpets, and Hamlet asked his friend Horatio what it means, and he is told in plain English that it is the custom when the King drains his bowl at his banquet.

HOR.—A custom is it?—

HAM.—Ay marry is't. But to my mind, though I am native here, and to the manner born, it is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance."

These remarks have been elicited by a quotation which stood at the head of one of your leaders, a day or two ago, which caught my eye as a false note does the ear of a musician. "Under which King, Mercutio." These were the offending words. I do not think there is such a phrase. I presume it was a mistake for this: "Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die." 2 *Hen. I V.* 5, 3.

COLERIDGE was descanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It isn't handsome, Coleridge," said Elia; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing." "What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as every one knows, was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth." was the reply.

A GOOD LIBRARY.—I no sooner set foot in a good library and fasten the door, than I shut out ambition, love, and all those vices of which idleness is the mother and ignorance the nurse; and in the very lap of eternity, among so many illustrious souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit that I then pity the great, who nothing know of such real happiness.—*Southey.*

HAVE the courage to take a good paper, and to pay for it annually in advance.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No.	1 cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
"	2 cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
"	3 cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
"	4 cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
"	5 cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
"	6 cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
"	7 cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
"	8 cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
"	9 cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
"	10 cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
"	11 cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
"	13 cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
"	14 cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
"	15 cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
"	16 cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
"	17 cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
"	18 cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
"	19 cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
"	20 cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
"	21 cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.	50
"	22 cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
"	23 cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
"	24 cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
"	25 cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions.	50
"	26 cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
"	27 cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
"	29 cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
"	31 cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
"	32 cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
"	33 cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
"	34 cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

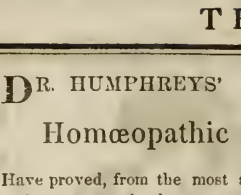
35 vials, morocco case, and book $10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and hook 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco

A. KOHLER

HAS NOT SOLD OUT,



But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

FANCY GOODS,

TOYS, &c.,

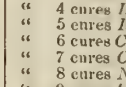
Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.

Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.

A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Extending from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

PIANOS!



PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON

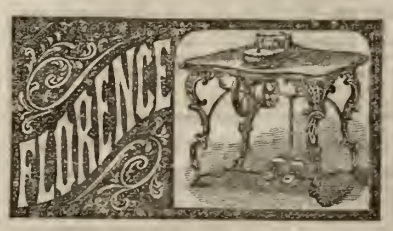
SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

***Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

OCCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED



TO THE BRADBURY PIANO AT the Mechanics' Fair, by a Committee of the BEST MUSICIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at number 510 Minna street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 28, 1866.

ELLEN CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased.
S. L. LUPTON, Attorney, 637 Washington street. s29 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LURSSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 216 Front street, (up stairs) San Francisco. CHARLES A. C. DUISENBERG,
Administrator.

San Francisco, September 29th, 1866.
W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator. Office 323 Montgomery street. o6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made, in the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled: IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A.M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, September 25th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of MARGARET CHANCE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francis Chance, the Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Chance, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, October 4th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. MOSBY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of James T. Boyd, Special Administrator of the Estate, left unadministered, of Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, setting forth that the final account of administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, has been settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week each week for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November, A. D., 1866 in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 1st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner. oc6 5t

SONG OF THE MECHANIC.

THE hum of a thousand wheels in our ear,
Like some old ponderous gong;
The sledge-hammer ringing alarms in the glare,
The groan of a press, as if burdened with care;
The tramp of the iron horse, fleeter than air,
And his thundering snort, heard everywhere;
'Tis but the orchestra that e'er
Accompanies their song.

* * * * * * *

Men of the brawny arm are we,
Men not ashamed of labor;
Though clouds may sometimes veil our face,
Our heart shines through in smiles that chase
The darkness from our neighbor.

We are the men that forge the bars
That link the town and lea,
Where engines rushing through the vale—
Our children, racing with the gale—
Are shouting lustily!

The mighty ship, that proudly rides
Over the restless deep,
Was reared by us; her noiseless wings
Bend to the evening breeze that sings
And rocks her into sleep.

The Press—that throbbing heart where beats
The pulse of every thought;
The clock of mind which strikes the hour,
And a nation rises in its power—
Without our aid is naught.

The pen which, dipped in lightning, writes
At one stroke round the earth,
Ne'er stayed by mountain nor the river
On whose broad face the sunbeams quiver,
Owes to our hands its birth.

These thoughts make gladness in our hearts
Re-echo like a bell;
And, like her voice who waits to greet us,
Or leads our little child to meet us,
More sweet than we may tell.

Then let our joyous song be heard,
Let all be filled with mirth;
Let it be known throughout the land
That the members of our iron band
Are the happiest on earth.

The sound that lingers in our ear,
Like some old ponderous gong,
Is but the orchestra that e'er
Accompanies their song.

PUSH AHEAD.—Woe to him who lacks energy in this age of push. He is a pigmy among Samsons. The little life he has in him is sure to be trampled out. Onward is the word, and the vigorous marchers are pitiless. They time their steps to the quick beating of their own hearts, and keep moving while the pulse-throb lasts.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, and without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
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San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 45, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petaluma, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petaluma.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

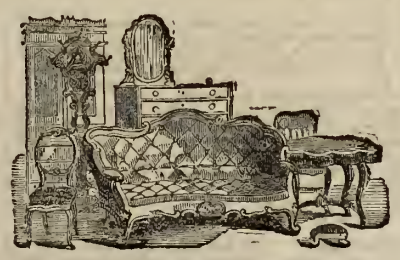
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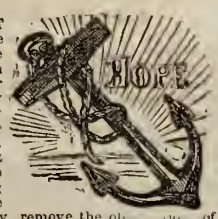
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In Preparation—John Barrett's grand romantic opera, THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH, with the whole of the music, for the first time in California. Also, Rossini's grand romantic Opera of CINDERELLA.

The last week of Italian Opera commences on Monday, October 15th, and terminates on the Saturday following.

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Dress Circle, Orchestra and Parquette.....$1 00
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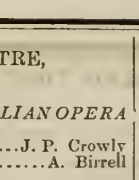
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Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

between California and Pine.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ROSA CALLAGHAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of Rosa Callaghan, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 13th day November, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1866.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1866, Notice is hereby given, that MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Royal H. Waller, deceased, and for hearing the application of Elzabeth A. Waller, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Dated, San Francisco, this October 11th, 1866.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. o13 3

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Estate of EDWARD M. DEVANY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 17th day of July, 1866, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, in three separate parcels as hereinafter described, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of November, 1866, at twelve o'clock, M., at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said city and county, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Edward M. Devany, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Edward M. Devany at the time of his death, in and to all the Real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per centum of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds and United States revenue stamps at expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

1. All that certain piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the westerly side of Dolores street, distant northerly 260 feet from the north westerly corner of said Dolores street and John or Twenty second street; thence northerly along said Dolores street 26 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet; thence at right angles southerly 26 feet; and thence at right angles easterly 125 feet to the place of beginning.

2. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the north easterly side of Seventeenth avenue, distant north-westerly 275 feet from the northerly corner of said Seventeenth avenue and Q street; thence north-westerly along said Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles north-easterly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 37, in block 334, as laid down upon a map of the Haley Tract, recorded in Recorder's office, in Map Book 2, at request of R. H. Sinton.

3. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, being lot number 1 in block 342 of the Haley Tract, beginning at the westerly corner of Seventeenth avenue and R street; thence north-westerly on Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, to said R street; thence north easterly along R street 100 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated San Francisco, October 13th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased. o13 4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of RICHARD BURRILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William Lane Booker, the Administrator of the Estate of Richard Burrill, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs at law of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Richard Burrill, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs at law of the said Richard Burrill, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, October 9th, 1866

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this ninth day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS. MCC. DELANY, Attorney for Administrator. o13 4

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

OF

Personal Property!

ESTATE OF ELLEN E. MOON, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court, of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 4th day of October, 1866, the undersigned, the Administrator of the estate of ELLEN E. MOON, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, in United States gold coin, on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the Auction Room of L. KELLER, No. 537 CALIFORNIA STREET, in said city and county, certain personal property belonging to said estate, consisting of—

One pair Diamond Earrings;
One Diamond Ring;
One pair Diamond Shirt Studs;
One Gold Watch;
One Lady's Gold Watch;
One Silver Pitcher;
One lot of Jewelry, consisting of Gold Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Studs, etc., etc.;
Household Furniture;
Wearing Apparel;
Wines, Liquors, etc., etc.

Dated, San Francisco, October 4th, 1866
STEWART MENZIES,
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen E. Moon, deceased.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of I. N. Thorne, Esq., No. 535 Clay street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOSEPH E. CLARK,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased.
San Francisco, October 10th, 1866.

BLACK SILKS.

BLACK SILKS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,

ARE NOW OFFERING AT RETAIL,

500 yards good BLACK SILK at $1 50 per yard;
2000 yards good BLACK SILK at $1 75 per yard:
1500 yards good BLACK SILK at $2 00 per yard;
1800 yards good BLACK SILK at $2 25 per yard;
1000 yards good BLACK SILK at $2 50 per yard;
1200 yards good BLACK SILK at $3 00 per yard;
3000 of "BONNET'S," from $3 to $7 per yd;
2500 of "BISCHOFF'S," from $2 25 to $6 per yard;
800 dresses PLAID CHALLYS and DELAINES at $2 00 per dress.

ALSO,

600 doz. GOLDEN GATE KID GLOVES at 50 cents per pair.

THE ABOVE ARE ALL OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, AND WERE PURCHASED AT THE LATE AUCTION SALES, AND ARE FROM TWENTY TO FORTY PER CENT. LESS THAN THEIR REAL VALUE.

Laces! Laces!

FORTY-FIVE DAYS FROM PARIS.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

OFFER AT RETAIL

The following Assortment of Laces:

CHANTILLY.

LACE COLLARS,
LACE BERTHAS,
LACE CAPES,
LACE BARBES,
LACE INSERTIONS,
LACES, Wide and Narrow,
LACE FLOUNCES,
ONE LACE FLOUNCE, worth $1,000, for $350

GUIPURE.

GUIPURE COLLARS,
GUIPURE CAPES,
GUIPURE BARBES,
GUIPURE INSERTIONS,
GUIPURE, Wide and Narrow;
GUIPURE FLOUNCE, suitable for Trimming of Shawls.

CLUNY.

CLUNY WHITE,
CLUNY COLLARS,
CLUNY LACE SETS,
CLUNY, Black and White,
CLUNY INSERTIONS.

APPLIQUE.

APPLIQUE LACE COLLARS,
APPLIQUE LACE HANDKERCHIEFS,
APPLIQUE LACE, Wide and Narrow,
ONE APPLIQUE LACE FLOUNCE for $150, worth $500.

VALENCIENNE.

VALENCIENNE HANDKERCHIEFS,
VALENCIENNE INSERTIONS,
VALENCIENNE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
VALENCIENNE LACES, Wide and Narrow.

POINT.

POINT D'ANGLETERRE, by the Yard,
POINT D'ANGLETERRE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT ROND COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT APPLIQUE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT DE DUCHESSE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT D'ALENCON COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
POINT DE VENISE COLLARS AND SLEEVES,
ONE POINT DE VENISE SET COLLAR AND SLEEVES for $150, worth $300.
CHANTILLY LACE SHAWLS,
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE SHAWLS, Trimmed with Guipure,
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE SHAWLS, Trimmed with Chantilly.
LAMA LACE SHAWLS,
LAME LACE CIRCULARS,
YAK LACE SHAWLS,
YAK LACE CIRCULARS.

The above invoice of LACES will be offered at FIFTY PER CENT. LOWER THAN CUSTOMARY PRICES.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
No. 9 Montgomery street,
Lick House Block.

WHOLESALE HOUSE, 107 BATTERY STREET,
s15 1m Near Pine, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM W. COOLEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William W. Cooley, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

October 8th, 1866. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of William W. Cooley, deceased. a13 6t

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME V., No 22. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 20, 1866. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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Decrees.—By Chas. W. Stoddard.
The Riven Heart.—By Jas. Linnen.

[For the Californian.]

THE RIVEN HEART.

I HAVE a secret, none shall know
The bitter cause of all my woe;
No sighs betray, no teardrops start,
To tell what's buried in my heart;
Unseen and deep it rankles there,
And in its anguish hugs despair.
As I feel each waking morrow,
Brings a darker load of sorrow:
No one with me shall ever share
The crushing burden of my care;
Save God and I there's none shall know,
The bitter cause of all my woe.

Perhaps a heartless world may blame
Such feeling for another's shame;
The love that once was warm and true,
And pure as drops of verual dew—
Is from my heart forever gone,
And frozen as the frigid zone.
No look of sadness yet I wear,
But all my troubles calmly bear;
I am resigned, and come what will—
Let Grief her largest measure fill,
And haggard Care present the cup—
Heart-riven I shall quaff it up;
Save God and I there's none shall know,
The bitter cause of all my woe.

I'd rather have a spotless name
Than live upon the fruits of shame;
When I believe that day is night,
And vice is seemly to the sight—
I may forget the wrongs I feel,
And all the wounds time may not heal.
Dark misery must be my lot,
Till all the past can be forgot;
Yet here I vow that while I live,
My faith has taught me to forgive.
Lock'd in the casket of my breast,
The secret there shall ever rest;
Save God and I there's none shall know,
The bitter cause of all my woe.

No more I'll feel the joys of peace,
Till memory fades and throbbings cease;
For dark with shadows wrapt in gloom,
The future seems a living tomb;
The idols of my heart are cold,
And prondly kneel at shrines of gold.
Ties tender once are now estranged,
And things of light to darkness changed;
The snows of age rest on my head,
And all my cherished hopes are dead.
Soon shall these heavy eyelids close,
Where all the weary find repose;
Save God and I there's none shall know,
The bitter cause of all my woe.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1st., 1866. JAMES LINEN.

"VESUVIAN TEA" is a very amusing trifle of a chemical kind, that has followed in the wake of "Pharaoh's Serpents" Two packets of yellow dust and a tin tray with a handle are sold, in England, under this name. The dust is placed in the tray, which is then held over the candle, and, to the astonishment of the beholder, in an instant the tray becomes full to overflowing, with what appears to be excellent green tea. Half the yellow dust is enough to make a good tray full. It can be procured for a trifle at the toy warehouses in London.

[For the Californian.]

FLORAL FASHIONS.

PERHAPS some of the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN—its *fair readers*—may wish to know what is the newest and latest fashion in the Floral World, as well as in the World of Dress, and as Royalty leads the fashions in one sphere, why should it not in the other?

THE PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING BOUQUET.

Ever since the marriage of the Princess Royal, Mr. Veitch, of the Royal Exotic Nursery, Chelsea, London, has enjoyed the privilege of presenting the members of the Royal Family with their wedding bouquets. That honor and privilege has, on a recent marriage of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, been again accorded to that establishment, and Messrs. Veitch & Sons, by special permission, presented the Princess with a splendid bouquet, which consisted of orange blossoms, phalœnopsis, odontoglossum, calanthe, burlingtonias, stephanotis, white roses, etc.—the garniture being of Honiton lace. Her Royal Highness was graciously pleased to accept it personally from the hands of Mr. Harry J. Veitch.

FLOWERS FOR WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS.

Flowers are every day becoming more sought after as a decoration, both for weddings, parties, and at funerals. One florist at the East lately filled an order for one thousand dollars worth of flowers for a funeral.

Wreaths, coronets, and bouquets, made either of natural or artificial plants and flowers of every color and form, have been from the earliest times the delights and ornaments of those fairest of created beings *Women*, in every civilized nation and climate of the world. Even the barbarian natives of some of the South Sea Islands take a natural pleasure in, and prefer plants and flowers to the feathers and trinkets most savages delight in.

M. Lesson tells us in particular, that the inhabitants of Otaheite, Oceanica, Caroline, and the Sandwich Islands, wear garlands of flowers and sweet smelling leaves upon their persons and garments. They delight in making wreaths of flowers of the most beautiful colors, intermixed with others that possess the sweetest scents amongst others—the blossoms of the arum, ixora, gardenia florida, and hibiscus rosea sinensis. They likewise fix a single stalk through a hole in each ear, and suspend a single flower, as our race does the ear drop.

THE LOVE OF ROSES.

The love of the ancients for roses was something fanatical. I do not so much refer to the poets, for probably the modern and the antique bards may vie with each other in the use of the rose as a common place of poetical illustration; but I allude to a strong passion for the visible, tangible, scent giving rose, as something to be enjoyed by all the five senses, scarcely excluding that of hearing; for a rustle of many roses must have attended some of the more extraordinary manifestations of idolatry.

A time without roses was a contingency to be avoided at any cost, and the Romans, though the mildness of their climate allowed the adored flower to grow at an unusually late season, could not submit to the privations of a winter.

Not only were whole ship loads of roses brought from Alexandria in the inclement season, but various means were devised for preserving the gathered flowers throughout the year with as much freshness as was attainable.

The wreath of roses, of which one reads and writes about so often, without any other image than that of a curved twig with a tolerably rich supply of floral ornaments, was capable of a high degree of elaboration; for the Roman florists looked upon an enlacement of whole flowers as an exceedingly meagre affair.

For a grand work of art they took the rose leaves separately, laid them over each other like scales, and thus produced a sort of fragrant sausage.

This refinement in the construction of wreaths, will show that the luxurious ancients not only insisted on the constant presence of roses, but were determined to have them in as large a quantity as possible.

The anecdotes that illustrate this form of the floral passion could scarcely be surpassed in wonder by the wildest imaginations. "To enjoy the scent of roses at meals," says Herr Wustman, "an abundance of rose leaves was shaken out upon the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded." By an artificial contrivance, roses, during meals, descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused violets and roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined upon cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed.

One of the most touching incidents I ever saw was at the churchyard of an Eastern village on a quiet Sabbath morning. The grave of one who was universally beloved while living, was covered with flowers in the early morning; and when the congregation assembled, it was the best sermon they ever had preached to them. IRIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Californian:

I HAVE seen several communications lately inquiring as to whom Tennyson refers to in the first verse of "In Memoriam:"

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

One correspondent suggests Gœthe, and another Wordsworth and Longfellow; but I think that the poet had neither one of the first mentioned in his mind, while the latter is by far too modern a writer. Now it seems to me that St. Augustine is the one who is meant: for the latter part of the verse is a free rendering of the following sentence which occurs in his sermon "*De Ascensione*:" "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."

Longfellow, in one of his later poems, comes still nearer—

> "Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
> That of our vices we can frame
> A ladder if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of shame." H. K. G.

THE GHOST AT THE FUNERAL.

To the Editor of the Californian:

A few days since, I found a part of a poem entitled as above, on a fragment of newspaper used to wrap up a parcel from a store. There were but two entire stanzas on the fragment, and they were as follows:

> "The funeral pageant fills the aisles;
> Slowly they come, all robed in black,
> Behind her coffined form, whose smiles
> Drew my heart, tortured, to the rack,
> In those sad years of mine when earth
> Beside those smiles held little worth.
>
> "How brief the time now seems, since I
> In shroud and pall was lying here!
> And did they think that she could die,
> And he entombed, and I not here?—
> I, who, despite her rank and pride,
> Knelt for her love, and failed, and died."

Now, I should like very much to know where I can find this poem, that commences so weirdly. Can you give me any information as to its authorship?

Yours respectfully, MAUD.

We think we have seen the poem referred to, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it appeared, if we are not mistaken, about a year ago. It was copied by the *Morning Call* of this city soon after its appearance, and is attributed to Longfellow, though assuredly not in his ordinary vein or style. Possibly some of our readers can furnish more definite information.

A MAN called at the post-office, the other day, and displayed his ignorance of natural history or the French language, or both, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped *antelope!*

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, a gambler and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.

GEORGE DALLAS had eaten but sparingly of the food which Mrs. Brookes had placed before him. He was weary and excited, and he bore the delay and the solitude of the housekeeper's room with feverish impatience. He strode up and down the room, stopping occasionally before the fire to kick at the crumbling logs, and glance at the clock, which marked how rapidly the night was waning. Half an hour, which seemed three times a much to him, had elapsed since Mrs. Brookes had left him. Faintly and indistinctly the sounds of the music reached him, adding to his irritation and weariness. A savage frown darkened his face, and he muttered to himself in the same tone as that of his spasmodic soliloquy in the avenue—

"I wonder if she's thinking that I ought to be there too; or if I ought not, neither ought she. After all, I'm her son, and she might make a stand-up fight for me, if she would. He's fond of her, the old woman says, and proud of her, and well he may be. What's the use of it all, if she can't manage him? What fools women are! If they only could calculate at first, and take their own line from the beginning, they could manage any man. But she's afraid of him, and she lets him find it out. Well, well, it must be wretched enough for her, too. But why does she not come?"

He had to wait a little longer yet, for another quarter of an hour had elapsed before Mrs. Brookes returned.

"Is she coming?" he asked eagerly, when at length the pale-faced little woman gently entered the room.

"Yes, she is coming. She has to wait until the first lot are gone to supper. Then master will not miss her."

The old woman came up to him, and took his right hand in hers, looking fondly, but keenly, into his face, and laying the other hand upon his shoulder. "George," she said, "George, my darling boy, I hope you have not brought her bad news."

He tried to laugh as he loosened his hand, not unkindly, from the old woman's grasp.

"Do you suppose good news would have brought me here, where I am forbidden—smuggled goods?"

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"At all events, you are alive and well to tell your ill news yourself, and that is everything to her," said Mrs. Brookes.

The next moment the door opened, and Mrs. Carruthers came in with a hurried step. George Dallas started forward, and caught her in his arms.

"Mother! mother!"

"My boy, my darling boy!" were the only words spoken between them, until they were quite alone.

Mrs. Brookes left the room, and the young man was free to explain his untimely visit.

"I dread to ask what brings you here, George," said his mother, as she seated herself upon the heavy sofa, and drew him to her side. "I cannot but rejoice to see you, but I am afraid to ask you why you come."

A mingling of pleasure and apprehension shook her voice, and heightened her color.

"You may well dread to ask me, mother," replied the young man, gloomily. "You may well dread to ask what brings me, outcast as I am, to your fine home, to the place where your husband is master, and where my presence is forbidden."

"George, George!" said his mother, in a tone of grief and remonstrance.

"Well. I know it's no fault of yours, but it's hard to bear for all that, and I'm not quite such a monster as I am made out to be, to suit Mr. Carruthers' purposes. I'm not so very much worse than the young men, mother, whose step fathers, or whose own fathers either, don't find it necessary to forbid them the house. But you're afraid of him, mother, and—"

"George," said Mr. Carruthers, quietly, but sternly, "you did not come here to see me for the first time in nine months, at the risk of being turned out of Mr Carruthers' house, simply to vent your anger upon him, and to accuse me wrongfully, and taunt me with what I am powerless to prevent. Tell me what has brought you here. I can stay with you only a little while; at any moment I may be missed. Tell me what has brought you against my husband's commands, contrary to my own entreaties, though it is such a delight to me to see you even so." And the mother put her arms around the prodigal son, and kissed him fondly. Her tears were falling on his rough brown curls

"Don't cry over me, mother; I'm not worth it; I never was; and you mustn't go back to your company with pale cheeks and red eyes. There, there, it's not as bad as it might be, you know; for, as nurse says, I'm alive and well to tell it. The fact is—" He rose, and walked up and down the room in front of the sofa on which his mother was sitting, while he spoke: "The fact is, I must have money. Don't start, don't be frightened. I have not done anything very dreadful, only the consequences are nearly as fatal as if I had. I have not stolen, or forged, or embezzled property. I am not rich or respectable enough to get a chance. But I have lost a large sum at the gaming table—a sum I don't possess, and have no other means than this of getting."

"Go on," said his mother. She was deadly pale now, and her hands were tightly clasped together, as they lay on her lap, white and slender, against the rich purple of her velvet dress.

He glanced at her, quickened his step, and continued in a hard, reckless tone, but with some difficulty of utterance. "I should have been utterly ruined, but for a friend of mine, who lent me the money. Play debts must be paid, mother; and Routh, though he's not much richer than I am, would not let me be completely lost for want of a helping hand. But he had to borrow the money. He could get it lent to him. There's no one but him to lend *me* a shilling, and he did get it, and I had it and paid it away. But in a short time now he must pay it back, and the interest upon it. Luck has been against us both."

"Against you *both*, George," said Mrs. Carruthers. "Is your friend also a gambler, then?"

"Yes, he is," said Dallas, roughly; "he is a gambler. All my friends are gamblers and drunkards, and everything that's bad. What would you have? Where am I to get pious, virtuous, respectable friends? I haven't a shilling; I haven't a character. Your husband has taken care I shall have no credit. Every one knows I am disowned by Mr. Carruthers, and forbidden to show my face at Poynings: and I'm not showing it; I'm only in the servant's quarter, you see. Again he laughed, and again his mother shrank from the sound. "But though my friend is a gambler, like myself, he helps me when I want help, and inconveniences himself to do it. Perhaps that's more than respectable friends—if I had them—would do for me. It's more than I have ever known respectable friends to do for any one."

Mrs Carruthers rose, and turned her colorless face upon her son. There was an angry light in her large hazel eyes, whose dewy brightness time had not yet greatly harmed. As they confronted each other, a strong likeness between the mother and son asserted itself. "George," she said, "you are putting me to needless pain. You have said enough to show me that you are unchanged. You have come here, endangering my peace, and compromising yourself, for the purpose, I suppose, of asking me for money to repay this person who relieved you from a gambling debt. Is this your business?"

"Yes," he said, shortly, and with a lowering brow.

"Then listen to me. I cannot give you any money." He started and came close up to her. "No, George. I have no money at my disposal, and you ought to know that, as well as I know it. Every shilling I have ever had of my own, I have given you. You know I never grudged it. You know you had it all; but that leaves me without resources. Mr. Carruthers will not help you." She grew paler still, and her lips trembled. "I have asked him many times to alter his determination, a determination which you cannot say is undeserved, George, but it is in vain. I might, perhaps, wonder that you would stoop to take assistance from a man who has such an opinion of you, and who has forbidden you his house, but that the sad knowledge I have gained of such lives as yours has taught me that they utterly destroy self-respect—that a profligate is the meanest of creatures. Calm yourself. There is no use in giving loose to your temper towards me, George. You have the power to afflict me still, but you can deceive me no more."

She sat down again, wearily, leaning her arm on the back of the sofa, and her head on her hand. There was silence for a few moments. Then she said—

"How much money do you owe this man, George, and when must it be paid?"

"I owe him a hundred and forty pounds, mother, and it must be paid this day month."

"A hundred and forty pounds!" repeated Mrs. Carruthers, in a terrified tone.

"Yes; precisely that sum, and I have not a pound in the world to exist on in the mean time. I am cleaned out, that's the fact," he went on, with a dismal attempt at speaking lightly, "and I can't carry on any longer." But he spoke to inattentive ears. His mother was lost in thought.

"I cannot give you money," she said, at length. "I have not the command of any."

"This doesn't look like want of it," said her son, bitterly, as he caught a handful of her velvet dress in his grasp, and then dropped it scornfully.

"My personal expenses are all dictated by Mr. Carruthers, George, and all known to him. Don't suppose I am free to purchase dress or not, as I choose. I tell you the exact truth as I have always told you." She spoke coldly and seriously, like one whose mind is made up to a great trial, who hopes neither to alter its character nor to lessen its weight.

"I only know I must have it," he said, "or I don't see any resource for me except to cut my throat."

"No, no," returned his mother. "do not say such dreadful things. Give me time. I will try to find some way of helping you by the time you must have the money. O my boy, my boy!" She covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

George Dallas looked at her irresolutely, then came quickly towards her, and leaned over her, as she sat. "Mother," he said, in low, hurried tones,—"mother, trust me once more, little as I deserve it. Try to help me in this matter; it is life or death to me; and I will try and do better. I am sick of it all; sick of my own weakness above and more than all. But I am irretrievably ruined if I don't get this money I am quite in Routh's power and—and—I want to get out of it."

She looked up curiously at him. Something in the way he said those words at once alarmed and reassured her.

"In this man's power, George? How? To what extent?"

"I cannot tell you, mother; you would not understand. Don't frighten yourself about it. It is nothing that money cannot settle. I have had a lesson now. You shake your head—well. I know I have had many before, but I *will* learn from this one."

"I have not the money, George," his mother repeated. "and I cannot possibly procure it for a little time. You must not stay here."

"I know, I know," he retorted. "You need not re-echo Mr. Carruthers' interdict. I am going; but surely you can give me a little now; the price of one of these things would go a long way with me." As he spoke, he touched but with no rough hand, her earrings and the bracelet on her right arm.

"They are family jewels, or you should have them, George," Mrs. Carruthers said, in a sad voice. "Give me time, and I will make up the money for you. I have a little I can give you." She stood up and looked fixedly at him, her hands resting on his shoulder. The tall and powerful young man, with his haggard, anxious face, his hardened look, his shabby, careless dress, offered a strange contrast to the woman, whose beauty time had dealt with so slightly, and fortune so generously. Mrs. Carruthers had been a mere girl when her son was born, and probably had not been nearly so beautiful as now, when the calm dignity of position and the power of wealth lent all their attractions to her perfect face and form.

The habitual seriousness of her expression was but a charm the more, and in moments of excited feeling like the present she regained the lustrous brilliancy of the past. Searchingly, fondly, she gazed into her son's face, as though reading it for traces of the truth of his promises seeing in it but too surely indications of the weary, unsatisfying life he had led, the life which had brought disappointment to all her dearest maternal hopes. Steadily and tenderly he looked at her, a world of regret in his eyes. While they stood thus in brief silence, Mrs. Brookes came in hurriedly.

"You are wanted," she said. "Master is asking for you; he has sent Miss Clare to your room to see if you are ill."

"I must go, my boy," said Mrs Carruthers, as she hastily kissed him; and you must not stay. Come with me, Ellen, for a moment. Wait here, George, for what I promised you, and don't travel back to town without an overcoat." Then she left the room at once, the housekeeper with her. George stood where she had left him, looking towards the door.

"My dear practical mother," he said to himself, "she is as kind and as sensible as ever. Wretched about me, but remembering to desire me to buy a coat! I know she will get me the money somehow, and this *shall* be the last scrape I will get into. It's no use being melodramatic, especially when one is all alone, but I here make a solemn promise to myself that I will keep my promise to *her*."

He sat down by the fire, and remained still and thoughtful. In a few minutes Mrs. Brookes returned.

"Here's the money, Master George," she said. "I was to give it to you with my mistress' love, and she will write to you to London."

He took the folded paper from her hand. It was a ten-pound note.

"Thank you, nurse," he said; "and now I will go. I would like to stay and have a talk with you; but I had better get away, lest any annoyance should come to my mother through my staying. I'll see you when you come up to town to the fine house in Mesopotamia. Eh?"

"Lord, Master George, how you do go on! Why, Mr. Carruthers' new house is the far side of the Park."

"I know, nurse. It's all the same thing. No. No more wine, thank you, and nothing to eat. Good by. How am I to get out, though? Not through the window, and up the area wall, am I?"

"I'll show you, Master George. This way."

George Dallas buttoned his coat tightly across his breast, carefully put on his gloves, and took up his hat. As he followed Mrs. Brookes through the long stone passages of the basement story, he looked curiously about him, noting the details of comfort and convenience. "How much better off than I are my mother's servants!" he thought, idly rather than bitterly. When they reached a door which opened upon the court-yard, Mrs. Brookes bade him farewell, not without emotion.

"The great gates are open," she said. "All the servants are either in the hall or the servants' hall. None of the carriages have been called yet. You can slip past without being seen; or if any one sees you, they'll think you belong to the place."

"A serious mistake, dear old woman," said George with a half smile, as he once more shook her hand, and stepped out into the cold and darkness. A bitter sense of desolation came over him as the door closed behind him. The court yard was empty, except of carriages, and he crossed it quickly, and went through the great gates into the avenue, which swept round the terrace. Following it, he found himself brought again by a different route in front of the lighted ball room; but he did not delay to glance at the scene.

"So I am going away," he said to himself, "richer by ten pounds and my mother's promise. Stop, though! There's the sprig of myrtle. I must not forget or lose the unconscious gift of the great heiress. I wish I had asked nurse what sort of girl she is. I might have taken time to do that. It's not so cold as it was." He had been warmed and fed, and his spirits had risen. It did not take much to raise George Dallas' spirits, even now when the excesses of his wasted life were beginning to tell upon him. "I feel quite strong again. The night is lighter; the village must be a wretched place. I have a great mind to push on to Amherst. It's only seven miles, and Carruthers can't hear that I have been there; but he might hear of me at the village, and bother my mother about it."

He took his way down the avenue and reached the gate, which lay open. One feeble light twinkled from the upper window of the lodge gate. Bulger and family had retired to rest, the excitement of the arrivals being over; and Bulger would leave the gate to take care of itself until morning. Unquestioned, unseen, George Dallas left Poynings, and, turning to the right under the park wall, set forth at a steady pace towards Amherst.

The town of Amherst is very much like the other towns in that part of the country. Close by the railway station lies the Railway Tavern, snug and comfortable, with a "quick draught" of home brewed ale and bitter beer, thanks to the powers of suction of porters, guards, and admiring friends of both, who vent their admiration in "standing glasses round." Not a little of its custom does the Railway Tavern owe to that small plot of waste ground in front of it, where, even on this desolate night, you might trace the magic circle left by the "ring" of Signor Quagliasco's Mammoth Circus on its visit last autumn, and the holes for the pole and tent-pegs, and the most recent ruts which were left by the wheels of the cart of the travelling photographer who "took" the entire town at Christmas, and, in addition to the photograph, presented each sitter with a blue card embossed with a scarlet robin bearing in its mouth the legend, "A happy new year to you." Then come the ordinary lot of butchers, bakers, tailors, hosiers, grocers and chemists, shops and dwellings: then the old gray church, with its square ivy-covered tower, its billowy graves and its half-obliterated sun-dial over the porch, and then the fresh green fields again.

George Dallas, in the morning early, left the bed he had procured at the inn, called in at the station and learned from the friendly porter when the next train would start for London, and where he could find a tailor's shop and walked briskly through the little town, with feelings very different to those which had possessed him on his first arrival at the Amherst station. Now, his step was free and light, he carried his head erect, and though he occasionally shivered as the cold wind came sweeping over the downs and gave him a sharp, unfriendly nip as it hurried by him in its progress to the sea, he bore the insult with tolerable fortitude, and seemed to derive immediate comfort from plunging his hand into his trousers-pocket, where lay the ten pound note he had received from his mother. It was there, stiff and crisp to his touch. He had taken it out and looked at it twice or thrice on the road, but he could not do that now in the town; he must content himself with touching it, and the crinkling sound was music in his ear; he had been so long without money, that he derived the keenest pleasure from the possession of this actual tangible sum, and felt so little inclined to part with it, that, though he had passed, and noticed in passing, the tailor's shop to which he had been recommended by the porter, he still walked on. It was not until he had made a circuit of the old churchyard at the end of the town, where even on summer days the wind is generally at play, and where on winter nights it ramps rages in a manner terrible to hear and feel, that George Dallas began to comprehend the necessity of at once procuring some warmer clothing, and, turning back, made straight for the tailor's shop.

A neat, clean looking shop, with "Evans, Tailor," painted over the window, the effect being slightly spoiled by the knob of the roller blind, which formed a kind of a full stop in the middle of the word "Tailor," and divided it into two unequal portions; with "Evans, Tailor," blazing from its brass door-plate: with "Evans, Tailor," inscribed with many twisted flourishes on its wire blind, where it emerged coyly from "Liveries" preceding it and took hasty refuge in "Uniforms" at its conclusion. Evans himself behind the counter, a fat, chubby, rosy little man, with clustering iron gray hair round his temples, and a bit of round scalp wig fitting, like the lid of a teapot, into a bald place on his crown. Apparently he had been all his life tailoring to such an extent for other people as to have had no time to attend to himself, for he stood behind the counter this winter's night in his shirtsleeves, and without his coat.

The old man bowed as George Dallas entered the shop, and asked him what they could do for him. Dallas replied that he wanted a warm, thick overcoat, "if they'd got such a thing."

"Such a thing! Well, there may be such a thing perhaps, but I'm not certain, not being an article kept in stock," replied Mr. Evans, "which is mostly tarpaulin for the railway guards and stokers, likewise canal boatmen, which is often customers. A warm, thick overcoat," repeated the old man, "is a article generally made to order, though I've a sort a recollection of a something of the kind returned on our hands in consequence of the party which was staying at the Lion having left promiscuous. Let me see!" he continued, opening two or three drawers. "I ain't so young as I was, sir, and I'm touched in the wind; and this nasty gas which we've only had this winter don't do for me, making me bust out in sudden prusperation. Ho! I thought so! Here's a warm thick overcoat, blue Witney, lined with plaid; that's a article I can recommend; our own make; we ain't ashamed of it, you see!" and he pointed to a label stitched inside just below the collar, where the inevitable "Evans, Tailor," in gilt letters, was supplemented by the address, "Amherst."

George Dallas took the coat and slipped it on. It fitted tolerably, and was thick and warm. "What is the price?" he asked.

"We can do that for you at fifty-three and six," said the old man. "It was a three-pounder, that coat was, when made for the party at the Lion, but we'll make a reduction now. Fifty three and six, and our own make. You couldn't do better."

"I dare say not," said Dallas, absently. "Please to change this for me."

At the sight of the bank-note Mr. Evan's pleasant face became a little clouded. He did not relish the notion of changing notes for persons with whom he had no previous acquaintance. But after he had taken the note in his hand and held it between his eyes and the light, and flattened it out on the counter, his cheerful expression returned, and he said, "All right, sir. I'll change it and welcome! I know where you got this note, sir! Ah, you may start, but I do! You got it from our postoffice, lower down the street; here's the postoffice stamp on it, which they're compelled to put on every note passing through their hands. Look, "Amherst, B. 1, Jan." Thank you, sir; six and six's, three and seven is ten; thank you, sir!" and the old man, having counted the change from a cashbox in a desk at the back of the shop, hurried round to open the door and bow his customer out.

Within half an hour George Dallas was in the train on his return to London.

[To be continued.]

"S'pose He Should Bust."—Lord Grosvenor, eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Westminster, the richest man in England, while in this country, at the West was once waiting at a country station for a tardy train, when one of the farmers of the neighborhood entered into conversation with him. "Been about these parts consid'able, stranger?" "Yes, for some length of time." "Like 'em pretty well, eh?" "Yes, pretty well." "How long have yer bin here?" "A few weeks." "What's yer business?" "I have no business." "What are you travelliu' for, then?" "Only for my own pleasure." "Don't yer do any business? How do you get yer livin' then?" "It isn't necessary for me to work for my support. My father is a man of property and gives me an allowance sufficient for my wants." "But s'pose the old man should die?" "In that case I daresay he'd leave us enough to live upon." "But s'pose he should bust up?" Here the conversation ended, and Lord Grosvenor walked away, evidently pleased by a new idea, and one which had never been presented to him until then.—*Boston Post.*

"Cholera Cigar" is the last notion of the tobacconists of London. The cigars are "prepared with opium;" and, as opium eaters never suffer from cholera, smokers of the cigars will be exempt from the epidemic, at least, so say the traders.

Austria lost 80,000, and Prussia 35,000 men in the late war.

"EXPERIENCE."

"I LIKE experience, though, howe'er it tells,
For, or against me; all is one at last,
These hearts of ours are like to soundless wells,
Wherein the shining pearls of truth are cast:
And very happy he who rightly spells
The sweet and bitter lessons of the Past;
For only thus he comes himself to know,
Which all his knowledge is—as Pope will show.

"I like experience, therefore. I have had
My share of blows and bruises; but I think—
Let it be good, indifferent, or bad—
The 'wine of life' 's a very decent drink.
Yet, if a man lives on, and don't run mad,
When, finally, he pauses on the brink
Of death, I judge, though certain people threat it,
The wagers are that he will not regret it.

"I love this self dissection; for I woo
All knowledge, and this process finds it out.
I love to judge between the false and true;
Blow off the dust of romance and of doubt;
Break error's crust and let the sunlight through!
Ope mystery's doors; give bigotry the knout:
I love the good, the beautiful, the great,
And all the noblest hopes in man's estate.

"I love to laugh, likewise I love to sneer;
Am fond of pleasure, nor averse to pain.
I have found wisdom, sometimes, in a tear;
I have been gay and sad, and gay again.
I love my sorrows, though they've cost me dear;
I love my dinner, but did not complain
When I had none, which sometimes was the case;
For even that may be a means of grace."

THE NILE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, the knighted Nile explorer, lately read a paper on the "Abyssinian Tributaries to the Nile." Sir Samuel commenced by reference to the general and historic interest which had always attached to the Nile, and been participated in by every class of people; there had been a wonder and a mystery about it which was now cleared up. Down to the Mediterranean from El Damer, where it was joined by the Atbara, it flowed 1200 miles through deserts without a single tributary. Further south it was joined by the Blue Nile at Kartum. Further south still the main stream, or White Nile, had now been traced up to the great lakes on the Equator, the Victoria and Albert Nyanza, as the actual source. Without dwelling upon personal adventures, already published, but limiting himself to an exposition of the geographical problem, he briefly recounted how he spent a year in following up the course of the Atbara river, and afterwards descending the Blue Nile to Kartum. These were for nine months of the year perfectly dry channels. But in the three months corresponding with the annual inundation of the Nile they were suddenly flooded into torrents, 500 yards or more in width draining the rich lands of Abyssinia, carrying down the mud deposit to Lower Egypt, and accounting both for the inundations and the rainfall. All the tributaries of the Nile, which first gathered themselves into the Blue Nile and the Atbara, flowed in a direction from the southeast to the northeast, while the White Nile came up almost due north from the lakes. Without these lakes it was certain that Egypt would be annihilated as a habitable country. From the Albert Nyanza the Nile flowed in its full volume, a giant in its birth and obtained its greatest flood at the junction with the Blue Nile, being thence gradually lessened in its course to the sea by the evaporation and absorption of the deserts. It was sweetened by the admixture of the waters of Abyssinia, while south of Kartum it flowed through marshes, and, being charged with vegetable matter, it was unwholesome to the taste. Sir Samuel described his joyful meeting with Grant and Speke as they came up from the south, and acknowledged the obligations under which he lay to them, without which he doubted whether he should have succeeded in his object. They had left a character behind them of which he reaped the advantage, and Speke gave him instructions, and also the map, which was afterwards published in England, showing his conjecture that the Nile, after first issuing from the Victoria Nyanza, took a turn to the west into the Albert; but Grant and Speke were unable to follow it, on account of the state of warfare among the natives. For two years Sir Samuel toiled and labored down to the great lakes to verify the convictions of Speke, who told him when they parted that he had no doubt, on getting home to England, he should find persons who knew very little about the Thames, and a little about the Trent, ready to contradict his assertions as to the source of the Nile. Sir Samuel expressed the opinion that there were no connection between the Albert Lake and the Tanganika, further south. The table land between them was 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the mountains rose 7,000 feet above that, and it was most possible that this same region which was the water-shed for the Nile to the north, would be the water shed for the other lake to the south. In concluding, he said there had been only one reason for regret on his reaching home, and that was to find that no Government recognition had been bestowed on Speke. But if he received no title, he had left a name that would be remembered when no title survived.

[For the Californian.]

"SNAP," SMITH'S DOG.

"SNAP."

"Beneath this sod lies "SNAP," Smith's dog.
Born (precise date unknown.)
Died: November 8, 1861.
Peace to his bones!"
[Here follow five hieroglyphics, which, for want of a font of Chinese type we are obliged to omit.]

SUCH is the heading of the lamented "Snap's" tombstone, made of the top of an antiqnated tea-box. The exact meaning of the signs at the end of this brief epitah, I am not, in the absence of Mr. Carvalho, prepared to give. but suppose they were put there by the Celestial who first used the box, and were intended to iuform the public that the tea contained therein was of first quality, and "velly cheap." This, however, is a mere conjecture fonnded on my knowledge of the mendacious character of Chinamen in general, a Chinaman engaged in the tea business iu particular. Let us, however, return to the subject of this brief notice, the late Snap, Smith's Dog. The sagacions reader has already surmised that I am Smith, and that the defunct quadruped, whose name figures at the head of this page, belonged to me.

In the brief testimonial which I intend offering to the deceased Snap, I shall take care to adhere strictly to the truth, not allowing my feeliogs to lead me into any undeserved eulogism on the character of my departed canine. Nor is it my intention to err in the other extreme—to lay too great a stress in the faults of him, who, though the nearest perfect of his race, was not altogether immaculate. Naught extenuating and naught setting down in malice, I shall take up the thread of his life at the time when I first knew him, and following him through its exciting events, shall leave him at last sleeping calmly two feet under ground, with his tea-board and its glowing hireoglyphics above him.

It was in a small Swiss roadside inn that I first saw Snap. He was engaged at the time extracting nourishment from the maternal breast, in company with several of his brothers, nameless pups, whose only claim to fame is comprised in their relationship to the subject of this memoir. The enormous head and waggish expression of the animal struck me forcibly. His expansive brow gave sign of great intelligence; while the curling of his upper lip whenever one of his young brothers encroached in his domain, which gave to his physiognomy an eminently unpleasant and don't-tread-on-my-tail expression, showed that he was not wanting in personal courage. He pleased my fancy and I bought him at once for thirty francs in current coin. By dint of jerking at the twine, which had beeu attached to his neck, I finally induced him to leave his mother and brothers. With profound pain I am forced to acknowledge that no member of his family seemed at all sadly affected by his departure; on the contrary, the sensations of his relatives appeared to be rather pleasurable than otherwise, for they wagged their tales gleefully and betook themselves with renewed vigor to their former occupation. Ard now I first became acquaioted with one of the most promiuent traits of my biographer's character, namely: a stern, uncompromising determination not to do what he was wanted to do. He no sooner understood that I desired him to follow me than he stuck out all four legs and refused to budge. Entreaties with a dog of his stamp were vain; so I was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of dragging him three miles through mud and dust, he protestiog all the way. It is due to him to state that at the end of the jonrney he was still the same, only a little dirtier.

Though young, his character had obtained a prodigious development. His ideas on the subject of beef were perfectly lucid and correct. A descendant on the mother's side of the celebrated house of Bull, he was addicted to biting in a general way, and was contemptuously indifferent as to whether his teeth were inserted into a leg of the table or of a student lodger. On the whole, however, he rather preferred the back of our landlady's little boy; and I am sorry to state that on his first appearance at our hangout he made that youngster squawl so vociferously as to rouse the whole square in which we lived. The remarks made to me on that occasion by our hostess, were not of a particularly eulogistic character, but as I was somewhat in arrears at the time for board, lodging, etc., and not in a condition to "pay my bill clear out" in accordance with her kind suggestion, I concluded to let the whole affair glide into oblivion.

As soon as it was known by the other American students living in the house that I had a dog they resolved to baptise him. We did not long hesitate about a name. Pouring a few drops of beer on the pup's head, Watson Fuchs, Major of the corpse Tigorinia, proclaimed that Smith's Dog should be known as Snapem, or Snap. Whenever the exigencies of the occasion should render it inconvenient or unadvisable to address him by his full name, he added that any one knowing of any satisfactory reasons why the animal should not be called Snapem, must state them then, or be silent forever. As no reasons satisfactory or otherwise were produced to the contrary, the pup had conferred on him a name—by which he shall henceforth be kuown in this memoir—aud a local habitation in the tea-box in the corner—that tea-box which was destined to become his coffin.

Had I the time and space I would tell of the war which soon sprang up between the lodgers and landlady on account of the amiable Snapem. I would show how the estimable but rather excitable lady was compelled to indorse the presence of the equally estimable, but by no means less excitable, quadruped. I would tell how the tempting morsel of meat which she kindly left in the dear dog's way was missed by him and devoured by her favorite porker, who expired two hours afterwards in a paroxysm of squeals; how the persistency with which she endeavored to entice Snap with a lump of sugar to the brink of a rather deep sewer in the back yard, was not rewarded by success; and how, in short, many other tentatives io his life were frustrated by the vigilance and acuteness of the illustrious animal. But these details, however interesting they might be to the appreciative few, as giving an insight into the character of the lamented Snap, would, I fear, afford little pleasure to the public at large, whose yearning is more for amusement than for instruction. I will not therefore dwell upon them, but will pass on to another of Snap's peculiarities—a peculiarity proper to all men of genius—Snap snored.

It has been my fortune to be brought continually into contact with celebrated persons—whether this is owing to the fact of my being somewhat in that line myself, or is the result of mere chance, modesty forbids my specifying. I have my own opinion on the subject, but let that pass—at any rate I have met great men everywhere—in railway cars, in the stages crossing Mt. Cenis and the Simplon, in double, triple, quadruple bedded rooms of small Swiss Auberges, (the geninses, by the way generally had the beds, and I slept on the floor) and they all snored. The greater the genius of a man, the greater is his power to produce hideous sounds through the medium of his nose. Note the fact, reader; it is worthy of deep thought. For my part, I do not pretend to understaod the philosophy of this plenomenon, and recommend it to the attention of learned societies. Snap's snoring was not of that regular character which betokens peaceful slumber and rosy dreams; his breathing was not of that slow measured kind which tells of a healthy body and an untroubled conscience; not his, the calm sleep of an honest dog who, having done his whole daily duty in the way of worrying cats and Chinamen, wanders in spirit along ways fenced in with marrow-bones—a sort of dog elysium where fleas cease from troubling and weary canines are at rest. Far different from this was Snap's perturbed repose. What fearful visions haunted his slumbers, what hideous forms stalked through the mazes of his dreams, extorting from him the diabolical noises to which he incessantly gave vent, it is impossible to coojecture; but be the causes what they may, the snoring of Snap was somethiug excruciating. First would come hall a dozen snorts, following each other in quicker and quicker succession, and concluding with an unearthly growl. Then after a brief interval several fierce snaps, some mere growls, a grunt and a yell, which last would generally wake him up. What was the cause ol these startling demonstrations? Was he waging war in dreams with vengeful cats; or was it fleas? These questions remained unanswered up to the last day of his valuable life.

It is lamentable that in writing the biographies of great men—and the same remark applies to those of great dogs—much even of the best known lives must be left entirely to conjecture. Editors are almost as open to the reproach as biographers. Thus in that passage of Julius Cæsar where Brutus indignantly denies that Cassius is a better man than himself, editors tamely render the illustrious Roman's remark thus. "Go to; you're not Cassius"—while it is more than probable that the Bard of Avon wrote it originally in this way: "Go to——; you're not Cassius," pointing out in a delicate, but at the same time sufficiently marked manner, the locality which the lean Roman was requested to visit. A little further on we see the sentence: "Away tight man," robbed of all its emphasis, if not of its entire meaning by the arbitrary changing of the word "tight" into slight." The "Is't possible" with which the boozy Cassius responds to Brutus' accusation strengthening this view of the case and gives us to understand that a glimmeriug suspicion that he is not in a state of complete sobriety, has been awakened in his maddened brain. I have cited these passages to show that the efforts of our biographers and editors are at least little more than mere guess work—and a very pitiful guess-work it sometimes is.

About this time another of Snap's peculiarities became prominent. Lying perfectly still in one corner of the room, he would, without any apparent provocation, rise and dart franticly over to the other side, snap his teeth viciously, growl, and then return to his former position. His conduct was unexplained until one day I noticed him eyeing an all unconscious fly who was crawling up the wall some ten feet from where the watchful Snap lay. There was a rush, a snort, a scream from Steiner, Jr., aged six, and the luckless insect had been drowned. The second day after I bought him I began giving my pnp half a glass of beer per diem, which allowance was increased as he grew older. The result of this wise treatment was soon perceptible. He commenced to swell. His voice became a deep bass. Judging only from his hoarse barking one would have taken him for a dog of many summers. It was striking, to say the least, to hear a deep hoarse roar issuing from the month of an animal some six inches high.

Above my room was a garret—a council chamber in which the rats of the house discussed questions of general interest, and clawed each other like men every night. My opportunities for studying the habits of these interesting animals, both in peace and in war, were numerous, for I could scarcely have heard them better had they held their somewhat boisterous meetings on the floor of my room. Sleep, under snch circumstances, was difficult; so one night we locked Snap in the garret and retired. Now it happened that the repeated protestations of the students, four of whom, not including myself, slept in the same *étage*, had finally induced Madame Steiner to take some decided step in the matter, so the same night she had placed her favorite cat, a large hairy creature with a proportionately broad tail, in the garret. Snap, like most great characters, was magnanimous. He had few prejudices but those he had were of the most violent. He had a prejudice against Madame Steiner and son, and also against bit cigars. He disliked tobacco smoke, especially, when blown into his eyes; bnt above all, and most of all, he detested cats. About midnight I was awakened by a succession of shrill yells, followed by something that resembled a squawk, if I may be allowed to use the word.

"He's got them rats," cried Jenkins, excitedly, from next door. I drowsily surmised that he had. Next came a terrific scratching, then a wild chase across the roof, a hoarse growl, and three or four screeches.

"That rat's catchiug it! from Jenkins. Then I sank again to sleep.

The next morning I heard the step of a person, evidently slightly corpulent and suffering from shortness of breath, mounting the stair. The puffing noise which accompanied the step, convinced me that it was our worthy hostess visiting our *étage*. But the worthy lady did not halt before our rooms as I supposed she would; on the contrary, she went higher up and opened the door of the garret.

"Kibir," she cried peremptorily, "Kibir, komm." Jndging from the silence that ensued, Kibir, Madame Steiner's gigantic cat, declined to obey.

"Kibir," continued the good lady in more winning accents, "komm Jean?"—No response.

"Kibir," a key higher, "bist doo, da?" A hoarse growl was the only audible answer.

"Get ont you little beast!" retorted Madame, angrily, and then "Kibir! pretty little Kibir! come then! come to its mistress! Oh-h-h! What! what is it? Steiner, husband, run here! Oh you wretched little beast! Let me kill him! Steineer! you lazy idiot, are you coming? Bring your gun! Run, ruu! Ach! my poor murdered Kibir!

I was wide awake now.

"What's the row?" inquired Jenkin's in his room next to mine of some one in the regions above.

An answer iu the voice of Watson Fuchs, Major, came shortly back.

"Row!" By George, Smith's in for it! Snap's chawed Kibir all to pieces, and the old woman"—by this familiar title he generally designated Madame S—' is going into him like fury."

"*Burschen heraus!*" screamed Jenkins franticly from below, "Snap's in bodily danger. Students, to the rescue!" There was a terrific slamming of doors along the passage in answer to this excited appeal. and I judged that my frieuds and Snap's were leaping out of bed and into their boots with as much alacrity as they could master.

"Fritz—Hans! come here, they are killing Steiner. You touch him agaio and I'll scratch your eyes out, you-u-u-u—!" This from onr hostess.

"Bruschen to the rescue!" bawled Jenkins in response, rushing from his room—"Danger to Snap! Watson forever,—hurrah!"

"We are coming, mistress," from below.

"We are coming, Corpsbursch," from all the rooms in the house.

I leapt franticly out of bed, wound a dressing gown hurriedly around me, and in a moment was in the gallery. Herr Steiner, our respected host, was sitting on the floor and endeavoring to stem with a not exactly immaculate pocket handkerchief a copious flow of that fluid, the extracting of which from the nose of a foe, affords such unmitigated satisfaction to an American or English student. Madame Steiner entwined with her fair arm the neck of her discomfited lord, and with the other lifted on high she seemed to invoke vengeance on the head of Watson, who, with his back against a large box, and his fists in boxing posture, was swearing uproariously, and protesting in execrable German, his readiness to thrash the whole shop, "supernumeraries included."

A council of students was held in my room, at which Snap was present. As a pacifying measure, it was proposed that we should all attend the funeral of the deceased Kibir, in pro-

cession, that every possible respect should be shown to his memory, consistent with a due regard for the feelings of the susceptible Snapem. It was also resolved, that, although for the character of Snap, Smith's Dog, we entertain a most exalted opinion, we are not prepared to justify completely, his conduct in destroying the cat, Kibir. But, as we are totally unacquainted with the details of the lamentable affair, we decline expressing any decided judgment upon it. These resolutions were rendered into German and forwarded to Madame Steiner.

That same evening the unhappy Snap jerked off the table-cloth, buried himself beneath a mass of beef and potatoes, and there he lay and growled. He subsequently tore down a window-curtain, chased Steiner, Jr. up three pair of stairs, and returned to our smoking-room with a long slit of that youth's pants between his teeth. He laid this trophy gently at my feet, crawled under my chair, and began sleeping and snoring simultaneously.

On the following day, we all attended the funeral of the ill-fated Kibir. The grave was dug in the back yard. Snap followed decorously, and demonstrated his respect for the deceased by allowing a piece of black crape to be attached to the end of his tail. He advanced slowly to the brink of the grave, glanced down, snuffed uneasily at the remains of Kibir, which were lying on their bier by the side of the hole, and then, standing, so to speak, on his tail, he elevated his snout and howled lugubriously. Was it remorse for his rash deed, or a vague presentiment that he must soon follow his victim into the canine and feline spirit land, that caused that mournful wail? *Quien sabe?*

Shortly afterwards he went to sleep, and, as usual, snored diabolically. The ceremony over, we repaired to our smoking-room.

That night, Snap was very gay. His spirit always was wonderfully elastic. He ran around in circles chasing his tail, and barking gleefully. His barks seemed to mean, "I cooked Kibir's goose; glad of it, too—very glad." He carried this spirit of fun into one of the most serious occupations of his life, the pursuit of flies. He would creep up on one of his tormentors with an expectant grin on his face, and would snap him off a wall or table-leg with an appearance of the greatest relish. Finally, he curled himself up at my feet and went to sleep.

At breakfast, the day after Kibir's funeral, Jenkins asked, "Why, where the deuce is Snap?"

We called and whistled, and at last I spied something black and white under a chair.

"Is that you, Snap, my boy?" I inquired. "Come here, sir, at once. Slowly and painfully the little fellow crawled towards me, and when he had reached the spot where I sat he licked my foot, gave a faint sigh, laid his head upon the floor and was still. I called him again. For the first time in his life he gave no grateful look, no pleasant wag of his tail in answer to a kind word from his master's lips. Snap was dead.

We wrapped him in his blanket, dug his grave in the back yard, and then we carried Snap out and buried him.

His presence would never again disturb the cats in their mournful concerts—his deep roar would never again strike terror into their feline revels. For Snap was dead. Peace to his memory. May happiness and bones attend him in that spirit land whose boundaries he had crossed so soon.

Farewell, a long farewell to Snap!

Thus ended Watson's *orison funebre*, and thus ends the history of the defunct Snap, Smith's Dog. Above his grave stands out in bold relief the top of the the box, on which is recorded his name and the date of his decease. To his memory this somewhat long but still imperfect tribute is paid by the now hapless Smith, of whom he was whilom the dog.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE flattering success of Miss Alice Kingsbury at the Opera House, is one of the most remarkable events in our city's dramatic history, and one that must swell the heart as well as the purse of this emotional little favorite. There is so much of nature and so little of art apparent in her characterizations, that her popularity can only be explained by the old saw about one touch of nature making the world akin. The three or four characters Miss Kingsbury has assumed so far are evidently favotite ones, and exhibit her poetic temperament and natural susceptibility to a remarkable degree. She enters into the feeling of the part with all the earnestness of a poet, and exhibits a real conscientious emotion in the rendering of it, *con amore*, and not in accordance with the rules and requirements of art solely. It is this exhibition of feeling and sensibility in its various transitions, that wins and impresses her audiences. She does not directly appeal to the intellect; but it is the hearts and sentiments of her auditors that are touched and awakened to a responsive appreciation.

This afternoon the *Pearl of Savoy* is to be produced for the Kingsbury *matinée*. For this evening's entertainment, *The Hidden Hand* will be shown for the first time with Miss Kingsbury in the leading part.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.—On Saturday evening, *Crispino* was performed, to a moderately full house, the audience being somewhat lessened by rumors during the day to the effect that some other opera would be substituted, or that no performance at all would be given; the uncertainty arose from a circumstance not within the control of the management. *Rigoletto* was produced on Monday, with tolerable success, although the title character was but feebly and clumsily executed by Signor Mancusi, and M'lle Tourny's "Maddalena" partook somewhat of burlesque; Signor Bianchi was, however, remarkably effective in the part of the "Duke," and Signor Milleri sustained that of "Sparafucile" with his usual power and correctness; while Signorina Brambilla, as "Gilda," achieved one of her greatest triumphs, the music being singularly adapted to her voice and style; she was warmly encored in the beautiful "Caro nome," and was frequently and heartily applauded throughout the performance.

On Wednesday evening the season came to an end, the occasion being a benefit to Mr. Crowly, and the programme comprising two acts from *La Juive*, several scenes from *Lucrezia*, and the music lesson scene from *Il Barbiere*, besides dancing and gymnastics by the Siegrist family, and some operatic selections by the Second Artillery Band.

Forty-seven performances have been given by this troupe, including forty-six representations of complete operas, besides single acts or scenes on several occasions. We believe that the management will find itself not only without loss, but with an actual, though very modest, surplus in the treasury; and this fact alone affords great reason for congratulation, being quite contrary to previous experience in California, and indicating that our community is at length both able and willing to render to the expensive and hazardous enterprise of Italian Opera, a cordial and remunerative support.

In reviewing the season, we find little cause for dissatisfaction with the members of the troupe. Signor Bianchi has sustained an amount of labor which would have completely exhausted any tenor less robust; and although often apparently suffering from fatigue, has never spared himself, nor disappointed the public. Signorina Brambilla is entitled to equal praise, for faithful attention and unfailing good will; she has fixed herself more firmly than ever in the affections of our music-loving people, and has displayed constant and rapid improvement as an artist. Signor Milleri, who immediately established himself as the finest basso who ever visited this coast, has also proved, during his three months' engagement, that he is a capable artist, with a disposition always willing to assist the management and his fellow artist in their labors; should a future season bring him again to San Francisco, he may be sure of a cordial and hearty welcome. We regret to say that the record of Signor Mancusi by no means entitles him to such favorable notice. Of his artistic attainments we have often spoken in high praise, and have nothing to recall, although his "Don Giovanni," and "Rigoletto" were far below the level of his earlier efforts. But there are facts (heretofore suppressed in order to prevent any open rupture which might prematurely end the season) discreditable to him, and we cannot in justice bestow on him the parting good words of commendation that we so willingly give to his brother artists. The subordinate members of the troupe have labored faithfully, and deserve great credit, with the single exception of M'lle Tourny, whose unfortunate remissness to her duties has greatly weakened her chances of success in San Francisco.

In spite of these drawbacks and embarrassments, the season has been not only financially self sustaining, but has proved an important and gratifying step in the development of musical culture in our young community. We trust, however, that the lovers of Italian Opera will not suffer the impetus thus gained to exhaust itself, but will soon unite their forces in a movement to encourage another and even more successful season. The Italian Opera Association, organized some months' ago, affords the nucleus for such a movement, and its influence has been already perceptible, inasmuch as the arrangements for the past season, though initiated by the management, would hardly have been consummated except for the moral support guaranteed by the officers and members of the Association.

THE HOWSON ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.—On Wednesday, October 24th, Miss Emma and Miss Clelia Howson, the young and talented soprano and contralto of the Howson English Opera Troupe, will take their first benefit in California; a splendid bill will be presented on this occasion. During the period of the suspension of the regular performances at the Metropolitan, preparations will be made for the production of the opera of "Cinderella," by the Howson troupe.

SIGNOR CARMINI MORLEY'S BENEFIT.—On Thursday, Oct. 25th, Signor Carmini Morley bids adieu to the San Francisco public at the Academy of Music. This will be almost the very last Italian Opera performance—Signorina Brambilla, Signor Milleri, and Signor Mancusi have kindly volunteered, and will appear in "Lucia di Lamermoor."

MONS. RONCOVIERI announces his benefit at the Metropolitan on Friday night next, with a strong host of volunteers.

WOODWARD'S GARDEN.—Scores of ladies and children have daily visited this—the most beautiful place of resort in California—during the present week. Besides the usual attractions on the grounds, quite a menagerie, consisting of a camel, lions, bears, elk, deer, and many other smaller animals, have been added, which will remain on exhibition during the coming week.

How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage—By Mrs. Warren, author of "How I Managed my House on £200 a Year."

This little volume seems to have enjoyed an immense popularity, twenty thousand copies having been sold within a twelve month after its publication. We think the headings of a few of the chapters will furnish a better idea of the character of the book, than a column of disquisition. The following are specimens: "Trial with a first baby—Infants food—How to increase a child's sufferings when cutting its teeth—The treatment of infants when sick—The croup and its treatment—Teaching infants to walk—How their legs become crooked—Nervous children—The whooping cough—Its medical treatment and diet—Early education—History—Geography—Spelling—Grammar—Girls at school—Music lessons." The volume tells in minute detail how a thoughtful and judicious mother reared eight children, carrying them through the physical and moral perils of infancy and childhood. For sale at A. Roman & Co's.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & Co. advertise in our columns the opening of their fall importations of the new style of silks and dress goods, cloaks, shawls, etc.,—an extensive catalogue of which may be found on our sixteenth page. It reads like some great Fashion Report.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No. 2.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents.

To the famous Dr. Abernethy is accredited the remark that there are three classes of sick persons, viz: those who think they are sick; those whose friends think they are sick, and those who really are sick—and that the latter generally die. The "laying on of hands" does not seem to reach those cases.

"The science [?] of medicine," says Dr. John Mason Good, "has been cultivated more than two thousand years. The most devoted industry and the greatest talents have been exercised upon this subject; yet upon no subject has the wild spirit of imagination been more widely displayed than in the history of medicine." He adds, "We know nothing of the cause of disease." This, be it remembered, is from one of the disciples of medicine of the present century.

"To harmonize the contrarieties of medical doctrines," exclaims Prof. Chapman, "is, indeed, a task as impracticable as to arrange the fleeting vapors around us, or to reconcile the fixed and repulsive antipathies of nature."

MESMERISM IN THE CURE OF DISEASE; or, as it is now termed, "Laying on of hands." This means of relieving the sick and curing slight nervous or "hypo" affections has been practiced in this city for many years; but alone, the cures will not stay cured as a rule, if the affection is at all serious. What's the trouble? After getting "cured" go to Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and he will keep you cured, by his common sense means and ideas.

"I wish I could be sure I have not killed more than I cured;" and "I have no faith in physic," after forty years practice, said Dr. Bailhe.

"BATHS expressly adapted to the new style of curing disease, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. It is well known that in Eastern climes, where magnetism, or mesmerism, was first discovered, steam bathing followed as a sequence, and in those climes, more than in any other portion of the globe, has steam bathing been as familiar to the people as household words It is just as necessary here, and the new "curees" will find that they will not stay cured without them.

Dr. Lentand declares "it is so impossible to separate the useful from the trivial in medical literature that it were better to reject all."

MORE than fourteen years a resident of San Francisco—intelligently, zealously, and honorably engaged in the performance of his duties as a water-cure physician—Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, has made for references, hundreds of our best and most prominent citizens; and here upon the coast, where the term "water-cure" was comparatively unknown, he has the proud satisfaction to know that he has made thousands of converts to his views and adherents of his improved practice, and that water cure in his hands is a recognized and popular branch of the healing art, which the people sustain.

DR. TRALL writes, "There is no common agreement in the testimony of medical men respecting the indications of the most common disease, nor the properties or operative effects of the most common articles of the materia medica."

SCIENTIFIC STEAM BATHING.—It is a settled fact that there is no means for relieving acute or chronic disease like proper steam bathing. Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, is the only scientific and thoroughly experienced administerer of steam baths, and his baths are as unlike Russian or Digger Indian style as are molehills and mountains.

"THAT the medical profession has not realized the world's expectation, is lamentably true," says the Hospital committee, (all allopathic doctors,) of the California Legislature of 1853.

POISON OAK.—A few words from "Boston," editor of the San Diego Herald, 1858. He gives his experience in POISON OAK: "If any one of our readers should be so unfortunate as to come in contact with this poisonous plant and get a 'swelled head,' as we did a few months since, we advise them to go immediately to Dr. BOURNE'S water cure establishment, and he will steam it out of the system in a few hours, or a day at farthest, if attended to immediately. He cured us in 'double quick time,' and we 'had it bad.'"

DR. BEACH asks, "Is it not as dangerous to employ one of our regular mineral and butchering doctors as it is to 'jump into the dock, take poison, or to hazard life in any other way?' And may we not regard such practice among the same calamities as pestilence, earthquake, or famine?"

WATCHING AHEAD.

AN ENGINE-DRIVER'S STORY.

A MAN can do anything a'most, if he likes to persevere. Here am I, Henry Smith, driver o' the express engine, "Swift Flash," on the Great South Northern Railway, with good pay, and what I like next, plenty o' confidence put in you.

T'other day—it don't seem more, though it's years ago—I sat on one side o' the fire, looking werry hard at it, and the missus sat on t'other side, also looking werry hard at it; and both on us putting it to the blush, and keeping it warm, for it did precious little o' that to us, for coals was high and money was scarce. It was the depth o' winter, and a miserable scrap o' fire at the bottom o' the grate made one feel dumpy, you know.

Well, Ann sat o' one side, and I sat on t'other, for it seemed to me tc be no use running about wearing out shoe-leather; so by way of a joke, just to cheer her up, I says, "Don't put the fire out, my girl," for I could see there was a tear or two ready to drop.

That did it; for before I knew where I was, she was down on her knees with her head in my lap, crying that bitterly that you'd have thought she'd have broke her heart, and along o' my bit o' stupid banter. I knowed it was no use to say any thing then, so I lets her have her cry out, and then, when the sobs only came sometimes, as she nestled up close to me I took her up in my arms and laid her on the bed, and made her as warm as I could, poor lass; for she'd no business to have been up, and if she'd been some one else's wife there'd have been the doctor coming every day, and ordering of her port wine, and jellies, and things which I couldu't get for her.

"Where are you going, Harry?" she says.

"'Nother try at the rail," I says.

"No, no!" she says; "not there. Don't go there, Harry; you know I shall have no peace for thinking of the danger from the engines. I dreamed last night you was brought home dead."

"Come, none of that," I says, laughing—least-wise it was about half-way between a laugh and a cry—and then I sits down and looks at my poor pale lass. There she lay with her great staring eyes, and the blue veins all showing through the skin, till I got to thinking of the bonny girl who used to walk with me o' summer eveuings, down the green lanes, talking about how we'd get on in the world; and then, one upon the other, comes the thoughts of all we'd had to go through since that time, in spite of my trying all my best, and fighting up hill and down dale with poverty. I knew it was my fault, for I'd been bit with the idea o' bettering myself, and left good wages to come up to London and get more—like that dog in the spelling-book. Yes, just like him; and I was getting the shadow now, and no mistake: there was plenty of shadow hanging over us both, but no substance.

I couldn't help it; I knew she did not like it; but I went out directly, and got took on at the great railway yard as sort of helper in the stables—being an engine fitter—and was set to work cleaning the great steam horses all amongst the oil, and grime, and smoke. But dirty work brings clean money; and before long I found as I'd been giving way to foolish thoughts, for my lass got better and more cheerful, and left off taking on about the baby, and keeping herself weak and poorly—leastwise, that is what the want o' money did—and soon I used to come home and find as she'd been blackleading and tidying up till the place shone again; while, as soon as she heard my step on the stairs—'taint a light one—she'd tickle the fire in the ribs till it laughed, and home looked quite first chop. Then, too, she began, as the spring time came to get a pot or two o' musk, and primroses, et cetrer, such as used to make us both sit and think of the country. And it's wonderful what there is in some o' them little flowers; why we've sat over one here in the midst of the soot, and chimney pots, and bricks and mortar, and been far away directly—hand in hand in the sunny lanes: up the banks; or in the shady woods; listening to the blackbird's sweet notes, and the twit tering and hum all around us; till, somehow or other, it all comes to this again, that you leave off thinking with a sigh, and feeling a bit dewy, while Nancy generally says—

"Ah' Harry: man made the big town, but God made the beautiful country!"

But I've no call to grumble, for I see plenty of the country now, if it *is* in a hurry, and mostly of a night. For from being a steady, blunderhead, straightforward sort o' chap, I got from cleaning to be took on to stoke a goods engine; and that frightened Nancy terribly, for he werry first week if I didn't smash my thumb, by catching it against the door as I was throwing in a great lump o' coal. That threw me back a bit; but I got all right again, and stoked that engine till a chance of a rise came, and I was changed to stoke a passenger engine, which is pleasanter; for goods traffic is so much of it in the night, and there you are shunting about sometimes for long enough in the middle of the cold dark hours, picking up empties, and leaving truck as are lull, till it gets werry tiring; then, too, sometimes you gets run off on a siding to let the passengers trains go by, for they has the run of the road.

Well, I was now a stoker on a passenger engine, and liked it better; but, before so very long, I gets put back to the goods, but this time as driver, and werry proud I felt when I got home and told the wife; but not half so proud as I did when, in course o' time, I got to be driver of a passenger engine—thought it was only a "parly." While now I'm bang up atop o' the tree, and drives the night express—though I do now reckon some day o' driving a special as has got some o' the Royalties in it; after which they may make me a d'rector or not, just as they likes, for I shall be satisfied anyhows.

"Well, but," I says, "some one must do it; and look, what a position we holds. Don't be uncomfortable, lass; it's my impression as I'm as safe dashing along full swing, as I am sitting here. 'Taint for us to be going through life afraid to put one foot afore the other, when we know as there's One as will clear the way for us." And I then looks round and sees our little place, how snug it was, and how we'd prospered; and then how neat and nice somebody else looked, though there was a streak or two of grey peeping out of her smooth shiny black hair—for Nancy never fell into the habit o' getting untidy as she grew older, while she never lets me see the wash-tub—and there: I'm at it again! I could go on all night about my wife; and suppose it's because I'm proud of her.

One night I walks down to the terminus, big as you please, for I was an old stager on the line even then. My stoker was in the shed with the engine—steam well up and all ready for a start; bright and clean as a new pin, and every joint and rod oiled and easy as I could see, as I cast my eyes round her—just like an old stage coachman before starting. There were the red lights on, and so I goes and times my watch, which wasn't two seconds wrong; jumps up, and we runs out of the shed on to the main line; and then, after a shout to the chap at the points, we runs back—easy—easier—easiest—and brings up against the train without hardly springing a buffer; porter couples us on, just as the first bell's going; and there we were all ready for a start.

"Jangle, jangle," goes the second bell; "bang, bang," the doors; "chirrup," the guard's whistle; and as the boy yelled out the evening papers, I touched the screamer, and then the starter, and—"puff, puff," goes the engine; and then—as if impatient to be off—"puff, puff, puff, puff," in rapid time, spinning the driving wheels round on the smooth metals before she had got fairly started. Then with a run, we slided out of the great glass terminus; went with a shriek into the tunnel, out again; past the sidings and empty trucks, and yard full of carriages under repair; rattling over the points and turntables; and then faster, and faster, and faster—off and away, so that the long stretched out rows of gas-lamps, right and left seemed to turn round, and round, as though there was a turntable under them; on past the first little station just as we was getting into full swing; and then the gas lamps all left behind, and we going full rush into what seemed like a black mountain right before us.

It aint everybody as has been on an engine at full speed, on a winter's night; when it's that dark you can a'most feel it. Perhaps you don't know as it goes along like jumpin at every stroke o' the piston-rod, just as if it was galloping—the coupling irons and buffers prevents your feeling that in the carriages—but first time of going on a fast engine would make you hold on pretty tightly. I like it, though; it warms one up in spirit, even if the wind's enough to freeze you, while the heat from the fire's ready to roast; and it does roast, sometimes, when we hold a bit of steak on a fork in it.

Away we go with the wind whistling by, till far on ahead there's a twinkling light or two; and then a bright green star, that we get nearer and nearer, till with a whistle and scream we fly thundering by another station—the lights seeming to run one into another as we dart past. Now, with the furnace door wide open, and the light streaming out on to the steam and smoke, we look like a comet rushing along, if it is only five-and-forty miles an hour; though those great speeds we read of quite put me out o' conceit. Think of the earth going round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour! I've been sixty, and that's quite fast enough for me.

But you people in the carriages don't know what it is dashing along through darkness, hail, rain, or snow; eyes right ahead, and fist on the handle; always on the look out for danger signals; and knowing what a little thing would send the whole train into one ruinous smash.

Yes; there's some confidence placed in us, as we stand there, fair weather or foul, watching ahead for danger, doing our best, and trusting in Providence for the rest, as on this first thirty miles run without stopping, away we go shrieking past station after station as though we meant to tear up the metals. Off and away through tunnel after tunnel—no blacker than the night outside; over viaduct, along steep embankments and down in deep cuttings; through the gloom of the night; seldom thinking of the danger; and always, as a man should in all things, watching ahead!

Away we went on the night I'm talking about, till the red lights peered out of the darkness, and our first thirty miles was done in not such a great deal more than half an hour; then, watering up off and away again, with the lights left behind, and we, tearing into the black night.

Tom Crawley was a good stoker, and the steam was well up; so that we were soon on full swing again, shrieking 'em up at the little stations, and then away again with a rush over the country. I was staring straight ahead, and had my hand on the whistle, for it was just time for us to pass a new station. Tom pushed past me and gave my round glass a rub, and then I could see the green light—faint, then bigger, and I gives a whistle: when, as I does it, I sees the lamp turned into a red one, and dashes the handle on one side to shut off the steam, same time letting the whistle shriek for the guards's break to be screwed down; but, bless you, it did not seem an instant, though I had time to think as it was here they shunted the goods train, when there was a sharp crash and something broke the round window of the screen; and then we were darting on faster than ever, for the shock had turned on the steam once more. I nods to Tom to grind down his break, as I tried to shut off again; but it was like pulling at a post, and though Tom came and helped, we could not move the handle, for a part of the valve was broke

I dashed open the furnace door, for I thought we was going werry free, and wondered why the guard hadn't clapped on his break; but, to my surprise, I finds as we were alone; that the couplings had broke with the shock of what we had run into, and there was Tom Crawley and me with the engine and tender, and full steam on, going quite sixty mile an hour.

I gives Tom the sign, and he stoops down, rattles out a rod or two, and down goes the fire bars on to the line in a moment, dropping out the whole of the fire, with the glowing coal and coke flying in great sparks behind us; but that had no effect, for on we tore, with the whistle shrieking and screaming, past two stations, while the next was to have been our halting-place.

Tom wanted to jump off, but I took hold of his arm and stopped him, though I couldn't help asking myself whether it wouldn't be the best thing to do; for, with the big junction station within a few miles, where we ought to pull up, who could say if the line was clear on the other side?

On we went, screaming along, at a fearful rate—some minutes before our time. There were the red lights and the lamps of the station, and I made another drag at the handle, but it was like tugging at a rock; and then there was a flash of light on each side, and we were through the station, and away again into the great black mountain always ahead.

"Now," thinks I; "they'll telegraph right on, from station to station, that there's a runaway engine, and she'll soon cool down now."

But she seemed as if she'd never cool down, but tore shrieking on past two more stations; and I began to wonder at last whether we ever should stop; and now for the first time, began to feel horribly frightened—for the excitement had kept the fear off before.

At each station, now, they showed the red lights, and we had just passed one signal—slackening pace a good deal—when from the sharp swerve I felt the engine give, I knew we had been turned on to a siding Just then as though with a flash, came over me the thoughts of the great danger I was in. You'd say; there was no time for thought; but there was and there, in the midst of that peril, I could see a little tiny fellow kneeling down before his mother, and saying after her some words as have never been forgotten, and I should say never can be. With those words gushing from my heart, and with a Great Name upon my lips, I gave one glance at my mate; and at the same moment Tom Crawley and I jumped off—right and left—when it seemed that I heard the noise of thunder and then went to sleep.

But I soon came to; only being a bit stunned; but Tom had a broken leg, and was badly scalded from the overturned engine, which the station people shunted off the main line, so that it ran smash on to the siding buffers, doing five hundred pound worth o' damage to itself in a moment.

There wasn't no lives lost, however, but it was a mercy as there wasn't, for we had run right into the tail of a goods train as was being shunted; and though the guard's van was shivered to atoms, my train was not much damaged, only a carriage or two sent off the line, and the people shook, while I've told you how we left it behind. Of course there was an investigation; but I went on with my dooty directly.

I said before that I wasn't much hurt, but I was a good bit shook, and so was some one at home: and she wanted me to give up for something else, but I looks round at the comforts we enjoys, and I says—"No, we must have engine-drivers. That's the only accident I've met with;" and I kep' on.

That's years ago now, and with the exception o' once cutting a poor cow all to pieces, I've had no more upsets: so I keeps driving the express, trusting in Providence; hoping for the best; and, fine weather or foul, well watching ahead.

THE EXPENSE OF WAR.—Twenty million thalers, part of the war expenses to be paid by Austria to Prussia, were despatched from Vienna to Berlin a few days ago, by a special goods train *via* Prague. The money is all in silver thalers, packed in casks, and in the counting of it twenty officials have been engaged for six days. The train had an escort o ten bank officials, twelve servants, and thirty soldiers.

AT THE LAST.

IS some one singing in the street?
Or am I dreaming? for I hear
A choir of voices wildly sweet
Float softly to my dying ear.

It sinks into the distance. Hark!
It rises; now it falls again:
So sweet and clear I scarcely mark
The pauses in the wondrous strain.

I do not wander, think not so;
The golden doors were left ajar,
And that wild music wandered through
The shining of the evening star.

You must not think of me as dead
Nor lost, but merely gone before,
Borne by the grace of him who bled
Before you to the voiceless shore.

For what is death when faith is strong?
Or what is night when morning break?
But rest to those who suffer long,
And light to those who gladly wake.

Now kiss me, sweet; Nay, closer come,
I feel my strength is ebbing fast,
And in my ears a distant hum
Of waves which murmur lapsing past.

They come! they come! more near, more near,
I hear the ripple weired and dread;
The shadow of a nameless fear
Is slowly darkening round my bed.

More light! more light! my eyes grow dim,
At threshold of the heavenly gate
I pause and vainly grope for him
Who seems to leave me desolate.

One moment only. Lo! I see
His hand rolls back these mists of fear;
They wait in lustrous white for me,
To waft me up the azure clear.

See! see! a myriad rays and lights
Are flashing up the mighty dome;
While angels from the starry hights
Stretch out their arms to bear me home.

There all the glory grandly meets,
In wide and glistening flakes it falls;
It flashes on the golden streets,
It gleams upon the jasper walls.

It flashes on a thousand gems,
A thousand facets' glistening sheen;
The river's glancing waves it stems
With shining tracts of red and green.

I see the broad light grow and grow
Far up the hight where angel throngs
In shining cohorts, row on row,
Sing to the Lamb their endless songs.

They beckon each with golden palm;
I seem to draw a purer breath;
I clasp the Everlasting arm
And wake. "Where is thy sting, O death?"

WASHINGTON, D. C. D. DE WARDENAU.

CHARLES LAMB.

A SMALL spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress; which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen penetrating eyes; and he walked with a short, resolute step, City wards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards; it gave rise to meditation and did you good. This small, half-clerical man, was—Charles Lamb.

No one has described Lamb's manner or merits so well as Hazlitt: "He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine piquant, deep, eloquent things, in half a dozen sentences, as he does. His jests scald like tears; and he probes a question with a play upon words. There was no fuss or can't about him. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon."

Through Mr. Procter's eyes let us next see Charles Lamb in that one of his books which is the truest reflex of his life and character. Mr. Elia was a senior clerk in the India house, who was dead before the appearance of the Essays written in his name.

Of the Essays of "Elia," written originally for the *London Magazine*, I feel it difficult to speak. They are the best amongst the good: his best. I see that they are genial, delicate, terse, full of thought, and full of humor; that they are delightfully personal; and when he speaks of himself you cannot hear too much; that they are not imitations, but adoptions. We encounter his likings and fears, his fancies (his nature) in all. The words have an import never known before; the syllables have expanded their meaning, like opened flowers; the goodness of others is heightened by his own tenderness; and what is in nature hard and bad is qualified (qualified, not concealed) by the tender light of pity, which always intermingles with his own vision. Gravity and laughter, fact and fiction are heaped together, leavened in each case by charity and toleration; and all are marked by a wise humanity. Lamb's humor, I imagine, often reflected (sometimes, I hope, relieved) the load of pain that always weighed on his own heart.—*Procter's Charles Lamb.*

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

"HOW do you feel amidst all these events?" said a friend the other day. "I feel as if I were alive," was the reply, which we believe is a feeling just now very strong among all who take any interest, however slight, in the movement of the world. Englishmen feel something like men comfortably seated in a theatre in presence of a great play, inactive, full fed, almost too lazy to raise their opera glasses or sniff at the odor of gas which occasionally interrupts their comfort, but nevertheless keenly alive, conscious that every faculty of the brain is at its highest tension. For the play is for once a wonderful one. We are living, and begin to be conscious that we are living, in one of those seed-times of the world which, recur only after long cycles, when the ground, long ploughed and manured, is at last to be turned to use, a seed time of empires, and creeds, and discoveries, and systems of thought which as they germinate and flourish, will in their beauty or their ugliness make the Old World, which looked so bare, irrecognizable in its rich variety of crop, and color, and life. Nothing was till lately so common as to hear the cry, especially from the young, "Oh, that I had been born at another time, when life was simpler, and movement greater and mankind had ends!" Tennyson expressed the thought of a generation when he sang—

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys,
Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow?
I have but an angry face—what is that which I should do?
* * * * * * * * *
But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels."

The same cry is still heard, but it has ceased to be real. If the Englishman cannot act, he can at least observe, and feel that his intellect "lives," if he does not. If he is a politician, he is living in an age which, alike in the dramatic character of its events and the grandeur of some of its ideas, has scarcely a parallel in history.

Within five years we have witnessed the greatest, it may be the last struggle between the ideas of freedom and slavery, each held by millions conscious, however dimly, of their objects, and prepared to go on for their sake to the bitter end. The Old World and its aspirations gave place finally to the new and its hopes, when Lee surrendered his sword, and the defeat was as dramatic, as much of a sudden surprise, as near to a true battle of Armageddon, as any catastrophe in history has ever been. The principle of nationalities, first a dream, then a thought, then a hope, has risen almost within months into a power able to shake down States and remodel maps, has pulled an old nation as it were by the hair from under the sea into the air and light, is, as we write, driving the whole kingdoms together with a clash which reverberates through the world. Young men read of the rise of Holland to independence, and think that was a grand time; was it grander in all true elements of grandeur than this rise of Italy out from under the Austrian waves? The French Revolution was a great event, an event which to this hour seems to choke up the memories of the old, but save in misery how was it greater as an event than this Revolution in Germany? Crowns did not topple faster in 1790-98 than in 1867, Sadowa was at least as striking an event as Waterloo. The Seven Years' war was a "great episode in history;" we have lived through it all compressed into seven days.

The rise of France to dictatorship was not more marvellous, was not to the Continent more full of hope or menace than the rise of Prussia. Armies only defined by fractions of millions, armies such as marched when Rome and the barbarians came into their final collision, are moved as rapidly as they seem to be moved when we hear only of starting-point and destination, the slaughter is as that of the battles which are landmarks in history, the consequences such as those which students ponder through the succeeding centuries. The progress of the world was not more affected by the struggle between the Hohenstauffens and the Popes, the State and the Church, or between France and the Continent, democracy and feudalism, than by this struggle just ended between Prussia and Austria. We have men, too, among it all, big, visible figures. No age has ever perhaps been richer in prominent individual personages in whom the world could take a fierce interest than that which has produced Napoleon and Bismark, Lincoln and Gladstone, Von Moltke and Garibaldi.

Men are never tired of considering the Reformation, and the reaction which followed it; but was it a greater time, a time in which more ideas were born, or in which systems of thought struggled more visibly towards the light than this? Enlightenment and obscurantism are but Protestantism and Romanism, with their frontiers widened beyond the theological limit, doing battle for the liberation of man as well as of man's soul, of his intellect as well as of his conscience. The Papacy is in the throes as visibly now as it was when Leo X., died, may revive under our eyes as it revived under the eyes of those who defeated the Armada. And we shall see it and be conscious of it, as they scarcely did or were. Every blow struck on either side reverberates instantly through the world. We receive by telegraph the bull against civilization; read in a special correspondent's letter how Dollinger—Erasmus—proposes to reconcile Rome and science; can, if we will, hear the debate which terminates monarchism in Italy; see, almost while they are writing, the decrees which throughout Germany will end the right of the Papacy to stifle theological thought. Realism has revived among us, and is modifying every branch of progress, sweeping away remorselessly all the films which stood between thought and fact. Nothing is "sacred," in the old sense of sacredness, nothing tabooed, nothing admitted on account of the authority it can quote in its behalf. The human mind is breaking its bonds.

Nothing in our day, it is true, compares or can compare with the discovery of America, the greatest impulse from without ever received by human energy, a momentum as great as we should receive were a new planet suddenly to attach itself to the earth; but the scope for adventure, and travel, and even conquest is nearly as wide as ever, their results as dramatic. It is within seven years that we have seen Cochin China turned into a colony, and the "unknown capital," Pekin, entered by European troops, a new civilization revealed in Japan, the source of the Nile discovered, Australia crossed, the few closed places of earth thrown open to energy and enterprise. To those who wish to found kingdoms, or discover El Dorados, or civilize savage races there are as many fields as ever, and a new certainty that mankind will bear speedily of all they have done.

No mechanical invention corresponds or can quite correspond in value with the printing press, but we have but just solved the problem of instant communication throughout the planet, just drawn within speaking distance continents which three hundred years ago were still, as they were from the beginning of time, ignorant of each other's existence. The compass is of more use, but it scarcely strikes the imagination of science more than the discovery of the spectrum, and gunpowder did not revolutionize warfare more than the breech-loader may yet do. We talk much of the mighty emigration from Asia which buried the civilization of Rome—what is it when compared with the exodus to the West, going on every day before our eyes, this yearly march to America of any army greater than that which followed Alaric? The new life introduced by the barbarians was not more novel than the life which is growing up in the Far West, feudalism no more potent agency than the system of equality of condition.

Commerce, science, art are in a condition of almost morbid activity, and scarcely a newspaper appears without an announcement which in the good old times, when men had leisure to gossip and wits congregated in taverns, would have furnished matter for a week's reflection. Life is alive even here, with a change in prices as great as that which followed the discovery of America, a social change as wide as that which produced the Poor Law, and a political change as formidable as that of 1831, all going on together, and all going on amid the thunder of changes, each greater than they, reverberating from all sides of the world. There is no Charles V. to watch, but there is Frederick William; no Philip II., but Napoleon writes, like him, letters to Flanders, and Florence, and Vienna, which presage expeditions; there is now new America, but there is Asia unveiling herself; no printing-press to wonder at, but electricity is beginning to do its appointed work. The torpor of the body may be deep, but the mind is awake and the imagination running riot, and whether we are thinking or only dreaming, still this generation is alive—vividly alive!—*London Spectator.*

WINTER BONNETS.—The new winter bonnets, in Paris resemble miniature *cabriolets*, they have large crowns and long curtains, and are altogether ungraceful and ugly. If the form is accepted, the head will be completely buried, and truly it will be passing from one extreme to another. Excessively plain women will profit by this sudden change, but those who have the smallest pretensions to beauty will lose by it. But this novelty is only an attempt on the milliners' part to introduce something more elaborate and difficult to fabricate than the present simple head-dress.

A LONG, exceedingly fine chain is very fashionable, at the present moment in Paris. It appears like a string of small beads; but it is not so. The seeming beads are all metal, shaped to simulate beads, and linked one within the other. They are used as watch guards, are very inexpensive, and may be of gilt, silver or jet.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS } *Publishers.*
J. F. BOWMAN }

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

MR. JOHN C. ROBINSON is authorized to act as Agent for THE CALIFORNIAN.

DR. W. F. BRANDRETH is requested to call at this office.

THE interest of CHARLES H. WEBB in THE CALIFORNIAN, has been purchased by J. F. BOWMAN, and the paper will henceforth be conducted by J. P. BOGARDUS and J. F. BOWMAN as editors and proprietors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"IN THE TROPICS," "LONG AGO," "BY THE SHORE," and "TO MY SCOTCH FRIEND," are respectfully declined.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued on the second page of to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

IT seems but a short time since the leading English journals of Tory proclivities contemptuously scouted the notion that the French Emperor would abandon the Mexican project in deference to the wishes of the United States. The language employed in alluding to the subject was such as seemed to imply that any attempt on the part of our Government to interfere in the matter would be the height of temerity. Now, however, an entirely new view of "the situation" seems to have dawned upon the minds of our English friends. It is no longer "the Americans" who "cannot afford to quarrel with so powerful an enemy as France," but the reverse. "The Emperor of the French," says the London *Saturday Review*, "has wisely decided to abandon his great project, and to leave his bright vision unfulfilled. The United States pressed him hard, and he gave in * * * * his only aim recently has been to retire without absolute and public disgrace. * * * He will not do anything more for the Empire he set up, and he probably thinks that the sooner the whole business is abandoned the better."

The tone of these comments furnishes a marked contrast to that of the same journal only a few months since, when the protests and remonstrances of the press of the United States on the subject were only alluded to as examples of American braggadocio, and the Monroe Doctrine was never mentioned without a jest or a sneer. Now, we are told, "The Americans are very determined that the Mexican Empire shall end, and that the French shall withdraw at a very early date." Further more: "The terms in which the American President has proclaimed the nullity of the blockade of Matamoras are very insulting to France. The Emperor whom France has set up is spoken of in the most insulting terms as a mere intruder. The blockade which a French vessel is enforcing is considered to be altogether non-existent. But probably the Americans are perfectly aware that no offence will be taken at Paris. What is the Emperor Napoleon to do if he is not prepared to go to war with the United States? And he certainly is not prepared to go to war. He could not engage in a contest with the United States, and have any fair prospect of success, if a condition of success was that he should continue to hold Mexico."

That Maximilian's brief dream of Empire is over, and that the French must leave Mexico, are indeed things no longer doubtful. If the Emperor and his suite, together with his foreign troops and chief supporters can effect their escape in safety, it will be matter for rejoicing. Their enemies, however patriotic the spirit by which they have been animated during the struggle, are of a race not remarkable for power of self-restraint, or for moderation in the hour of triumph; and the fear lest a general massacre of Imperialists should be inaugurated, unless the withdrawal shall be very skilfully managed, does not seem to be altogether unreasonable.

In regard to what is to follow the withdrawal of the French troops, the *Review* is of the opinion that "under one pretext or another, and in the person of some President to be decided on, a Republican Government will be set up, virtually protected by the United States," which vaticination seems more likely to be fulfilled than that which immediately follows, introduced by a modest "perhaps," to the effect that the United States Government may choose to "soothe the feelings of the French by reimbursing them a fraction of their outlay."

There is something touching and almost pathetic in the resignation with which English toryism, only a few months since so incredulous as to the possibility of such an event as the French Emperor receding from his position, and so pleasantly derisive of American "braggadocio" in regard to the Monroe Doctrine, has at length come to contemplate what seems inevitable. Indeed so philosophic has toryism become, that it is in a vein of sadness rather than of indignation, that the *Review* declares the melancholy probability that "American adventurers will seize on all the most promising speculations that the country has to offer," will "gradually turn the wealth of the country to their advantage, and make the few industrial enterprises of Mexico their own."

ORGANIZATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

From an "Address to the Spiritualists and all Liberal-minded Persons in the State of Illinois," recently issued by a committee appointed at a convention of Spiritualists held at Rockford, in that State, it appears that an extensive organization of all who accept the spiritualistic creed is about to be attempted. The committee, in their report, declare their conviction that there is a sufficient number of "liberal-minded persons" in the United States, who are "entirely free from all forms of church fellowship and sectarian bondage," to exert greater influence and effect more important objects than "any religious organization" in the country. The committee further profess to be satisfied, that "among these persons are more knowledge and more facts relating to the soul—to the spirit world—to death and the after life, and the relation of the spirit world to this, and its assumed correspondence with this sphere of being, than is possessed by any sect of Christians; and that these facts and this knowledge are mainly ignored by our sectarian churches, but are vitally important in our age of intellectual development for the further continuance of religious growth." Furthermore, the committee are of opinion that "the faith, hope, and belief of the Christians are not sufficient to satisfy or sustain the religious growth of these liberal-minded persons."

The practical portion of the report consists of a recommendation to organize in every State, what, for lack of a more distinctive term, we must characterize as "Spiritualistic Churches," which are to be without creeds, articles of belief or discipline, or any qualifications for membership beyond the mere wish of the individual to unite with them.

Possibly, Mr. Todd and Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye are to be regarded as the evangilists of the new Spiritualistic Church in this State.

"MY FRIEND," a poem by Charles Warren Stoddard, originally written for THE CALIFORNIAN, and published in it several months since, appears in the number of the New York *Weekly Review* of September 15th, as a contribution for that paper. This is not the first instance in which poems of Mr. Stoddard, which first appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN, have been republished as "original" in the *Review*. We are quite at a loss as to the explanation of so singular a proceeding.

PIONEERS' ADDRESS.—We have received a copy of the oration of the Hon. J. W. Dwinelle, delivered before the Society of California Pioneers, on the occasion of their recent anniversary. It is a masterly production, evincing much original research and curious scholarship, and we hope to be able to make more extended reference to it at some future time.

THE GALAXY.—We have received from W. E. Loomis, corner of Washington and Sansome streets, the October number of this illustrated magazine, for which he is the California agent. Though not a year in existence, *The Galaxy* has already won an enviable name for literary ability; and the October number is full of readable articles.

We have received from the Book House of A. Roman & Co., the following new publications:

Epidemic Cholera; Its Phenomena, Causes, and Mode of Communication; Together with its Prevention and Proper Treatment, being the Substance of two Popular Lectures, Delivered in the University of New York—By J. G. Webster, M. D.

Dr. Webster illustrates his confidence in the soundness of his theory, in regard to the cholera, by declaring, "If people would everywhere carry out, in practice, the principles here laid down, cholera would be banished from the earth."

The Lady's and Gentleman's Science of Etiquette, and Guide to Perfect Manners in Society—By Count D'Orsey and Countess De Calatrella.

In addition to disquisitions upon etiquette, manners, dress, social usages, etc., this volume contains numerous observations on dress, and receipts for the preparation of various important articles for the toilette.

The *Atlantic Monthly* will begin the next year with the first chapters of a novel by the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

[For the Californian.]

DECREES.

I SIT in sorrow by the watery gates,
A questioning the Fates.
I ask, fair Fates, what manner of ships are these
Slipping adown the seas?
Slipping adown the slanting seas—what sail
Is yonder, calm and pale?
Then the Fates answer me: "That goodly bark
Braving the waters dark
"So fearlessly, the cross upon her mast,
Is *Trust*, come home at last.
"Yon quivering craft that veers and puts about,
Is the long-cruising *Doubt*.
"This dancing galley that the waters mock,
Shall strike upon the rock.
"'Tis *Chance*, a pleasure yacht; her ribs shall bleech
Upon the blistering beech."
Yet still I see a flamelike, shining cloud,
And eagerly cry aloud,
That other sail that wails upon the wind—
What is her name and kind?
To me the Fates, "Though lying still and wan,
She shall approach anon.
"So nobly manned—with any gale to cope—
Behold the trusty *Hope*."
Quicken the winds I pray you worthy Fates,
In her are stored my freights!
Nor am I fit for life of any sort,
Till she shall reach the port.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct., 1866. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

LOCAL ART ITEMS.

LOVERS of art have been more than usually favored during the past week by the exhibition at Messrs. Jones & Wooll's gallery of quite a large collection of paintings.

Among the number we noticed from the easel of Denny, views of Trinidad Bay, the Farallones, San Pablo Bay, the Golden Gate, and a tropical sunset scene very wild and exaggerated in color. They are not without considerable merit, but they appear to have been hastily and carelessly executed, and leave an impression upon the mind of the observer that the artist has been untrue to himself and unjust to the public in not doing his best. We certainly think that our artists are themselve, to a great degree, responsible for the complaints of poor remuneration, and we believe that more zeal and painstaking on their part, with much less indifference to criticism, would greatly enhance prices and increase orders.

The views of "Cathedral Rock," and "Half Dome," by Bush, are, in many respects, superior to his previously exhibited works, though faulty in coloring; but these also show haste and want of care—faults which no young artist can afford to be guilty of. It is but fair to say that these pictures are placed in a position that defies critical examination. To look at anything in this gallery is about as tantalizing as "endeavoring to eat soup with a string out of a junk bottle."

We think our artists should be content with canvas of more moderate size. Big pictures, unless by great artists, are generally big failures; besides, at the rate our people pay for works of art—judging from the remarks of a correspondent in last week's CALIFORNIAN—the frame costs more than the picture, and when the mechanic receives more than the artist it cannot be otherwise than discouraging to the latter.

The view in Yo-Semite Valley, by Hill, is very much the same as everything else he has painted on that subject—better, however, because it is smaller—but it is very cold and gloomy. Hill has two other small pictures that do him little credit in design or execution.

Some shortsighted speculator in art has imported three enormous paintings from Europe in the hope of selling them in this appreciative region. We were unable to learn the names of the artists. The pictures respectively represent "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "Joseph in Prison," and a "Market Scene." The last is by far the best and contains some very effective figures. If they can be called great, otherwise than in size, we confess to an inability to fully appreciate them. Our thought on looking at them was of the immense good it would do to distribute the price asked for them amongst several of our struggling and deserving artists; and how much more it would tend to the encouragement of genius, the advancement of art and the satisfaction of the buyer to turn the money into such a fruitful chance.

In Roos' window may be seen at last the truly excellent water colors by Keith, heretofore mentioned by us. They have attracted considerable attention, and we hope to see them followed by other and still superior efforts.

At this place are two oil paintings by Wandesforde, hithert unnoticed. One is a very calm and pleasing moonlight scene, needing a much better light than it has, and the other is a view of Mount Hood, somewhat inferior in point of coloring, but well and carefully executed, as all works of this artist are.

ASTRÆA.

OFFICIAL.—The semi-annual report of the Public Administrator, Mr. J. W. Brumagim, will be found on the 12th page of to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Teetotal Temperance Convention.

To the Editor of the Californian:

SIR:—Your "Lion's Mouth" has uttered many sensible roars against humbug of all kinds, therefore I am encouraged to hope that it will roar against an absurd statement made by a Dr. Gibbons at the State Temperance Convention on Wednesday last. In the report published in the *Bulletin* I find the following:

"Dr. Gibbons said that it was a well-known fact that alcohol taken into the stomach in wine was much more injurious than in distilled spirits. Wine contained, besides brandy, large quantities of cream of tartar, which, as an article of commerce, was produced from the deposits of wine casks. There was no drunkenness which irritated the stomach like the drunkenness of wine. Intoxication from wine could easily be distinguished from all others. He had in mind a man who sometimes drank to excess. When he drank distilled spirits he was pleasant, though foolish; but when he drank wine to excess his conduct was brutal. Beer made a man stupid, and tended to make hogs of men. Cider was even worse. He related an instance where some one in early times joined an old-fashioned temperance society in which wine, beer and cider were permitted, and he became a more brutal man from cider drinking than from the use of distilled spirits."

Is this Dr. Gibbons an expert that his testimony on the subject of drunks is to be received? I don't believe his drunks have been as numerous or as varied as mine. I don't say he never was drunk—in fact I believe he was just a little tight when he said that wine casks were in the habit of producing cream of tartar as an article of commerce, but that doesn't signify; he's all wrong. He said "It was a well known fact that alcohol taken into the stomach in wine was much more injurious than in distilled spirits." Bosh! Alcohol is alcohol, and there is less alcohol in wine than there is in distilled spirits. Then he said: "There was no drunkenness which irritated the stomach like the drunkenness of wine" Pshaw! Let this Dr. Gibbons speak of his own stomach and not talk about other peoples' stomachs. Perhaps his stomach is naturally irritable. *Bad* wine of course irritates a gentlemanly stomach, but good wine, when introduced, associates itself in an intimate manner with the fish, quails, chickens and other creature comforts which it finds there. Then this Dr. Gibbons declared that he knew a man who "was pleasant, though foolish," when he drank distilled spirits, but was "brutal" when he drank wine. His charge against beer, is that it tends to "make hogs of men." I have done with Dr. Gibbons, he may have drunk beer to excess at some period of his existence and not yet have fully recovered from its effects. I wish to give my testimony as a man acquainted with drunks. Spirits of all kinds are more or less hurtful, according to the quantity drunk. Rum is a good liquor, but if stuck to for any great length of time, is apt to make you bilious; if you get drunk on it you have a terrible headache in the morning; brandy utterly destroys the digestion if taken, even in small doses, continuously; whisky is a good spirit, but will, after a man has got drunk on it two or three hundred times, affect his brain terribly; gin will thin a man down and do him but little good. Beer, as Dr. Gibbons observes, makes a man fat and stupid, but beyond this, does him but little harm. We do not believe that Dr. Gibbons can attribute his condition, in every respect, to beer. Wine was meant, as the Bible tells us, "to make merry the heart of man." *Wine* is the juice of the grape fermented. That which is often sold under the name of "wine" in San Francisco, is of course very often a mixture of water, alcohol, sugar, coloring matter and other materials. When a man gets "elevated" on fine old wine he feels good natured and, as the Bible expresses it, "merry." If he allows evil spirits to enter into him in the shape of villainous brandy, new rum, or vile whisky, he will probably be tempted to murder or steal. You will understand me I know. I am sorry to see the "Temperance men" making fools of themselves—as they always have in every country under the sun—by abusing the most harmless of all intoxicating fluids, and in the case of Dr. Gibbons, praising dram drinking as compared with "a glass of wine after dinner." Under these circumstances the *Bulletin* is wasting space which might be used more profitably when it chronicles the vaporings of Temperance maniacs. If you think it would be of service to the rising generation, I am willing to give an account of a few of my drunks to prove that a wine drunk is infinitely less immoral in its consequences than one of Dr. Gibbons' brandy drunks. I am yours temperately (but not teetotally temperately), BENJAMIN BIBULOUS.

A Homily for the "Times."

Being blessed with the agreeable consciousness of possessing a larger endowment of wisdom than we can conveniently use to advantage for our own behoof, we feel impelled to give our less fortunate fellow creatures the benefit of a portion of the surplus. Now we suspect, from general appearances, that the *Times*, which is to launch its bark upon the squally ocean of journalism on the fifth *proximo*, needs a little good advice. Most of its editors are provincials who are not thoroughly "up" in Metropolitan matters—very smart men undoubtedly, but not incapable perhaps, of learning a wrinkle or two from us that may be useful. Accordingly we shall proceed in a Christian and philanthropic spirit, to give them a few useful hints derived from a long experience, in the course of which we have finished off more papers with which we have first or last been connected, than any man in California—always excepting our distinguished friend the Tripple Thunderer of the *Flag*, whose "slain" outnumber ours even as David's did those of Saul

In the first place then, we exhort our brethren of the *Times* to bear it ever in mind that "dignity" is a great thing. If you're going to be a "solid" leading journal, you must above all things be dignified. Don't forget that, Mac. But then you mustn't run the thing into the ground you know. There is a little embarrassment about this, it must be confessed, for if you're lively, fresh, spirited, and wide awake, all the asses (always in the majority,) will bawl out "undignified!" But then if you go in strong for "dignity," the chances are that the same assinine majority, together with a strong minority *not* assinine, will call you "tame," "dull," "heavy," etc. So you see it's Scylla and Charybdis, Mac.—a decidedly ticklish situation. As to "leaders" you mustn't make 'em too straightforward and flat-footed—for that would be course and vulgar you know; and yet you must not go too much the other way—for that would look like whiffling. We admit it isn't easy to hit the precise key, but it can be done, and is no harder than walking on a tight-rope, or shooting a rapid in an Indian canoe. Now a word about the News Department. We advise Billy Bausman (who is to do the scissoring) not to clip too freely from the "upland papers." No one in San Francisco cares much what the *Campton Clarion* or the *Rattlesnake Canon Blunderbuss* are perorating about. But then it must be admitted a great many favorable "notices" from these interior organs can be obtained by occasionally quoting them. Give us plenty of Eastern news *in detail*, Billy, likewise foreign news—by so doing you will suit some people, and cause a good many others to swear that the paper is filled up with stuff that no one wants to read. Between these two classes it's a pretty even thing—after all one must use judgment. If you give a screed of poetry every day, and a nice little story once a week or so, it will please the ladies—though it may also produce the effect of disgusting your more practical-minded business friends. Finally, we would especially impress it upon the minds of the managing powers, that they take especial care to publish nothing that can offend any one. All extreme opinions are to be avoided. Don't say anything you may have to take back, or take sides on any question respecting which people differ. Be careful about praising any one—for that will offend his enemies; also about censuring anyone—for that will exasperate his friends. By carefully observing these rules (and you see how simple they are) you can perhaps (with good luck) manage to keep a going a year or so, (if the cash holds out) and build up as powerful and influential a journal as the *Alta* itself.

Dry Sermons.

THE Germans, though they have no objection to amusing themselves with music, dancing and much lager bier drinking after church time are, as a rule, in favor of devoting Sunday morning to religious observances solely. There exists in some parts of Germany, a law to prevent drinking during Divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale house during Divine service on Sunday, or other holiday, may legally depart without paying."

This is as it should be. In San Francisco not very long ago "drinking during Divine service" was carried to an extent which was enough to horrify any Christian. This drinking during Divine service took place, not in an ale house, but in a certain church in this city. The members of the choir who were securely guarded from the observation of the congregation by curtains, were in the habit of consuming sundry and divers drinks during the service, and indulging in a cold collation accompanied with lager during sermon time. This state of things went on for some time without the unrighteous conduct of those irreverent hymn-singers being discovered by the church authorities; but, unfortunately for them, one Sunday one of their members who had made a little more money than he was usually in the habit of receiving, brought two or three bottles of champagne to church for the purpose of celebrating the event with his brother professionals, and enabling them to sit through a rather dry sermon comfortably. The popping of the champagne corks exposed them—an investigation was made, and from that day to this there has been no drinking in church during Divine service.

A Lazy Editor.

Some editors of newspapers are very lazy. The editor of the New York *Despatch* is one of these. In a recent number of the *Despatch* we find under the head of "A. J. on the Divinity of Tailoring," the following:

"There is one bit of Johnsonian *facetiæ* that is too much for us. We confess to know very little about the tailoring business, though we once read *Sartor Resartus*. We have heard of tailors' *measures*, (which we take to have something to do with 'bushelling,') likewise of nine tailors making a man, and of three famous tailors of 'Tooley street;' but our acquaintance with the *shears* has been of another description usually, and we cannot follow Mr. Johnson, professionally so far as might be 'fashionable.' For example, we are quite at a loss to know where the beloved A. J. discovered the fact, which he asserts to be 'historical,' that God was of the same trade as himself. 'In connection with your profession (proclaims this dignified and pious President of ours,) allow me to say that our *great Father, the Head and Lord of all the world, was a* TAILOR, and when you refer to the historic account of these things, you will find that my remarks are materially true.'

Passing over the incident flippancy of this speech, repeated twice on his journey already, we should like to have our learned Chief Magistrate give his 'historical' authority for the above *morceau* of gratuitous blasphemy."

It is quite evident that the editor of the *Despatch* is not well acquainted with the Bible, and is too lazy to search the Scriptures. "Indecent flippancy" and "gratuitous blasphemy" are not things to be passed over, but the "historical authority" which the *Despatch* so pertly demands is very easily given. Mr. Johnson referred to the 21st verse of the third chapter of Genesis. "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the LORD God make coats of skins, and clothed them."

A Farewell Sketch.

Our San Francisco caricaturist, Jump, after "taking off" our notable citizens for many years, and residing in this State for sixteen years, is about to take himself off Within a week or two he intends to start for New York. Before leaving he will publish, by subscription, a farewell sketch of some of the people whom he has known. If every one who has laughed at Jump's pictures subscribes for one copy of this farewell sketch, Jump will land in New York with his pockets well lined with twenties. "Jump's last" has often been noticed by the press. We are very, very sorry to say that the forthcoming picture will indeed be Jump's last. When he reaches New York, and we read of his triumphs in that city, we shall sigh to think that San Francisco could not afford him a good income, and thus retain him.

An Eastern Reputation.

We notice that the New York *Home Journal*, *Leader*, and other literary papers copy many articles from the San Francisco *Dramatic Chronicle*, giving due credit, and endorsing the sentiments expressed therein. The *Chronicle*, like other first rate California productions, is made much of abroad, and is, we are glad to observe, thoroughly appreciated in San Francisco by the public—though not very much by the press, newspaper proprietors not liking to see a good paper given away for nothing.

An Opposition to Jim Greeley.

The New York *Home Journal* says:

"A Bohemian and his wife, dwarfs of a considerable amount of ugliness, have brought a *troupe* of a dozen toads to a high state of artistic perfection, and intend to exhibit their artists shortly in Paris. The toads understand their respective names in Bohemian.

"'Mark Twain's' Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" will be eclipsed by these Bohemian toads. We have not the slightest doubt but that these dwarfs stole the idea from "Mark's" story, and, finding that frogs were scarce in Bohemia, determined to educate toads instead. Jim Greeley ought to have patented that frog.

A Frozen Fact.

Of course the Virginia City *Union* will declare that the following story which it published this week is "a frozen fact," but the statement is just a little too cool for us to swallow:

"A few nights since, when Wells, Fargo & Co's fast freight stage arrived at Crystal Lake, a man who had been riding on the back part of the stage got off and walked into the house, and as he approached the fire he fell on the floor and expired. A doctor who examined the body said that the deceased had "frozen to death." No one knew who the man was, or where he got on the stage; he had no baggage, and was only protected from the cold by a linen coat"

This won't do. We know something of the manners and customs of the Washoeites. Men don't travel on stage-coaches with nothing on but linen coats. No respectable driver would allow a man thus attired to ride on his stage. We are also expected to believe that a man walked up to a fire, fell on the floor and expired, and was pronounced by a doctor "frozen to death!" If there were any truth in this story the doctor would of course have said that he '*thawed* to death" when he approached the fire. However, as "Mark Twain" has by this time arrived in Virginia City, we hope that the *Union* will have the modesty to refrain from attempting to perpetrate sells like the above.

The Progress of Rationalism.

Everyone has, of course, read Lecky's *History of the Progress of Rationalism in Europe*. The following paragraph, which we find in an Eastern exchange, proves that Her Majesty Queen Victoria has become a Rationalist in one particular: "A commodious and luxurious smoking-room, for the use of those members of the royal family who indulge in the weed, has just been finished at Balmoral Castle."

A very few years ago Her Majesty issued counter-blasts against tobacco almost as severe as the famous one which King James devoted the powers of his intellect to producing. We hope before long that there will be a smoking-room in Buckingham Palace. Up to the present time smoking has been considered a crime scarcely less heinous than high treason, by Queen Victoria; it was her only weakness, and we are glad to find that she has conquered it.

The Surest Mark of an Ass.

It takes a tolerably acute person, at times, to distinguish between a wise man and an ass. Such was the opinion of Cicero, who said: *Sapientis est sapientem cognoscere*. Perhaps the best test consists in the ability of the individual to "take a joke." The man who can't stand good-natured ridicule, who is continually getting his back up, and taking offence where none is intended, and can't enjoy a good thing at his own expense, is pretty sure to be an unmitigated ass. Just as a poodle is more irascible and quarelsome than a mastiff, we find that big men generally take a joke more kindly than little men, strong men than feeble men, healthy men than sick men, and wise men than fools.

[For the Californian.]

TO ——.

I SEEK the sands where the ocean's swell
Upheaves with the throe of its mighty life;
And I mark the play of its passion strong,
Till my own thoughts surge with a wilder strife.

For down on those glittering sands we went,
Long years ago in the month of May;
And your words were low as the moonbeams spent
Their mystic charm on our silent way.

And naught was heard save the sea's low plash
As it wept its woe in the sea beach lone;
And your murmured words, though the thought was rash,
Were sweeter far than the novelet's tone

Aye! softlier sweet; and their breath awoke
A thought that haunts me for evermore;
And to-night I murmur the words you spoke,
As I wander alone on the moonlit shore.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2d, 1866. L. S. D. L.

A FEW WORDS OF TRUTH.

To the Editor of the Californian:

It is a matter of astonishment to me that among all the writers, and I might add sufferers, for the press in California, there has not been one found with sufficient humanity or philanthropy to give our Eastern friends a clear idea of the class of emigration that is required on this coast. Is it that they are all too much absorbed in their individual troubles to care whether more are added to the thousands who are now suffering in this country from an inability to secure a living by such means as their education has fitted them for, or is it that they are too much wanting in moral courage to admit that their visions of fame and wealth have not been realized?

The truth is, there are only two classes of persons who may safely immigrate to California or Nevada—the capitalist, with means to develop the natural resources of the country, or to establish manufactories, and the laboring men and women. It is natural for young men, sent out into the world with only an education and their talents to rely upon, if they have energy, to turn their attention to a new country, particularly one of whose natural resources so much is being said. It is not strange, either, that, with all the outcry there has been about the need of female immigration, ladies should come here hoping to find employment as teachers, or in some way in which their talents and accomplishments would be recognized. The suffering among this class of people is, I suppose, greater than was ever known in any country on the face of the earth. Americans have been accustomed to weep over the graphic pictures given by Dickens and others of the lives of unfortunates of this description in England, but there are real cases that may be daily witnessed in this city that are quite as pitiable as any invented by the novelist. And the plain truth in regard to this condition of things ought to be distinctly proclaimed by the California press, and the correspondents of Eastern journals, by which means much disappointment and misery would be prevented. X. Y. Z.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 19th, 1866.

THE BRIDE.

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring:
It was too wide, a peck;
And to say truth (for it must out),
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light,
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin!
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than upon the sun in July.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

CANTANKEROUS FOOLS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING ONE.

LET me, not unkindly, set forth the praises of Cantankerous and Pig-headed Folly; and show certain reasons why it is profitable to a human being that he be a Cantankerous Fool.

There are cantankerous fools whom you can keep at arm's length; cantankerous fools with whom you need have nothing to do, cantankerous fools whom, having seen once, you need never see again. But human beings are linked by many social ties. And very often you find that you cannot escape from many relations with a cantankerous fool, and that you must just make the best of that offensive being. Now, how carefully you consider the tempers, the crotchets, the idiotic notions and prejudices, of the cantankerous fool from whom you cannot escape! As for a human being of good sense and good temper, nobody, in the common transactions of life, minds *him*. Nobody smooths him down, pets him, considers him, tries to keep him right. You take for granted he will do right and act sensibly, without any management

If you are driving a docile and well-tempered horse, who is safe to go straight, you give the animal little thought or attention. But if you have to drive a refractory pig, how much more care and thought you put into that act of driving! Your wits must be alive. You humor the abominable brute; you try to keep it in a good temper; and when you would fain let fly at its head, or apply to it abusive epithets, you suppress the injurious phrase, and you hold back the ready hand. So with many a human being, whom you are trying to get to act rationally, who hangs back on all kinds of idiotic pretexts, and starts all conceivable preposterous objections to the course which common sense dictates, frequently changing his ground, and defying you to pin him to any reason he states, as is the way with such creatures. When your tongue is ready to exclaim "O you disgusted and wrong-headed fool will you not try to behave rationally?" you withhold the ready and appropriate words, you know *that* would blow the whole thing up, and you probably say, in friendly tones, "My good fellow, there is a great deal in your objections; and we have all the greatest desire to do what you may wish; but then there is A, and B, difficult men to deal with; and in this little matter, you must just let us do what has been arranged. Pray do this, and we shall all be greatly obliged to you." Perhaps you even degrade yourself by suggesting to the cantankerous fool reasons which you know to be of no weight, but which your knowledge of the fool makes you think may have weight with his idiotic mind. By little bits of deference and attention, rendered with a smooth brow, beneath which lurks the burning desire to take him by the neck and shake him, you seek to keep straight by the inevitable cantankerous fool.

Yes, my reader, if you want to be deferred to, humored, made much of, if you want to have everybody about you trying to persuade you to act as a sensible man would act without any persuasion; and everybody quite pleased and happy if you have been got, after much difficulty, into the right track; see that you set yourself before that portion of mankind that cannot get rid of you, in the important and influential character of an ill-tempered and wrong-headed fool. The jibbing horse in the team, the loose screw in the machine, the weak link of the chain, *they* are the important things. People think of them, watch them, stand a good deal to keep them right. As Brutus shammed himself a fool for protection, so might a wise man in these days sham himself a fool for consideration. Don't be sensible and good-natured: nobody will be afraid of your taking the pet and getting into the sulks, then. People may indeed confound you behind your back; but before your face they will be civil to a degree they never would be with an amiable and judicious man.

PRIVILEGED PERSONS ARE CANTANKEROUS FOOLS.

The human being who is called a *Privileged Person* is generally a cantankerous fool. Sometimes, indeed, the privileged person is so privileged because of the possession of invaluable qualities which make you bear with anything he says and does. But the cantankerous fool from whom there is no escaping is the most privileged of all privileged people. No matter how ill-bred and provoking he is, you must just suffer it. No matter how far in the wrong he is, you must just try to smooth him down and make things straight. If you get into any altercation or difference with the fool, you are at a great disadvantage. *He* has no character to lose; but you probably have a reputation for good sense and good humor which any conspicuous disturbance would damage. Then, restrictions of decency in language and conduct fetter you, which are to the fool what the green rushes were to Samson. You could not for your life get up and roar, as you have seen the fool get up and roar.

If you know a man will bellow like a bull if you differ from him in opinion, you just listen to his opinion and hold your tongue. If a ditch be very pestiferous when stirred up, you don't stir it up. The great principle on which the privileges of cantankerous folly and ill-nature is found is this: that as we go on through life we grow somewhat cowardly; and if a thing be disagreeable, we just keep out of its way: sometimes by rather shabby expedients.

Well, after all, the deference paid to the cantankerous fool is not a desirable deference. True it is, that if you have to get twelve men to concur with you in a plan for bringing water into the town of which you are chief magistrate, or painting the church of which you are incumbent, or making some improvement in the management of the college of which you are principal, you bestow more pains and thought on the one impracticable, stupid, wrong headed, and cantankerously foolish person of the twelve, than upon all the other eleven. But this is just because you treat that impracticable and cantankerous person as you would treat a baby, or an idiot, or a bull dog, or a jackass. The apparent deference you pay the cantankerous man is simply an inferior degree of the same thing that makes you confess yourself a teapot if a raving madman has you at an open window, and says that he will throw you over unless you forthwith confess yourself a teapot. Pig-headed folly is so disagreeable a thing, that you would do a good deal to keep it from intruding itself upon your reluctant gaze; and the cantankerous fool, petted, smoothed down, complimented, deferred to, is truly in the most degraded position a rational being can easily reach. "O let us humor him: he is only Snooks the cantankerous fool;" "Give in to him a little: he will make no end of a row if you don't;" such are the reflections of the people who yield to him. If he had any measure of sense, he would see how degraded is his position; what a humiliating thing it is to be deferred to on the terms on which he is deferred to. But the notion of the presence of sense is excluded by the very terms of his definition. For how can there be sense in a cantankerous fool?

HOW WE TREAT FOOLS IN POWER.

All this, the thoughtful reader sees, leads us up to the wide and important subject of the Treatment of Incapacity. *That* varies, in the most striking way, as the position of an incapable person varies.

If a servant, lately come home, proves quite unfit for his work, you first scold him; and if that avail nothing, then you send him away. If the grocer who supplies you with tea and sugar, persists in supplying you with execrably bad tea and sugar, you resign your position as his customer: you enter his shop no more. But if the incapable person is in a sufficiently important place; and cannot be turned out of it; the treatment is entirely different. You stand up for the man. You puff him. You deny that he is incapable. You say he is "a very good appointment," however abominably bad you know him to be. The useless judge you declare to be a sound lawyer, whose modesty hinders the general recognition of his merits. The clergyman who neglects his duty shamefully, and whose sermons no man can listen to, you declare to be a good, sensible preacher, with no clap-trap about him: none of your new brooms that sweep far too clean. The hardly conceivable monarch, such as Georgius IV., of Brentford, who never did a brave or good deed in all his life, *he* takes his rank as the first gentleman in Europe. Yes; the peculiar treatment of the wrong man in the wrong place (by cautious and safe people,) is loudly to declare that he is the right man in the right place. The higher the place he disgraces, the louder and firmer the asseveration.

These cases will help the ingenuous reader to the great principle which decides the treatment of incapacity. It is this. An Evil you can remove, you look in the face. You see how bad it is. You even exaggerate its badness. But an Evil you cannot get rid of, you will try not to see. You seek to discover redeeming points about it. If you have a crooked stick to walk with, and cannot get another, you make the best of the crooked stick: you persuade yourself it is nearly straight. But if a handsome stick is offered you in its place, you pitch the wretched old thing away. Your eyes are open to a full sense of its crookedness In brief, the great rule is, that you make the best of a bad bargain.

Many married people have to do so. They are well aware that in marrying, they made an unhappy mistake. But they just try to struggle on; though the bitter blunder is felt every day. One great evil of the increased facility of divorce in these latter days is, that it tends to make men and women hastily conclude that a state of things is intolerable, which while deemed inevitable was borne with decent resignation. You try to put a good face on the trouble which cannot be redressed. You "make believe very much;" as all human beings have at some period of life in regard to their worldly position; the situation of their home; the state of their teeth; the incursions of age on their personal beauty. You were resolved to believe your dwelling a handsome and pleasant one; and your place in life not such a dead failure as in your desponding hours you plainly saw it to be. And who but a malignant fool would try to dispel the kindly delusion which keeps a man from quite breaking down? If your friend Smith was in his own eyes what he is in yours, he would lie down and die; overcome by the sense of being such a wretched little jackass. My friend Jones told me that once upon a time, attending a political meeting in America, he heard a man make a speech, every sentence of which cried aloud that the speaker was an inexpressible fool. At first, Jones was indignant at the speaker's manifest self satisfaction. But gradually Jones became reconciled to the state of facts as this consideration presented itself to his reflective understanding: That if the unhappy actor had thought of himself and his appearance as Jones thought of both, he would have fled to the remote wilderness and never been seen more!

HUMOR THE CANTANKEROUS FOOLS.

How are you to manage a cantankerous fool? If possible, you will of course avoid such. But how are you to deal with those whom you cannot avoid? Well, I know it does not sound magnanimous: but I fear you can govern the cantankerous fool only by careful consideration of his nature; and adaptation of your means to that. I mean, you will not suggest to him reasons of conduct which would have weight only with men of sense. If you want to melt a piece of wax, you bring it in contact with fire. But if you do the like with a piece of clay, the clay is hardened, not softened. In like manner, there are arguments and considerations which would make a man of good sense and temper to go to the right, which would make the cantankerous fool go to the left. What profit, then, in suggesting to the fool motives which his nature incapacitates him for understanding? You must deal with the animal as you find him: move him by the things that will make him move. The whipcord, which makes the donkey go, has no effect when applied to the locomotive engine; yet the whipcord serves its end when it makes the donkey go. And the reason which, being suggested to the sensible man, would make him ask you if you thought him a fool, will often avail to move the fool in the direction in which you would have him proceed.

I can see plainly that, in thus managing the cantankerous fool, you run the risk of falling to the use of means savoring of the base. But no rule can be laid down which may not be carried to an extreme. And we can but say, never say or do that which is sneaking or dishonest: even though by so doing you could get the fool to behave like a man of sense at the most critical juncture. I do not believe that honesty is the best policy. I have seen many cases in which it was plainly the worst. Yet honesty is unquestionably the thing for an honest man. And let the advice to govern the fool by regarding his nature, be understood as counselling you to do so, as far as an honest man may.

"KEEPING PEOPLE SWEET."

There is a process, singularly offensive to the writer, of which one sometimes hears mention. It is that of KEEPING PEOPLE SWEET; such is idiomatic phrase. It is a process not needful in the case of sensible people, who have no tendency to turn sour,—it is a mode of operation especially applicable in the case of the cantankerous fool. It consists in paying special defereuce to the person to be kept sweet,—in going frequently and asking his advice on matters as to which you have already made up your mind, and as to which you know well his opinion is of no possible value; in trying to smooth him down when he takes the pet, as he often does; in making many calls upon him; in conveying by many tacit signs that you esteem him as very wise, very handsome, very influential. I have used the masculine gender through the last sentence, though the peculiar usage described is much employed in the case of old women of pecuniary means. Sometimes, indeed, old women of no wealth nor influence wish people to take pains to keep them sweet; but in these instances the old women are generally permitted just to remain in a condition of unalleviated acidity.

O judicious reader, wise and amiable, and not uninfluential, receive it as a high testimony to your sense and temper, if no human being tries to keep you sweet! For, in all ordinary cases, the fact that you try to keep any mortal sweet, testifies to your firm conviction that the mortal in question is a silly, if not a cantankerous fool!—*Fraser's Magazine.*



S.T-1860-X.

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They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
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LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, or Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire parity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets. *

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Cluny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
Nursing Corsets.....$2 50
Nottingham and French Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices!

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisca News.*

PIANOS!



PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
Proprietor.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH
at
A. KOHLER'S,
No. 424 Sansome street.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,

Designers and Engravers

ON WOOD;

No. 10 Clay street, San Francisco.

WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled with Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit, ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla."

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

THE LARGEST CLOAK HOUSE

OF THE PACIFC COAST.

Meyer & Jonasson,

No. 10 Montgomery street,

ARE NOW OFFERING

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF MOST FASHIONABLE

FALL CLOAKS

EVER SEEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 Clay street, San Francisco.

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,



No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post, SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, For Sale, Trade, or on Let.
Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.

J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES, Vice President.
CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S RETURN.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To the HON. M. C. BLAKE, *Probate Judge of the City and County of San Francisco:*

Herewith I submit a return of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the six months ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates: together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcelona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feldhus, M. A. Langdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Deady, Lloyd Magruder, Walter Pratt, James Willis, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Clifford, William Hempsill, Edmond D Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Henry M. Oliver, C. J. Theis, G. T. Fouque, Mary B. Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boucher, H. R. Rowland, John Higgins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES McLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98: Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75; Fees of Administrator, $1 84 Ready for Distribution

ANDRE JOINNY.—Value of Estate, $102 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $4 08 Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate $324 30: Money Received, $324 30. Money Disbursed, $192 06: Balance on hand, $132: 4, Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

G. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00; Money Received, $240 00: Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00; Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $143 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00: Balance on hand, $92 35. Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00: Money Received, $463 50: Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50 Fees of Administrator, $104 60. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and client Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17: Money Disbursed, $2 12 Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,244 00; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $439 02: Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1 055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on hand, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $39 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM OWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $5 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE SOULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $182 50; Money Received, $132 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 85; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Disbursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,748 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Disbursed, $637 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,539 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $20,383 34; Money Disbursed, $25,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Disbursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $130 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heirs of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Disbursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESFELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $2,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00: Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Disbursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCKCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Disbursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $562 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Disbursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $152 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00: Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,495 00; Money Disbursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 55; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, $96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $35 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,448 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Disbursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received, $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,354 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Disbursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Disbursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, $20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 26; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, $20 00; Money Disbursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Disbursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $577 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany: Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80: Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Disbursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $154 60; Money Disbursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES C. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Disbursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Disbursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Disbursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. McFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Disbursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts: Appraised Value of the Estate, $38 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $38 25; Money Disbursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on 8th Street; Money Received, $86 00; Money Disbursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN McLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all. No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $296 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Disbursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Disbursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00. Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Disbursed, $304 00. Balance on hand, $10 00. Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all. Money Received, $779 70; Money Disbursed, $263 16 Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00. Personal Property, all: Money Received, $255 50 Money Disbursed, $219 60 Balance on hand, $35 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York: Appraised Value of the Estate, $515 75. Personal Property, all. Money Received, $428 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland: Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65 Personal Property, all. Money Received, $1,237 65, Money Disbursed, $65 00. Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all. Money Received, $500 00; Money Disbursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50. Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany. Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00. Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Disbursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75, Personal Property, all; Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00. Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E. Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, being duly sworn, says, that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, directly or indirectly, in expenditures of any kind made on account of any Estates of Deceased Persons; and that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, in business or otherwise, with any person so interested.

J. W. BRUMAGIM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

DISTANCES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

To various points:

To Fort Point, 4 miles, by omnibus, four trips a day.
Lone Mountain, 3, street railway.
Seal Rock, 6, cars and omnibus, two trips a day.
Mission Dolores, street railways; Ocean House 8.
San Mateo, 20, railroad.
Crystal Springs, 23, railroad and stage
Half-Moon Bay, 29, do. do.
Redwood city, 30, do.
Mountain View, 38, do.
Santa Clara, 47, do.
San Jose, 50, do., or steamer and stage, 54.
Alviso, 46, steamer, daily.
Almaden mines, 67, steamer and stage; or by railroad and stage, 64.
Santa Cruz, 78, railroad and stage.
Oakland, 8, steamer and railroad, six trips a day.
Alameda, 11, steamer, three trips a day.
San Leandro, 15, steamer and railroad.
Mission San Jose, 34, steamer, railroad and stage.
Warm Springs, 37, do. do.
Benicia, 30, steamer leaves at 4 P. M. daily.
Sacramento, 117, do. do.
Stockton, 117, do. do.
Martinez, 33, do.
Pacheco, 38, steamer and stage.
Diablo Coal Mines, 44, steamer and stage.
Suisun, 50, steamer, or 54 by steamer and stage
Vallejo, 28; Mare Island, 37; Napa city, 50
White Sulphur Springs, 67, stage from Napa.
Geyser Springs, 118, do. do.
Sonoma, 52, steamer, tri-weekly.
Petalumna, 48, steamer, daily.
Healdsburg, 80, stage daily from Petalumna.
San Quentin, 12, steamer; Farallone Islands, 20.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

BABY ON THE PORCH.

OUT on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with rosee and cool with shade,
Baby ie creeping over the floor,—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid!

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roscs swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branchee sing.

Up at the bloesoms her fingere reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in ber tender speech,
Songs like the twitter of nestling birde.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door,
Into the wonderful world of things.

A FAST STORY.

AN Englishman was bragging of the speed of English railroads, to a Yankee traveller seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportuuity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringiug about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells iu America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, we've got bells, but can't use them ou our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles, but they wouldn't answer, either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate; hurricanes were nowhere, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screechiug like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing they would travel faster than sound. We got one so powerful that the chickens woke all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morniug. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night-time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say as that is true; the rest I know to be so."

Two French peasants were discussing the continental war, when one attempted to explain to the other the nature of the telegraph. After repeatedly failing, he was struck with a brilliant notion, and exclaimed: "Imagine that the telegraph is an immensely long dog—so long that its head is at Vieuna and its tail at Paris. Well, tread on its tail., which is at Paris, and it will bark at Vienna. Do you understand now, stupid, what the telegraph is like?" "O, yes!" replied the other, "I have an idea now what a telegraph must be."

Quilp says that eating ground glass gives one a permanent pane in the stomach.

SLANDERERS are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts to light only on his sores.

AN Irishman says that a coffin is the house a man lives in when he is dead.

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largeet Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as thongh personally present.

Samples and price liets furnished if desired, and work gnaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

GROVER & BAKER'S

ELASTIC STITCH

Family Sewing Machines!

For EMBROIDERY,
Are exclusive.

For BRAIDING,
Are unexcelled.

For QUILTING,
Are uuapproacbable.

For HEMMING,
Are superior.

For TUCKING,
Are unequalled.

For GATHERING,
Are unsurpassed.

For FELLING,
Are admirable.

For STITCHING,
Are faultless.

For CORDING,
Are incomparable.

EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT THERE ARE BUT two valuable Sewing Machine Stitches—the "Grover & Baker" stitch and the "Shuttle" or lock stitch. The Grover & Baker Sewing Macbine Company are the only manufacturers who furuish machines of each style, and are therefore the only dealers who afford au impartial opinion of their relative merits. A pamphlet coutaining samples of both these stitches in various fabrics, with full explanations, diagrams and illustrations, to enable the purchaser to EXAMINE, TEST and COMPARE their relative merits, will be furnished on application.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
No. 116 Montgomery street, under Occidental Hotel.

FOR SALE BY

SAML. JELLY,	124 J street, Sacramento.
E. M. WRIGHT,	160 D street, Marysville.
WOODMAN & STOCKWELL,	Main street, Stockton.
MRS. E. L. TUERS,	San Jose.
J. NEWMAN & CO.,	Grass Valley.
W. H. LOVE,	Jamestowu.
H. B. HERSCHEY,	Oroville.
DAVID PARKER,	Columbia.
H. L. STREET,	Sonora.
MRS. B. M. COOPER,	Petaluma.
F. J KING,	Yreka.
MRS. T. A. SPRINGER,	Jackson.
N. B. CALLAHAN,	Salt Lake.
C. A. HUNT,	Murphy's.
MRS. W. H. MILLER,	San Andreas.
RILEY & HARDIN,	Ukiah.
THOS. TANNANT,	Santa Cruz.
W. T. WILDMAN,	Sutter Creek.
WM. CURRIER,	Portland, Oregou.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866.

TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatcb the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

(The AMERICA, since her last trip, has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired She has received NEW BOILERS, bas beeu double planked, caulked, coppered and painted throughout, making her one of the STRONGEST and BEST STEAMERS on the Pacific.)

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,

From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1866,

Connecting at Greytowu with the magnificent Steamship

SANTIAGO,

(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

No Charge for Board on the Isthmus. 100 lbs Baggage free

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on Thursday, November 15.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up etairs, San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Mai street Petaluma.

R. H. McDONALD. J C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opeued a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

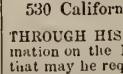
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO
Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*

Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening, Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. s22 3m

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER,

PROF. COHEN,



530 California street, San Francisco,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputatiou, he has received over 20,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age. Office, 530 California street.

Dr. Cohen has been very successful in curing all disease. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

NOT SIX MILLIONS OF BOTTLES,

SOLD IN A YEAR!

BUT ENOUGH TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT THE EXCELLENT is THE TONIC of the day.

BARRY & PATTEN, 413 Montgomery street.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
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REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

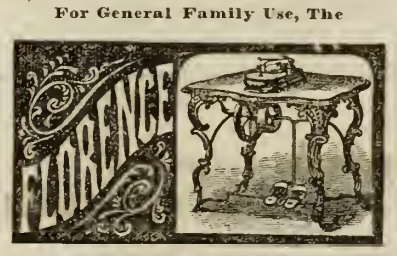
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON
SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

A. KOHLER

HAS NOT SOLD OUT,



But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

FANCY GOODS,

TOYS, &c.,

Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.

Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.

A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Extending from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

PACIFIC
BUSINESS COLLEGE,

751 MARKET STREET,

(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)

SAN FRANCISCO

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

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Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing.	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book $10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book 6 00

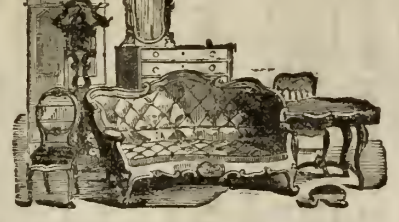
These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

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401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,



No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM W. COOLEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William W. Cooley, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

October 8th, 1866. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of William W. Cooley, deceased a13 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of I. N. Thorne, Esq., No. 535 Clay street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOSEPH E. CLARK,
Executor of the last Will and Testament
of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased.
San Francisco, October 10th, 1866.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of ROYAL H. WALLER deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1866, Notice is hereby given, that MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Royal H. Waller, deceased, and for hearing the application of Elizabeth A. Waller, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Dated, San Francisco, this October 11th, 1866.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. o13 3

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Estate of EDWARD M. DEVANY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 17th day of July, 1866, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, in three separate parcels as hereinafter described, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of November, 1866, at twelve o'clock, M., at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said city and county, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Edward M. Devany, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Edward M. Devany at the time of his death, in and to all the Real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per centum of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds and United States revenue stamps at expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold

1. All that certain piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the westerly side of Dolores street, distant northerly 260 feet from the north westerly corner of said Dolores street and John or Twenty-second street; thence northerly along said Dolores street 26 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet; thence at right angles southerly 26 feet; and thence at right angles easterly 125 feet to the place of beginning.

2. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the north easterly side of Seventeenth avenue, distant north westerly 275 feet from the northerly corner of said Seventeenth avenue and Q street, thence northwesterly along said Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles north easterly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 37, in block 334, as laid down upon a map of the Hiley Tract, recorded in Recorder's office, in Map Book 2, at request of R. H. Sinton.

3. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, being lot number 1 in block 342 of the Hiley Tract, beginning at the westerly corner of Seventeenth avenue and R street; thence north-westerly on Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, to said R street; thence north easterly along R street 100 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated San Francisco, October 13th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased. o13 4t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, *vs.* PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of RICHARD BURRILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William Lane Booker, the Administrator of the Estate of Richard Burrill, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs at law of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Richard Burrill, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs at law of the said Richard Burrill, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, October 9th, 1866

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this ninth day of October, A. D. 1866

WM. LOEWY, Clerk

Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS. McC. DELANY, Attorney for Administrator. o13 4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at number 510 Minna street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 28, 1866.

ELLEN CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased.
S. L. LUPTON, Attorney. 637 Washington street. s29 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made, in the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of the administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled: IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county on MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, September 25th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of MARGARET CHANCE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francis Chance, the Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Chance, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE Probate Judge.

Dated, October 4th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866 WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. FARESS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner o6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. MOSBY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of James T. Boyd, Special Administrator of the Estate, left unadministered, of Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, setting forth that the final account of administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, has been settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week each week for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November, A. D., 1866 in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 1st, 1866

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner. o6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ROSA CALLAGHAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of Rosa Callaghan, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 13th day November, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1866.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LURSSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office No. 216 Front street, (up stairs) San Francisco. CHARLES A. C. DUISENBERG, San Francisco, September 29th, 1866. Administrator.

W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator. Office 323 Montgomery street. o6 5t



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ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

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OPTICIANS,
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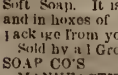
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CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
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MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial.

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CELEBRATED
CABINET ORGANS.

New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

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No. 424 Sansome street.

I. TRUMP & CO.,

No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
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Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

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Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

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McNALLY & HAWKINS, Plummers and Gas Fitters,

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Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE

Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING Standard Soap Company's

CELEBRATED
WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

A CARD.

Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents' Furnishing Goods, for the next

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At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner Bush and Montgomery streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets, San Francisco.

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SAN FRANCISCO



All kinds of Brass Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
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NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
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Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

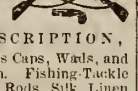
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MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny

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Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

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Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

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NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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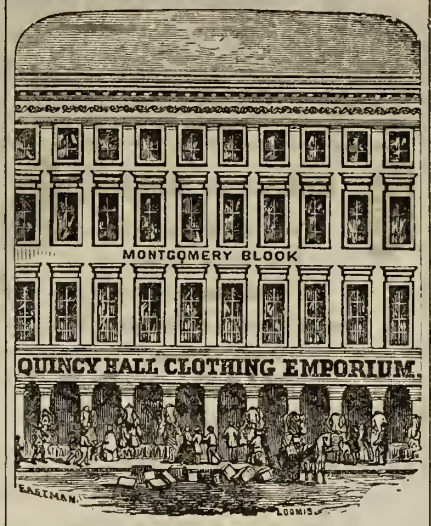
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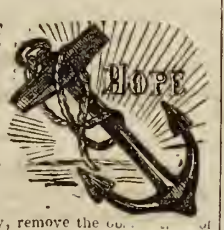
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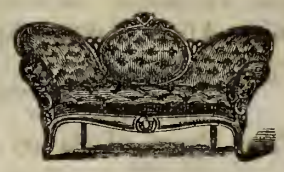
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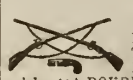
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India Long Shawls.
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Gossip for the Ladies.
Washington's Generals (after Renan).
New Plants. By Iris.
Popular Journalism.
How Byron prevented Fatness.
Marriage in Egypt.
History of a Rebel Torpedo-boat.
Literary Gleanings and Gossip, etc.

PROSE—
"Lion's Mouth."
Mrs. Van Slamm Goes to Meeting.
Grateful Tectotalists.
A Compliment to Dr. Rowell.
Mrs. Woxcackle on Church Matters.
Louis Napoleon's Daughter.
Correspondence, Amusements, etc.
POETRY—
The "Song of Joy." By Isabel A. Saxon.
Antony and Cleopatra.

LETTER FROM "MARK TWAIN."

HOW, FOR INSTANCE?

COMING down from Sacramento on the *Capital* the other night, I found, on a centre-table, a pamphlet advertisement of an Accident Insurance Company. It interested me a good deal, with its General Accidents, and its Hazardous Tables, and Extra Hazardous furniture of the same description, and I would like to know something more about it. It is a new thing to me. I want to invest if I come to like it. I want to ask merely a few questions of the man who carries on this Accident shop, if you think you can spare so much space to a far-distant stranger. I am an Orphan.

He publishes this list as accidents he is willing to insure people against.

GENERAL ACCIDENTS

include the Traveling Risk, and also all forms of Dislocations, Broken Bones, Ruptures, Tendons, Sprains, Concussions, Crushings, Bruising, Cuts, Stabs, Gunshot Wounds, Poisoned Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Freezing, Bites, Unprovoked Assaults by Burglars, Robbers or Murderers, the action of Lightning or Sunstroke, the effects of Explosions, Chemicals, Floods and Earthquakes, Suffocation by Drowning or Choking—where such accidental injury totally disables the person insured from following his usual avocation, or causes death within three months from the time of the happening of the injury.

I want to address this party as follows:

Now, Smith—I suppose likely your name is Smith—you don't know me and I don't know you, but I am willing to be friendly. I am acquainted with a good many of your family—I know John as well as I know any man—and I think we can come to an understanding about your little game without any hard feelings. For instance:

Do you allow the same money on a dog-bite that you do on an earthquake? Do you take special risks for specific accidents?—that is to say, could I, by getting a policy for dog-bites alone, get it cheaper than if I took a chance in your whole lottery? And if so, and supposing I got insured against earthquakes, would you charge any more for San Francisco earthquakes than for those that prevail in places that are better anchored down? And if I had a policy on earthquakes alone, I couldn't collect on a dog-bite, may be, could I?

If a man had such a policy, and an earthquake shook him up and loosened his joints a good deal, but not enough to incapacitate him from engaging in pursuits which did not require him to be tight, wouldn't you pay him some of his pension? I notice you do not mention Biles. How about biles? Why do you discriminate between Provoked and Unprovoked Assaults by Burglars? If a burglar entered my house at dead of night, and I, in the excitement natural to such an occasion, should forget myself and say something that provoked him, and he should cripple me, wouldn't I get anything? But if I provoked him by pure accident, I would have you there, I judge; because you would have to pay for the Accident part of it anyhow, seeing that insuring against accidents is just your strong suit, you know. Now that item about protecting a man against freezing is good. It will procure you all the custom you want in this country. Because, you understand, the people hereabouts have suffered a good deal from just such climatic drawbacks as that. Why, three years ago, if a man—being a small fish in the matter of money, went over to Washoe and bought into a good silver mine, they would let that man go on and pay assessments till his purse got down to about thirty-two Fahrenheit, and then the big fish would close in on him and freeze him out. And from that day forth you might consider that man in the light of a bankrupt community; and you would have him down to a spot, too. But if you are ready to insure against that sort of thing, and can stand it, you can give Washoe a fair start. You might send me an agency. Business? Why, Smith, I could get you more business than you could attend to. With such an understanding as that, the boys would all take a chance.

You don't appear to make any particular mention of taking risks on Blighted Affections. But if you should conclude to do a little business in that line, you might put me down for six or seven chances. I wouldn't mind expense—you might enter it on the Extra Hazardous. I suppose I would get ahead of you in the long run anyhow, likely. I have been blighted a good deal in my time.

But now as to those "Effects of Lightning." Suppose the lightning were to strike out at one of your men and miss him, and fetch another party—could that other party come on you for damages? Or could the relatives of the party thus suddenly snaked out of the bright world in the bloom of his youth come on you in case he was crowded for time? as of course he would be, you know, under such circumstances.

You say you have "issued over sixty thousand policies, forty-five of which have proved fatal and been paid for." Now, do you know, Smith, that that looks just a little shaky to me, in a measure? You appear to have it pretty much all your own way, you see. It is all very well for the lucky forty-five that have died "and been paid for," but how about the other fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-five?" You have got their money, haven't you? but somehow the lightning don't seem to strike them and they don't get any chance at you. Won't their families get fatigued waiting for their dividends? Don't your customers drop off rather slow, so to speak?

You will ruin yourself publishing such damaging statements as that, Smith. I tell you as a friend. If you had said that the fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-five died, and that forty-five lived, you would have issued about four tons of policies the next week. But people are not going to get insured, when you take so much pains to prove that there is such precious little use in it. Good-bye, Smith!

Yours, MARK TWAIN.

[*N. Y. Review.*

IMPORTANCE OF FRESH AIR.—The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be; because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its going out the next instant it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that if rebreathed without any admixture of a purer atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fireplaces.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months by daily out-door runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back at a time, increasing ten yards every week, until a hundred are gone over, thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities, is running up stairs with the mouth close, which compels very deep inspirations, in a natural way, at the end of the journey.

NEW DEBATING CLUB.—An association of young men was recently formed in this city, under the title of "Adelphia Debating Club," for improvement in declamation and mental culture. The following officers were chosen: J. B. Gallagher, President; Frank Kast, Vice President; Arthur K. Hawkins, Treasurer.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, a gambler and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and fifty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London.

CHAPTER III.

THE PHILISTINES.

IN the front room of the first floor of a house in London, South Molton street, connecting Oxford street the plebeian with Brook street the superb, just as the feeble glimmer of daylight which had vouchsafed itself during the day was beginning to wax even feebler, previous to its sudden departure, a man sat astride a chair, sunk in thought. He had apparently just entered, for he still wore his hat and overcoat, though the former was pushed to the back of his head, and the latter thrown negligently open. He was a tall, handsome man, with keen black eye glancing sharply, with thick black brows, a long straight nose, thin tight lips unshrouded by moustache or beard, and a small round chin. He had full flowing black whiskers, and the blue line round his mouth showed that the beard was naturally strong; had he suffered it to grow, he might have passed for an Italian.

As it was, there was no mistaking him for anything but an Englishman,—darker, harder-looking than most of his race, but an Englishman. His face, especially round the eyes, was flushed and marked and lined, telling of reckless dissipation. There was a something not exactly fast, but yet slangy, in the cut of his clothes and in the manner in which he wore them. His attitude as he sat at the window, with his hands clasped in front of him over the back rail of his chair, his knees straight out and his feet drawn back, as a man sits a horse at a hunt, was in its aspect suggestive of the mess-room—in its worst, of the billard-room. And yet there was an indescribable something in the general aspect of the man, in the very ease of his position, in the shape of the hands clasped in front of him, in the manner, slight as it was, in which now and again he would turn on his chair and peer back into the darkness behind him, by which you would have known that he had had a refined education, and had been conversant with the manners of society.

Nor would you have been wrong. In "Burke's Landed Gentry," the Rouths of Carr Abbey take up their full quota of pages; and when the county election for Herefordshire comes off, the liberal agent is forced to bring to bear all the science he can boast of, to counteract the influence which the never-failing adhesion of the old family throws into the Tory scale. Never having risen, never for an instant having dreamed of demeaning themselves by rising, above the squirearchy, owners of the largest and best herds in all that splendid cattle-breeding county, high sheriffs and chairmen of quarter-sessions as though by prescriptive right, perpetual presidents of agricultural societies, and in reality taking precedence immediately after the lord-lieutenant, the Rouths of Carr Abbey, from time immemorial, have sent their sons to Oxford, and their daughters to court, and have never, save in one instance, had to blush for their children.

Save in one instance. The last entry in the old family Bi-

ble of Carr Abbey is erased by a thick black line. The old Squire speaks habitually of "My only son, William;" and should a stranger, dining at the Abbey, casually refer to the picture, by Lawrence, of two little boys, one riding a pony, the younger decking a dog's neck with ribbon, he is, if the Squire has not heard his question, motioned in dumb show to silence, or is replied to by the Squire himself that "that boy is—lost, sir."

That boy, Stewart Routh, the man looking out of the window in South Molton street, was captain of the boat at Eton, and first favorite, for a time, both with the dons and undergraduates at Oxford. Rumors of high play at cards developing into fact of perpetually sported "oak," non-attendance at chapel, and frequent shirking of classes, lessened the esteem in which Mr. Routh was held by the authorities; and a written confession handed to the Dean, after being obtained by parental pressure from Mr. Albert Gruntz of Christ Church, son of and heir to Mr. Jacob Gruntz, sugar-baker, of St. Mary Axe, in the city of London, and Balmoral Gardens, Hyde Park—a confession to the effect that he, Mr. A. Gruntz, had lost the sum of two thousand pounds to Mr. S. Routh, at a game played with dice, and known as French Hazard—procured the dismissal of Mr. S. Routh from the seat of learning. At Carr Abbey, whither he retired, his stay was shortened by the arrival of another document from Oxford, this time signed by Lord Hawkhurst, gentleman commoner of Christ Church, and Arthur Wardroper of Balliol, setting forth that Mr. S. Routh, while playing Hazard in Mr. Gruntz's rooms, had been caught there *in flagrante delicto* in the act of cheating by "securing," i. e. retaining in his fingers, one of the dice which he should have shaken from the box. It was the receipt of this letter that caused the Squire to make the erasure in the family Bible, and to look upon his youngest son as dead.

Driven from the paternal roof, Mr. Stewart Routh descended upon the pleasant town of Boulogne, whence, after a short stay not unmarked by many victories over the old and young gentlemen who frequent the card-tables at the *Etablissement des Bains*, from whom he carried off desirable trophies, he proceeded to the baths and gambling-houses of Ems, Homburg, and Baden-Baden. It was at the last mentioned place, and when in the very noon and full tide of success, that he was struck down by a fever, so virulent that the affrighted servants of the hotel refused to wait upon him. No nurse could be prevailed upon to undertake to attend him; and he would have been left to die for want of proper care, had not a young Englishwoman, named Harriet Creswick, travelling in the capacity of nursery-governess to Lord de Maulever's family (then passing through Baden on their way to winter in Rome), come to the rescue. Declaring that her countryman should not perish like a dog, she there and then devoted herself to attendance on the sick man. It need scarcely be told that Lady de Maulever, protesting against "such extraordinary conduct," intimated to Miss Creswick that her connection with her noble charges must cease at once and forever. But it is noteworthy that, in such a man as Stewart Routh had hitherto proved himself, a spirit of gratitude should have been so strongly aroused that, when his sense and speech returned to him, in weak and faltering accents he implored the woman who had so tenderly nursed him through his illness to become his wife.

It is quite needless to say that his friends, on hearing of it, severed, some that he thought he was going to die, and that it did not matter to him what he did, while it might have pleased the young lady; others, that he was a particularly knowing card whose brains had never deserted him, even when he was at his worst, and that he had discovered in Harriet Creswick a woman exactly fitted, by physical and mental qualifications, efficiently to help him as his partner in playing the great game of life. Be it as it may—and people will talk, especially in such circles—the fact remains, that on his sick couch at the Hollandischer Hof, Baden-Baden, Stewart Routh proposed to Harriet Creswick, and was accepted; that, so soon as he could safely be left, she departed for England; and that within a month they were married in London.

Of that one event at least in all his eventful life Stewart Routh had never repented. Through all his vicissitudes of fortune his wife had been by his side, and as, in the long run, chance had been against him, taking the heaviest portion of his burden on herself. Harriet Routh's was an untiring, undying, unquestioning love or worship of her husband. The revelation of his—to say the least of it—loose mode of life, the shifts and expedients to which he resorted for getting money, the questionable company in which he habitually lived, would have told with fatal effect on a devotion less thorough, a passion more transient. Harriet herself, who had been brought up staidly at an Institution which she had only quitted to join the family with whom she was travelling when she arrived at Baden—Harriet herself at first shrunk back stunned and stupified by the revelations of an unknown life which burst upon her a few days after her marriage. But her love bore her through it. As the dyer's hand assimilates to that it works in, so gradually did Harriet Routh endue herself with her husband's tone, temper, and train of thought, until, having become almost his second self, she was his most trusted ally, his safest counsellor in all the strange schemes by which he made out life. In the early days after their marriage she had talked to him once, only once, and then but for a few minutes, of reformation, of something better and more reputable, of doing with less money, to be obtained by the exercise of his great talents in some legitimate manner. And her husband, with the nearest approach to harshness that before or since he had assumed, told her that his time for that kind of thing was past and gone forever, that she must forget all the childish romance that they had taught her at the Institution, that she must sink or swim with him, and be prepared to cast in her lot with that kind of existence which had become his second nature, and out of which he could never hope to move. Even if he could move from it, he added, he did not think that he would wish to do so, and there must be an end to the matter.

There was an end to the matter. From that time forth Harriet Routh buried her past, buried her former self, and devoted herself, soul and body, to her husband. Her influence over him strengthened with each year that they lived together, and was traceable in many little ways. The fact once faced, that their precarious livelihood was to be earned by the exercise of sharpness superior to that enjoyed by those with whom they were brought in contact, Harriet laid herself out at once for the fulfilment of her new duties, and in a very short time compelled her husband's surprised laudation of the ease and coolness with which she discharged them. There were no other women in that strange society; but if there had been Harriet would have queened it over them, not merely by her beauty, but by her bright spirit, her quick appreciation, her thorough readiness to enter exactly into the fancy of the moment. The men who lost their money to Routh and his companion treated her not merely with a punctilio which forbade the smallest verbal excess, but treated their losses with comparative good-humor so long as Mrs. Routh was present. The men who looked up to Routh as the arch concocter of and prime mover in all their dark deeds, had a blind faith in her, and their first question, on the suggestion of any scheme, would be "what Mrs. Routh thought of it." Ah, the change, the change! The favorite pupil of the Institution, who used to take such close notes of the sermon on Sunday mornings, and illustrates the chaplain's meaning with such apposite texts from other portions of Scripture, as quite to astonish the chaplain himself. The show pupil of the Institution, who did all kinds of arithmetical problems "in her head," by which the worthy instructors meant without the aid of paper and pencil—the staid and decorous pupil of the Institution, who, when after her last examination she was quitting the table loaded with prizes—books—was called back by the bishop of the diocese, who with feeble hands pinned a silver medal on to her dress, and said, in a trembling voice, "I had nearly forgotten the best of all. This is in testimony of your excellent conduct, my dear." What was become of this model miss? She was utilizing her talents in a different way. That was all. The memory which had enabled her to summarize and annotate the chaplain's sermons now served as her husband's notebook, and was stored with all kinds of odd information—"good things" to "come off," trials of horses, names and fortunes of heirs who had just succeeded to their estates, lists of their most pressing debts, names of the men who were supposed to be doubtful in money matters, and with whom it was thought inexpedient to bet or play—all these matters dwelt in Harriet Routh's brain, and her husband had only to turn his head and ask, "What is it, Harry?" to have the information at once. The arithmetical quickness stood her in good stead, in the calculation of odds on all kinds of sporting events, on the clear knowledge of which the success of most of Routh's business depended; and as for the good conduct—well, the worthy bishop would have held up his hands in pious horror at the life led by the favorite pupil of the Institution, and at her surroundings; but against Mrs. Routh, as Mrs. Routh, as the devoted, affectionate, self-denying, spotless wife, the veriest ribald in all that loose crew had never ventured to breathe a doubt.

Devoted and affectionate! See her now as she comes quietly into the room—a small, compact partridge of a woman with deep blue eyes in a very pale face, with smooth shining light brown hair falling on either side in two long curls, and gathered into a clump at the back of her head, with an impertinent nose only just redeemed from being a snub, with a small mouth, and a very provoking, pattable chin. See how she steals behind her husband, her dark linsey dress draping her closely and easily, and not making the slightest rustle; her round arm showing its symmetry in her tight sleeve twining round his neck; her plump, shapely hand resting on his head; her pale cheek laid against his face. Devoted and affectionate! No simulation here.

"Anything gone wrong, Stewart?" she asked, in a very sweet voice.

"No, dear. Why?" said Routh, who was now sitting at a table strewn with papers, a pen in his right hand, and his left supporting his handsome, worn face.

"You look gloomy, I thought; but, if you say so, it's all right," returned his wife, cheerfully, leaving his side as she spoke, and proceeding to sweep up the hearth, put on fresh coals, and make the whole room look comfortable, with a few rapid, indefinable touches. Then she sat down in a low chair by the fire, perfectly still, and turned her calm, pale face to her husband with a business-like air. He made some idle scratches with his pen in silence, then threw it down, and, suddenly pushing away his chair, began to walk up and down the room with long, light strides.

"What do you make of Deane, Harriet?" he said, at length, stopping for a moment opposite his wife, and looking closely at her.

"How do you mean? In character or in probabilities? As regards himself, or as regards us?"

"Well, both. I cannot make him out; he is so confoundedly cool, and so infernally sharp. He might be a shrewd man of business, bent on making a fortune, and a good way on the road to his object; and yet he's nothing but a man of pleasure, of what your *good* people would call a wretched low kind of pleasure too, and is spending the fortune instead."

"I don't think so, Stewart," his wife said, quietly and impressively. "I don't think Mr. Deane is spending any very considerable portion of his fortune, whatever it may be."

Stewart had resumed his walking up and down, but listened to her attentively.

"I regard him as a curious combination of the man of business with the man of pleasure. I don't know that we have ever met exactly the kind of person before. He is as calculating in his pleasures as other men are in their business."

"I hate the man," said Routh, with an angry frown and a sullen gesture.

"That's dangerous, Stewart," said Harriet. "You should not allow yourself either to hate or to like any one in whom you are speculating. If you do the one, it will make you incautious; if you do the other, scrupulous. Both are unwise. I do not hate Mr. Deane."

"Fortunately for him, Harry. I think a man would be a great deal safer with my hatred than with yours."

"Possibly," she said, simply, and the slightest smile just parted her crimson lips, and showed a momentary gleam of her white, small, even teeth. "But I do not hate him. I think about him, though; because it is necessary that I should, and I fancy I have found out what he really is."

"Have you, by Jove?" interrupted Routh. "Then you've done a clever thing, Harriet—clever even for you; for of all the close and impenetrable men I ever met, Deane's the closest and the hardest. When I'm with him, I always feel as if he were trying to *do* me somehow, and as if he would succeed too, though that's not easy. He's as mean as a Scotch shopkeeper, as covetous as a Jew, as wide awake as a Yankee. There's a coolness and a constant air of avowed suspicion about him that drives me mad."

"And yet you ought to have been done with temper and with squeamishness long ago," said Harriet, in a tone of quiet conviction. "How often have you told me, Stewart, that to us, in our way of life, every man must be a puppet, prized in proportion to the readiness with which he dances to our pulling? What should *we* care? I am rendered anxious and uneasy by what you say."

She kept silence for a few moments, and then asked him, in a changed tone—

"How does your account with him stand?"

"My account!—ah, there's the rub! He's so uncommonly sharp, that there's little to be done with him. The fellow's a blackguard—more of a blackguard than I am, I'll swear, and as much of a swindler, at least, in his capacity for swindling. Only I dare say he has never had occasion to reduce it to practice. And yet there's a hardly veiled insolence in his manner to me, at times, for which I'd like to blow his brains out. He tells me, as plainly as if he said it in words that he pays me a commission on his pleasures, such as are of my procuring, but that he knows to a penny what he intends to pay, and is not to be drawn into paying a penny more."

Harriet sat thoughtful, and the faintest flush just flickered on her cheek. "Who are his associates, when he is not with you?"

"He keeps that as close as he keeps everything else," replied Routh; "but I have no doubt he makes them come cheap, if indeed he does not get a profit out of them."

"You are taking my view of him, Stewart," said Harriet; then she added, "He has some motive for acting with such caution, no doubt; but a flaw may be found in his armor, when we think fit to look for it. In the mean time, tell me what has set you thinking of him."

"Dallas' affair, Harriet. I am sorry the poor fellow lost his money to *him*. Hang it, I'm such a bad fellow myself, so utterly gone a 'coon," (his wife winced, and her pale face turned paler,) "that it comes ill from me to say so, and I wouldn't, except to you. But I am devilish sorry Deane got the chance of cleaning Dallas out. I like the boy; he's a stupid fool, but not half bad, but he didn't deserve such an ill turn of fortune."

"Well," said Harriet, "take comfort in remembering that you helped him."

She spoke very coldly, and evidently was a stranger to the feelings which actuated Routh.

"*You* don't care about it, that's clear," he remarked.

He was standing still now, leaning against the mantelpiece. She rose and approached him.

"No, Stewart," she said, in her calm, sweet voice, which rose a little as she went on, "I do not. I care for nothing on earth (and I never look beyond this earth) but *you*. I have no interest, no solicitude, for any other creature. I cannot feel any, and it is well Nothing but this would do in my case."

She stood and looked at him with her deep blue eyes, with her hands folded before her, and with a sober seriousness in her face confirmatory of the words she had spoken. He looked at her until she turned away, and a keen observer might have seen in his face the very slightest expression of impatience.

"Shall we go into those accounts now?" said Harriet; "we shall just have time for it, before you go to Flinder's."

She sat down, as she spoke, before a well-appointed writing-table, and, drawing a japan box towards her, opened it, and took out a number of papers. Routh took a seat beside her, and they were soon deep in calculations which would have had little interest or meaning for a third person, had there been one present. By degrees Routh's face darkened, and many times he uttered angry oaths; but though Harriet watched him narrowly, and felt in every nerve the annoyance under which he was laboring, she preserved her calm manner, and went steadily on with her task; condensing the contents of several papers into brief memoranda, carefully tearing up the originals, and placing the little heaps methodically beside her for consignment to the fire. At length Routh again stood up, and lounged against the mantelpiece.

"All these *must* be paid, then, Harry?" he asked as he lighted a cigar, and began to smoke sullenly.

"Yes," she answered, cheerfully. "You know, dear, it has always been our rule, as it has hitherto constituted our safety, to stand well with our trades-people, and pay *them*, at least, punctually. We have never been so much behind hand; and as you are about to take a bolder flight than usual, it is doubly necessary that we should be untrammelled. Fancy Flinders getting snubbed by the landlady, or your being arrested for your tailor's bills, at the time when the new Company is coming out!"

"Hang it! the bills all seem to be mine," growled Routh. "Where are yours? Haven't you got any?"

It would have been difficult to induce an unseen witness to believe how utterly unscrupulous, remorseless, conscienceless a woman Harriet Routh had become, if he had seen the smile with which she answered her husband's half-admiring, half-querulous question.

"You know, dear, I don't need much. I have not to keep up appearances as you have. You are in the celebrated category of those who cannot afford to be anything but well dressed. It's no matter for me, but it's a matter of business for you."

"Ah! I might have known you'd have some self-denying, sensible reason ready; but the puzzle to me is, that you always *are* well dressed. By Jove, you're the neatest woman I know, and the prettiest!"

The smile upon her face brightened, but she only shook her head, and went on—

"If Dallas does not get the money, or at least some of it, what do you propose to do? I don't know."

"Do you think he will get the money, Harry? He told *you* all about it. What are the odds?"

"I cannot even guess. All depends on his mother. If she is courageous, and fond of him, she will get it for him, even supposing her immediate control as small as he believes it to be. If she is not courageous, her being fond of him will do very little good, and women are mostly cowards," said Harriet, composedly.

"I never calculated much on the chance," said Routh, "and indeed it would be foolish to take the money if he got it—in that way, at least; for though I am sorry Deane profited by the young fellow, that's because I hate Deane. It's all right, for my purposes, that Dallas should be indebted as largely as may be to me. He's useful in more ways than one; his connection with the press serves our turn, Harry, doesn't it? Especially when you work it so well, and give him such judicious hints, such precious confidences."

(Even such praise as this, tho woman's perverted nature craved and prized.) "You won't need to take the money from him in formal payment," she said, "if that's what you want to avoid. If he returns with that sum in his pocket, he will not be long before he—"

A knock at the door interrupted her, and George Dallas entered the room.

He looked weary and dispirited, and, before the customary greetings had been exchanged, Routh and Harriet saw that failure had been the result of experiment. Harriet's eyes sought her husband's face, and read in it the extent of his discomfiture; and the furtive glance she turned on Dallas was full of resentment. But it found no expression in her voice, as she asked him commonplace questions about his journey, and busied herself in setting a chair for him by the fire, putting hat aside, and begging him to take off his overcoat. He complied. As he threw the coat on a chair, he said, with a very moderately successful attempt at pleasantry—

"I have come back richer than I went, Mrs. Routh, by that elegant garment, and no more."

"Bowled out, eh?" asked Routh, taking the cigar from his mouth, and laying it on the mantelpiece.

"Stumped, sir," replied Dallas.

Harriet said nothing.

"That's bad, Dallas."

"Very bad, my dear fellow, but very sure. Look here," the young man continued, with earnestness, "I don't know what to do. I don't, upon my soul! I saw my mother—"

"Yes?" said Harriet, going up to his side. "Well?"

"I saw her, and—and she is unable to help me; she is, indeed, Mrs. Routh," for a bitter smile was on Harriet's face, turned full upon him. "She hasn't the means. I never understood her position until last night, but I understood it then. She is—" he stopped. All his better nature forbade his speaking of his mother's position to those people. Her influence, the gentler, better influence, was over him still. However transitory it might prove, it had not passed yet. Harriet Routh knew as well as he did what the impulse was that arrested his speech.

"You will tell me all about it yet," she thought, and not a sign of impatience appeared in her face.

"I—I need not bore you with details," he went on. "She could not give me the money. She made me understand that. But she promised to get it for me, in some way or other, if the thing is within the reach of possibility, before a month expires. I know she will do it, but I must give her time, if it's to be forthcoming, and you must give me time."

"It's unfortunate, Dallas," Routh began, in a cold voice, "and, of course, it's all very well your talking to me about giving you time, but how am *I* to get it? It's no good going over the old story, you know it as well as I do. There, there," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I must try and get old Shadrach to renew. I suppose we may as well go at once, Dallas." He left the room, followed by Harriet.

George Dallas sat over the fire in an attitude of deep dejection. He was sick at heart, and the revulsion of feeling that had begun at Poynings had not yet ceased. "If I could but be done with it all!" he thought. "But I'm in the groove, I'm in the groove."

"Come along, George," said Routh, who seemed more good-humored than before, as he re-entered the room, soberly attired, as became a man going to do business in the City. "Don't be down-hearted; the old lady will keep her word. Don't be afraid; and, in the mean time, we'll pull through. Put your coat on, and come along. You'll give us some dinner, Harriet, won't you? And if Deane calls, ask him to join us. He won't," he continued, with a laugh, "because he believes in tavern dinners, and puts no faith in ours. We're snobs who live in lodgings, George, you know; but he'll drop in in the evening fast enough."

The application to Mr. Shadrach proved successful, and George Dallas returned with Stewart Routh to his lodgings, more firmly tied to him than ever, by the strong bond of an increased money-obligation.

"Pretty tidy terms, weren't they?" Routh asked Dallas, when he had told Harriet, in answer to her anxious questioning, that the "renewal" had been arranged.

"Very tidy, indeed," said poor George, ruefully; "but, Routh, suppose when I do get the money, it's not enough. What's to be done then?"

"Never mind about *then*," said Routh, "*now* is the important matter. Remember that every *then* is made of *nows*, and keep your mind easy. That's philosophy," as Mr. Squeers says. "Your present business is to eat your dinner."

Stewart Routh had thrown off his low spirits, and had all but succeeded in rousing George Dallas from his. Kindly, convivial, only occasionally coarse, he was a dangerously pleasant man at all times, and especially so to George Dallas when Harriet was present; for then his coarseness was entirely laid aside, and her tact, humor, intelligence, never failed to please, to animate, and to amuse him. The dinner was a very pleasant one, and, before it had come to a conclusion, George Dallas began to yield as completely as ever to the influence of the man whose enviable knowledge of "life" had been the first medium through which he had attained it. George had forgotten the renewed bill and his late failure for a while, when the mention of Deane's name recalled it to his memory.

"Has Deane been here, Harry?" asked Routh.

"No, Stewart, I have been at home all day, but he has not called."

"Ah—didn't happen to want me, no doubt."

"Have you seen much of him lately, Routh?" inquired George Dallas. "I mean, within the last week or two? While I—while I've been keeping out of the way?" he said, with a nervous laugh.

"Poor boy, you *have* been down on your luck," said Routh. "Seen much of Deane? O yes; he's always about—he's here most days, sometime in the forenoon."

"In the forenoon, is he? Considering the hours he keeps at night, that surprises me."

"It doesn't surprise *me*. He's very strong—has a splendid constitution, confound him, and has not given it a shake yet. Drink doesn't seem to 'trouble' him in the least."

"He's an odd fellow," said George, thoughtfully. "How coolly he won my money, and what a greenhorn I was, to be sure! I wonder if he would have lost his own so coolly."

"Not a doubt of it," said Routh; "he'd have been satisfied he would make it up out of something else. He *is* an odd fellow, and a deuced unpleasant fellow, to *my* mind."

Harriet looked at her husband with a glance of caution. It was unlike Routh to dwell on a mere personal feeling, or to let so much of his mind be known unnecessarily. He caught the glance and understood it, but it only angered, without otherwise influencing him.

"A low-lived loafer, if ever there was one," he went on, "but useful in his way, Dallas. Every man has his weakness; *his* is to think himself a first-rate billiard player, while he is only a fourth-rate. A man under such a delusion is sure to lose his money to any one who plays better than he does, and I may as well be that man, don't you see?"

"I see perfectly," said George; "but I wish he had been equally mistaken in his notions of his card-playing science; it would have made a serious difference to me."

"Never mind, old fellow," answered Routh; "you shall have your revenge some day. Finish your wine, and Harriet shall give us some music."

She did so. She gave them some music, such as very few can give—music which combines perfection of art with true natural feeling. This woman was a strange anomaly, full of "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," and yet with music in her soul.

Rather early George left the pair, but they sat up late, talking earnestly. Things were going ill with Stewart Routh. Some if his choicest and most promising combinations had failed. He had once or twice experienced a not uncommon misfortune in the lot of such men as he—he had encountered men in his own profession who were as clever as himself, and who, favored by circumstances and opportunity, had employed their talents at his expense. The swindler had been swindled once or twice, the biter had been bitten, and his temper had not been improved in the process. He was about, as Harriet had said, to take a new flight, this time, in the direction of operations on the general public, and he had formed designs on Mr. Deane, which did not, in the increased knowledge he had obtained of that gentleman's character, and in the present aspect of affairs, look quite so promising as in the early stage of their acquaintance, six weeks before. The operations of gentlemen of the Routh fraternity are planned and executed with a celerity which seems extraordinary to pursuers of the more legitimate branches of industry.

Routh had not passed many hours in Mr. Deane's society (they had met at a low place of amusement, the honors of which Routh was doing to a young Oxonian, full of cash and devoid of brains, whom he had in hand just then), before he had built an elaborate scheme upon the slender foundation of that gentleman's boasted wealth and assumed greenness. His subsequent experience had convinced him of the reality of the first, but had shown him his mistake as to the last, and gradually his mind, usually cool and undaunted, became haunted by an ever-burning desire to possess himself of the money forever flaunted before his eyes—became haunted, too, by an unreasonable and blind animosity to the stranger, who combined profligacy with calculation, unscrupulous vice with well-regulated economy, and in unbridled indulgence of his passions with complete coldness of heart and coolness of temper. Routh had no knowledge of Deane's real position in life, but he had a conviction that had it been, like his own, that of a professional swindler, he would have been a dangerous rival, quite capable of reducing his own occupation and his own profits very considerably. Therefore Routh hated him.

When the conference between Routh and Harriet came to a conclusion, it left the woman visibly troubled. When Routh had been for some time asleep, she still sat by the table, on which her elbows rested, her head on her hands, and the light shining on her fair, brown hair. There she sat until the fire died out, and the late wintry dawn came. She was not unused to such watches; wakefulness was habitual to her, and care had often kept her company. But no vigil had ever tried her so much. Her mind was at work, and suffering. When at length she rose from her chair with an impatient shivor, dark circles were round her blue eyes, and her pure waxen complexion looked thick and yellow. She lighted a candle, turned the gas out, and went for a moment to the window. The cold gray light was beginning to steal through the shutter, which she opened wide, and then looked out. She set the candle down, and leaned idly against the window. Weariness and restlessness were upon her. The street was quite empty, and the houses opposite looked inexpressibly gloomy. "One would think all the people in them were dead instead of asleep," she said, half aloud, as she pulled the blind down with a jerk, and turned away. She went slowly up stairs to her bedroom, and as she went she murmured—

"Where will it end? How will it end? It is an awful risk!"

[To be continued.]

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications:]

OUR own leading literary journals seem to be uniting with the more supercilious class of British periodicals, in the task of rebuking our national vanity, and teaching us lessons of humility. Neither *Blackwood* nor the *Saturday Review* ever adopted a more disparaging tone in estimating American authors, and the aggregate value of their productions, than is now becoming habitual with a certain eminently "critical" class of Eastern periodicals. There seems to exist in the quarter indicated, a disposition to set the standard of excellence so fearfully high, as to render the chances of reaching it more desperate than those of drawing the first prize in the Havana lottery; and all who fail of winning the very highest distinction, are compassionated as examples of humiliating failure, if indeed they are not sharply rebuked for their presumption, and lectured on the sadness of the spectacle of men cursed with aspirations disproportioned to their powers.

In this exacting and unsympathetic spirit, the New York *Nation* deals with poor George Arnold in reviewing his poems. Even admitting the critic's verdict to be substantially just, there is an unnecessary hardness in its tone and manner of expression which, when we take into consideration Arnold's undoubted literary talent, his kindly character, and his recent death, seems to us quite foreign to the spirit in which one literary man should speak of another who has at least done some things well.

There are several ways in which an unfavorable judgment may be pronounced upon a volume of poems, which, while they fall short of a high standard of excellence, are not characterized by pretension or affectation; but we cannot conceive of any worse way than the following, which to us seems not merely harsh, in the ordinary sense, but so destitute of the kindliness of feeling natural under the circumstances, as to impress us as partaking of actual inhumanity:

GEORGE ARNOLD AS A POET.

In the sense in which we may call poets all men who are not duller than the clod, hopelessly imbruted—and, perhaps, in this meaning there are no total exceptions among all the tribes of men—George Arnold was a poet. The power, and beauty, and harmony, and mystery of nature—of nature in the widest signification of the word, the poetry of the microcosm as well as of the external world, the poetry which is everywhere, in all things, of which life is made, he, like others, could in part discern and could intermittently feel. To express it, to do hardly anything more than vaguely express his feeling of its existence, is beyond him, and although in every piece which he wrote there are indications of poetic sensibility, he has left behind him no single piece worthy the name of poem. He could not. He is no longer living, and he died when only thirty-one years old; but if at that age it was soon to do much, it was very late to be making beginnings, and, judging him by this book, before he could commence poet he would have had to begin over. There is no wealth of fancy in it, no depth of thought, no strength of passion, no peculiar felicities of rhythm or diction, no force of imagination nothing but that weak, half-morbid, melancholic sentiment of regret which preys upon the baffled poet who, having mistaken aspiration for inspiration and discovered his mistake, is without strength of judgment and power of self-restraint to impose silence on himself and set himself to labor in a new field. Mixed with this feeling is another, allied to it, which occasionally speaks in the verses—remorse, profitless repentance, real perhaps, perhaps feigned and poetical only, for years thrown away, opportunities and energies wasted in riotous or indolent self-indulgence, every labor undone, every duty disregarded, life left without dignity, till, as he says in "Recrimination:"

"Till the glass of your life is darkened, and darkly through it you see
Broken and ghastly fragments of duty and destiny."

Then again, seeking refuge from this feeling, he naturally falls often into a cynical indifferentism which scorns fame, wealth, goodness, and badness, smokes a pipe in laziness, and pets a terrier—"Jack," of course, being kinder and more faithful in affection than man or any woman, and the smoke of the killikinick as substantial and as satisfying as the world of pleasure and business and human endeavor.

Evidently this is not a rare character which we have been describing, but one which is familiar and ordinary. To give it, with its narrow range and small depth and commonplaceness, such expression as should be noticeable among poetical utterances, would require far more than its own, more than common, force of genius.

Had the *Nation* been dealing with some inflated literary imposter, absolutely destitute of merit, and with no claim to respectful consideration, this tone might be unobjectionable. But George Arnold was a genuine member of the literary guild; and however humble his rank in it when compared with the few who have won the highest places, it is undeniable that not one man in a hundred of those devoted to literary pursuits ever reached the distinction he had worthily attained when he died at the age of thirty-one years. There is to our thinking something not only odious, but cruel, in those comparisons in which the claims of every aspirant are measured by a reference to the very highest standard of excellence. And we do not see why this course should be adopted with reference to literary effort exclusively. In other fields of endeavor, merit which is not the highest, is still recognized as merit. The respectable merchant, or lawyer, or physician, is not snubbed and sneered at because he has failed to gain the highest distinction in his business or profession, and more than an average roadster is consigned to the tannery and glue-factory because of his inability to complete with the favorits of the race-track.

The same journal thus sums up what has thus far been achieved in

AMERICAN ART AND LITERATURE.

"During the eighty years of our independent national life we have produced but one great publicist, Hamilton, but one decided genius in literature, Hawthorne, but one in art, Allston, and only two great natural philosophers, Franklin and Rumford, and of these two Rumford spent the better part of his life and did all his scientific work in Europe. And as the quality of American contributions to literature and science has been, on the average, low, so has their quantity been small. The annual literary and scientific product of the people of the United States is not the twentieth part of that of any other civilized people. We read voraciously, but the bulk of our reading is of foreign origin. This is as true of our periodical publications in all departments of science and literature as of the books we consume. Reprinted or translated books and articles constitute ninety-nine hundredths of our reading matter. This aspect of our national life is humiliating, and has often suggested to sceptical minds, both at home and abroad, certain curious doubts concerning the effect on literature and science of a state of society in which there are neither depths nor heights, but only one common level."

We fear the *Nation* has set out to follow the sublimated "high critical" lead of the *Round Table*, though it enacts its cynical *role* in better taste and in a style that is at least free from absurd pretention and half-baked provincialism.

Mr. Heman Melville's re-appearance on the literary stage, after a silence of several years, has not been greeted with enthusiastic plaudits. The critics speak coldly of his volume of *Battle Pieces*, and seem generally indisposed to accord him recognition as a poet. The following has at least the merit of originality both in manner and treatment:

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

October, 1864.)

Shoe the steed with silver
That bore him to the fray
When he heard the guns at dawning,
Miles away;
When he heard them calling, calling,
Mount, nor stay;
Quick, or all is lost;
They've surprised and stormed the post,
They've pushed your routed host.
Gallop! retrieve the day.

House the horse in ermine—
For the foam-flake blew,
While through the red October
He thundered into view.
They cheered him in the looming,
Horseman and horse they knew.
The turn of the tide began,
The rally of hugles ran,
He swung his hat in the van,
The electric hoof-sparks flew.

Wreathe the steed and lead him—
For the charge he led
Touched and turned the cypress
Into amaranths for the head
Of Philip, king of riders,
Who raised them from the dead.
The camp (at dawning lost),
By eve recovered—forced,
Rang with laughter of the host
As belated Early fled.

Shrond the horse in sable—
For the mounds the heap!
There is firing in the valley,
And yet no strife they keep;
It is the parting volley,
It is the pathos deep.
There is glory for the brave
Who lead and nobly save,
But no knowledge in the grave,
Where their nameless followers sleep.

A lyric with as much vigor and ring as that would have sufficed to make a literary reputation in the days when Halleck and Drake were in their prime. But times have changed since then.

The last number of the *Edinburgh* has an appreciative article on Barry Cornwall's new *Memoir of Charles Lamb*. If there is any value in posthumous lame, any value as real as there is in a comfortable and prosperous life, "poor Elia" is not after all a legitimate object of kindly commiseration. His life to be sure, was, according to the ordinary mode of estimation, one not to be envied, and the men he served regarded him as a poor drudge indebted to their patronage for an exemption from starvation. But now, the memory of the threadbare clerk is fresh and green, while those of the millionaires of the East Indian Company, as individuals, have perished. "Through the long, monotonous, servile years of his clerkship," says the reviewer, "it probably never came into his head that those masters of his, who were reigning over the distant millions of the East, would soon be utterly extinct and forgotten personages, while his own name would be so familiar to the popular literature of the country that no one would think of putting "Mr." to it.

It is in Barry Cornwall's "Memoir" that the story of Lamb's great misfortune is for the first time fully given to the world. All those out of respect for whose feelings the details have been so long withheld have passed away, and there is no longer any reason for silence.

The *Review* gives the outline of Lamb's "story" as follows:

About the end of 1795, three years after he obtained his appointment, his mother was ill and bedridden, his father almost fatuous, and he himself the inmate of the asylum at Hoxton, where, as he wrote to Coleridge, "his head ran upon him, as much almost as on another person who was the more immediate cause of my frenzy." Who this was is unknown: she remains only the "Alice W." of his poems, the object of a passion which might have blossomed into happy fruit but for the incidents of the next year. He returned home sane, and the family life went on as usual till the September of 1796. On the 23d of that month, his sister Mary, who had been for some time ill and moody, was seized just before dinner with a burst of madness. She seized a case-knife lying on the table, pursued a little girl (her apprentice) round the room, hurled about the dinner-forks so as to wound her father in the forehead, and, before Charles could snatch the knife from her hand, she had stabbed her mother to the heart. The sad publicity of a trial was somehow avoided. After the inquest Mary Lamb was removed to an asylum. She rapidly recovered her senses, and the question came what was then to be done. It seems to have been easier then than it now is to obtain the liberty of a dangerous lunatic, for no opposition to her release seems to have been made by the authorities. When becoming sane, Mary said, "she knew she must go to Bethlehem for life: one of her brothers would have it so; the other would not wish it, but would be obliged to go with the stream."

The following humoristic tribute to "the weed," is in Lamb's own vein, and reminds one of his "Farewell to Tobacco." It is from a volume entitled *Verses and Translations* by "Mr. Calverley."

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and black
Care, at the horseman's back
Perching, unseatest;
Sweet, when the morn is grey,
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told
Not to thy credit.
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost,
Useless, except to roast,
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fuzees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
Meagre as lizards:
Go mad, and beat their wives,
Plunge, after shocking lives,
Razors and carving knives
Into their gizzards!

Confound such knavish tricks:
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
Still with their neighbors:
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
Daily absorbs a clay
After his labors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of the Californian:

Can you inform me of what kind of stone the beautiful structure, now going up at the corner of Sansome and California streets, is built? Also, whether the current statement is true, that the design is taken from that of a public library at Venice? E.

The stone, we believe, is a kind of freestone found at Angel Island. As to the subject of the other query, we possess no information. We had supposed that the plans were original. If the Bank is a copy of any public building in Venice, the fact must be one that is well known to architects.

WHAT CONSTITUTES "A UNIVERSITY."

Messrs. Editors Californian:

Can you refer me to any book which will enable me to obtain an idea of the English University system? In reading English periodicals and works of fiction, I constantly meet with allusions to certain features of the University system or of University life, which are utterly unintelligible to me. In fact, I fear I have no very intelligible notion of what constitutes a University in the English sense.

San Francisco, Oct. 25th, 1866. W. S.

We cannot at this moment recall the name of any book on the subject. We think, however, that Charles Astor Bristed, and a son of the late Edward Everett, both of whom spent some years at one of the English Universities, have published works calculated to furnish the kind of information desired by W. S.

Possibly some of our readers may be able to supply the name of such a book as our correspondent inquires for.

HAVE WE A CATHEDRAL?

San Francisco, Oct. 26th.

Mr. Editor: Can you, or any of your readers, enlighten a seeker after knowledge, as to what is the essential difference between a church and a cathedral? Also, whether cathedrals are recognized in the ecclesiastical economy of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States. Sigma.

The whole question involved in "Sigma's" inquiry was discussed at length, some two months since, in the *Pacific Churchman*, by a writer who seemed familiar with the subject. By addressing himself to that journal, "Sigma" can perhaps obtain a copy of the article.

[For the Californian.]

THE "SONG OF JOY."

[Over the upper windows of a little cottage in Gohlis, Leipsic, are written the words, "Schiller's Study." The gate bears the following inscription:

Here dwelt
SCHILLER,
and wrote the Song of Joy,
in the year
1789.

How simple and touching a moral is here! In poverty, in distress, in want of friends and bread—an exile—a stranger—"here dwelt Schiller, and wrote the 'Song of Joy!'"]

The "Song of Joy!"
And were thy dreams so bright, thou gentle heart?
In thy lone hours,
With their admixture of a sad alloy—
Friendless, amid thy flowers,
Which could but smile, as if to mock thy fate,
With Poverty's dread smart
Stinging its deadliest—thou, so desolate,
Could'st tune the lyre to joy!

O, brave as pure!
How most exalted is a soul like thine!
High above earth's mere mould
Must he the mind which could like thine endure,
And so serenely fold
Life's weary burden to a tortured breast.
What element divine
Environed thee with such pervading rest,
So saintly and secure?

Had the applause that springs
From Fame place in the compass of thy thought?
Did some prophetic lip
Foretell the future?—the wind's whisperings
Tell of the cup thou should'st hereafter sip—
Breathe of a brilliance to be borne by thee,
When courtier throngs she'd bow before the sought,
The crowned of Poesy—
The favorite of Kings?

Ah, no! Immortal mind,
These are *thy* triumphs—this thy grand reward—
This the enchanter's wand with which thy sons
Can almost deify their kind;
Though the world frowned or smiled, thy chosen ones
Have ever learned to sing the Song of Joy;
And far above Life's petty ills have soared,
Unmoved by pain—unangered by annoy—
Divinely soul-enshrined.

Isabel A. Saxon.

[For the Californian.]

WASHINGTON'S GENERALS.

A NEW AND COMPENDIOUS HISTORY.

AFTER THE MANNER OF M. ERNEST RENAN.

HISTORY in its true conception is neither a chronicle stuffed with facts, nor a chronology bristling with dates. Hence, the loftiest style of History—the philosophical and critical—eschews facts and dates altogether.

I, myself, have a sublime contempt for facts and dates. I reconstruct the Past from the slenderest remains of the Present by the aid of the Historical Imagination; and I do it as easily as Agassiz reconstructs an antediluvian monster from a fossil jaw-bone, or produces an accurate drawing of an extinct fish from a single scale.

One great advantage of my style of writing History is, that it saves a world of trouble both to author and reader. The former is relieved from the necessity of poring over musty records and antiquated authorities, while the latter absorbs learning by a process as agreeable as the perusal of M. Hugo's last novel.

The History of Washington's Generals rests mainly upon tradition. None of them have written their own histories; hence the accounts we have are more or less apocryphal. Tradition knows only heroes and monsters; it knows nothing of mere men. It paints its amiable characters as demigods, its evil ones as demons.

Thus Arnold, like Judas, is an ideal, if not a myth.

Judas was not a bad man; he was merely a credulous man with a good heart—a sentimentalist, an enthusiast.

True, he betrayed his master, but what of that? The bare fact has no significance to the philosophic mind. Facts are not truths. *Why* did he betray him? Was it because he loved him less than Peter or the rest of the disciples? I answer no. On the contrary, he loved him more than they all.

Was it the temptation of the thirty pieces of silver? Bah!

Judas betrayed him because of the greatness of his faith. He did not believe that it was in the power of his enemies to harm him. He laughed inwardly at the idea of their foolish and impotent machinations. How could the poor blind conspirators work any evil to the Son of God? How could he, Judas, "betray" him into their power?

The thing seemed preposterous to Judas. He esteemed them fools, as well as wicked machinators. He despised and laughed at them. He thought it but a just punishment to aid in bringing them to confusion. "I will take their thirty pieces," he said, "and the wretched dupes will realize how little either open force or secret treachery can accomplish against the Lord's anointed." Judas is popularly said to have "sold his Master." The fact is, he supposed he was "selling" his Master's enemies.

Arnold, like Judas, had an excess of faith. He smiled at the folly of the Briton who imagined that the possession of West Point would decide the fortunes of the struggle for independence. He did not believe that his treason could injure his country, and he therefore saw no harm in taking the money of his country's enemies. In short, he was a good man, whose sagacity was equal to his virtue. But, unlike Judas, he was no sentimentalist. He was not weak enough to give back the reward he had received, or to go and hang himself. In this we see his superiority. It is only feeble natures that are capable of repentance.

As to General Greene, the military achievements attributed to him are evidently apocryphal. The results of the latest critical investigations throw a flood of new light upon this subject. It is now well settled that Greene was a member of the sect of Quakers, who, as is well known, are non-combatants. The narratives, therefore, that represent him as commanding the American army, in divers battles of the Revolution, cannot be accepted as trustworthy. Here is another striking illustration of the manner in which the errors of history are detected by the strict application of critical principles.

Again, Gates is repeatedly referred to in these narratives as one of the leading American Generals; whereas, more recent researches show that he was an Englishman. The probability is that he commanded a division in Burgoyne's army.

Still another striking illustration of the unhistoric character of these so called "histories" may be found in the fact that they all, without exception, make mention of one "Lord Stirling" as among the number of the American Generals, and as being at one time in command on Long Island. A "Lord" acting as General on the rebel side! Yet this preposterous idea seems to have been received with unquestioning credulity.

But why occupy our time so unprofitably? Why dwell upon details of a pseudo-historical character, which carry upon their face the evidences of their untrustworthiness?

Whoever has intelligently followed me in the foregoing critical and philosophical investigation, knows all that is worth knowing of Washington's Generals. Here is History in a nutshell—the very cream of the Philosophy of History—History without a fact or a figure or a date!

Glimmer.

[For the Californian.]

NEW PLANTS.

Passiflora Hulletii—a beautiful stove climber, recently introduced from Rio Negro, on the banks of the Amazon; in growth much resembling Passiflora Quadrangularis—the leaves, which are very ornamental, being eight inches across; the flowers are large white, spotted with pink. Besides being a desirable addition to our flowering plants, it will no doubt prove to be one of our most valuable exotic dessert fruits, the flavor of it being so desirable that it has been pronounced superior to the pineapple. It requires to be grown in a warm, moist atmosphere.

Thunbergia Fragrans—The whole character is quite distinct to any other Thunbergia, and whether grown as a pot plant, or planted in the border for covering pillars and trellis-work, it will be invaluable, being free in growth, with ample foliage of a dark green of great substance. It continues flowering throughout the year; but its principal period is during the winter months—a time when white flowers are most required.

Swainsonia Magnifica—A free-growing and free-flowering green house climber, a native of Australia. The habit and character partakes both of the Clianthus and Swainsonia, whilst it has the robust and graceful-growing habit of the former, it produces more prominently the long, pendent *racemes* of delicate, bright-colored pink flowers of the latter, with a pure white centre in the upper petal or lobe. It is well adapted for a cool green-house, treated as pot plant, or planted out in a border for pillars or trellis-work.

Thujopsis Dolobrata—This rare and beautiful evergreen, from Japan, has proved hardy in the neighborhood of Boston, while many of the common varieties of native evergreens have been injured, and some killed. This is as beautiful as in its own native clime; both the variegated and plain seem equally enduring.

Retinospora pisifera aurea is not so hardy, but is well worthy of all the care and attention required to preserve it from excessive cold.

Taxus elegantissima, the Golden Yew—a tree which is always vivid and distinct in its varigation, and one of which no garden should be without.

Thuya Aurea, the Golden Arbor Vitæ—is also a beautiful evergreen with its golden tints.

Wigandia Caracasana—a large and fine plant for producing an effect.

Gynerium Argenteum, the Pampas Grass—is very ornamental, and blooms well in a warm, sheltered place.

Bambusa Gigantea—This plant is being very largely exported from Jamaica to New York, for the manufacture of paper. As much as 70 per cent. of clean fibre is obtained from it. It attains its full height of from 80 to 100 feet in three or four months' time, and the average growth during that period has been ascertained by measurement to be 8 inches in the 24 hours.

Iris.

WHEN ALL MY SHIPS COME HOME FROM SEA.

When all my ships come home from sea,
What stores of treasure there will be!

O, winds that circle round the lea,
Touch tenderly my argosy;

Far richer than the golden fleece,
They hold the guerdon of my peace.

And one by one they float across
The magic mere of gain and loss,

The while I wait upon the beach,
And plead a safe return for each.

And when these ships come home from sea,
What treasure they will bring to me!

Spices and pearls and corals rare,
And Indian stuffs my love can wear;

Honey from Hybla's hill, and flowers,
Fresh as when plucked from Persian bowers;

Lotos blooms from the sacred Nile,
And fragrance from Calypso's isle.

And all that's bright and all that's sweet
Will make my life and love complete.

—*William E. Pabor.*

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No. 3.

"Medicine Chests always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

Dr. Andrew Combe writes: "As often practiced by men of undoubted respectability, medicine is made so much a mystery, and is so nearly allied to, if not identified with, *quackery*, that it would puzzle many a rational looker-on to tell which is the one and which the other."

Dr. Houghton tells us that "modern water-cure took its origin at a time when it would really seem as if the science of medicine (so called) was rapidly sinking into a decline—not to say dying—of its own poisons."

"The file of every apothecary would furnish a volume of instances, where the ingredients of the prescriptions were fighting together in the dark."—Dr. Paris.

To the Sick.—Having an improved system of water-cure, Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, has been sustained by the intelligence of the people of this coast during the past fourteen years, and without the necessity of half a dozen removals a year. Experience, good judgment, and skill render a physician reliable.

Dr. Billing says: "I visited the different schools of medicine, and the students of each hinted, if they did not assert, that the other sects killed their patients."

"Thousands are *slaughtered* in quiet in the sick-room," said Franks.

Dr. Bourne's Baths.—The sick always know where to find this old and popular institution. Removed only twice in nearly twelve years. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

Dr. Reid said: "More infantile subjects are perhaps diurnally destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethlehem fell victims in one day to the Herodian massacre."

Speaking of the Plague, Dr. Madden says: "In all our cases we did as other practitioners did—we continued to bleed, and the *patients continued to die!*"

The Way to a Cure by the new method is rendered much easier by taking one or more of Dr. Bourne's Baths, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and to stay cured is far more certain to those who take the same course.

Sir Astley Cooper declared "the science of medicine was founded on conjecture, and improved by murder."

Dr. Brown said that he "*wasted* more than twenty years in learning, teaching, and diligently scrutinizing every part of medicine."

Nature hath her unchanging laws; obey them, and health is inevitable; break them, and pain and suffering is the consequence. Consult Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. No charge. Avail yourself of his knowledge and use his glorious baths, etc., and health and happiness will be yours.

"Medicine seems one of those ill fated arts, whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity."—Sir Wm. Knighton.

Dr. Gregory says: "Medical doctrines are little better than stark, staring absurdities."

Ladies' Water Cure, (the Pioneer, and in fact only Water Cure in San Francisco,) No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, Dr. Bourne. This institution, permanently located in San Francisco more than fourteen years, is the only one which the people of this coast have sustained during that long period.

"There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion," said the distinguished Dr. Abernethy.

Pacific Hygeian Home Water Cure, at Fountain Farm, near Oakland. Chartered and conducted according to the teachings of the Hydropathic College of New York, by the Pacific Hygeian Association (incorporated). B. J. Smith, M. D., Consulting Physician; R. S. Macbeth, M. D., Attending Physician; W. G. W Harford, Manager; H. Andrews, Business Agent. Office, Baths, and Lecture Hall No. 627 Sacramento street, between Montgomery and Kearny. Free Lectures every Tuesday and Friday evenings.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[The following striking poem, by General William H. Lyttle, is republished by special request:]

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, oh Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings!

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors,
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

Life's Autumn.—Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the duty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beam upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud-drops are blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid garniture of autum flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much sadness, and is permitted such virtue.

Self-Dependence.—Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go down to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a good education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God, the better.

The latest dry-goods sensation—the "Queen Emma" shawl.

The New York daily papers want to raise their price to six cents. The cable tariff presses on them.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

BONNETS.—The great variety of shapes brought out last season seems at last to have exhausted the invention of even the Parisian milliners; for really there is but little novelty among fall and winter styles. Crowns and skirts are still ignored, and bonnets are really not bonnets, but *bona fide* hats. The Lamballe still holds its sway, but greatly modulated and varied. There is the round, the pointed, and, newer than all, the square Lamballe. The last has for its individual cognomen the name Italian, and very much resembles the head covering worn by peasants in Italy. This bonnet is not a perfect square, but rather a parallelogram, being longer from front to back, than from side to side. This parallelogram, whether of silk or velvet or of straw, is trimmed on all its four sides, while the centre is left entirely plain. This bordering is sometimes a wreath of artificial flowers, but oftener of flowers of jet. The front of this unique hat fits closely to the forehead, excluding the slightest vestige of a ruche or other face trimming. The round and pointed Lamblles differ from the Italian not only in shape but in trimming, the centre instead of the sides being the place where trimming is profusely displayed. Large stars, either of flowers or of jet, or a combination of both, are placed on top and in the centre of these, and there is also a narrow band of velvet on the forehead by way of face trimming to which pendants of jet are attached.

In trimmings the Benoiton chains and immense cameos of are last season happily banished. In lieu of these there are various ornaments in jet and crystal, and in pearl. It would have been a difficult matter to have found on exhibition yesterday a single bounet in which these ornaments did not form a conspicuous part. On many French hats there are streamers of real blonde lace, on others there are, falling from the chin, the braids de Maintenon, or long loops of a thick velvet piping, on which flowers are placed, and yet again there are long floating ribbons beaded with jet. Delicate marabout feathers are more used than for many years past. In artificial flowers there is the same partiality as was exhibited during the summer for autumn flowers, and especially for the "sere and yellow leaves" that tell us "that melancholy days have come." Chrysanthemums and dablinas are popular, and among other flowers seldom imitated by art the nasturtion has been copied this season with great success. Clusters of red berries are mingled with the russet leaves of winter, and many other striking contrasts meet the eye.

When asked in regard to leading colors, the milliners all say that the *furore* for black will this winter eclipse any thing ever known before. It is also predicted that garnet will be even more wore than it was last winter. *Cuir*, it is said, will be revived; not the pale shabby tint worn a year or two since, but a new and beautiful shade.

The Ristori is a small bonnet exceedingly short in the front piece, but with a flat crown and a fall of lace to simulate a skirt. One that attracted special attention was of Helena blue velvet, with a fall of point lace attached to the crown. A long Marabout feather falls from the front backward on the left side. Ornaments of cut steel are fastened to the crown, and a velvet band at the forehead finishes off the handsome novelty.

Another style called the *incroyable*, was a combination of green velvet and real blonde lace. A wreath of green velvet leaves clambered over this stylish hat, in which crystals were intermingled.

The evening hat, a fanchonette, was of blonde, completely covered with marabout feathers. This fairy thing had a band of scarlet velvet in front, with pendant scarlet feathers by way of face trimming. The Lady Don, introduced by this house, a bonnet exceedingly neat, stylish. and suitable for the promenade, was of French gray felt, with a rosette in the centre of green velvet, surmounted by a jet ornament. This hat very much resembles the Italian in shape, being oblong, but is more rounded in front and back.

Dresses.—Among materials for dresses, striped and plaid goods are found in greater prevalence than was ever before known. Ladies have their choice either to be striped, like zebras, or plaided, like a Highlander, in as great a variety of colors as was Joseph's famous coat. There is nothing especially new in these styles, plaids are larger and more brilliant, and we see but few patterns in the modest combination of blue and green so much worn last season. Few broad stripes are seen. Many handsome patterns have a stripe of mazarine blue, or of garnet, or a rich gray, alternating with a plaid stripe of the same width in the brightest and gayest colors.

In plain colors there is a handsome article of silk velour. The rep being exceedingly heavy, makes the goods hang in elegant folds.

Gored dresses will continued to be worn, but with various modifications. The Gabrielle is gradually giving place to skirts with more plaits about the waist—plaits behind and at the side, but none in front. Walking dresses are to be made quite short, sometimes displaying the *jupon* beneath, and others reaching to the ankle. yet dispensing with loopers. This is a style that will scarcely predominate as few ladies have dresses made merely for the street, preferring to loop them up when walking and allow them to trail in the house. The Spanish flounce is exceedingly popular. This is a gored skirt, having all the widths except the front one cut off at the knee, and finished by a wide flounce set in box plaits. When the material is striped the flounce is bias, giving a very handsome effect.

Corsages are made round, short in the waist, exceedingly high at the throat, and long on the shoulders. Pointed corsages are only used for evening dress. Belts of medium width are made of the same material as the dress and trimmed to match. They are fastened with a clasp or with rosettes, buckles being no longer used. When chemisettes are worn the corsage is either turned over at the neek in a rolling collar or it is festooned only at the throat and belt, leaving the chemisette in view between.

Basques are universally popular, though now seldom fastened to the waist. A plain gored dress is suitable only to the house, but is easily adopted to the street by a basque skirt being appended to a belt of the same material as the dress. It is really not in good taste to wear a belt over a plain waist, but in this case it is so convenient that the end justifies the means, and for once appearance is sacrificed for utillity. Basques added in this manner are usually made very short on the hips, with long sharp points in front and back.

The much talked of peplum in a loose sack of various lengths, though seldom made as short as the loose jacket of last winter. Indeed there is a perceptible desire to lengthen wrappings of every description. The only novelty about the peplum is that it is cut with long points at the hips, and square in front and back. It is made of the same material as the dress, or in cloth, silk, cashmere or velvet. When made in white cashmere and trimmed with jet or with crystal beads it forms a handsome evening wrapping.

MARRIAGE IN EGYPT.

WHEN an Egyptian wants a wife, he is not allowed to visit the harems of his friends to select one, for Mohammed forbade men to see the face of any woman they could marry, that is to say, any besides their mother or sisters. A man is, therefore, obliged to employ a "khatbeh," or matchmaker, to find one for him, for which services of course she expects "backsheesh"—that is, payment. The khatbeh, having found a girl, recommends her to the man as exceedingly beautiful, and eminently suitable to him. The father is then waited upon to ascertain the dowry he requires; for all wives are purchased, as they were in patriarchal days. When Jacob had no money to pay for Rachel, he served her father seven years as an equivalent; and, when duped, was obliged to serve a second term to secure the prize. (Gen. xxix.) Fathers still refuse to give a younger daughter in marriage before an elder shall have been married. The people of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, forbid a younger son to marry before an elder; and this is likewise the law of the Hindoos.

PRICE OF A WIFE.

The price of a wife varies from five shillings to fifteen hundred dollars. The girl may not be more than five or six years old, but, whatever her age, two-thirds of the dowry is at once paid to the father, in the presence of witnesses. The father then, or his representative, says, "I betroth to thee my daughter," and the young man responds, "I accept of such betrothal." Unless among the lower classes, the father expends the dowry in the purchase of dress, ornaments, or furniture for the bride, which never become the property of her husband. Even when betrothed, the intercourse of the parties is very restricted. The Arabs will not allow them to see each other; but the Jews are not quite so stringent. The betrothals often continue for years before the man demands his wife; thus, "Samson went down and talked to the woman," or espoused her, and "after a time, he returned to take her."

AGE TO MARRY, IN EGYPT.

Girls are demanded at the age of ten, and between that and sixteen years; but after sixteen few men will seek them, and the dowry expected is then proportionably low. When a man demands his betrothed, a day is fixed for the nuptials, and for seven nights before he is expected to give a feast, which, however, is furnished by the guests themselves. Thus one sends coffee, another rice, another sugar, etc.

THE FEAST.

The principal time of this continued feast is the night before the consummation. The conduct is intrusted to the "friend of the bridegroom." (John iii. 29.) About the middle of this day the bride arrives at the house, and retires to the harem, where she sits with her mother, sisters, and female friends. At the third or fourth watch of the night—three or four hours after sunset—the bridegroom, who has not yet seen his fair one, goes to the mosque to pray, accompanied by "meshals," or torches and lanterns, with music. Upon his return he is introduced to his bride, with whom, having given her attendant a present to retire, he is left alone. He then throws off her veil, and for the first time sees her face. If satisfied, he informs the women outside, who immediately express their joy by screaming "Zuggareet," which is echoed by the women in the house, and then by those in the neighborhood.

COMPENSATION.

THE lovely violet smiles more saintly sweet
After the rain;
More golden shines after the summer's heat,
The waving grain.

And purer still, from out the furnace gloom,
Cometh the gold;
And brighter to the wanderer gleams his home
Through storm and cold.

How fair to watch the white ship seek the strand,
That left us in tears;
How thrilling is the clasping of the hand
After long years.

How dearly prized the love that stays to light
Our lonely way;
While others—false ones—faded as the night
Before the day.

And sweeter yet are the kisses, from lips
Unpressed for years;
And closing far the clasping of an arm
After grief and tears.

So looking back o'er the weary road
Our feet have press'd,
An hundred times more lovely seems at last
Eternal rest.

THE STORY OF A SAN FRANCISCO LOCKSMITH.

I AM a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces; consisting of occasional calls to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes and gloat upon the treasure piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives; evidences of wandering affections; to force the fastenings of cash boxes and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this? no food for speculation? no scope for the range of active fancy? I am happy in being a locksmith, though my face may be begrimmed with the soot of the forge, and my hands stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy write the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearny street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening, a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath her cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye, and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I, rather inquisitively.

"Sir, in requesting you to close the door I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I felt a rebuke in her reply, and did not answer but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed:

"That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I went on with my work, satisfied that no sudden discovered partiality for me had anything to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and cutting, in turning the lock, I was suddenly seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters, and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to the owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street she merely whispered,

"Remember!" and passed on towards the Plaza. In a few days the incident had entirely passed from my mind.

About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoke by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, for they were frequent in those days, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hands which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window, "open the door—I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," replied the person in a soft whispering voice.

'Nor no one that can!" I replied rather emphatically, by way of warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt and slowly opened the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon the table and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same one for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilet I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:

'Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?'

'I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?'

'By doing half an hour's work before daylight to morrow and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor,' was the reply.

It is not ordinary work,' said I, inquiringly, 'that commands so liberal a compensation.'

'It is a labor common to your calling,' returned the lady. 'The price is not so much for the labor, as the condition under which it must be performed.'

'And what is the condition?' I inquired.

'That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blindfolded.'

Ideas of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, hurriedly presented themselves in succession as I politely bowed, and said:

'I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer.'

'Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?' she inquired.

'No—nor five thousand!'

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

'Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain,' she replied, 'I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a fire-proof vault, and—'

'You have gone quite far enough, madam, with your explanation,' I interrupted; 'I am at your service.'

'As I said,' she continued, 'you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days.'

'To whom does the vault belong, I inquired.

'My husband,' was the somewhat reluctant reply.

'Then why so much secrecy? or rather how came a man confined in such a place?'

'I secreted him there, to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream until to-day that he was confined there. I know he is there! Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon, convince me that he is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my brutal husband unless immediately rescued. For three days my husband has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but cannot find the key. You must rescue him. Now that you know all, will you accompany me?'

'To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand.'

Then prepare yourself, quick! there is a cab at the door.'

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There sure enough was the cab with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me and the cab started. I could feel her trembling. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, and it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me my bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after taking me along a passage way, which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," she whispered, opening the door of a dark lantern, and letting a beam of light upon the lock.

I took a bunch of skeleton keys, and, after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges and my companion whispering me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault.

I could see it was one of those large iron vaults, that were formerly so frequently constructed to protect valuables from the destructive and terrible conflagrations that devasted the city in its earlier days. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, the next moment the lady re-appeared, and leaning upon her arm a man with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. I would know him again amongst a thousand. How he must have suffered, during the three long days of his confinement in the vault!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern, "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam," said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief before my eyes. "Here is your money."

The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued—

"Do not be alarmed. *You* are not the man!"

I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before; I was led to the cab, and the purse of money placed beside me, and then was driven home by a more circuitious route, if possible than the one which we came. Arriving in front of the house the handkerchief was removed and I stepped from the vehicle with my purse, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and was out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold, which counted out even five hundred dollars, was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment, that all I had just witnessed was not a dream.

A month after I saw the gentleman taken from the vault, leisurely walking along the street with the lady on his arm. I do not know, *but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to day!* They still reside in San Francisco, and I frequently see them promenading Montgomery street.

Proverbial Wisdom.

Your breath you'll not sweeten by talking of honey;
Self-wise ones are soonest beguiled of their money;
Foolish friends, more than foes, are the vials of sorrow;
Not long will they ride who their horses must borrow;
You'd better a friend than a kinsman rely on;
Though a gnat is your foe, think him strong as a lion;
A hand may be white that is washed upon credit;
A word may be true, though a jester hath said it.

The Great Duty of the World.—Of all the causes which are operating and can operate to the bringing about of the perfection of the human race, the first place is assigned to the education of the young, a thorough and wise education, not an education after the manner of the schools solely, but an education that shall make strong and apt for all the encounter and service of the world in which we live and move. That the young be taught and trained—all the young, not one being neglected—is constantly enforced as the great duty and the wisdom of society, this being the surest hope of continual and rapid advance.

Russell, of the London *Times*, says that in the Austrian army the big drums are drawn on carts, by dogs. "The drum is put on a sort of go-cart, with shafts and a pair of wheels, and as Pompey trots along the drummer beats the sheepskin."

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

MR. JOHN C. ROBINSON is authorized to act as Agent for THE CALIFORNIAN.

DR. W. F. BRANDRETH is requested to call at this office.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

POPULAR JOURNALISM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great diversity of tastes, few will be inclined to deny that there is such a thing as a standard of taste, so far as objects within the domain of art are concerned, and that that standard is not to be found in the decision of the majority.

A popular vote, no qualification for suffrage being required, would scarcely be considered a satisfactory method of deciding the relative excellence of two rival master-pieces; and it seems a not unreasonable proposition that some special attention to the particular art in question, and some education of the taste, in reference to it, are necessary to make one a connoisseur in painting, or music, or literature. Indeed, what is this, more than simply applying in the domain of taste, the truism that knowledge of a subject is necessary to correct judgment in regard to it? Everywhere except in matters of art and literature, this is practically admitted. For instance, however ready we may all be to "express an opinion," and to stand by it stoutly if controverted, concerning the merits of a horse or a brand of wine, most sensible persons who are not themselves experts, would be inclined to give great weight to the decision of the jockeys or the tasters when it came to the practical question of betting or buying. When the matter assumes this shape, even the most opinionated and self-satisfied individuals of that pragmatical class that settles all questions of taste with a stnrdy "I know what *I* like at any rate," become docile. Men who do not hesitate to criticise the decisions of courts, to confute the lawyers, and to argue questions of therapeutics with a physician, are as ready as their neighbors to defer to professional authority the moment personal interests become seriously involved, as in the case of a questionable land title or a dangerous fever.

Of course no element of taste can enter into the decision of legal or medical questions; here, it is knowledge and conversance with the subject that are deferred to; all that those who deny that questions in art can be determined by the popular verdict, would be disposed to insist upon, is that an element of knowledge also enters into the decision of those questions, though mingled with another and subtler element, and that special culture and study should carry with them something of the same authority, though less absolute, that is accorded them in science and the mechanical arts.

Though mere popularity is no more infallible as a criterion of intrinsic excellence, in literature than it is in art, yet it is noteworthy that here, there is generally less disagreement between the popular taste and that of the critical and cultivated minority. As a rule, the best books, that is in general literature, enjoy a reasonable share of popularity. Yet where poetry or fiction of the highest order attains the widest popularity, it will generally be found that the critics have one ground of admiration, and the people another. Thus, it is probable that the universal appreciation of Shakspeare is much more due to the quotable passages in which he abounds, and that have been collected into miscellanies, school-books, "beauties of Shakspeare," etc, than to those more important elements which constitute his true greatness. And it has sometimes happened that a work of great merit has been popular on account of its faults. Hence the judgment of the uncritical may be correct so far as the result is concerned, though erroneous in the grounds of its conclusion. Here, too, the instinct that prevents men from too readily surrendering opinions which they are unable to defend successfully by argument, finds its justification. It is much easier to arrive at sound conclusions than to render sound reasons for them. If men were invariably to renounce their convictions when they were out argued or out-talked, they would be at the mercy of every adroit and voluble sophist. There is a certain honest obstinacy in adhering to opinions that seem to have been triumphantly confuted, which is not always as stupid as it appears.

Nowhere, perhaps, in any department of art or literature, is the common judgment more generally sound and reliable, than in its estimate of current journalism. Almost invariably the popular taste coincides with that of the critical and cultivated class, as to what constitutes a good journal. Of course there are exceptions, but as a general thing it will be found that the best papers are the most influential and the most widely read. There is little actual ground for the notion that a journal may be made "too good to be appreciated." It may be made too narrow in its range, too one sided, too exclusively devoted to a hobby, but scarcely too good. To the unreflecting, it is a matter of surprise to observe how thoroughly the higher order of journalism is appreciated by the comparatively uncultivated masses. Prestige, and respect for an established reputation, and a degree of unconscious deference to the opinions of the better informed, probably have something to do with this, but they fail to furnish a complete and satisfactory explanation. The preference of the average Englishman for the *Times*, and of the average American for those journals that are conducted with ability and dignity cannot be a mere fashion. Prestige doubtless has its weight, but it cannot induce any considerable portion of the population of a country to continue to read what they do not really like. All the prestige of Milton has failed to make him popular while in spite of the derision of the critics, and the mingled amazement and disgust of the cultivated, Martin Farquhar Tupper has ten times as many readers as Browning, and twice as many as Tennyson. It is true that a parallel to this may be found in journalism, if we compare the popularity of such publications as Bonner's *Ledger* or the *London Journal*, with that of the best New York and London weeklies, but besides that our compliment to the popular taste had especial reference to daily journalism, it may be suggested that the papers named differ not merely in their literary merit, but also in the *kind* of literature they dispense, and it is not to be expected that essays and criticism will be found as popular with the mass of readers as sensational stories. If the question were between clever sensational stories and stupid ones, or between able essays and feeble ones, the case would be more in point.

So far as substantial ability in journalism is concerned, the popular taste, both in England and America, is wonderfully appreciative; it is in regard to form and style that it is most wanting in discrimination. It is still too partial to the declamatory vein, and unduly liable to mistake crude energy of expression, and the exaggeration and hyperboles of passion for genuine force. To the mass of readers, the discussion of a political measure, or of a question of foreign policy in the finished and thoroughly metropolitan style peculiar to the London *Saturday Review*, would probably seem less able than if treated in the more rhetorical vein of the *Times*. It is also undoubtedly true that in the United States, the communities in which a certain declamatory energy is the most admired element in journalism are more numerous than those where higher qualities would be properly estimated.

But it is gratifying to note that in nearly all the great cities of the country the standard of popular taste is already so far elevated that the most influential journals are those most eminently characterized by good sense, well-considered views, fullness of information, fairness, and sterling ability, and that it is only in the backwoods and among provincial communities that the ultra extravagant type of stump speech is the approved model for a powerful leader, or a natural turn for quaint vituperation is sufficient to secure a reputation as a "forcible writer."

REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

YOUNG or inexperienced writers should not infer from the fact that their contributions are declined by any literary paper worthy of the name in its higher sense, that such contributions are considered destitute of merit. Not a week passes during which we do not find it necessary to pass adversely upon articles or poems sent us for publication, which give evidence of unmistakable talent, and even of crude and undeveloped genius. But "form" is an important element in literature, and the power of clothing the writer's conception in ripe, symmetrical, artistic form, is one that is seldom acquired without much effort and repeated failures. No writer, who possesses genuine aspiration and disinterested love of literary production, should feel discouraged because his first attempts are not accepted by the higher class of periodicals. Besides, he should consider that an editor's judgment is not infallible; it is liable to be influenced and swayed by a thousand disturbing causes dependent upon mood and surrounding circumstances. Even the best and most discriminating editor, in the press of his daily duties, sometimes tosses a clever contribution into the waste-paper basket and places a decidedly inferior one upon file for publication.

THE Ellsworth Rifles will hold their Fifth Anniversary Invitation Party, on Monday evening next, at Union Hall. We acknowledge a card of invitation.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, the attendance has been excellent throughout the week; and on the *Fanchon* nights—Wednesday and Friday—the house was jammed, the ladies pre-empting nearly all the seats in the parquette as well as in the boxes. That people should be anxious to repeatedly see this play is not surprising; for, aside from its merits, it is produced and cast in an almost perfect manner. The "Fanchon" of Miss Kingsbury is about as good and as pure a piece of heart-moving acting as can be conceived. Full of sensibility and emotion, she presents us with nearly a perfect representation and embodiment of the character. Mr. McCullough, too, as "Landry Barbeaud," gives us a quiet impersonation, full of excellence and responsive feeling, and one that has gained him much credit and merited commendation. Barry, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Judah, and all the support, are most clever in their parts, and serve to make the *Cricket* a happy success in all its details.

Satan in Paris was placed on the stage on Thursday night, with Miss Kingsbury in the protean part of "Satan." The piece is a French translation of considerable merit, originally produced in the United States some twenty years ago, at Mitchell's Olympic, New York, with Mary Taylor in the same character, strongly supported by Miss Clark, Walcot, Holland, Nickerson, and others, where it had a great run. Miss Kingsbury acted the leading character with marked ability, ably sustained by Mr. McCullough; but the success of the piece was somewhat marred by imperfections in study and erratic departures from the text by some of the other characters. Where first impressions are so notably potent for good or evil, as in San Francisco, interest alone should dictate a more careful production of a good play, like this, containing a half-dozen characters with point and pith in them.

For this afternoon's entertainment, *The Hidden Hand* will be repeated; and this evening will introduce us to the *Lady of Kildare*, though we have not the remotest idea what manner of lady she will be. The bewitching little *Cricket* will again chirp for the public on Monday night.

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THE HOWSON TROUPE open at the Metropolitan for a short season, on Monday night, with *Cinderella*. The Sisters are young, talented and attractive, and the balance of the troupe possess ability above the average standard of English opera troupes. They deserve success even if they should not win it. They propose to vary the programme by producing musical extravaganzas to alternate with the operas.

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THE RAVEL-MARTINETTI TROUPE are now on the seas on their way to San Francisco to fill a winter engagement with Managers Birrell & Co. of the Metropolitan Theatre of this city. The troupe consists of twenty persons in all, and have a *repertoire* of over fifty pieces. They bring with them an immense amount of stage paraphernalia and trick machinery, and will doubtless present to our citizens a novel and attractive season.

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BENEFITS.—A lack of space prevents our noticing in detail the benefits of Master Smith, the Howson sisters, Signor Morley, and Mons. Roncovieri, that all came off during the week. We have only room to say that they were creditable performances in a musical point of view and actual "benefits," indeed, in the happy returns of golden notes to the beneficiaries.

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WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The beautiful and varied attractions at these gardens draw many visitors daily. Paintings, statuary, beautiful walks, flowers, curious beasts and birds add to the natural charmes of the garden, and make this a most desirable place of resort to while away a pleasant autumn afternoon.

OPPOSITION.—The facilities of ocean travel to New York *via* Nicaragua are about to be greatly increased. The Company generally known as the Nicaragua Steamship Line have determined to run a semi-monthly line of new steamers on that route, and have greatly increased their capital and reorganized under the title of North American Steamship Company, with that purpose in view. They have just purchased three new steamships at the East, one of which, the *San Francisco*, a fine new steamer of 2,500 tons, will make the connection at Greytown with the *Moses Taylor*, which is to leave here on the 15th of November. For the present a steamer will be dispatched every twenty days; but it is the intention of the Company to put on a semi-monthly line as soon as one of the new steamers, now preparing for immediate dispatch in New York, can reach this port. In the meantime many improvements will be made by dredging operations and otherwise at Greytown.

Should have been Stopped.

In the list of passengers on the *America*, we noticed "Rev. J. D. Strong, wife and 7 children." The Reverend J. D. Strong ought to be ashamed of himself. What right has he to take seven children out of this State, even if they do belong to him? Some means should be taken to prevent people from taking children out of the State in this wholesale manner.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

Mrs. Woxcackle on Church Matters.

MR. EDDYTER:—Grashus knows I'm glad enuff to see Mr. Woxcackle taking an intyrist in church matters wich I never expected he would care no more for, nor half as much for that matter, as his cigar after dinner, or his noospaper at breakfast. And so it took me all aback, like a lectric shock, to see him all nt once getting as excited as ever you see a man, about Mr. Eagan and St. James', wich he says all Front street is on bis side, meuning Mr. Eagan's, and against tbe Bishop, and will back him, meaning Mr. Eagau and tbe Free Church, for sums untold, to keep it up. And he says be don't miud coming down for a cool thousand or so if wanted, and is opposed to ekklcsyastikal tyranny und persekutiou, and that the other ministers is jellus, becaws Mr. Eagan is smarter tban them, and the Bishop, too, is jellus becaws he don't waut no bright men and popnler men in the dyoceese, wich is ridiklus, and I am sbure never thort of by tbe Bishop, wich is above such meanness; and he says tbat he means that Mr. Eugau shall be sustayned, wich he says is the determinashun of plenty more on Front street tbat can jest buy and sell all the todies and time servers, wich I don't know wbat it means. Never hev I seen Mr. Woxcackle so sturd up about enny nortal thing, unless it was bisyness or stocks or sumthing of tbat sort, and be vows he'll give up our pew in Grace, and attend St James', wich I bope he don't mean, for after getting into sosyity by atteuding Grace and subscribing for tbe debt, and sich, it would be a great come-down to go to a Free Church wich in reason is meant for such as can't pay their way, nnd not for rich peeple wich can afford to move in the best cirkles, wich, tbank Heaven, we bave done ever since Mr. Woxcackle got out of the retale bizness and took a $400 pew in Grace. But there's some consolashun in what Mrs. Van Slamm says, wich is that St. James' is not free in that way. and will be as expensiv nnd fasbernable as enny other, and as aristokratik, wich tbere may be sumthing in, seeing the Queen (though dark-complekted) attendid the Fair.

Speeking of wich, the Fair I mean, tbe conduckt of Mr B——, who eskorted the Queen, giv much offens to sum; for he jest prommynadid ber nround the Hall as if be wanted to monopylize her all to himself, or was iguerant of ettyket and didn't know how it was proper to act, not bein' accustomed to royal sosyety; and he didn't even intrerdoose her to the lady Preserdiut, nor to but one of the ladys tbat kep tbe tables, and her be couldn't help himself from intrerdoosing, sbe follered him up so persisteut. But I *do* hope Mr. W—— will get over his excitement and cool down, and not go to tbe Free Church; tho' he is a hedstrong man when he gets a noshun, aud not easy managed. Yours respectfully, MARIA WOXCACKLE.

P. S.—Well, I've reely been to the Conventercle on Natomy street, much as our clergyman objects to such meetings, and I'm glad I went eveu if I should be suspendid for it, for it was as good as enny play, and with tbe excepshun tbat it ain't at all fasheruable—(scch bon nits!)—and that the minister (wich our clergyman says is no minister at all) tells such humerus stories and makes the congregashun laugb, wich, tho' perhaps sootable in dissentiu' meetiu's, seems strange at first, exceptin' wicb drawbacks, it seems respecterble enuff. And goodness knows it's the last thing *I* should ever thort of, and it was no doins of mine, but Sunday mornin' jest as I was getting reddy for Church, who should come bouncin' in but Mrs. Van Slamm, and, "Maria," she says: "I've heard so much of their goius on at the meetin round on Natomy street, that I've made up my mind to see the show for myself, and I'm bound to go it' it's the death of me, so," says she, "you jest hurry on your things and come right along." And she's got such a rushing way with her, tbat woman has, for all the worla jest like a high wind a blowin', tbat resistin' her when she takes a notion in her head is one of the impossecbles. And so, Mr. Woxcackle having gone out to Seel Rock with a customer from Red Bluffs, wich tbere was no use of me objectin' to on accouut of it's being Sunday, I thort I might have *my* amusement too, and went according. As to the preechin' I wood try to give you an idea of it, wich, however, Mrs. Van Slamm said she would do herself, as she see no reeson wby she shoodn't be a litterary corresponding for tbe papers herself, wich if she stays in the noshun she will do; and it needn't surprize you to receave a communycashun from ber on the subjick. M. W.

Mrs. Van Slamm Goes to Meeting.

MR. EDITOR: Them that go in for intoning, aud singing boys, and dressing up clergymen like Italian robbers in a play, and all that sort of fol-de-rol, may talk as much as tbey please in their sneerin' way about "Prispyterian conventicles" and "Methodist prayer-meetings;" but they'll have to talk themselves blind before they'll ever convince *me* that *their* sort of religious circus is any better than the other kiud. I've heard say, too much water will stop a mill jest as certain as too little; aud to my mind, too much form and ceremony will smother the spirituality of religion jest as quick as too little will starve it. There's no use of our clergyman telling *me* it's wicked to attend meeting. I wasn't born yesterday, and I guess tbe time's gone by when ministers could dictate to people about their private affairs; I hope I've got common sense, but if I haint it's too late to be helped now, and I'll have to chance it. So I told Mr. —— that, wicked or not wicked, I was going to attend one of those meetings. I'd seen the Puseyito show, with the nice little boys in their nice little white stoles and the rest of it, and now I meant to see the evangelical performance, with the gettin' up to be prayed for and tbe tellin' experiences, and all that. As to the necessity of being in "the Church," I told him I hoped that the congregation at Dashaway Hall, nor yet the Natoma street one, hadn't a monopoly of salvation. It *does* seem so strange to me that most religious people, ministers specially, are so set on making every one be religious exactly accordiug to their own particnlar little pattern, and make more fuss over the pattern than the cloth.

Well, so I went; and though its a different sort of thing entirely from St. James, yet there's a kind of people, no doubt, it agrees with; and if it suits their religions appetite and does 'em good, where's the harm? The sermon *was* an oddity in the way of a scrmon, and it did make the people giggle a little once or twice, which shocked Mrs. Woxcackle, who was with me. It wasn't tbe kind of sermou I've been used to, but the congregation seemed to like it. It was all about Elijah, how he went to sleep, "and snored, snored very loud," and the angel came and made a fire aud baked a cake. "Yes," says the minister, for all the world as if he had been there and beard Elijah snore, and saw the angel doing his baking, and had a taste of the cake himself,—"Yes, a better cake than auy of you women could bake." And then, Elijah got kind of woke up and turned over, without even so much as tbanking the angel, and then he went to sleep again. "Now," says he, "if one of you'd been treated so, you'd a given Elijah a good kick, aud said 'can't you tbauk a feller?'" As near as I could make out, the lesson of the day was, to 'keep wide awake' und 'forgive your enemies,' and always to remember your manners when you have anytbing to do with angels, und to say "thank you sir," wheu they do you a good turn. The preacher concluded by telling the congregation to go every one of them to Union Hall in the evening, to bear Mr. Earle, tbe Evangelist. So, I tbought since I'd made a beginning of religious sight-seeing, I might as well finish up tbe husiuess, as I might never have another chunce to see a live "Evangelist," who has come tbree thousand miles, more or less, to "carry tbe Lord" to this benighted land. They do say I haven't a mite of reverence in my composition, nor a sign of such a bump on my bead, but if tbere's any irreverence about that, it's the "Evangelist's," not mine, and if there was a short-hand writer there to take down the words, he'll bear me out. We must make haste, be told us, if we wanted "to find tbe Lord," for he'd got to go pretty soon (the Evangelist had) to "carry the Lord" to the people in other parts of the land, which sounded as if he thougbt there was uo chance for poor sinful critters after he had left. Then he wanted all those that were anxious to be saved to stand up, and everybody stood up, wbich seemed to disappoint him, as if he was surprised that so many sbould want to go to Heaven, and he set 'em down again, aud asked only them that were *very* anxious, to get up.

If I thought that this standing up, and getting prayed for, and going to the anxious seat, would get me to Heaven, I'd go into it with all my migbt, it's so much easier, and quicker too, than the slow-going old-fashioned way of trying to lead a "sober, righteous, aud Godly life, and keeping up the fight against your old Adam as long as the breath's in your body. Well, after all, we're poor, prejudiced, obstinate critters, and I guess there isn't much to choose between us in tbe long run. We've all got our notions, and are apt to be set in our way, and think there's none right but our own. So far as I see, all these different kinds of religion seem to suit some kind of people or other. Exhorting and telliug experiences agrees with some, and intouing and little boys rigged up like an organ-grinder's monkey agrees with others, and if any one considers me a beatben because neither of 'em suits my constitutioa, why they're welcome to.

MARY ANN VAN SLAMM.

Louis Napoleon's Daughter.

"Spiridiou," the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*, tells a very roumntic story about the marriage and approaching divorce of M'lle Laure de Wilna, the daughter of Louis Napoleon and Mrs. Howard. Count de Tolna, chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, at the age of forty-two thought it was time to marry. He determined if possible to marry a "virtuous young orphan," and meeting M'lle Laure de Wilna, thought she was just the sort of young party he was looking for. He wrote a letter asking if her health was good, and if she could bear tobacco smoke. He also set forth his virtues Laure wrote him a letter saying that he was just the sort of husband she wanted; she did not object to tobacco; in fact, she says: "You smoke? well, we will smoke as may he agreeable to you." On the 30th of July they were married. On tbe 12th of August the Count wrote from Baden to Mme. Godefroy, who had acted as "mother" to Laure:

"Her indifference gives me pain. She will not *thou* me and refuses to allow me to share her bed. Sbe covers ber face with tallow just as she goes to bed. I cannot tell you what ner object is; it prevents me from kissing her. The truth is, moreover, the moment Laure touches bed she goes fast asleep without giviug a thougbt to God or her husband."

This was, indeed, a terrible state of things. We cannot believe that Laure suffered from a chronic cold in her head which rendered it necessary for her to tallow her nose. The Count de Tolna was evidently a much abused man. Who could tolerate a wife who smeared her face with tallow? What pathos there is in the simple complaint: "It prevents me from kissing her!" On the 18th August he writes:

"Laure really is unbearable. She gives me pain every way. Yesterday, before a large company, she refused to take my arm, and before dinner she hung on Mons. Gouteman's arm from Lichtental to tbe hotel. Mme. G—— reproached her lightly for it. She replied sbe wanted to be divorced from me, and would slap my face."

Tbe end of the matter is, tbat Laure bas sued for a divorce, and unless her Imperial papa interferes authoritatively, will probably get it. This is very sad. We fear that there are San Francisco husbands who are treated as badly by tbeir wives as was poor Count de Tolna!

Grateful Teetotalists.

At the last meeting of the Temperance Legion, of whose proceedings we gave such a first-rate notice last week, the following preamble and resolution were passed:

"WHEREAS, some remarks were made by some members of the Temperance State Convention, on the floor of that body lately in session, casting reflections upon tbe Press of our city in regard to their illiberality in noticing the Temperance movement, which does some of them injustice, and placing the Temperance Legion (who were represented in that body) in an unfavorable light; therefore,

Resolved, That the Press have never refused to publish notices of tbe meetings of the Legion, or other matter, when handed to them (in season) by the officers of this association; that it would have been highly pleasing to us if the Press in general had taken more notice of the Temperance movement in this city particularly, but the editors are supposed to be men who *understand their own business*, and we do therefore consider ourselves under obligations to those papers who have published the notice of our meetings every week, and more particularly so to those who have reported and published the proceedings of our meetings from week to week, or occasionally, with appropriate remarks; to all of which we would say, that they have cast their bread upon the waters, and it shall return to them in due season with increased dimensions, according to tbe quantity cast forth; and as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, we hope before long to witness the entire Press of this city casting their bread upon tbe waters in the same direction, with a bountiful hand."

All right. We've been casting our bread upon the waters, and it will return to us swollen in dimensions. What a glorious spectucle will be presented by "the entire Press of this city casting their bread upon the waters in the same direction, with a bountiful hand." When we consider that tbe above preamble and resolution were written by a man who drinks nothing but cold water, we are shocked that any editor who nnderstands his business should deem it necessary to stimulate his brain with intoxicatiug fluids. We hope, indeed, as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and a word to the wise is sufficient for them, and there is no such word as fail, tbat all the editors will immediately begin to cast their bread upon the waters in the same direction, with a bountiful hand, and will spill gallons of ink in praise of cold water as a beverage.

Swill Butter.

The *Bulletin* claims that it has saved the lives of sixteen hundred and seventy infants—more or less—by its crusade against swill-milk. No doubt since the *Bulletin* has turned its attention to tbe subject of swill milk, fewer drunken babies have been observed reeling in a state of disgraceful intoxication in their mothers' arms. Moreover, fewer udvertisements have appeared in the columns of the *Bulletin* and other daily papers, offering rewards for tbe recovery of cows which bave strayed from their owners, in consequence of having be come horribly drunk on distillery swill. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding this, we claim tbat the *Bulletin* has not gone far enough. Is the *Bulletin* retained as tbe advocate of tbe rights of babies alone? Are not the lives of human beings who bave passed through tbe perils of teething, the measles, and other ills incideut to babyhood, of more consequence than lives so young? Supposing tbat one, two, three—nay, three-score babies, become drunk, or even die from the effects of swill-milk, of what consequence is that compared with the effect of swill-milk butter on full-grown men?

Johnson—tbe Johnson whose name is with motbers a synonym for Herod—does not sell swill milk now—*he makes butter of it.* It has been definitively settled by Dr. Rowell and other learned men, tbat swill-milk will make babies drunk. What will swill butter do? Just think of it! How many a man has, on returning home after a hard day's work, been accused, by his wife, of being intoxicuted, when perhaps he has simply eaten a slice of breud and butter for lunch, and the swill butter has got into his head? This is terrible. Babies are irresponsible beings, but meu are held accountable. Who dare say that half the cases of delirium tremens which bave occurred in this city have not been superinduced by the habit of eating bread on which was spread butter, made from the milk of intoxicated and dissolute cows? Tbe subject of swill cheese we reserve for a future article. We will only say tbat we believe that many a man has been accused of becoming intoxicated at lunch-time ou six glasses of whisky, when perhaps swill cheese was solely to blame.

Rare Coins.

We have received the first two numbers of the *American Journal of Numismatics*. We are glad tbat Numismatic Societies have been formed in the Eastern States. At a late meeting of one of these Societies a number of rare coins were exhibited, consisting of half dollars, quarter dollars, and even a real twenty-dollar piece. The *American Journal of Numismatics* says in its introductory article:

"The collection of coins has not only become an infatuating and engrossing pursuit among thousands of persons of all ages and either sex, but out of it has grown up an extensive trade, furnishing the means of livelihood to numerous individuals in all our large cities. Prices have risen an hundred fold, and in some cases almost incalculably and unreasonably; speculation has been rife; in many cases, we regret to say, dishonesty has exhibited itself in its most glaring and disgusting form."

It then sets forth the necessity for the publicatinn of a Numismatic Journal. By all accounts coin is not so plentiful in tbe Eastern States that the habit of hoarding up old quarters and dimes ought to be encouraged. Tbe numismatical study which most interests people at present is to devise some means of getting rid of postage stamps aud bringing gold and silver again into circulation.

Melancholy Business.

The proprietors of the Lone Mountain Cemetery have a great many vacant lots which they are anxious to dispose of at an exorbitant price. At present the health of San Francisco is alarmingly good, and the report of the business for tbo past few months will be anything but a cheerful one to the stockholders.

In Paris the undertaker's business is a monopoly, and is farmed by the city to a joint stock company. It is said the last annual report of the manager to the shareholders of this company commenced: "Gentlemen, tbe year opened badly, tbe general bealtb of tbe public was unfortunately excellent; a change for tbe better took place in September; we are happy to say tbe cbolera made its appeurance in Paris and proved fatal in the majority of cases."

The stockholders in the Lone Mountain Cemetery cannot now hope for a visitation of the cholera to cheer them, and the sale of swill-milk having been put a stop to, their business prospects are decidedly melancholy

Ristori's Teeth.

The New York *Bourdoir* is very severe on the enterprising tradespeople of New York. It says:

"We bave a fine example of the delicate taste and sweet generosity inherent among tbe "American people" in the fact that within forty-eight hours after Ristori had landed on our shores, she had sent to her as presents twenty boxes containing materials for *cleaning her teeth!*"

What can be more natural, after all, than the wish to present a distinguished foreigner with samples of the industry of the country. There may be, however, some danger of Ristori's writing when she returns to Paris and publishes an account of the products of America, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants: "The chief product of the country is tooth powder, which is presented in large quantities to foreigners immediately after their arrival."

A Compliment to Dr. Rowell.

Eben Johnson and other dairymen who are in the habit of feeding their cows on distillery refuse have employed Dr. Price to make an analysis of tbe milk produced by cows thus fed, and the result of his investigations is published in yesterday's *Bulletin*, occupying about two columns and a half of the advertising space of that public spirited journal. Dr. Price says in section four of his report: "Selection of Cow."—"I selected a cow known as Rowell; is four years of age and in good health." All must admire Eben Johnson for paying the eminent lecturer on milk the compliment of numing his cow after him. Rowell, it appears, is a good sober sort of an animal, and never gets drunk now, and was pronounced to have suffered no injury from the diet proscribed by Eben Johnson.



S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an autidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo hits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darues & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Cluny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
Nursing Corsets.....$2 50
Nottingham and French Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices!

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PIANOS!



PIANOS!

AT

AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,

Designers and Engravers

ON WOOD,

No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.

WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

THE LARGEST CLOAK HOUSE

OF THE PACIFC COAST.

Meyer & Jonasson,

No. 10 Montgomery street,

ARE NOW OFFERING

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF MOST FASHIONABLE

FALL CLOAKS

EVER SEEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MISS WOODS,

Dress and Cloak Maker,

CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,

Over Huckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial.

I. TRUMP & CO.,

No. 615 Market street,

In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,

STEAM AND GAS FITTING,

PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,

Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

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Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

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MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.

OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

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Accidental Insurance Co,

OF NEW YORK,

ISSUES POLICIES INSURING AGAINST INJURIES OF all kinds, and death resulting from accident

In case death does not result from the injury, the insured receives a weekly compensation as long as he is disabled (not to exceed twenty-six weeks.)

Policy.	*Premium.*	*Weekly Compensation.*
$1,000	$ 5 00	$ 5 00
$2,000	$10 00	$10 00
$5,000	$25 00	$25 00
$10,000	$50 00	$50 00

SEA VOYAGE POLICIES,

Covering risk to New York, cost $2 per $1,000.

☞ No Medical Examination required.

Life Insurance.

CONNECTICUT MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

For Policies, or further information, apply to

A. D. SMITH & CO., Agents,

Northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets

OCCIDENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
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COME AND SEE ME!

Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street.)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $3. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

NEW COURT EXCHANGE SALOON.

The undersigned having completed his new building on DUNBAR COURT, rear of City Hall, opened the same as a first-class SALOON, on SATURDAY, October 13th. He cordially invites his old friends and the public generally to give him a call. He has secured some of the finest Old Wines, Ales, Brandies and other Choice Liquors on this coast, as well as the NE PLUS ULTRA of Brands of Havana Cigars.

☞ HOT LUNCHEON served every day, from 11 A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M. M. KENNEY, Proprietor.

PETTIT & CO.,

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,

613 Kearny St., between Sacramento and Commercial,

San Francisco.

HOW BYRON PREVENTED FATNESS.

BYRON had not damaged his body by strong drinks, but his terror of getting fat was so great that he reduced his diet to the point of starvation. He was of that soft lymphatic temperament, which is almost impossible to keep within a moderate compass, particularly as, in his case, his lameness prevented his taking exercise. When he added to his weight, even standing was painful; so he resolved to keep down to eleven stone, or shoot himself. He said everything he swallowed was instantly converted into tallow, and deposited on his ribs. He was the only human being I ever met with who had sufficient self-restraint and resolution to resist this proneness to fatten. He did so; and at Genoa, where he was last weighed, he was ten stone and nine pounds (one hundred and forty-nine pounds,) and looking much less. This was not from vanity about his personal appearance, but from a better motive; and as, like "Justice Greedy," he was always hungry, his merit was the greater. Occasionally he relaxed his vigilance, when he swelled apace. I remember one of his old friends saying, "Byron, how well you are looking." If he had stopped there it had been well; but when he added, "you are getting fat," Byron's brow reddened, and his eyes flashed. "Do you call getting fat looking well, as if I were a hog?" and turning to me he muttered "The *beast!* I can hardly keep my hands off him!"

The man who thus offended him was the husband of the lady addressed as "Genevra," and the original of his "Zuleika," in the "Bride of Abydos." I don't think he had much appetite for his dinner that day, or for many days, and never forgave the man, who, so far from wishing to offend, intended to pay him a compliment. Byron said he tried all sorts of experiments to stay his hunger without adding to his bulk. "I swelled," he said, "at one time, to fourteen stone (one hundred and ninety-six pounds,) so I clapped the muzzle on my jaws, and, like the hybernating animals, consumed my own fat." He would exist on biscuits and soda water for days together; then to allay the eternal hunger gnawing at his vitals, he would make up a horrid mess of cold potatoes, rice, fish, or greens, deluged in vinegar, and gobble it up like a famished dog. On either of these unsavory dishes, with a biscuit and a glass or two of Rhine wine,—he cared not how sour,—he called feasting sumptuously.

Upon my observing he might as well have fresh fish or vegetables, instead of stale, he laughed, and answered, "I have an advantage over you; I have no palate. One thing is as good as another to me."

"Nothing," I said, "disagrees with the natural man. He fasts and gorges; his brains don't bother him; but if you wish to live"—

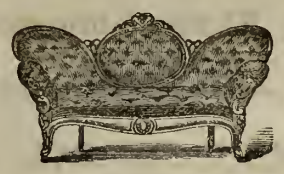
"Who wants to live?" he interrupted. "Not I. The Byrons are a short-lived race on both sides, father and mother. Longevity is hereditary. I am nearly at the end of my tether. I don't care for death a damn; it is her sting I can't bear pain."

By starving his body, Byron kept his brains clear. No man had brighter eyes or a clearer voice; and his resolute bearing and prompt replies, when excited, gave to his body a muscular power that imposed on strangers. I never doubted,—for he was indifferent to life, and prouder than Lucifer,—that, if he had drawn his sword in Greece or elsewhere, he would have thrown away the scabbard.—*Trelawny's Recollections of the Last Days of Byron.*

A Dacotah chap thinks he has found Paradise. Hear him: "No income tax; infernal revenue: no spies to see if you treat a friend on Sunday; no special police; no dog tax, no poll tax, school tax, or bounty fund; and, to end with, the Indians and half-breeds can't tell one greenback from another, so all our ones are tens."

ELOCUTION.—Miss Jane Gray has returned to this city and is prepared to give instruction in Elocution. Miss Gray will give instruction to classes, or private lessons to individuals, at their own residences, if desired. Apply at the California Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies (Miss Lamond's), 61 Silver.

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BEDDING!

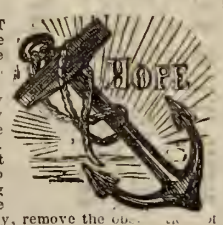


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LATEST STYLES!
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24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,
giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear
"THE OTHER SIDE,"
and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.
Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress
F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

TIME & LABOR SAVED BY USING
Standard Soap Company's
CELEBRATED
WASHING POWDER.
This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.
It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.
Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.
MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.
☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Palo, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

AYER'S
Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions from its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.
The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.
Costiveness, Bilious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.
Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.
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THE LARGEST CLOTHING EMPORIUM IN California. The daily sales from the establishment is a sufficient guarantee that the prices are less than those of any other house on the Pacific coast. Here you also find clothing of the best of California Cloth, both for Wholesale and Retail trade. Also, particular attention paid to making up fine clothing to order.



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GREAT TRIUMPH!!
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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



LADIES' SUPPORTERS,
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS, Sole Agent.
Also keeps Ear Trompets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baumscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

BOYD'S NOVEL EXCHANGE
Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.
10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.
S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

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GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain
BY THE
ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.
Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.
J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM
PRICE 50 CTS
A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections. Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.
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SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
Cor. Sansome & Commercial streets.
Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND YELLOW DOCK IODIDE OF POTASS.
THE
Best Blood Purifier Known.
Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"
SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,
N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,
Importers and Dealers in
FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.
WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY
NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A REBEL TORPEDO-BOAT.

THE following eventful history of a torpedo-boat is taken from Gen. Maury's report of the defence of Mobile. The vessel, which was built of boiler-iron, was about thirty-five feet long, and was manned by a crew of nine men, eight of whom worked the propeller by hand. The ninth steered the boat, and regulated her movements below the surface of the water. She could be submerged at pleasure to any desired depth, or could be propelled upon the surface. In smooth, still water, her movements were exactly controlled, and her speed was about forty knots. It was intended that she should approach any vessel lying at anchor, pass under her keel, and drag a floating torpedo, which would explode on striking the side or bottom of the ship attacked. She could remain submerged more than half an hour without inconvenience to her crew. Soon after her arrival in Charleston, Lieutenant Payne, of the Confederate Navy, with eight others, volunteered to attack the Federal fleet with her. While preparing for their expedition the swell of a passing steamer caused her to sink suddenly, and all hands, except Lieutenant Payne, who at that moment was standing in the open hatchway, perished. She was soon raised, and again made ready for service. Lieutenant Payne again volunteered to command her. While lying near Fort Sumter she capsized, and again sunk in deep water, drowning all hands except her commander and two others. Being again raised and prepared for action, Mr. Aunley, one of her constructors, made an experimental cruise with her on Cooper River. While submerged at great depth, from some unknown cause she became unmanageable, and remained for many days at the bottom of the river with her crew of nine dead men. A fourth time was the boat raised, and Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile, of the 21st Volunteers, with eight others, went out of Charleston Harbor in her, and attacked and sunk the Federal steamer, Housatonic. Her mission at last accomplished, she disappeared forever with her crew. Nothing is known of their fate, but it is believed they went down with the enemy.

A TOBACCO-CHEWING MULE.—A man who has been on a collecting tour in Michigan states that while standing on the street in the town of Commerce, in conversation with a gentleman, he felt something at his back, tugging at him. On turning around to see what it could be, he was astonished to see a mule standing with his head at his back, and remarked to the gentleman that the mule must be a pet. "Yes," said he. "The fellow wants a chew of tobacco." Our friend laughed at the idea, but the gentleman said that was what he was after. So he put his hand in his pocket and took out a piece of tobacco from his plug, and gave it to the mule, and it went off quite satisfied, chewing away as if it understood the business. After the mule had walked off down street chewing his tobacco, the gentleman stated that it was a regular tobacco-chewer, and when it wished a chew it would walk up to the door of some groceries, the grocer would hand it a chew, and the mule would go on his way rejoicing.

A BOY Down East was accustomed to go out on a railroad track and imitate the steam whistle so perfectly as to ofttimes deceive the officer at the station. His last attempt proved eminently successful; for the depot-master came out and "switched him off." Smart boy!

CON. PICKED OUT OF A COMMON SEWER.—Why is the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine such a favorite with the ladies? *Ans.* Because there is such a good "Feller" connected with it.

"PA," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they say rich but honest?"

"Tut, tut, my son," said the father, "nobody would believe them."

WHY is Eugenie a sleepy empress? Because she loves her Nap.

A BRIEF sermon—'Shrouds have no pockets.'

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

GROVER & BAKER'S

ELASTIC STITCH

Family Sewing Machines!

For EMBROIDERY,
Are exclusive.

For BRAIDING,
Are unexcelled.

For QUILTING,
Are unapproachable.

For HEMMING,
Are superior.

For TUCKING,
Are unequalled.

For GATHERING,
Are unsurpassed.

For FELLING,
Are admirable.

For STITCHING,
Are faultless.

For CORDING,
Are incomparable.

EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT THERE ARE BUT two valuable Sewing Machine Stitches—the "Grover & Baker" stitch and the "Shuttle" or lock stitch. The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company are the only manufacturers who furnish machines of each style, and are therefore the only dealers who afford an impartial opinion of their relative merits. A pamphlet containing samples of both these stitches in various fabrics, with full explanations, diagrams and illustrations, to enable the purchaser to EXAMINE, TEST and COMPARE their relative merits, will be furnished on application.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,
No. 116 Montgomery street, under Occidental Hotel.

FOR SALE BY

SAML. JELLY,	124 J street, Sacramento.
E. M. WRIGHT,	160 D street, Marysville.
WOODMAN & STOCKWELL,	Main street, Stockton.
MRS. E. L. TUERS,	San Jose.
J. NEWMAN & CO.,	Grass Valley.
W. H. LOVE,	Jamestown.
H. B. HERSCHEY,	Oroville.
DAVID PARKER,	Columbia.
H. L. STREET,	Sonora.
MRS. B M. COOPER,	Petaluma.
F. J KING,	Yreka.
MRS. T A. SPRINGER,	Jackson.
N. B. CALLAHAN,	Salt Lake.
C. A HUNT,	Murphy's.
MRS. W. H MILLER,	San Andreas.
RILEY & HARDIN,	Uklah.
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OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SAN FRANCISCO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on December 5th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

NOT SIX MILLIONS OF BOTTLES,
SOLD IN A YEAR!
BUT ENOUGH TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT THE EXCELLENT is THE TONIC of the day.
BARRY & PATTEN 413 Montgomery street.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,
J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner.

R. H. McDONALD & CO
Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)
Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"
NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.
Fifteenth Year (1866,) *in SAN FRANCISCO.*
Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening, Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. s22 3m

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Confectioners,
111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main st., Petaluma

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy. It is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

TRUTH.

ADHERE rigidly and undeviatingly to the truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be formed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unseasonable zeal, as he destroys the effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend. He who gives way to angry invective furnishes a strong presumption that his cause is bad, since truth is best supported by dispassionate argument. The love of truth, refusing to associate itself with the selfish and dissocial passions, is gentle, dignified and persuasive. The understanding may not be long able to withstand the demonstrative evidence; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion is generally proof against argumentative reasoning, for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it. Many of our speculative opinions, even those which are the result of laborious research, and the least liable to disputation, resemble rarities in the cabinet if the curious, which may be interesting to the possessor, and to a few congenial minds, but which are of no use to the world. Many of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and, in a future age, their futility or absurdity is acknowledged, when they retain a hold no longer on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry; and even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man, his angel and minister of graces innumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels. Her voice, the sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his safety, the balsam of his life: her industry, his surest wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

SILENCE OF GREAT DEVELOPMENTS.—The gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. All great developments complete themselves in the world, and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, and announcing themselves not at all. We must be sensitive, and sensible, if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. That is our part.

REFLECTION is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; reverie is the same flower when weak and running to seed.

THE poet sings of the deeds that shall be. He imagines the past; he forms the future.

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,



685 MARKET STREET,

Corner of Third,

SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,

F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,

GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and

ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society: Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS, THOS. C. McHALE, L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers, Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

MME. ROLLA,

HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK, HAS opened, at her Show Room, No. 216 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, the latest style of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS and MILLINERY GOODS, direct from Paris and New York.

MME. ROLLA would be pleased to see all her old friends and patrons at her new place of business.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

October 30th—MONTANA, Capt. Geo. H. Bradbury, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Wear.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,



No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post, SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, For Sale, Trade, or or Let.

Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.

STALLS TO LET.

CHILION BEACH,

Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Lick House,

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

PACIFIC

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

751 MARKET STREET,

(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)

SAN FRANCISCO

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH at A. KOHLER'S, No. 424 Sansome street.

jsl 3m

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED



TO THE BRADBURY PIANO AT the Mechanics' Fair, by a Committee of the BEST MUSICIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A KOHLER,

No. 424 Sansome street.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER, 422 Kearny street,

Between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

Ward's Perfect S. F. Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

WHAT THEY EAT AT XENIA.

THE "Fat Contributor" gives the following experience of endeavoring to get dinner at Xenia, O., on the Little-Miami Railroad.

"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the brakesman as we approached Xenia.

Arrived there, I entered the dining-room, and inquired of a waiter,—

"What do you have for dinner?"

"Tweuty minutes, sir," was the hurried reply.

I told him I would try half a dozen minutes, raw, on the half-shell, just to see how they went. Requested him to make a minute of it on his hooks.

He scratched his head, trying to comprehend the order; but finally he gave it up, and waited on some one else.

I approached a man who stood at the door with a roll of money in his hand.

"What do you have for dinner?" I inquired of him.

"Half a dollar," said he.

I told him to give me half a dollar well done; and, in addition, asked him if he couldn't send me a boiled pocket-hook stuffed with greenbacks, and some seven-thirties garnished with postage-stamps and ten-cent scrip; also a confederate bond, done brown, with lettuce alone (let us alone.) I told him I would like to wash my dinner down with national bauk notes, on "draft." He said they were out of everything but the bauk-notes; and then he ordered the waiter to go to the bank, and "draw" some.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

ASSUMING the temperature of the interior of the earth to increase uniformly at the rate of one degree to every forty-five feet, at the depth of sixty miles the degree of heat would be sufficient to fuse all known substances.

The violence of the expansion of water when freezing is sufficient to cleave a globe of copper, of such thickness as to require a force of 28,000 pounds to produce a like effect.

As much nitrate of soda as can be hold between the thumb and fingers will preserve flowers for the space of a fortnight.

It is stated that soap manufactured from coal oil will remove all kinds of stains and dirt.

Heat rarefies air to such an extent that it can be made to occupy 5,550 times the space it did before.

The explosive force of close confined gunpowder is six and a half tons to the square inch.

The greatest artificial cold ever produced is ninety-one degrees Farhenheit.

During the conversion of ice into water, 140 degrees of heat are absorbed.

The mean annual depth of rain that falls at the equator is ninety-six inches.

Water, when converted into steam, increases in bulk 18,000 times.

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.—We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything and the future is nothing; he borrows, therefore, from the future at a most runious and usurious interest; and the consequence is that he finds the tone of his best feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs, at a time when, humanly speaking, the greater portion of its comforts should be still before him.

LIFE is the jailer of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death. What we call life is only death, and what we call death is a passport to life.

THE height of impudence—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

SHALL we call Mr. Field an aristocrat because he is so proud of his connections?

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility*, Physical Weakness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book $10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,



No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM W. COOLEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrater of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William W. Cooley, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

October 8th, 1866. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of William W. Cooley, deceased o13 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of I. N. Thorne, Esq., No. 535 Clay street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOSEPH E. CLARK,
Executor of the last Will and Testament
of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased.
San Francisco, October 10th, 1866.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1866, Notice is hereby given, that MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the city and county of San Francisco, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the Will of said Royal H. Waller, deceased, and for hearing the application of Elizabeth A. Waller, for the issuance to the said petitioner of Letters Testamentary, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Dated, San Francisco, this October 11th, 1866.
D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. o13 3

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Estate of EDWARD M. DEVANY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 17th day of July, 1866, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, in three separate parcels as hereinafter described, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of November, 1866, at twelve o'clock, M., at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said city and county, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Edward M. Devany, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Edward M. Devany at the time of his death, in and to all the Real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per centum of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds and United States revenue stamps at expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

1. All that certain piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at at a point on the westerly side of Dolores street, distant northerly 260 feet from the north westerly corner of said Dolores street and John or Twenty-second street; thence northerly along said Dolores street 26 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet; thence at right angles southerly 26 feet; and thence at right angles easterly 125 feet to the place of beginning

2. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the north easterly side of Seventeenth avenue, distant north-westerly 275 feet from the northerly corner of said Seventeenth avenue and Q street, thence northwesterly along said Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles north-easterly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 37, in block 334, as laid down upon a map of the Haley Tract, recorded in Recorder's office, in Map Book 2, at request of R. H. Sinton.

3. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, being lot number 1 in block 342 of the Haley Tract, beginning at the westerly corner of Seventeenth avenue and R street; thence north-westerly on Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, to said R street; thence north easterly along R street 100 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated San Francisco, October 13th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased. o13 4t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of RICHARD BURRILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William Lane Booker, the Administrator of the Estate of Richard Burrill, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs at law of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Richard Burrill, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs at law of the said Richard Burrill, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, October 9th, 1866

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this ninth day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS. MCC. DELANY, Attorney for Administrator. o13 4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at number 510 Minna street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 28, 1866.

ELLEN CONLON,
Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased.
S. L. LUPTON, Attorney, 637 Washington street. s29 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made, in the matter of the Estate of THOMAS THOMAS, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, and the Administrator of the estate of Thomas Thomas, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled: IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said THOMAS THOMAS, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 29th day of October, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, September 25th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. Office 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of MARGARET CHANCE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francis Chance, the Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Chance, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, October 4th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. FARRAS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner oc6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. MOSBY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of James T. Boyd, Special Administrator of the Estate, left unadministered, of Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, setting forth that the final account of administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, has been settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week each week for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 1st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner. oc6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ROSA CALLAGHAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of Rosa Callaghan, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 13th day November, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1866.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LURSSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 216 Front street, (up stairs) San Francisco. CHARLES A. C. DUISENBERG,
San Francisco, September 29th, 1866. Administrator.
W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator. Office 323 Montgomery street. o6 5t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S RETURN.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To the HON. M. C. BLAKE, *Probate Judge of the City and County of San Francisco:*

Herewith I submit a return of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the six months ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates: together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcclona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feldhus, M. A. Laugdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Deady, Lloyd Magruder, Walter Pratt, James Willis, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Clifford, William Hempsill, Edmond D Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Henry M. Oliver, C. J. Theis, G. T. Fuuque, Mary B. Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boucher, H. R. Rowland, John Higgins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES McLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98; Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75; Fees of Administrator, $1 84. Ready for Distribution

ANDRE JOINNY.—Value of Estate, $102 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $4 08. Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate, $324 30; Money Received, $324 30. Money Disbursed, $192 06; Balance on hand, $132 24, Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

C. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00; Money Received, $240 00; Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00: Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $143 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00; Balance on hand, $92 35; Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00. Money Received, $463 50; Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50 Fees of Administrator, $104 00. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and close Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17. Money Disbursed, $2 12 Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,544 00; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $439 02; Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on hand, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $79 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM OWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $3 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE POULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $182 50; Money Received, $132 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 35; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Disbursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,748 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Disbursed, $657 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,539 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $29,383 34; Money Disbursed, $25,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Disbursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $150 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heirs of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Disbursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESFELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $9,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Disbursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCHCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Disbursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $562 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Disbursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $162 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,495 00; Money Disbursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 55; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, $96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $935 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,448 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Disbursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received, $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,954 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Disbursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Disbursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, $20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 20; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, $20 00; Money Disbursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Disbursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $577 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Disbursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $454 60; Money Disbursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES C. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Disbursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Disbursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Disbursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. McFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Disbursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $58 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $58 25; Money Disbursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on Stockton street; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN McLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $296 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Disbursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Disbursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00; Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Disbursed, $304 00. Balance on hand, $10 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all. Money Received, $779 70; Money Disbursed, $263 16. Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $255 50; Money Disbursed, $219 60 Balance on hand, $35 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $428 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland: Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,237 65; Money Disbursed, $65 00. Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all Money Received, $500 00; Money Disbursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Disbursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75, Personal Property, all; Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E. Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, being duly sworn, says, that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, directly or indirectly, in expenditures of any kind made on account of any Estates of Deceased Persons; and that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, in business or otherwise, with any person so interested.

J. W. BRUMAGIM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

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IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

In the matter of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of EDWARD F. STONE, the Administrator of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said Estate remains to be distributed to the heirs of said deceased; and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said Estate among the persons entitled,

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, according to law.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said 29th day of November, 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 24th, A. D. 1866.

oc27-5t M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 605 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, October 25th, 1866.

JOHN S. BUGBEE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of
Frank O Eldredge, deceased. oc27-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration,

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 23d, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc27-5t

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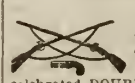
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Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman McLeod.
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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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A HINT TO MR. WOODWARD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Woodward's Gardens are an ornament and a benefaction to San Francisco; they are the one green oasis, accessible to the general public, amid the Sahara of our sand-hills. They are the *only* pleasant and quiet suburban retreat we possess where our women and children can resort without the fear of encountering the more turbulent elements attracted by "lion and bear fights," rope-walking, and other sensational amusements. No liquors are sold upon the grounds, and no persons under the influence of liquor are to be found there. It is, in short, a delightful place of resort for those who wish to enjoy a quiet hour, away from the dust, the rush and whirl of the city.

I do trust that it may remain so; but I fear that with its increasing popularity the very features that have made it popular will be in danger of disappearing. I fear that sufficient pains are not taken to enforce the judicious rules laid down by the public-spirited proprietor. On Monday last, during a visit to this place, I saw a coarse, ruffianly-looking person deliberately march into the Art Gallery with a lighted cigar in his mouth. At the entrance of the garden is a tin sign with the inscription "No dogs admitted to the Gardens;" yet a dog following a lady visitor made himself a nuisance in the Art Gallery, while two children, just able to run about, (accompanying the same lady,) kept racing about the gallery, rubbing their fingers against the paintings that were within their reach, swinging by their hands upon the railing in front of the pictures, and vigorously kicking the frames with their feet.

I would suggest a little more vigilance on the part of those left in charge of the Gardens, and a more strict enforcement of the rules laid down by the proprietor. S. M. C.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE SENSATION OF THE WEEK.

To the Editor of the Californian:

SIR:—I have been astonished at the course pursued by the daily papers with regard to a certain unpleasant affair that occurred in Brooklyn during the past week. Is it the legitimate province of the press to meddle with private matters in that way? Or is it not elsewhere considered beneath the dignity of leading daily journals? I had supposed that even in California native delicacy and human sympathy would incline to silence on a subject so strictly private, and one in which no laws either moral or civil have been violated. There is, it seems to me, an utter want of delicacy in the thing that must shock all persons of right feeling. The only charge brought against the gentleman is one of impecuniosity, or at least the only one that could stand the test of investigation, as of my own knowledge I can state that the charge of having made false representations in regard to his position, is false. The young lady was engaged to marry him, and the presumption therefore is, that she loved him. To no one who knows anything of a true woman's love would it occur that an inability on the part of her *fiancée* to raise sufficient money to pay the expenses of being married could in a moment change her feelings even to those of indifference. Therefore what must be her sufferings, in addition to the unnecessary exposure and publicity to have him thus falsely accused and ungenerously reproached. There are women so constituted that they would never again feel like facing the world after such an occurrence, and some to whom it would even prove a death-blow. What I consider the climax, is the curious "explanation" in the *Bulletin*, in which reference is made to a certain "church dignitary." The "church dignitary" can hardly be grateful, as it leaves him open to two serious imputations, (the natural inference being that he authorized the explanation or retraction.) it being too well and widely known that both he and his family indorsed the person alluded to, to admit of any statement to the contrary being credited. Again, the article in the *Bulletin* states that "he (the dignitary) was deceived as to the character of the person by whom his services had been engaged." Now what does this mean? What new development of character was there? The "church dignitary" had been heretofore acquainted with all the charges ever brought against the bridegroom, and yet he and members of his family gave him their indorsement and social countenance. The new charge is simply one of "impecuniosity." Again, the "church dignitary" would not feel grateful, as he is one of the few in California who can afford to forget the power that money gives, and to do justice though the public frown. I wish to be distinctly understood, I am not a defender of individuals, but of principles. I believe this man has been convicted of the one unpardonable sin in California. He might have proved to be a Rochester in libertinism, he would have been smiled on by the most pure; an Arnold in treachery, and so that he brought away his price, our leading men would have sought his friendship; a Meiggs in defaulting, and mothers would have thrown their daughters into his arms, the supposition being that he was rich; but as it is, the sooner he leaves these shores the better for him. There is a natural tendency toward persecution in California; Charity holds no place in her escutcheon, nor has she ever accepted as a motto, "good in all, none all good." The public makes up its mind whether a man is to be an angel or a devil, and, quite irrespective of his conduct, an angel or a devil is he.

SPIRADELLA.

THE NEW BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

We have received the following communication from the spirit land, which, as it bears somewhat upon an inquiry made by a correspondent in our last issue, we readily publish:

SPIRIT LAND (via Congress Hall), November, 1866.

DEAR CALIFORNIAN:—After having luxuriated in these blissful spheres for nearly three centuries, it is excessively annoying to be made suddenly the victim of calumnious persecution. Yet unquiet and evil-minded mortals have originated, and shallow-pated gossips have circulated the villainous assertion that the library of St. Marks upon the Piazzetta in Venice, better known now, however, as the Palazzio Regio, was stolen bodily from the designs for the Bank of California in your city. In refutation of the scandalous statement I need only tell you that I designed the library in 1536; and this, Scamozi, who completed it, is ready to verify. However much the architects of the bank may merit the high encomiums passed upon their work by the *Flag*, it is not seemly in them to disturb or connive at the disturbance of one so long retired from the rivalries and animosities of the profession as myself.

Your well known interest in art matters leads me to hope that you will give me a place in your excellent paper, of which I am a constant and delighted reader.

Yours with respect, JACOPI TATTI SANSOVINO.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A UNIVERSITY.

Messrs. Editors Californian:

Your correspondent, "W. S.," will find a general history and ample details concerning the ancient University constitution, and its latter changes, in a copy of *The English Universities*, by W. Huber, in three volumes, which may be found in the Mercantile Library.

Yours respectfully, BOBUS.

Messrs. Editors of the Californian:

Can any of your readers inform me who is the author of the ode recited at Charleston on the occasion of raising the statue of Calhoun? It commences—

"Nations are but the monuments of deathless men—"

We cannot furnish our correspondent with the information asked for. Possibly some reader of THE CALIFORNIAN may be able to do so.

[For the Californian.]

CONSCIENCE.

"Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

BYRON.

TELL me, O Conscience! what thou art,
That fires the brain and wrings the heart;
That haunts the guilty mind with fears,
And fills the eyes with bitter tears;
That keeps the memory on the rack,
By bringing recollections back;
That plays with feelings at thy will,
And tortures with consummate skill;
Whose task it is, by smile or frown,
To lift man up or drag him down;
Whose stings are keener far than steel
Which felons in dark dungeons feel.
The prince may golden favors shower,
Yet he is subject to thy power;
The priest may preach some creed of gloom,
And sing of bliss beyond the tomb;
But thou canst read his thoughts profound,
Lone Sentinel of sacred ground!

The hero honor's path may tread,
And his great name world-wide be spread;
But glory brings not peace of mind,
That jewel rare, so hard to find.
From thy dominion none can flee,
For mortals all must bow to thee!
Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
Weird Watchman of the human heart!

Art thou the child of wretched Care,
That murders Sleep and mocks Despair—
That fills with pangs the human breast,
And robs the guilty head of rest—
That mutely weeps o'er crimes untold,
Where Vice buys Virtue with its gold—
Whose records by some mystic hand
Are written in a fadeless land?
Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
Weird Watchman of the human heart!

The soul, that claims celestial birth,
Finds naught but tainted joys on earth;
Imprisoned in a cell of clay,
That yields to laws of swift decay—
Too pure for such a horrid hell,
Where shapeless fiends in anguish dwell—
The spirit tenant of the heart
Is ever yearning to depart;
Like some caged warbler, to be free,
That it may soar, O God, to thee!

O Conscience! mute, mysterious guest!
Man fain would pluck thee from his breast,
As if thou wert his deadly foe,
The only cause of human woe;
Could he but snatch thy golden crown,
And madly pull thy temple down,
Dark Vice would rear her bloody shrines,
Where perish hopes and Virtue pines;
Strike but the brave heart-monarch dumb,
And earth a desert would become.

When man can feel a conscience clear,
What wrongs and dangers need he fear?
Calmly at his departing breath,
It takes away the stings from death;
It nobly braves the coward world,
Till Reason from her throne be hurled;
With all the feelings of the heart
It gently plays a leading part,
In concert acting with the soul,
When passions wild brook no control;
Close by life's purple fountain found,
It guards the spot as holy ground.
Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
Weird Watchman of the human heart!

JAMES LINEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1866.

LIFE is a strange avenue of trees and flowers. Its beginning is edged with violets, a little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet. Dark shadows soon hover among autumn's mellow tints; the soil grows damp; the air is chill; night cometh on apace.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and fifty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living. One Deane, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE BALANCE.

NOT one word came from Mrs. Carruthers for full six weeks. The hope which had sprung up in George Dallas' breast after the interview with his mother in the housekeeper's room had gone through the various stages common to unfulfilled desires in men of sanguine temperaments. All he did know, to his sorrow, was, that she had not sent the money; all he knew, to his joy, was, that, though he was constantly seeing Stewart Routh, that worthy had, as yet, uttered no word of discontent at its non-appearance.

Not he! In the hand which Stewart Routh was at that moment playing in the greater game of life, the card representing a hundred and forty pounds was one on which he bestowed very little attention. It might, or it might not, form part of the odd trick, either way; but it had very little influence on his strategy and finesse. There were times when a five-pound note might have turned his chance, but this was not one of them.

When driven into a corner, pressed for the means of discharging paltry debts, harassed by dunning creditors, Stewart Routh would have needed and claimed the money due to him by George Dallas. Present circumstances were more favorable, and he only needed George Dallas' assistance in his schemes. He was "in for a large thing" just at this time.

If he took a hand at cards, though from mere habit he played closely and cautiously, yet he made no great points, and was by no means, as usual, the dashing Paladin round whose chair men gathered thickly, and whose play they backed cheerily. No! The paltry gains of the dice-box and cards paled before the glamor of the fortune to be made in companies and shares; the genius which had hitherto been confined to "bridging" a pack of cards, or "securing" a die, talking over a flat or winning money of a greenhorn, was to have its vent in launching a great City Company. Of this scheme Dallas knew nothing. Routh was always sending to him to call, always glad to see him when he called, and never plagued him with allusions to his debt. But in their interviews nothing but mere generalities were discussed, and George noticed that he always received a hint to go, whenever Mr. Deane was announced.

But although Stewart Routh was seen but seldom in his usual haunts, he was by no means inactive or neglectful of his own interests. Day after day he spent several hours in the City, diligently engaged in the formation of his new Company —a grand undertaking for working some newly discovered silver mines in the Brazils; and day after day were his careful scheming, his elaborate plotting, his vivacious daring, and his consummate knowledge of the world rewarded by the steady progress which the undertaking made.

The temporary offices of Tokenhouse-yard were besieged with inquiries; good brokers with City names of high standing offered their services; splendid reports came from the engineers, who had been sent out to investigate the state of the mines. Only one thing was wanting, and that was capital; capital by hook or by crook, Mr. Stewart Routh must have, and was determined to have. If the affair were to be launched, the brokers said, the next week must see it done; and the difficulty of raising the funds for the necessary preliminary expenses was becoming day by day more and more palpable and insurmountable to Stewart Routh.

The interval of time that had witnessed so much activity on the part of Mr. Stewart Routh, and had advanced his schemes close to a condition of imminent crisis, had been productive of nothing new or remarkable in the existence of George Dallas. That is to say, on the surface of it. He was still leading the desultory life of a man who, with an intellectual and moral nature capable of better deeds and nobler aspirations, is incurably weak, impulsive, and swayed by a love of pleasure; a man incapable of real self-control, and with whom the gratification of the present is potent, above all suggestions or considerations of the contingencies of the future. He worked a little, and his talent was beginning to tell on the popularity of the paper for which he worked, *The Mercury*, and on the perceptions of its proprietors. George Dallas was a man in whose character there were many contradictions.

With much of the fervor of the poetic temperament, with its sensuousness and its sensitiveness, he had a certain nonchalance about him, a fitful indifference to external things and a spasmodic impatience of his surroundings. This latter was apt to come over him at times when he was apparently merriest, and it had quite as much to do with his anxiety to get his debt to Routh discharged, and to set himself free from Routh, as any moral sense of the danger of keeping such company, or any moral consciousness of the waste of his life, and the deterioration of his character. George Dallas had no knowledge of the true history of Routh's career; of the blacker shades of his character he was entirely ignorant. In his eyes, Routh was a clever man, and a good for-nothing—a "black sheep" like himself, a sheep for whose blackness Dallas (as he did in his own case) held circumstances, the white sheep, anything and everything except the man himself, to blame. He was dimly conscious that his associate was stronger than he—stronger in will, stronger in knowledge of men, and somehow, though he never defined or acknowledged the feeling to himself, he mistrusted and feared him. He liked him, too; he felt grateful for his help; he did not discern the disinterested motives which actuated him, and, indeed, they were but small, and would by no means have accounted for all Routh's proceedings towards Dallas. Nor is it necessary that they should; a villain is not, therefore, altogether precluded from likings, or even the feebler forms of friendship, and Dallas was not simply silly and egotistical when he believed that Routh felt kindly and warmly towards him.

Still, whether a merciful and occult influence was at work within him, or the tide of his feelings had been turned by his stolen interviews with his mother, by his being brought into such positive contact with her life and its conditions, and having been made to realize the bitterness he had infused into it, it were vain to inquire. Whatever his motives, however mixed their nature or confused their origin, he was filled, whenever he was out of Routh's presence, and looked his life in the face, with an ardent longing to "cut the whole concern," as he phrased it in his thoughts. And Harriet?—for the "whole concern" included her, as he was forced to remember—Harriet, the only woman whose society he liked, Harriet, whom he admired with an admiration as pure and respectful as he could have felt for her, had he met her in the least equivocal, nay, even in the most exalted position. Well, he would be very sorry to lose Harriet, but, after all, she cared only for Routh; and he was dangerous. "I must turn over a new leaf for *her* sake" (he meant for his mother's), "and I can't turn it while they are at my elbows."

George Dallas was more than usually occupied with such thoughts one morning, six weeks after his unsuccessful visit to Poynings. He had been very much with Routh and Deane during this period, and yet he had begun to feel aware, with a jealous and suspicious sense of it, too, that he really knew very little of what they had been about. They met in the evening, in pursuit of pleasure, and they abandoned themselves to it; or they met at Routh's lodging, and Dallas surrendered himself to the charm which Harriet's society always had for him. But he had begun to observe of late that there was no reference to the occupation of the earlier part of the day, and that while there was apparently a close bond of mutual confidence or convenience between Routh and Deane, there was some under-current of mutual dislike.

"If my mother can only get me out of this scrape, and I can get the Piccadilly people to take my serial," said George Dallas to himself one morning, when April was half gone, and "the season" was half come, "I shall get away somewhere, and go in for work in earnest." He looked, ruefully enough, round the wretched little bedroom, at whose small window he was standing, as he spoke; and he thought impatiently of his debt to his coarse, shrewish landlady, and of the small liabilities which hampered him as effectually as the great one.

It was later than his usual hour of rising, and he felt ill and despondent: not anxious to face the gay, rich, busy world outside, and still less inclined for his own company and waking thoughts in the shabby little den he tenanted. A small room, a mere apology for a sitting-room, was reached through a rickety folding-door, which no human ingenuity could contrive to keep shut, if any one opened the other door leading to the narrow passage and the top of the steep dark staircase. Through this yawning aperture George lounged disconsolately into the little room beyond, eyeing with strong disfavor the preparations for his breakfast, which preparations chiefly consisted of a dirty table-cloth and a portion of a stale loaf, popularly known as a "heel." But his gaze travelled further, and brightened; for on the cracked and blistered wooden chimney-piece lay a letter in his mother's hand. He darted at it, and opened it eagerly, then held it for a moment in his hand unread. His face turned very pale, and he caught his breath once or twice as he muttered—

"Suppose it's to say she can't do anything at all." But the fear, the suspense, were over with the first glance at his mother's letter. She wrote:

"POYNINGS, 13th April, 1861.

"MY DEAR GEORGE: I have succeeded in procuring you the money, for which you tell me you have such urgent need. Perhaps if I admired, and felt disposed to act up to a lofty standard of sentimental generosity, I should content myself with making this announcement, and sending you the sum which you assure me will release you from your difficulties, and enable you to commence the better life on which you have led me to hope you are resolved. But, not only do the circumstances under which I have contrived to get this money for you make it impossible for me to act in this way, but I consider I should be very wrong, and quite wanting in my duty, if I failed to make you understand, at the cost of whatever pain to myself, the price I have had to pay for the power of aiding you.

"You have occasioned me much suffering, George. You, my only child, to whom I looked in the first dark days of my early bereavement, with such hope and pride as I cannot express, and as only a mother can understand—you have darkened my darkness and shadowed my joy, you have been the source of my deepest anxiety, though not the less for that, as you well know, the object of my fondest love. I don't write this to reproach you—I don't believe in the efficacy of reproach; but merely to tell you the truth—to preface another truth, the full significance of which it may prove beneficial to you to understand. Sorrow I have known through you, and shame I have experienced for you. You have cost me many tears, whose marks can never be effaced from my face or my heart; you have cost me infinite disappointment, bitterness, heart-sickness, and domestic wretchedness; but now, for the first time, you cost me shame on my own account.

"Many and great as my faults and shortcomings have been through life, deceit was equally abhorrent to my nature and foreign to my habits. But for you, George, for your sake, to help you in this strait, to enable you to release yourself from the trammels in which you are held, I have descended to an act of deceit and meanness, the recollection of which must forever haunt me with a keen sense of humiliation. I retain enough of my former belief in you, my son, to hope that what no other argument has been able to effect this confession on my part may accomplish, and that you, recognizing the price at which I have so far rescued you, may pause, and turn from the path leading downward into an abyss of ruin, from which no effort of mine could avail to snatch you. I have procured the money you require, by an expedient suggested to me accidentally, just when I had begun utterly to despair of ever being able to accomplish my ardent desire, by a conversation which took place at dinner between Mr. Carruthers and his family solicitor, Mr. Tatham. The conversation turned on a curious and disgraceful family story which had come under his knowledge lately. I need not trouble you to read, nor myself to write, its details; you will learn them when I see you, and give you the money; and I do not doubt, I dare not doubt, George, that you will feel all I expect you to feel, when you learn to how deliberate, laborious, and mean a deception I have descended for your sake.

"I can never do the same thing again; the expedient is one that it is only possible to use once, and which is highly dangerous even in that one instance. So, if even you were bad and callous enough to calculate upon a repetition of it, which I could not believe, my own dear boy, I am bound to tell you that it could never be. Unless Mr. Carruthers should change his mind, consequent upon an entire, radical, and most happy change in your conduct, all pecuniary assistance on my part must be entirely impossible. I say this, thus strongly, out of the kindest and best motives towards you. Your unexpected appearance and application agitated and distressed me very much; not but that the sight of you, under any circumstances, must always give me pleasure, however closely pursued and overtaken by pain. For several days I was so completely upset by the recollection of your visit, and the strong and desperate necessity that existed for repressing all traces of such feelings, that I was unable to think over the expedients by which I might procure the money you required. Then as I began to grow a little quieter, accident gave me the hint upon which I have acted secretly and safely. Come down to Poynings in three days from this time. Mr. Carruthers is at present away at an agricultural meeting at York, and I can see you at Amherst without difficulty or danger. Go to the town, but not to the inn. Wait about until you see my carriage. This is the 13th. I shall expect you on the 17th, by which day I hope to have the money ready for you.

"And now, my dear boy, how shall I end this letter? What shall I say? What can I say that I have not said again and

again, and with sadly little effect, as you will not deny? But I forbear, and I hope. A feeling that I cannot define, an instinct, tells me that a crisis in my life is near. And what can such a crisis in my life mean, except in reference to you, my beloved and only child? In your hands lies all the future, all the disposition of the 'few and evil years' which remain to me. How are you going to deal with them? Is the love, which can never fail or falter, to be tried and wounded to the end, George, or is it to see any fruition in this world? Think over this question, my son, and let me read in your face, when I see you, that the answer is to be one of hope. You are much changed, George; the bitterness is succeeding the honey in your mouth; you are 'giving your strength for that which is not meat, and your labor for that which satisfieth not,' and though all the lookers-on at such a career as yours can see, and always do see, its emptiness and insufficiency plainly, what does their wisdom, their experience, avail? But if wisdom and experience come *to yourself*, that makes all the difference. If *you* have learned, and I venture to hope you *have*, that the delusive light is but a 'Will of the Wisp,' you will cease to pursue it. Come to me, then, my boy. I have kept my word to you at such a cost as you can hardly estimate, seeing that no heart can impart *all* its bitterness to another; will you keep yours to me?

"C. L. CARRUTHERS."

"What does she mean? What can she mean?" George Dallas asked himself this question again and again, as he stood looking at the letter in his hand. "What *has* she done? A mean and deliberate deceit—some dishonorable transaction? My mother could not do anything deserving to be so called. It is impossible. Even if she could contemplate such a thing, she would not know how to set about it. God bless her!"

He sat down by the table, drew the dingy Britannia metal teapot over beside his cup, and sat with his hand resting idly upon the distorted handle, still thinking less of the relief which the letter had brought him, than of the mysterious terms in which it was couched.

"She can't have got it out of Carruthers without his knowing anything about it?" he mused. "No; besides, getting it from *him* at all is precisely the thing she told me she could not do. Well, I must wait to know; but how good of her to get it! Who's the fellow who says a man can have only one mother? By Jove, how right he is!"

Then George ate his breakfast hastily, and, putting the precious letter in his breast-pocket, went to Routh's lodgings.

"I dare say they're not up," he thought, as he knocked at the door, and patiently awaited the lingering approach of the slipshod servant. "Routh was as late as I was last night, and I know she always sits up for him."

He was right; they had not yet appeared in the sitting-room, and he had time for a good deal of walking up and down, and much cogitation over his mother's letter, before Harriet appeared. She was looking anxious, Dallas thought, so he stepped forward even more eagerly than usual, and told her in hurried tones of gladness that the post had brought him good news, and that his mother was going to give him the money.

"I don't know how she has contrived to get it, Mrs. Routh," he said.

"Does she not tell you, then?" asked Harriet, as she eyed with some curiosity the letter which Dallas had taken out of his pocket, and which he turned about in his hand, as he stood talking to her. As she spoke, he replaced the letter in his pocket, and sat down.

"No," he answered, moodily, "she does not; but she did not get it easily, I know—not without a very painful self-sacrifice; but here's Routh."

"Ha! Dallas, my boy," said Routh, after he had directed one fleeting glance of inquiry towards his wife, and almost before he had fairly entered the room. "You're early; any news?"

"Very good news," replied Dallas; and he repeated the information he had already given Harriet. Routh received it with a somewhat feigned warmth, but Dallas was too much excited by his own feelings to perceive the impression which the news really produced on Routh.

"Is your letter from the great Mr. Carruthers himself?" said Routh; "from the provincial magnate who has the honor of being step-father to you—your magnificent three-tailed bashaw?"

"O dear, no!" said the young man, grimly; "not from him. My letter is from my mother."

"And what has she to say?" asked Harriet, quickly.

"She tells me she will very shortly be able to let me have the sum I require."

"The dence she will!" said Routh. "Well, I congratulate you, my boy! I may say I congratulate all of us, for the matter of that; but it's rather unexpected, isn't it? I thought that Mrs. Carruthers told you, when you saw her so lately, that the chances of her bleeding that charming person, her husband, were very remote."

"She did say so, and she was right; it's not from him she's going to get the money. Thank Heaven for that!"

"Certainly, if you wish it, though I'm not sure that we're right in being over-particular whence the money comes, so that it does come when one wants it. What is that example in the Eton Latin Grammar—'I came to her in season, which is the chief thing of all?' But if not from Mr. Carruthers, where does she get the money?"

"I—I don't know; but she does not get it without some horrible self-sacrifice; you may depend on that."

"My dear George, Mrs. Carruthers' case is not a singular one. We none of us get money without an extraordinary amount of self-sacrifice."

"Not a singular one! No, by George, you're right there, Routh," said the young man, bitterly; "but does that make it any lighter for her to bear, or any better for me to reflect upon? There are hundreds of vagabond sons in England at this moment, I dare say, outcasts—sources of shame and degradation to their mothers, utterly useless to any one. I swear, when I think of what my mother must have gone through to raise this money, when I think of the purpose for which it is required, I thoroughly loathe myself, and feel inclined to put a pistol to my head or a razor to my throat. However, once free, I—there—that's the old cant again!"

As the young man said these words, he rose from his chair, and fell to pacing the room with long strides. Stewart Routh looked up sternly at him from under his bent brows, and was about to speak; but Harriet held up a finger deprecatingly, and when George Dallas seated himself again, and, with his face on his hands, remained moodily gazing at the table, she stole behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

(To be Continued.)

BEECHER ON BOYS.

A BOY is a picture of existence quite separate from all things else, and deserves separate chapters in the natural history of man. The real lives of boys are yet to be written. The lives of pious and good boys, which enrich the catalogues of great publishing societies, resemble a real boy's life about as much as a chicken picked and larded, upon a spit, and ready for delicious eating, resembles a fowl in the fields. With some few honorable exceptions, they are impossible boys, with incredible goodness. Their piety is monstrous. A man's experience stuffed into a little boy, is simply monstrous. And we are soundly skeptical of this whole *pate de fois gras* piety. Apples that ripen long before their times are either diseased or worm-bitten.

So long as boys are babies, how much are they cherished! But by-and-by the cradle is needed for another. From the time that a babe becomes a boy until he is a young man, he is in an anomalous condition, for which there is no special place assigned in nature. They are always doing something to call down rebuke. They are as inquisitive as monkeys, and meddlesome just where you don't wish them to be. Boys have a period of mischief as much as they have of measles or chicken-pox. They invade your drawers, mix up your tooth-powder with hair-oil, pull your laces and collars from their repositories, upset your ink upon invaluable manuscript, tear up precious letters, scatter your wafers, stick everything up with experimental sealing-wax, and spoil all your pens in the effort at spoiling all your paper.

Poor boys! What are they good for? It is an unfathomable mystery that we come to our manhood (as the Israelites reached Canaan) through the wilderness of boyhood. They are always wanting something they must not have, going where they ought not to be, coming where they are not wanted, saying the most awkward things at the most critical times. They will tell lies; and after infinite pains to teach them the obligations of truth, they give us the full benefit of frankness and literalness by blurting out before company a whole budget of family secrets. Would you take a quiet nap? Slam-bang go a whole bevy of boys through the house! Has the nervous baby, at length, after all manner of singings, trottings, soothings, and maternal bosom-opiates, just fallen asleep? Be sure an unmannerly boy will be on hand to bawl out for permission to do something or other which he has been doing all day without dreaming of leave. Who shall describe the daily battle of the hair and the bath, the ordeal of aprons for the table, the placing and moving up, and the endless task of good manners? If there is one saint that ought to stand higher than another on the calendar, it is a patient, sweet-tempered children's nurse! Talk of saintship, simply because a man lived in a cave, and was abstemious, or because he died bravely at the stake! What are fagots of fiery sticks for a few hot moments, compared to those animated fagots which consume nurses and governesses for months and years, to say nothing of the occasional variety of parental coals?

Are we, then, not on the boy's side? To be sure we are. It is not their fault that they are boys, nor that older people are not patient. The restless activity of boys is their necessity. To restrain it, is to thwart nature. We need to provide for it—not to attempt to find amusement for them, but to give them opportunity to amuse themselves.

WHY is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

LONGING FOR RAIN.

EARTH swoons, o'erwhelmed with weight of bloom;
The scanty dews seem dropped in vain;
Athirst she lies, while garish skies
Burn with their brassy hints of rain.

Morn after morn the flaming sun
Smites the bare hills with fiery rod;
Night after night with blood-red light
Glares like a slow avenging god.

O for a cloudy curtain drawn
To screen us from the scorching sky!
O for the rain to lay again
The smothering dust-clouds passing by!

To wash the hedges, white with dust,
Freshen the grass, and fill the pool;
While in the breeze the odorous trees
Drip softly, swaying dark and cool!

—Harriet McKewen Kimball.

WAVES.

IT is not a little remarkable that an element like water, one of the prime principles of which is, that it always tends to seek a level, should be so liable to agitation, and that when in large masses it should in reality so seldom be at rest. But its very fluidity, which is the cause of its tendency to a state of quietude, is also the reason for its constant agitation. It requires but a breath of air to disturb its placidity with ripples, and the increase of the breeze, especially where there is a large area, rolls it up in waves until the surface of the sea becomes alternate hills and valleys.

One might suppose that the wind would pass smoothly over the face of the water without exciting any great commotion, the contrast in the density of the two elements being so great; but it requires only a few moments for a strong wind to lash the ocean into fury, and to cause its waves to rise, as the phrase goes, mountain high. This expression, however, is mere hyperbole. The actual height of waves is far below the ordinary estimate.

Easily as the surface of the water is disturbed by the wind and raised into waves, it appears that there is a certain height beyond which it is not liable to be raised by any ordinary gales. The height is seldom, if ever, more than ten feet, which, with the corresponding depression between the waves, would make the elevation above the trough of the sea twenty feet. Most persons who have been at sea in a storm, and who have carefully watched the approach of the mighty swells, which, as they are coming on, threaten to overwhelm even the largest vessel, would be ready to assert that they have seen waves at least fifty or sixty feet in height; but all above twenty, or at the utmost twenty-five feet, is in the imagination.

Of course no accurate measurement of the waves can be made at sea, but an approximation to gauging them has often been reached, and under the most favorable circumstances, with the above result. Where a wave strikes an opposing object, as upon a bold shore, or against a rock or light-house, the water is dashed up to a far greater height; but twenty feet may be set down as the height of the loftiest mountain-wave that is seen at sea, the assertions of young and old voyagers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The velocity of waves is a far more curious and interesting subject of investigation. Of course it is understood by all who have acquaintance with the matter, that the water itself does not move forward with the wave, even when it attains the greatest velocity. Only the form of the wave advances, the wave itself seeming to have a separate existence from the water, and holding on its course with tremendous speed and power, while the particles of water, and the entire mass of the fluid, simply rise and sink, being made the sport of one wave after another as the succession comes on. When waves come in from the deep sea and strike upon a shoal, or upon a shelving shore, they then make progress, not by the force of the wind, but only on the principle of the water seeking its own level. The velocity of the waves is in proportion to their magnitude, the largest proceeding at double the rate of the fleetest steamships, or about forty miles an hour. Those who are familiar with the sea have often, when running before the wind, watched their progress, seeing one after another, with regular intervals, sweeping by and leaving the ship far behind.

The power of the waves is tremendous, and this force is almost a mystery, when we hear in mind the fact just stated, that it is only the form, and not the substance, which moves. Those who have felt the successive blows of these mighty trip-hammers against the sides or bows of a ship when the ocean has been violently agitated, can scarcely believe that the entire mass of water has not been hurled with immense velocity against the vessel. And when these waves come rolling in upon a shallow bank their force is greatly increased, so that the bulwarks must be strong indeed that can withstand their shocks.

PRECEPTS are like seed—they are little things, which do much good. If the mind which receives them has a disposition, it must not be doubted that this part contributes to the generation, and adds much to that which has been collected.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

GREELEY'S *American Conflict*, the second volume of which is just issued, will be found, judging from such portions of it as we have examined, the most satisfactory and reliable, as well as the most readable of the numerous histories of the war thus far published. The narrative is clear and spirited, the descriptions graphic, and the writer evinces more sagacity and insight than any of his rivals or predecessors in his attempt to trace the causes of events and their sequences.

The following extracts will furnish an idea of Mr. Greeley's general style and spirit as a writer of history:

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

"Grant's conduct of this campaign was not satisfactory to the Confederate critics, who gave a decided preference to the strategy of McClellan. They held that the former aimed only to overpower and crush by brute force—by the employment of overwhelming numbers—and by a lavish expenditure of blood. Doubtless a great military genius, such as appears once in two or three centuries, might have achieved them at a smaller cost; as a timid, hesitating, purposeless commander would have failed to achieve them at all. The merit which may be fairly claimed for Grant is that of resolutely undertaking a very difficult and formidable task, and executing it to the best of his ability—at all events, *doing* it. That when south of the James, he was just where the rebels wished him not to be, they showed by desperate and hazardous efforts to draw him thence; and the truth was duplicated in the final collapse of the rebellion.

"Other campaigns were more brilliant, but none contributed more positively and eminently to break the power of the Confederates than that which began on the Rapidan and ended in front of Petersburg and across the Weldon road."

He pronounces the following judgment upon the efficiency of

NEGRO TROOPS.

"Though some of our Generals regarded them with disfavor, while others were loud in their praise, it is no longer fairly disputable that they played a very important and useful part in the overthrow of the rebellion. Though they were hardly allowed to participate in any of the great battles whereby the issue was determined, they bore an honorable part in many minor actions and sieges, especially in those of 1864–5. In docility, in unquestioning obedience to superiors, in local knowledge, in capacity to endure fatigue, in ability to brave exposure and resist climatic or miasmatic perils, they were equal, if not superior, to the average of our white troops; in intelligence and tenacity they were inferior; and no wise General would have counted a corps of them equal, man for man, in a great, protracted battle, to a like number of our whites. Yet there were black regiments above the average of whites in merit, and their fighting at Fort Wagner, Port Hudson, Helena, Mobile and some other points, was noticed by their commanders with well-deserved commendation. To exalt them to the disparagement of our white soldiers would be as unwise as unjust; but those whites who fought most bravely by their side will be the last to detract from the gratitude wherewith the Republic fitly honors all her sons who freely offered their lives for the salvation of their country."

Among the Generals toward whom the author seems to lean with a perhaps unhistorical partiality, is Gen. Rosecrans. He thus speaks of that officer's conduct at

STONE RIVER.

"Almost any General but Rosecrans would have supposed that there was but one point to be considered: how to get back to Washington with the least additional loss. But Rosecrans took stock of his ammunition, and found that there was enough left for another battle; so he resolved to stay. * * * On a calm review of this day's desperate and doubtful carnage, there cannot be a doubt that the battle was saved after it had been lost; and that the man who saved it was William S. Rosecrans. Thousands had done nobly—Thomas, Sheridan, Wood, Rousseau, Palmer, Van Cleve, and others, eminently so— but the day might have been saved without any of them; while without Rosecrans it must have been lost. It was he who, when apprized too late of the sudden and utter demolition of his right wing, instantly pushed up Rossean from his centre to its relief, and hurried across Van Cleve's and other divisions from the left to stay the tide of rebel success; it was he who—Van Cleve having just fallen—led the charge by a part of his division, which finally arrested the rebels and repelled their advance on our right—Rosseau forthwith emulating his example, charging desperately the enemy in his front, and hurling them back into the cedars with fearful loss on both sides, but with prisoners taken by ours only. And when, later in the day, the storm of battle rolled around to our centre and left, falling heavily on Palmer's and Wood's division, Rosecrans was there, directing, encouraging, steadying; though the head of his Chief of Staff, Garesche, was blown to pieces by a shell while riding by the General's side, and three or four others of his staff or escort were wounded—one of them mortally—and as many more lost their horses. To Garesche he was deeply attached, they two being Roman Catholics, as were none others of his military family—but he was too intent on his work to seem to heed the fall of his beloved friend; and when another of his staff said to him, 'Garesche is dead,' 'I am *very* sorry,' was the quiet response, 'but we cannot help it.' Soon word came (erroneously), 'McCook is killed.' 'We cannot help it,' was the General's calm reply; 'this battle must be won.' And it *was* won."

We must conclude our extracts with a touching and noble passage describing the disbanding of Lee's army, when it was found that the cause of the Rebellion was lost:

"The parting of Lee with his devoted followers was a sad one. Of the proud army, which, dating its victories from Bull Run, had driven McClellan from before Richmond, and withstood his best effort at Antietam, and shattered Burnside's host at Fredericksburg, and worsted Hooker at Chancellorsville, and fought Meade so stoutly, though unsuccessfully, before Gettysburg, and baffled Grant's bounteous resources and desperate efforts in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, on the North Anna, at Cold Harbor, and before Petersburg and Richmond, a mere wreck remained. It is said that 27,000 were included in Lee's capitulation; but of these not more than 10,000 had been able to carry their arms thus far on their hopeless and almost foodless flight. Barely nineteen miles from Lynchburg when surrendered, the physical possibility of forcing their way thither, even at the cost of half their number, no longer remained. And, if they were all safely there, what then? The resources of the Confederacy were utterly exhausted. Of the 120,000 men whose names were on its muster rolls a few weeks ago, at least one-third were already disabled or prisoners, and the residue could neither be clad nor fed—not to dream of their being fitly armed or paid; while the resources of the loyal States were scarcely touched, their ranks nearly or quite as full as ever, and their supplies of ordnance, small arms, munitions, etc., more numerous than in any previous April. Of the million or so borne on our muster-rolls, probably not less than half were in active service, with half so many more able to take the field at short notice. The rebellion had failed and gone down; but the rebel army of Virginia and its commander had *not* failed Fighting sternly against the Inevitable—against the irrepressible tendencies, the generous aspirations of the age—they had been proved unable to succeed where success would have been a calamity to their children, to their country, and the human race. And when the transient agony of defeat had been endured and had passed, they all experienced a sense of relief as they crowded around their departing chief, who, with streaming eyes, grasped and pressed their outstretched hands, at length finding words to say, 'Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best that I could for you.' There were few dry eyes among those who witnessed the scene; and our soldiers hastened to divide their rations with their late enemies, now fellow-countrymen, to stay their hunger until provisions from our train could be drawn for them. Then while most of our army returned to Burkesville, and thence, a few days later, to Petersburg and Richmond, the work of paroling went on under the guardianship of Griffin's and Gibbon's infantry, with McKenzie's cavalry; and, so fast as paroled, the Confederates took their way severally to their respective homes, many of them supplied with transportation, as well as food, by the Government they had fought so long and so bravely to subject and destroy."

Last Words of Eminent Persons—Comprising in the majority of instances, a brief account of their Last Hours—Compiled by Joseph Kaines.

The following, from Jean Paul Richter, furnishes the keynote to this volume: "When in your last hour (think of this) all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away and sink into insanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then will the flowers of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

THERE is nothing strikingly new in our local fashions this week. Those who felt least inclined to adopt the headdress that takes the name of bonnet, have been obliged to bow to the dictum of fashion, and we can now see them in every form on our public streets. The newest style of glove has three buttons at the wrist, and is designed to take the place of the gauntlet.

The Peplum has found its way to our coast, and is considered the most stylish thing in the way of dress. It takes its name from its supposed resemblance to a garment of that name worn by the ladies of ancient Greece. In appearance it is like a semi-tight fitting sack with the skirt hollowed out back and front. This leaves long points at the sides; these points are open as far as the waist, and trimmed with fringe. Old-fashioned fringe—long, short, and medium-sized, with many new styles of the same—will figure on dresses, basques, and sacks this winter to the same extent that guipure does at present.

We have seen in an exchange a description of a very pretty costume that we will give our readers the benefit of. The dress and petticoat was of gray poplin, the dress-skirt made with a long train. Both petticoat and train was worked in a semi-gothic design, in heavy blue silk, in the Grover & Baker stitch. A tasselated cordelaire of blue silk looped the dress permanently on one side, and displayed the petticoat. The bodice was a tight-fitting basque with revers of blue silk opening over a plain chemisette. The tails to the basque sloped upwards on the hip, leaving a rounded point behind and in front. The sleeves tight to the arm, with a small blue silk cap. A broad belt of blue-corded silk completed this very elegant dress.

Although there is no present demand for ladies' "sporting costumes" in California, the following description of them by the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* may not prove uninteresting:

I must give your readers an account of the shooting and sporting costumes as I viewed them a few days ago in the fields and woodland round one of the most hospitable chateaux in France, and which will, till the end of October, be the rendezvous of all those who are, or who pretend to be, capable of shooting "a bit." This preteusion is also entertained by ladies, who, in these days of female emancipation, consider that the right they have acquired to wear jerkins and top boots entitles them just as well to "shoulder arms," "fire arms," etc. Some of the costumes ordered for the occasion I allude to were so very curious that, had I been a rabbit, I should have forgotten to run away in the enjoyment of a mental survey of the wearers thereof. I thought, as I looked at the whole party assemble before starting, on the terrace which runs round the chateau, that the game stood less chance of a deadly shot than the friendly guests themselves, who did not seem to stand in sufficient awe of each other's weapons. Some of the grandsons of Nimrod, disdaining substantial cloth and gaiters, had too much cotton velvet and of the Mousquetaire style about them. Others, despising aught but the legendary brown Holland suit, looked killing, fierce, and murderous, and were provided with bags, perhaps not big enough to contain a sultana, but certainly too spacious for all the winged and ground game they could kill. Their mustaches were twirled into long, stiff spikes; their nostrils expanded, and altogether they looked more blood-thirsty and snuffed much more air than the highbred pointers straining in leash behind them. These ferocious instincts were more subdued among the ladies, whose sex, as we have all been taught, is gentle. They paced up and down in tiny-footed high boots, and the favorite colors of their attire were russet-brown, emerald green, and ruby. Two of these shooting costumes, worn by very illustrious dames, deserve special record.

The emerald green was composed of a satin jerkin, cut out in five square basquines round the waist. It was close fitting, and fastened down the front with round gilt filigree buttons. The over-skirt was made of velvet, cut in battlement squares, on an under-skirt of emerald satin to match the jerkin.

The boots, gloves, gauntlets, and belt were fawn-colored. A small velvet cap and ostrich feather, fastened with a gilt fox, was jauntily placed on one side of the head; the chignon was confined in a gold-thread net.

The ruby-colored costume I cannot better describe than by calling it a "*garde Francaise*." It was composed of a velvet skirt and velvet jacket, with ruby satin facings called "revers" on the front and back basques. Chamois-leather boots, gloves and belt, a Highland velvet cap, in which stuck one pheasant feather, completed the costume. Most of the merry party thought that the best part of it was certainly the "getting up" process; but lookers-on with a taste for the ludicrous most enjoyed the field of action, when one of the fair sportswomen actually came across a hare. She took her time, deceived by the calm composure with which the nimble footed quadruped sat on its hind legs, insultingly brushing its whiskers. When at last the preliminaries had been gone through, the lock of the gun clicked, the lady closed her eyes and fired upwards! It may easily be supposed that every one was delighted at the way in which the whole affair went off, powder, shot, game, and all—especially the latter.

THE Marie-Antoinette Scarf has suggested to the fertile minds of modistes a pretty accessory to a dress for an evening party, namely: a scarf of light silk an inch or two deep, cut so as to fit perfectly across the shoulders, crossed on the breast and tied behind, the ends falling over the dress.

THE *Boudoir* says: "Cashmere sacks and basques bid fair to be as popular here this winter as they were in Paris last season They must be profusely ornamented with jet beads. The beads may dot them all over or form elaborate designs almost covering the whole garment. One recently came under our notice which was embroidered in a South American design—the face of a grotesque god surrounded with sun's rays; one on each front; a cluster of five on the back; and one on the outside half of each sleeve. Between the rays and the head proper it was difficult to tell of what material the garment was made."

THE most fashionable style for visiting cards is the thin, plain card; with the name and address engraved in small writing character. In the case of a young lady, it is always considered good taste to have her name placed on her mother's card, or on that of her *chaperone*, supposing her mother not to be living.

A CALIFORNIA FARM.—The *Alameda County Gazette* makes mention of a large farm in that county: "Duane & Threlfall sowed and harvested this year in Murray township 2,200 acres of grain, mostly wheat, and of good quality. Their regular harvest force is sixty men. They employ 137 horses and mules in regular service on their ranch, and have four eight-mule teams which haul 110 sacks each over the hills to the landing. This year they ran three headers, five reapers, and two threshers. They are preparing to sow the coming season 4,700 acres, 4,000 of which are inclosed in one field. The working force will be sufficient to plow, sow, and harrow eighty acres per day."

PERSONS wishing to visit FOUNTAIN FARM, the site of the PACIFIC HYGEIAN HOME, will find a conveyance in waiting at the depot of the Oakland Railroad. The Institution is conducted by regular graduates of the Hydropathic College of New York. B. J. Smith, M. D., Consulting Physician; R. S. Macbeth, M. D., Attending Physician; W. G. W. Harford, Manager; H. Andrews, Business Agent. Office, Baths, and Lecture Hall, No. 627 Sacramento street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

DURING the epidemic of intermittents in the West this season, the whole immense stock of AYER'S AGUE CURE became exhausted, and the producing power of his Laboratory was found inadequate to meet the demand. Many who knew its extraordinary virtues for the cure of CHILLS AND FEVER, paid exorbitant prices for it to those who were fortunate enough to have a supply on hand. Some of our neighbors paid ten dollars for a bottle, while the regular price is but one, and assure us it was on the whole the cheapest remedy they could buy, even at that figure. They praise it for two qualities first, that it cures; and last, that it leaves the health unimpaired.—*Iowa Standard.*

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House, charming little "Fanchon" Kingsbury continues to draw excellent houses—and overcrowded ones on the nights when *The Cricket* is played. Then it is that the public rush and crowd each other in their anxiety to drop their dollars in the treasurer's drawer, the pleasant chinks of which respond most cheerfully to the chirpings of the little "Cricket" within.

The Cricket on the Hearth, another play of the same charming family, will be produced on Monday night, and repeated on Friday. This afternoon, *The Child of the Savanna* will be performed, and this evening the *Little Rag Picker*. The management announce the programme of next week's performances in the advertisement elsewhere. Seats can now be secured at the box-office for any evening during the coming week.

METROPOLITAN.—At this theatre the Howson Troupe, assisted by Mrs. Julia Gould, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Leach, and others, produced *Cinderella* in a very creditable manner, with fine orchestral and chorus accompaniments, and really gave the public a very pleasant entertainment if they would only have had the sense to have gone and seen it. It is discreditable to our public taste and liberality that a troupe possessing so much merit as this should not be more adequately sustained. To be sure we have had a good deal of opera of late, but that fact can only serve as a partial excuse for the public's present indifference. *Cinderella* will be repeated for the *matinée* today. On Monday, *Satanus and The Spirit of Beauty* will be given—a new attraction, in which the young sisters of the troupe will probably fill all the requirements perfectly, as they possess its elements in a very eminent degree.

LEE & RYLAND'S HIPPODROME—after a most prosperous summer trip through California and Oregon—has returned to the city, and has pitched its mammoth tent on the ground sacred to sawdust and circuses, on Jackson street, between Montgomery and Kearny, where it will give its opening performance on Monday night. This company is a full and excellent one, with splendid horses, trained ponies and mules, and a commodious and well fitted up pavilion. Harry Jackson, whilome of the Opera House, holds that circus post of honor—the clown—and has been eminently successful in that capacity during the summer season in the interior. The performance will be changed nightly, and chariot and hurdle-racing, steeple-chasing, and trotting matches will also be introduced. After to-day they will give circus *matinées* every Saturday, expressly for the delight of the juvenile population.

DARBY AND THE RAM.

[THE following quaint sketch is from the Dublin *Penny Journal*, of nearly forty years ago. Some at least of our readers will appreciate its old-fashioned, homespun simplicity. We publish it as an instructive illustration of the progress of the revolution in literary taste that the last half century has witnessed.]

'TWAS one of those days when the sun in its perpendicular altitude looks at two sides of the hedge at once—a lovely midsummer day—when Nature was laughing till her sides ached, and mother Earth, in her gayest mood, was lavishing her promises and her smiles on her often ungrateful children; the lambs were skipping to and fro within their inclosed pastures, and the cows, with grave and matron aspect, were lolling in the sun, and ruminating their already gathered repast; everything seemed happy except the Shepherd Darby.

Poor fellow! A "green and yellow melancholy" had settled on his manly cheek; his grief he revealed not, but let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud," prey upon his spirits; he stalked about the field like a ghost, or leaned upon his crook in silent despair.

Lord Amplefield and Squire Buckthorn were riding past to dinner. "I wonder," said his lordship to the squire, "what can be the matter with my Shepherd Darby. He seems in a galloping consumption, and were I to lose him, I would not see his like again for many a long day. He is the most honest, steady, careful creature in the world, and never told a lie in his life."

"Never told a lie in his life! Good! Why, my lord, do you really believe such nonsense."

"Decidedly I do. I know your opinion is not very favorable as to the moral character of our dependents, yet there are some among them not unworthy of trust."

They now advanced nearer, and his lordship held up his whip as a signal, and over bounded Darby.

"Well, Darby, that shower we had last night served the pastures."

"It did, my lord, and the cows will give a larger meal, and require milking earlier this evening through means of it."

"Darby, bring over my favorite ram, that this gentleman may see it."

"Yes, my lord. Hallo 'Sweeper,' away for 'Ballface.'" In a few minutes the dog hunted the ram up from the flock. "That's a clever turn, my worthy," said the squire, "here's half a crown to drink."

"Thanks to your honor," said Darby, "but the worth of that in strong drink will serve me a year, and yet I'll spend it on drink all in one night."

"Explain this riddle, Darby."

"Why, sir, when I feel myself merry enough without it, where's the use in taking it? That stream can slake my thirst as well. Yet I'll not speak for others—many there are who must have strong drink to give them false spirits. On them will I spend it to open their hearts, and make them forget their day's toil."

"You are a worthy fellow, and a philosopher," said Lord Amplefield, with a look of triumph, as he and the squire rode off.

"What say you to my shepherd, now?"

"A mighty plausible fellow, indeed! Yet proud as you are of him, my lord. I bet a score of sheep that before two days I'll make him tell you a barefaced lie, out and out."

"Done!" said his lordship: the wager was laid, and the squire set out on his lie-making expedition.

He soon ascertained the cause of Darby's melancholy. There had been a quarrel between him and the girl of his heart—the lovely Cauthleen. Pride prevented a reconciliation, though both would have given the world to be in each other's arms. To her the squire bent his steps, succeeded in drawing out the secret that she loved Darby with a heart and a half, and then artfully upbraiding her with unkindness in neglecting the "worthy young fellow," contrived to inveigle her, by a series of falsehoods, into a plan to get reconciled to Darby, and while in the height of his happiness, to coax the ram from him. It succeeded next day to admiration; and the laughing girl tripped home, leading the animal with a kerchief taken from her snowy bosom.

Darby was now left to solitary reflection. The hour was rapidly approaching when his lordship usually took his round, and he would infallibly miss his favorite ram. What was to be done? To tell a lie appeared to his honest mind the very essence of degradation—to equivocate was meanness execrable: yet an excuse must be had! A sudden thought seized him; he resolved to see how a lie would look before he told it; and planting his crook in the field, and placing his hat on it—in order to personate himself—he retired to a little distance, and, in the character of his lordship, hailed the effigy as follows:

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"How are the flocks to-day, Darby?"

"Pretty fair, my lord."

"Darby, I don't see my favorite ram. Where is he?"

"O, my lord, he—he—he—"

"He what, Darby?"

"He was drownd-ed—my—my lord!"

"Darby, if I did not know your general character for carefulness, I should be exceedingly annoyed; but I presume it was an accident. Send the fat and hide up to the castle."

"That won't do!" murmured Darby, slowly turning away. He resolved to try again.

"Good morrow, Darby."

"Good morrow, my lord."

"Are the flocks well to-day, Darby?"

"Bravely, my lord."

"And my ram, Darby, where is he?"

"My lord, he—he—"

"Is there anything wrong? tell me at once."

"He was sto—len, my—lord."

"Stolen! stolen! I saw him this morning as I was riding past! When was he stolen?"

"That won't do either!" exclaimed the poor shepherd, as he turned away the second time. "Cruel, cruel Cauth!"

Something seemed to whisper to him, "Try if perhaps the truth will do!" Fresh courage animated his desponding mind, and wheeling about, he recommenced the colloquy, and, on coming to the usual interrogation, "Where's the ram," he dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, "O, my lord, I had a falling out with my sweetheart, and she would not make it up with me unless I made her a present of your lordship's favorite ram. Discharge me, my lord; do with me what you please, but I could not bring myself to tell your lordship a lie!"

"That will do!" shouted Darby, springing from his knees, and walking up and down with a feeling of honest exultation. He had scarcely time to compose himself when his lordship and the squire appeared. Darby, on the usual interrogation being put, dropped on his knees, and told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and instead of seeing a frown gathering upon his lordship's countenance, he beheld him turn with a look of triumph towards the squire, while he exclaimed,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

The squire's forfeited sheep were given to Cauthleen as a dower, and in taking the hand of her shepherd, she promised never again to put his truth and constancy to so severe a trial.

"ECCE HOMO."—The latest guess about the author of *Ecce Homo* is, that it is from the pen of Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, a distinguished journalist.

BUTTER.

THERE are occasions in our lives when most of us have had to administer butter, and to administer it more or less unsparingly, and the art of buttering is accordingly an art which it is well worth the while of all of us to study. Butter is of various kinds, and the different kinds ought to be kept quite distinct, and each sort requires its own special manipulation. There is the marriage-breakfast butter, and the after-dinner butter, and the funeral butter. The first of the three does not demand any genius of a high order. Every one knows, when a young lady is married, that some one has got to dilate on the virtues of the bridegroom and the beauties of the bride; and even if both are limited, there is always a family fogy who can be brought to drink himself over afternoon champagne into a species of maudlin admiration of matrimony in general, and of the young couple who are performing in particular, and who is ready to assert, from a long and intimate knowledge of both parties, that Augustus Brown is the one fortunate being who deserves to be trusted by heaven with the happiness and destiny of Sophonisba Smith.

Funeral butter is a little more difficult to manage. The duty of erecting oratorical tombstones to the departed requires tact and judgment, and is not usually confided to a casual speaker. There is something historical about the affair, and spectators like to see the customary honors done well, and with judgment.

An after-dinner panegyric is the hardest of the three labors. When a man is married, sympathy is easily commanded; and when a man dies, every one is pleased to think that the most is to be made of all his valuable points, for no one, as Pericles tells us, is jealous or envious of the dead. Sentiment a tsuch times comes in and helps the orator considerably, and few are keen to mark the defects of the panegyrist who praises either dead people or matrimonial turtle-doves above their exact deserts. But an after-dinner puff is exposed to a very different ordeal. To be sure it is always pleasant and delightful to have plenty of butter going on such occasions, and few things contribute more to the comfort and satisfaction of the evening than the application of universal butter to every one. And one of the reasons why the manufacture of butter is so thoroughly agreeable is that, in buttering others, one always has an opportunity of slily buttering oneself. As a rule, men approve most vociferously of those qualities which they wish to be considered to possess. Butter of this description has a professional savor about it which excites a passing suspicion in the mind. It tastes of the firkin a little too much to be perfectly pleasant. Then, again, it will be read by jealous and critical eyes next morning. Speeches look very poorly over the tea-urn which are pronounced over the bottle, and no one cares to endorse about his neighbor all the lavish encomium that has been bestowed on him overnight by sympathetic topers. The butter spread on after-dinner toasts is therefore a subject on which too much attention never can be spent, as there are but few great masters of the art of after-dinner buttering.—*London Saturday Review.*

TOYS AND HOLIDAY GOODS.—The importing house of Feldbush & Co, 207 California street, have a large stock of this description of goods which they offer at reduced rates. See advertisement on twelfth page. *

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 4.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

THE great Physiologist, MAGENDIE, has written: "The end of all our efforts should be to study the *causes* of disease, and not their effects, as has long been done. The physician mixes, combines, and jumbles together vegetable, minerat, and animal substances, and administers them, right or wrong, without considering for a moment the cause of the disease, and *without a single clear idea as to his conduct.* I hesitate not to declare, no matter how sorely I shall wound our vanity, that, so great is our ignorance of the real nature of the physiological disorders called diseases, that it would perhaps be better to do nothing, and resign the complaint we are called to treat to the resources of *Nature*, than to act as we are frequently compelled to do, without knowing the why or wherefore of our conduct, and at the obvious risk of hastening the end of our patient." And again "It is not a little remarkable that, at a period when the *positive* is sought in every quarter, the study of a science so important to humanity as medicine should be almost the only one characterized by uncertainty and chance." Such being the sentiments of so distinguished a *savan* as MAGENDIE, responded to also by many others of the highest attainments in medicine, and accompanied by the almost universal distrust and contempt for medical practice entertained by the people, is it surprising, amid so much that is chaotic, that they should be Bryantized, or smart under the recollection of the filthy messes they swallowed at the command of Chinese impostors, the creatures of their own folly?

DR. BOURNE'S BATHS.—A live institution for the benefit of the sick, and those also who wish to keep well, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

THE secret of health is, a clean skin, pure air, pure food and plenty of it; a sound stomach, and to know how to employ it advantageously; proper exercise, clothing, habits, etc. etc. All these things DR. BOURNE, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, has been sedulously teaching in San Francisco during more than fourteen years.

TO PURIFY THE BLOOD—to cleanse and render the skin active—to equalize the circulation of the blood and nervous forces—in fact, to reinvigorate the whole human frame, there is nothing like DR. BOURNE'S BATHS, at No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

THE BURGLARY AT FAUSTEL EVERSLEIGH.

BY J. R. MEARNS.

"WELL, Biggs, what is the matter? You look important this morning."

Biggs swelled in majestic silence, deposited the muffin-dish on the table with as near an approach to emphasis as he dared, and was in the act of retreating, when the young lady standing at one of the open windows looked up from her newspaper to say,—

"Aunt Dora, these burglaries are becoming quite alarming; they are travelling in our direction, I think, too: there was one at Woodthorpe only three nights ago—close to us, you know—"

The temptation to cap this piece of news quite overcame Mr. Biggs' wounded dignity, and he opened his lips and spoke.

"And one, Miss Lucy, at Willow Lodge last night, for the postman brought the news this morning with the letters."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Selwyn. "I hope poor Miss Jenkins and Miss Araminta came to no harm."

"The family, ma'am, was not molested," answered Biggs, with solemnity; "but everything the villains could lay hands on was carried off, and no traces of them hasn't been discovered up to the present moment!"

"Really, Aunt Dora, it is serious. You know we are two lone women as well as Miss Jenkins and her sister. Suppose they take a fancy to visit us next?"

"Well, Lucy, I will have all the plate packed up to-day and sent in a most ostentatious manner to my bankers. And I'll tell you what I can do as well, if that is not precaution enough. You remember Jack Eversleigh? he is at home now on leave, and I'll write him a line to come down here for a week or two, with his "long sword," revolvers, and all his "bold dragoon" paraphernalia, and mount guard over two unprotected females. It will be quite in Jack's way, or would have been once upon a time. You have not forgotten Jack?"

"I don't remember him very well," answered Miss Lucy, bestowing a good deal of attention on her breakfast-cup. "Hasn't he turned out very wild? Mary Selden told me something of that sort, I think."

"'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him,' my dear. It has always been the fashion in Jack's family to give the lad that credit. I don't know exactly what amount, or what kind of iniquity is comprehended in the word 'wild'; it is certain Jack has always been called a scapegrace; it is equally certain that I believe a truer gentleman or kinder heart does not bear her Majesty's commission to-day!" Mrs. Selwyn's eyes sparkled, and her fair old cheek colored, as she spoke. Childless herself, she was very fond of her late husband's favorite nephew, John Eversleigh, and had fought on the lad's side in many a pitched battle with prim aunts and austere father. Lucy Gresham would have liked to believe that Jack Eversleigh was no worse than Aunt Dora thought him. Mary Selden had said he was "wild," and George Selden, who ought surely to know, being in the same regiment, had talked of Jack's being always "hard up," whatever that might mean, and so-and-so—and Lucy sighed: she would have preferred to think her old playfellow was not utterly reprobate, if she had been able.

It was very hard to look at him, and yet hold to that opinion, Lucy was thinking, a day or two afterwards, as she sat demurely silent near one of the windows, and listened to the merry talk that was going on between Mrs. Selwyn and Captain Eversleigh, newly arrived. Jack seemed mightily amused and interested on hearing in what capacity he was invited, and on the whole impressed Miss Gresham with the conviction that he would be rather disappointed if no burglar afforded him any means of exercising his predilection for strife and violence during his stay.

With these thoughts in her mind, it is not wonderful that Lucy's manner towards the object of them was shy and constrained to the last degree. Haughty or repellant she could not be, nature not having provided her with that double-edged weapon called "a spirit," but only a gentle heart, that would fain have had kind and loving thoughts of all the world, and believe the best of every man, woman, or child with whom she came into contact. In theory, you see, poor Lucy had shaken her head and sighed over the iniquity of the world at large; but in practice, it was her feminine habit to take those with whom she came into actual contact much as they appeared, or professed themselves to be—not seldom, indeed, in her innocent and tender imaginings crediting them with virtues which I am afraid they had no claim to, out of that gentle region.

And the shyness and constraint did not deter Jack in the least from setting himself to restore, at the very first opportunity, something of the old familiar relations between himself and his little companion of long ago. He thought them both rather pretty than otherwise: but by that time Mr. Jack had privately arrived at the conviction, too, that Miss Gresham possessed the largest, softest, most innocent eyes, and the loveliest wild rose complexion, he had ever seen.

Fashionable girls, fast girls, flirting girls, merry, outspoken, frank girls, Jack knew by scores, and had very likely waltzed, hunted, and talked nonsense by the mile, to very nearly the same number; a little tender, unsophisticated, ignorant girl, who shook her head at the opera, balls, and cigar-smoking generally, and yet who cried real, heartfelt tears over the capture of that incorrigible poacher and vagabond, Dowdy Dick, was something new and piquant; and, accordingly, he set himself to the task of cultivating amicable relations with Lucy Gresham, with a characteristic inability to admit the idea of failure, that must needs have gone far to insure success, even if Lucy had been other than she was.

Being what she was, it is not wonderful that after only two or three day's experience of Jack's pleasant qualities as a companion, in the quiet home-life of the old manor house, Lucy had gone so far as to think that a gentleman might hunt and even smoke without being utterly reprobate; and that whatever might be comprehended in the vague term of being "hard up," it could not be anything very bad, and yet applied with truth to John Eversleigh.

Simple faith of a guileless little heart! only it was a pity, you see, that it should have been so founded very much on the fact of Jack's having handsome dark eyes and a pleasant smile that was always ready.

And in that companionship the days seemed to glide away like dreams, happy dreams, all too fleet in the passing. Ah! those long, sauntering walks through bright summer days; those rides over breezy downs, among sweet green lanes and shadowy woodland paths, where wood-doves cooed in the happy silence, and squirrels scrambled higher among the scented pines, to look down with bright inquisitive eyes upon the sleek horses and their riders, as they wound along the slender pathway, with gentle footfalls all muffled and made tranquil by the last year's leaves that lay so thickly there. Ah days happy in the coming—in the passing—and yet destined to bear such a cruel sting when memory of them was all that was left!

As to the burglars, for whose expected incursions Captain Eversleigh's visit had been a preparation, I am inclined to think that remembrance of them retreated very much into the background, though, for the first night or two, Jack diligently made tremendous and complicated arrangements for their reception in the way of revolvers, life-preservers, etc., etc., Stout-hearted old Mrs. Selwyn had never entertained any fears; Lucy somehow forgot hers in pleasanter things; and when, one night, just before retiring to bed, Aunt Dora produced from her pocket-book a packet of bank-notes, making an amount of nearly two hundred pounds, which she had received that day, and had delayed, for some reason or other, driving over to Marley to pay in to her bankers, it was only Jack who looked somewhat grave over the imprudence.

"It's what Biggs would call a downright tempting of Providence, Aunt Dolly," he said, in concluding his remonstrance.

"Biggs is such an arrant coward that, I declare, if I could see my way to getting up an impromptu burglary for his sole benefit, I'm perfectly sure I should not be able to resist the temptation," remarked the old lady, as she put away the notes in a little cabinet of Japanese workmanship, of which the key was duly taken out and deposited, for security, with true feminine ideas of the same, under the family Bible which lay on its carved oaken stand in a recess.

The sun was streaming brightly upon Lucy's closed eyes the next morning, when she opened them with a start to find Aunt Dora standing by her bedside, looking a little disturbed and much graver than her pleasant wont.

"My coming in did not wake you, Lucy," she said; "so I suppose it is not to be expected that you should have heard anything of what took place last night, which was what I came to ask you."

"Took place last night, Aunt Dora!" repeated Lucy, starting up. "Why, why—what were you going to say?"

"Only that it seems the house was really broken into last night, and the notes I left in the Japan cabinet in the tent-room taken, after all. Jack is half wild to think that he should have played the watch-dog so inefficiently. He never heard a sound, he says, and they must have passed his door, as well as yours. But, Lucy, my child, don't look so terribly white and scared! No one was harmed, or even alarmed.

"Are you sure the money is gone? O, Aunt Dora! perhaps it's a mistake—a joke!" said Lucy, breathlessly, and with an inconsequence that made Mrs. Selwyn look a little impatient.

"I cannot perceive the joke of losing nearly two hundred pounds; and, as for mistake, the money has been carried off, that's very certain. When Biggs came up stairs this morning, he found the window in the little vestibule wide open. He told Martha, who came to me, and I went straight to the tent-room, and found the cabinet wide open and the money gone. It had been opened with the key, too, for that was in the lock. And you never heard anything, Lucy?"

"Something woke me once—but what does Captain Eversleigh say?—what does he think?"

"Say?—why, that I ought not to have kept the money in the house; and as for his thoughts, he has ridden over to Marley post-haste to share them with the police. There, Lucy, I am sorry to have frightened the blood out of your cheeks; make haste with your toilet and come to breakfast, my dear—you look as if you wanted it, and we'll not wait for Jack."

But half an hour afterwards Lucy carried the same shocked white face into the breakfast-parlor with which she had listened to these tidings; and though Mrs. Selwyn laughed, and said that the occasion was not worth anything so tragic, somehow that look never faded out of Lucy's face, but seemed to deepen as the day wore on.

Then ensued days of unwonted stir and bustle at quiet old Faustel Eversleigh; a great coming and going of members of the police force from Marley; much communing with the same on the part of Captain Eversleigh, who entered into the search for traces of the thieves with a great deal of energy and spirit; and a perfect influx of visitors to sympathize and condole. Energy and spirit were expended in vain, however, as far as the desired purpose was concerned. There was absolutely no clue, as it seemed; and when two or three days had gone over, and wary detectives had prowled and poked over every corner of the old house, inside and out—had asked numberless questions of every member of the household, they seemed as far off as ever.

Mrs. Selwyn declared she would rather lose the same amount of money three times told, than go to the same fuss and bother to recover it; implored her nephew to let the search drop, and take no further steps in the matter; which Captain Eversleigh was, perforce, obliged to do, very unwillingly, as he said, "seeing that his leave was within a day or two of its expiry, and he must deprive his aunt of his presence just at the very time he should have liked to think himself wanted."

There was a soft undertone in Jack's voice when he made this remark, and he glanced as he spoke towards that silent figure, sitting in the farthest of the deep old windows, with the gentle evening light falling softly on its bending head. Amidst all the bustle and occupation of the last few days, Jack had not forgotten to notice how pale and silent Lucy Gresham had been, nor how the innocent brown eyes had worn a scared and bewildered look very foreign to their usual tranquil tenderness.

"It was natural enough, that—she was such a gentle, tender little thing—not a bit stout-hearted, nor strong-minded, (none the less charming for the want, though,) and, of course, her nerves had been shaken by what had happened."

Captain Eversleigh was thinking something like this, as he walked over towards the window where Lucy had sat silent so long, meaning, when he reached her, to say something like this, as he walked over towards the window where Lucy had sat silent so long, meaning, when he reached her, to say something soothing and sympathizing only, startled and confounded by the look that Lucy turned upon him for an instant, as he did so, that he drew back involuntarily with—

"For Heaven's sake! what can be the matter, Lucy?"

There was no answer: she had turned her face away again still more closely to the window, so that it was quite hidden; but he saw instead the strong tension of the clasp in which the hands lying in her lap were pressed together. Jack was very much amazed, but he was very much moved, too. He threw a hasty glance over his shoulder to where Aunt Dora was reclining in her lounging chair, her back conveniently towards them, then stooped down very nearly to that averted face, while he said—almost as tenderly as he felt at the instant—

"Tell me what is wrong, Lucy. Ah! if you only knew—"

But that beginning was destined to remain uncompleted; for Lucy Gresham suddenly rose out of her seat, upright as a dart, white as a ghost, serene and sad as an accusing angel.

"*If* I knew! I *do* know. And now that *you* know I do, never, never speak to me again—for that I cannot bear, and be silent!" And before Captain Eversleigh could recover from his pause of petrified astonishment, Miss Gresham turned her back on him and fled from the room.

She did not appear at breakfast the next morning—the last breakfast that Jack Eversleigh would partake of for some time to come under Aunt Dora's roof. Lucy had a headache, Mrs. Selwyn explained, and begged to be excused; which intelligence Jack heard without remark, and was altogether, during the progress of the meal, so absent and unlike himself, that Aunt Dora was privately imagining that there was a reason why he should be more sorry to say "good bye" to Faustel Eversleigh this time than had existed on former occasions.

"Well, well," thought the kind old lady, "and if Jack and Lucy have taken a fancy to one another, I don't know that either could do better; and, for my part, I think I would ask nothing better than that the children should marry and settle down here with me, as long as I live. I have always liked to think of Jack's having the old place when I am gone, and Lucy would make the dearest little wife in the world. I do think that Jack is smitten; and she—well, well—"

And while the old lady was dreaming of love and marriage, and dark old houses growing all humanly warm and bright in

the light of the sweet story that was first told in Eden, Captain Eversleigh was indignantly intent upon these two questions:

"What the deuce could Lucy Gresham mean? What the deuce *does* she know?"

There was no opportunity of propounding them to Miss Gresham herself, supposing that Captain Eversleigh desired it; for, up to the last minute of his stay, no Lucy was visible. So his farewells had only to be made to Aunt Dora when the time arrived. They were very hearty and affectionate, like the feeling that subsisted between the two; and when Mrs. Selwyn turned in again from the portico where she had stood to see Jack drive off, she felt as if the silent house had lost something that made it a pleasant home, in that cheerful, manly presence. It had lost something else, too, as it very soon appeared; for the pale, silent Lucy of the days and weeks succeeding Captain Eversleigh's departure was as unlike the cheerful little maiden of days gone, as anything that could well be imagined.

As to the lost money and the suspected burglary, that seemed a subject tabooed by both ladies with mutual consent, though not so readily allowed to drop by chance visitors, with whom a topic of conversation during the orthodox twenty minutes was too precious to be parted with lightly.

"Dear me!" said a lady, one morning, after the circumstances of the robbery had been succinctly detailed to her by Mrs. Selwyn, in answer to her questions. "Did it never occur to you to suspect any one in the house, my dear Mrs. Selwyn?"

"Not to me, certainly," answered Mrs. Selwyn, with a disturbed glance over at Lucy, who had made a sudden start in her chair; "for I have no servant, fortunately, whose trustworthiness has not been proved."

"This is fortunate indeed—for them," returned the lady; but, really, I think I should not be very easy myself, under the circumstances. Does it not strike you as suspicious, for instance, that nothing but the money should have been taken, or that the thief should have known so exactly where to put his hand upon it?"

"I don't think I should have thought so myself," answered the old lady, looking very fidgety; "but then I knew there was really little but the money to take. I had sent all the plate we don't use to my bankers some time before, and, after my nephew came down, Biggs always carried the rest into his room every night. As for the fact of the thieves knowing where to find the money, there was nothing very wonderful about that; no doubt the house had been watched; and, as we all remembered afterwards, the windows of the room from which it was taken were wide open, and the lights burning, when I locked it into the cabinet. From that clump of rhododendrons yonder, every movement of those in the room could have been seen perfectly well."

"Ah! true; well, it is very pleasant to have such confidence in those about us. And when may we hope to see Captain Eversleigh again?"

"He writes me that there is some chance of his being quartered with a detachment at Marley for a while—a piece of very unhoped for good news."

The conversation changed; but when the visitor had been gone some minutes, Mrs. Selwyn broke the silence that had lasted since then by saying—

"I am sorry that you should have heard Mrs. Sandell's charitable surmises. Lucy dear, Jack begged me not to let you know that such an idea had ever been started. He thought that, being such a timid little thing, it would only add to your uneasiness, perhaps."

"Who first entertained such an idea?" inquired Lucy, faintly.

"The detective who came over first suggested it, I think, to Jack, who imparted it to me; but of course I could not entertain it for a moment. Biggs certainly knew I had the money in the house; but, surely, the fidelity for twenty years—"

Mrs. Selwyn paused a little absently, and Lucy's voice broke passionately into the silence:

"O, Aunt Dora! don't suspect any one! least of all, poor, good old Biggs! He never took the money! never! never! Captain Eversleigh *must* be sure of that; and O, surely he would never let you think so for one instant; it would be too cruel—*too* wicked!"

"Why, Lucy!" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking at the girl's flushed face in some wonder. "Biggs ought to be very much obliged to you for your championship, only it is a pity there should be no more call for it. As for Jack's entertaining such a suspicion, he pooh poohed it from the very first; so there is no occasion for all that indignation, my dear. I am not vindictive, I hope," Mrs. Selwyn went on, after a little pause, "but I would give the money over again to have the real thief brought to light; there is something so painful in the atmosphere of doubt and suspicion that surrounds an undiscovered crime. Don't let us talk any more of it, Lucy; we have been wise in ignoring it hitherto."

Lucy arose, put on her hat and mantle, and taking her solitary way out into the grounds, wandered to a spot at some distance from the house, where a pretty little brown river stole through banks all picturesquely broken and rugged, singing as it went, with a happy music to which the girl had unconsciously set dreams as gentle and glad, many and many a time in the bright summer days that were gone. Thoughts of them came back to her now, perhaps, all strangely and sadly mingled with the altered present; and throwing her arms forward against the moss-grown trunk of one of the old trees bending over the little river, Lucy hid her face upon them and wept passionate, despairing tears, never known before by those gentle eyes.

"What ought I to do? What is right? What is best?" she thought, with that dreadful, agonizing struggle to reconcile duty and expediency that is apt to beset those whose conscience is so tender, and whose heart so gentle as poor Lucy's. "It would break Aunt Dora's heart if it came to light; and mine is breaking now, I think. What shall I do?"

But no answer came to that sad, appealing cry; the wind sighed among the trees overhead, and the leaves came shivering down at the sound, and were borne silently away on the brown water, for it was summer no longer; and never, surely, was autumn so cheerless before, Lucy thought. But joy and sadness are in the eyes which look and the ears which listen, and the fairest sunshine would have been clouded just now to Lucy Gresham's.

In fact, Lucy's eyes had seen nothing very clearly since that night, now many weeks ago, when the bank notes were stolen from the Japanese cabinet in the tent-room; or, at least, everything since then was distorted in the light of the utterly confounding sight they had witnessed on that occasion.

It was all before her now as she sat with hidden face and hands clasped before her eyes, for whether poor Lucy shut her eyes or opened them, they only seemed to serve her as long as she looked at one thing.

Yes; it was all before her now. How, on that horrible night, she had started from a light sleep and a happy dream, to listen breathlessly to a sound in the corridor outside her door—a quiet, muffled footfall passing stealthily along, and dying away in the distance. How, when it had quite gone—had been gone minutes indeed—she had sprung from her bed, in fear that lent her for the instant all the hardihood of courage, intending to fly into Aunt Dora's room; and how, as she opened the door, she saw with her own eyes—ah, heaven! yes—in the broad summer moonlight that lit up all the corridor from end to end with its solemn splendor, John Eversleigh—kind Aunt Dora's dearly-loved nephew—coming out of the tent-room with the little fanciful ivory-clasped box that held the bank-notes in his hand! How, in the wonder, the terror, the incredulity with which she looked on this sight, she had shrunk back into the room, and had listened to that muffled footfall coming quietly back past her door, past Aunt Dora's, till it died away again out of the corridor. Then the poor child had crept back into her bed, had turned her face down upon the pillow so as to shut out the fair moonlight, and repeated over and over again, with a piteous persistence in the words. "I have been dreaming; it was a dream—nothing so horrible *could* be true!" trying so to stifle thought and drown conviction, till suddenly she raised her head, joyful, trembling, melted to thankful tears, in the light of the blessed inspiration that suddenly flashed upon her mind. "It was a joke!—a practical joke—this abduction of the bank-notes—done just to give Aunt Dora a little fright and a little warning! How foolish not to have guessed that at once! Of course the money would be restored, and confession made the next morning, when Aunt Dora had been thoroughly well frightened." In the tremulous thankfulness of this relief, Lucy sank into the sleep from which Aunt Dora had wakened her that morning.

How poor Lucy's hope that "it was all a joke" had fluctuated through the after proceedings, and had finally faded away altogether, would have been a pitiful thing to see, if any one could have had a clue by which to trace it! Now, she had almost forgotten that the cloud which had enshrouded her since that night had ever been temporarily lightened by that idea. Ah, no! everything was wretched!—the world a miserable place, people inconceivably wicked, and those happiest and best off who had been laid to rest once for all under the churchyard daisies. Poor little Lucy! This, her first practical encounter with absolute, outcrying evil, had done the work of years, as indeed it always does on natures so tender and innocent.

She rose up now, after a while, and walked slowly homewards; so slowly that it was dark when she reached the house, and quite dark in the drawing-room when she opened the door and entered quietly.

As she did so, the familiar tones of a rich, manly voice reached her, that she would have known among hundreds, and that she redognized now with a great bound of the heart.

Yes; there, surely enough, standing in the full blaze of the firelight, was Jack Eversleigh, laughing and chatting with Aunt Dora as if there were no such things as care, or trouble, or wrong-doing in all this work-a-day world. He stopped short, though, as the door opened and Lucy entered, coming forward the next minute, with, perhaps, ever so little constraint in his manner as he held out his hand. Lucy half extended hers; but ah, no! her hand must never lie in that large cordial grasp again! She drew it back, and, bowing low, Jack turned easily away to his former place, and resumed his talk, while Lucy sank down trembling into a seat where the shadows gathered most thickly, and almost hid her from view.

Aunt Dora was certainly in the best of moods and spirits (she was auguring favorably for the success of her pet plan and the happiness of Lucy, you see, in this sudden reappearance of Jack Eversleigh), and as for her nephew, his momentary embarrassment had left no palpable traces behind.

"How can he laugh? How can he talk so lightly as he does?" thought the poor child, cowering among the shadows, with a kind of sorrowful, indignant wonder. "How dare he come here? Is it possible that he did not understand me?—that I did not speak plainly enough?"

She hid her face, and shrank down still more closely in her corner. And still the merry talk and laughter went on by the fireplace.

"*Apropos* of scrapes, Jack," Mrs. Selwyn said, presently, "how long is it since you walked into one in your sleep?"

Jack Eversleigh laughed, and colored a little.

"O, ever so many years, now—so many, that I hope that propensity and I have parted company for good and all. It used to cause me no end of bother, though, at one time. You remember the—"

And here Captain Eversleigh broke off, to stare in boundless surprise at the little figure starting from that dark corner, with clasped hands, and eager, pallid face.

"A sleep-walker! Do you walk in your sleep? O, if it were possible that—Aunt Dora—the bank-notes!—the money that was taken!" cried out poor Lucy, breathless, and shaking in every limb.

"The bank-notes, Lucy!—what an idea! Certainly, Jack had a queer habit of walking in his sleep, and doing strange things in a state of somnolency; but I don't suppose—"

"But I saw him, Aunt Dora!—I saw him! O, if I had only known—only guessed! I am so happy—so very, very thankful!" And here Lucy sank down in a burst of tears, that came fresh from her very heart.

"You saw me!" repeated the young man, looking from Aunt Dora to that crouching, weeping little figure, with an expression of bewilderment; "why did you not say so, then, and save all the bother?"

"I thought you knew what you were doing, and meant to do it. How could I know?" sobbed Lucy.

"Thought that I deliberately, and of my own will, possessed myself of money that did not belong to me!" said Jack, with involuntary haughtiness. But the next instant his sense of the ridiculous overpowered him, and he burst into a laugh so hearty and prolonged that Aunt Dora joined in it, till the tears streamed down her face; and even poor Lucy was fain to echo it, at the dire and imminent risk of becoming hysterical.

"Poor, dear Lucy!" said Mrs. Selwyn, presently, between her gasps for breath; "so you have really been thinking that Jack played the part of burglar that night. My poor child! There, I will not laugh any more, if I can help it; but, for heaven's sake, tell us all about it, for I own I don't see the thing quite clearly yet."

And so the whole story had to be gone over, or rather dragged into light by questions; for now, such deep, overpowering shame beset Lucy—such a keen perception of the fact that John Eversleigh must of necessity and forevermore hold her in abhorrence—that she was wellnigh speechless.

And Jack, being really a chivalrous and generous-hearted fellow, seeing all the pain and shame in the poor little face, and desirous of sparing it to the uttermost, suppressed whatever feeling he might have had in the matter, after that one involuntary burst, and listened, with good-natured amusement, to the relation of his own exploit.

"I wish you could enlighten me as to what I did with the money, for, on my word, I have never set waking eyes on it. At least, I remember now thinking that it would be a good joke to improvise a burglary, just for Aunt Dora's amusement (you suggested the idea yourself, ma'am, please to recollect); but what on earth became of the money? Did I go straight back into my room, I wonder?"

"No; down stairs, I think," said Lucy, faintly.

"The open window in the vestibule, Jack; how is that to be accounted for? Ah! I have it. Do you remember the little summer-house on the other side of the shrubbery? There's a sliding panel that conceals a recess in it, and many a time you have hidden my keys and work-bag there, when you were a boy. Jack, I will wager half the money that you put it there!"

Which, on examination, turned out to be the case. There lay the little ivory-clasped box, containing the roll of the bank-notes, never touched since Mrs. Selwyn's hand had placed them in it; and so the mystery of the "Burglary at Faustel Eversleigh" was a mystery no longer; though in years to come it became a story that Aunt Dora was never tired of telling to the little bright-eyed listeners round her chair, who called the hero and heroine "papa" and "mamma."—*London Society.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3. 1866.

TRAVELLING AGENT.—MR. O. P. TRUESDELL is our authorized Agent to receive subscriptions, and appoint agencies for THE CALIFORNIAN.

MR. JOHN C. ROBINSON is authorized to act as Agent for THE CALIFORNIAN.

DR. W. F. BRANDRETH is requested to call at this office.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

THE RELIGION OF "INFINITE DUST."

WHEN the German naturalist, M. Charles Vogt, expanded the dictum of Cabanis, "Thought is a secretion of the brain," into the declaration that "there is the same relation between thought and the brain, as between bile and the liver, between urine and the loins," and became thereupon suddenly celebrated, he gave the most characteristic and striking expression possible in a popular form to the whole doctrine of materialism. Moleschott's "Without phosphorus no thought," and Buchner's "No force without matter; no matter without force," though not as easily controverted as Vogt's rash and undiscriminating statement, (in which a vital power is compared to refuse matter that the body throws off after having used it,) were also less vivid, and therefore less calculated to impress the popular mind.

And it is not to be denied that this new form of an old faith, the object of which a recent French writer refers to as a *je ne sais quoi*, nameless in any language, and that might be described as Infinite Dust, has, during the past few years, been making immense progress, not only among men of science, but also with the masses of the people; and more particularly is this the case in Germany, where Dr. Buchner's *Kraft und Stoff*—which is a complete hand-book of the new materialism—has been far more widely read than the famous *Vestiges of Creation* has been in England and the United States.

That there is no such thing as mind, as distinct from matter; that there has never been such an event as Creation, matter being eternal and self-existent; that, while matter never perishes, it is forever changing its forms, in an endless circle of dissolution and re-combination; that every individual form, animate or inanimate, as it has a beginning, has also an end; that individual existence consequently terminates when physical dissolution takes place; that the idea of any creative, supernatural power is repugnant to true science—these are some of the leading statements in the Infinite Dust creed

Presented in this brief, bald way, there seems little that is new or striking in this repulsive system—little, indeed, to distinguish it from the oldest forms of atheism; but when expanded and illustrated by analogies drawn from every department of physical science, as it is by Dr. Buchner and his colaborers, it assumes quite another aspect, and presses its pretensions upon even the reluctant understanding with a formidable plausibility.

There is something pathetic, and possessing even an element of sad sublimity, in the spectacle of the human intellect thus pronouncing its own doom, analyzing itself to declare that it is but a handful of perishable dust. Yet for a class of minds this gloomy philosophy seems to possess a certain power of attraction, while there is another class who accept its conclusions not merely with resignation, but with a strange cheerfulness, as if they felt relieved rather than otherwise by getting rid of the idea of immortality.

Notwithstanding the immense progress that these ideas have made in Germany, so that one of their writers speaks of materialism as being "the religion of the common people," we have sure and abundant guarantics that this progress is delusive and temporary. We have such guaranties in the nature and constitution of the human mind, whatever that mind may be. The materialistic philosophers and scientists delude themselves singularly if they imagine that any amount of proofs of the kind they deal in can destroy the belief in the supernatural. That belief has a stronghold in human nature that never can be reached by argument. Man must and will have a religion of some kind. Individuals exceptionally constituted may accept annihilation with cheerful alacrity, but there is a terrible shrinking form such a consummation in the average normal mind, which would incline it even to such a religion as that of the spirit-rappers, if the choice had to be made between that and the new materialism. Indeed, the prospects of the former system seem at present much more promising than those of the latter.

The great reason (regarding the subject from a purely philosophical point of view) for believing that religion, embracing at least three articles of faith—a God, Immortality, and the validity of moral distinctions—will endure as long as the race, is to be found in the unquestionable fact that the human mind is so constituted as to incline naturally toward such a faith; and the further fact that the powers of the mind, and the limits of speculative thonght, are such that it is an actual philosophical impossibility to *disprove* supernaturalism. Arguments more or less convincing may be accumulated indefinitely, but they *never* can amount to demonstration. Such books as Dr. Buchner's, able and powerful as it undoubtedly is, can only make materialists of those who are by their intellectual constitution inclined to materialism. Its arguments fail even to make any legitimate demand upon the belief of the idealist, and cannot change him. In short, regarded from a merely logical and philosophic point of view, the fundamental arguments both of the idealist and of the materialist Doctors fall short of *strict proof;* they are merely probable arguments. And this must forever be so; they may increase in number, may be newly stated and illustrated, but they cannot amount to that kind of proof which compels the assent of all reasonable men. Intellects of equal force, and equally trained and furnished, are to be found arrayed on different sides with an equal energy of conviction. The argument may go on forever, without producing a change of this conviction, until a new species of logic is discovered which is capable of changing a man's mental and moral constitution. Hence, in Belief and Unbelief, there is and must be an element that is not an intellectual one—an element of choice. But as the vast majority of men are naturally idealists, and as sentiment is a part of the general mental constitution, the Believers will always remain in the ascendant, and the Religion of Infinite Dust will never become the religion of the world.

CALIFORNIA FLY-GOBBLERS.

NATURAL history is pretty well represented in California, in one shape or another. Nothing is precisely like its corresponding species on the other side. This is true of our salmon, quail, duck, "lion," etc. Of the *genus homo*, we have all varieties. Least plentiful of these—but still we have them—are what the French call *gobe-mouche*—fly-gobblers. Fellows who sit with their mouths wide open, living fly-traps, and when a fly enters, spring the machine, and gobble him up—bad luck to the fly!

The ignorance of an intelligent man, talking of something which he does not understand, is said to be refreshing. The utterances of stupidity are sometimes sublime. Such utterances deserve commemoration. They ought not to perish utterly.

The *gobe-mouche par excellence* of California—the fly-gobbler in chief—is the person who writes the "foreign" editorials for the *Alta California*. His trap is always set, always ready for the fly, always ready to shut down with equal gusto on black or mottled, blue or bottle green.

One of the biggest flies that *gobe-mouche* has caught lately, was the Prussian needle gun. Prodigious was the slaughter inflicted by this third-rate breech-loader at Sadowa, and the science of chemistry recoiled before the secret of its cartridge. The world found out long ago that the needle gun had very little to do with the battle of Sadowa, and that the cartridge is no mystery. But *gobe-mouche* has not discovered this, and he will never find it out. He will drivel on about the needle-gun to the end.

Napoleon III asked for an extension of frontier, but Prussia declined to concede it—*at present*. The world knows that the French Emperor was compelled to make the request, because some of the Rhenish provinces invoked his protection. It knows, too, that Bismarck promised the extension beforehand, but dared not grant it, just then, on account of the temper of his own people. It knows, too, that the extension is sure to come. *Gobe-mouche* doesn't see it, never will see it—even when it happens.

Gobe-mouche thinks France was snubbed by Prussia, and would have "pitched in" if Russia had not been waiting in force to prevent it. It turns out that Russia had invited France to join with her and take a share of the spoil; and that France declined. Still *gobe-mouche* thinks Napoleon III is an imperial Toots.

Gobe mouche thinks Prussia, with her population of 29,000,000, more than one-third of whom hate her as New Orleans hates Butler, is more than a match for France, Austria, and Russia. *Gobe mouche* thinks that Prussia, for a moment successful in a career of perjury, perfidy, and violence, which was hardly equalled in our own rebellion, has made herself the first power in Europe. *Gobe-mouche* does not understand that the only security Prussia has is her secret understanding with Napoleon III.

The Emperor of the French transacts his own business, without the aid of even a Secretary of War; therefore, reasons *gobe mouche*, his brain is softening; he smokes cigars prodigiously, therefore his physical strength is all gone; he rides out daily on horseback, therefore he has a diseased prostate; he goes out shooting on foot, therefore he is paralyzed in both legs!

But the last luxury of a big green bottle-fly, caught by *gobe-mouche*, was the telegraphic report that the surgeon-in chief of the Prussian army, having been sent for to consult upon the health of Napoleon III, had informed the Prussian embassy, at Paris, that he could not possibly recover, and that the embassy telegraphed that information to Berlin, so that the newspaper correspondents immediately got hold of it. Any one else might possibly have surmised that Napoleon's sending for the chief surgeon of the Prussian army was only a studied notification to the world of intimate relations between the two countries. Not so *gobe-mouche*. He actually believes that the Prussian surgeon-in-chief, thus confidentially consulted, told the Prussian embassy, at Paris, that Napoleon could not recover, and that the embassy, at half a day's easy travel from Berlin, telegraphed that information; so that the public got hold of it! O blissful *gobe-mouche*, to be happy with a mouthful of such flies as these!

THE NEW HOSPITAL.

ALTHOUGH the most natural and spontaneous association in connection with the idea of a hospital is not of an æsthetic character, the new City Hospital, so far as we can judge from an examination of the plans, is destined to be one of the chief architectural ornaments of the city. The plan seems to be both ingenious and beautiful, and it is also pronounced strikingly original by physicians who have visited the great hospitals of Europe. It combines the advantages of a wide separation of the pavilions with facility of access to the various wards, in a way that has not heretofore been adopted for that purpose, and that it would seem impossible to secure by any other disposition of the buildings. The Hospital will contain twelve wards, and will accommodate three hundred patients; it will have a front of four hundred and twenty-five feet, with a depth of two hundred and fifty feet.

Though the exterior has but little ornamentation, and is not at all in the "florid" style, its broken outline, bold details, and massive proportions will give it a very striking effect. The location, on an elevated piece of land, a portion of the San Miguel Ranch, near Lake Honda, is admirably chosen, and it will be one of the most prominent landmarks of the city. The plans were drawn by Messrs. Bugbee and Butler, architects of this city, to whom a premium of $250 00 was awarded for them, as the best offered in competition. No difference of opinion existed either in the Committee of the Board of Supervisors, or among the physicians invited by the Board to advise with them on the subject, in regard to the superiority of the plans finally adopted.

CELESTIAL PYROTECHNICS.

THERE seems to be a very general expectation in certain scientific circles that Tuesday and Wednesday nights, November 13th and 14th, will witness the recurrence of one of those great meteoric showers such as were seen all over North America on the 13th of November, 1833. On that occasion, as will be remembered by those of our readers who have passed the middle term of life, from about an hour after midnight till nearly dawn, the whole heavens were illuminated by a most imposing meteoric display. Arago has estimated that not less than two hundred and forty thousand meteors were visible on the morning of the 13th above the horizon of Boston; and the display was witnessed by the inhabitants of the greater portion of the North American Continent.

The *savans* who have devoted special attention to this stupendous phenomenon, have suggested the theory that meteoric showers, similar to that of 1833, are periodic, and that their returns are separated from one another by the third of a century, or some multiple of that period. Between the years 903 and 1833, thirteen of these great showers are recorded; how many more actually occurred, we are left to guess. It is now stated in some of the Eastern papers that Professor Newton, of Yale College, who has devoted much time to the investigation of the periodic character of these showers, predicts a prodigious and imposing meteoric display on the 13th or 14th of the present month. Those who have faith will probably be on the *qui vive* on the nights of Tuesday and Wednesday week.

MR. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD seems to be the most widely appreciated, at the East, of all our California poets. In fact, he is so extensively appreciated that quite a number of the Atlantic literary papers have fallen into the habit of republishing his poems, contributed to THE CALIFORNIAN, as original contributions to themselves. The last instance of this species of literary larceny that has fallen under our observation is the publication of Mr. Stoddard's "Vespers," originally published in this journal, in the Boston *Wide World* as an original contribution, headed, "Written for the *Wide World*."

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me."
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Delightful Scandal.

THE *Alta, Call,* and, we regret to say, the *Bulletin* also, served up a little bit of scandal with *sauce piquante* a few days ago, when there was not the slightest necessity for their readers to be informed on the matter. A marriage was to have taken place and did not take place, in consequence of the bridegroom's impecuniosity. That was all. The *Bulletin*, in the most unwarrantable manner, dragged the clergyman, who was to have officiated on the occasion, before the public, and on the day following had to apologize as follows:

"A MISTAKE.—In the published accounts of the matrimonial fiasco across the Bay, allusion was made to a church dignitary, who was to have officiated had the ceremony taken place. There is reason to believe that the reverend gentleman in question was ignorant of the antecedents of the affair, and was deceived as to the character of the person by whom his services were engaged. He was acquainted with the unquestioned respectability of the lady in the case, was called upon and attended exclusively in the way of clerical duty, and was as much surprised at the result as were the public."

We were not aware that the Episcopal Church required parties desirous of being joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony to furnish proofs of their "respectability." We were also unaware that in a case where a clergyman of the Episcopal Church married parties who were not respectable, any odium would attach to him for so doing. The fact of the matter is, that the *Bulletin* is heartily ashamed of having lent its aid to manufacture a scandal out of a matter in which the public at large had no concern. The contradiction published above is a slight enough apology for the statement which appeared in the *Bulletin* of Monday:

"Then, again, the Baron was indorsed by respectable people, and had a firm friend in a high dignitary of the Episcopal Church, we might say *the* high dignitary, who is said to have used his utmost endeavors as a matchmaker in the premises."

The idea of a high dignitary of the Church acting in the capacity of "matchmaker" is an unpleasant one; the *Bulletin* had no right to represent the pastor as standing in any such relation to the members of his flock.

Sensational Advertisements.

In the *Alta* of Thursday, we find the following remarkable advertisement:

STOP THAT VILE SLANDER!

A RUMOR IS GOING THE ROUNDS that a young gentleman, who is absent from the State, drew on his father for ten thousand dollars. It is a malicious falsehood; he never drew on his father for one dollar. A more honorable young man is not to be found in this city. It is needless to say that all other reports are equally false.

We are glad to hear that "a young gentleman, who is absent from this State," did not draw upon his father for ten thousand dollars. We cannot exactly understand why a rumor to the effect that a young gentleman did draw upon his father for the aforesaid sum, should be characterized as a "vile slander." There is nothing very wrong in the fact of a young gentleman—either in this State or absent from this State—drawing on his father for ten thousand dollars, if he was in a state of impecuniosity, and his father was in a state of wealth. We are further told: "It is needless to say that all other reports are equally false." This is a most bewildering announcement. We suppose it refers to some particular young gentleman; the anonymous advertiser cannot intend to state that there is no young gentleman absent from this State who has been drawing on his governor for funds. We suppose there is some story attached to this advertisement, but what good can be accomplished by its publication, is hard to guess.

In the *Call* of Thursday, we find another mysterious advertisement:

PERDITA!—What do you mean? Your child will not stand this fooling any more.

This may be addressed to a lost mother whose infant has been robbed for some time of its natural sustenance, and is at present being poisoned with swill-milk by those with whom "Perdita" left it. This may be the case; if so, we trust that "Perdita" will immediately state her intentions, and inform the advertiser whether she means to reclaim her child, or if she wishes it to be disposed of. We rather imagine that the "child" referred to has been weaned for many years, but we may be mistaken. San Francisco newspapers are so dull now-a-days, that it is refreshing to find something amusing now and then in the advertising columns.

Fenianism.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 10th says:

"Let a *corps d'elite* of Irish household troops be formed, attached to the royal person, and arrayed in that national color which seems so inexplicably fascinating for the Hibernian mind. A race which at San Francisco finds solace and meaning in printing a seditious journal on green paper could scarcely fail to be soothed by the sight of regiments in a uniform of green and gold. Then let the Queen have a palace or autumn retreat in one of the most lovely districts in Ireland, on Bantry Bay or on the coast of Antrim, and let her visit Ireland as regularly as she now visits Scotland. It is not to the credit of our rulers, either of their good feeling or their good sense, that this has not been done long ago. Let something of real royalty be substituted for that mock royalty which we now half contemptuously leave them, and with which we so irrationally expect them to be satisfied. Let the heir apparent fix his residence in Ireland for at least a part of every year, and thus win beforehand the affections of the people for that throne which he is one day to fill. Royalty cannot be so insensible to the few duties, and the easy obligations, and the light burdens, and the trival sacrifices to which alone it is now called, as to grudge any effort which might open so facile a way to a people's heart."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* makes a mistake. The *Irish People* was not printed on green paper; it was printed by green printers in green ink, and has now withered. The *Gazette*, however, is quite right in its idea of the best means to pacify Ireland and render it loyal to the British Crown. We set forth the same ideas in THE CALIFORNIAN nearly a year ago. England has enough Princes; she can well afford to spare Ireland one of them. If it would not be asking too much of the Princess Alexandra, it might, we imagine, be managed that the next of the Prince of Wales' children should be born in Ireland, and bear the title of the Prince of Ireland. If the infant proved to be a daughter, Ireland would be content, no doubt, to wait for a short time. There ought to be a Prince of Ireland—when there is, then we shall hear very little of Fenianism.

Still on the War-path.

The Triple-Thunderer of the *Flag* still continues to launch his bolts against the bankers, and more particularly against the Bank of California. Evidently poor Mr. Ralston (if we may be permitted the paradox of applying such an adjective to a wealthy banker) has done something to the *Flag*—possibly declined to take stock in it. The following, from the *Flag's* "leader" of Friday last, is racy, spicy, and gossipy. As to the amount of truth it embodies, that is altogether a subordinate consideration:

"Our Bank of California has curious modes of whipping the d--l around the stump: members of the 'ring' were interested in the San Francisco and Pacific Sugar Refinery, and they wanted raw sugar; besides a debt was due the bank from a partner in a bank at Honolulu and they wanted this collected; and they wanted a handy man who could write as well with his left as with his right hand, and they selected Alphabet Barnes, a bosom friend of Ralston, and he aspired to go in company with Royalty on board a United States war vessel, but the Admiral refused to take passengers, but our friend Alphabet nothing daunted, shipped *as a marine* on the good steamer *Vanderbilt*, and taking on board $50,000 or $75,000 for the purchase of the sugar crop, and armed with a bill of sale which required only the banking partner's signature to convey all his property, real and personal, including his interest in the Bank of Honolulu, to the Bank of California, took his departure amid the waving of flags and booming of artillery, which he thought were in honor of Barnes."

That Mr. Barnes did sail for Honolulu on the *Vanderbilt* is an indubitable fact, and it is highly probable that he had some important object in view, inasmuch as he is one of the class of men who generally act with reference to some well-defined end to be attained. Meantime, up to the date of our latest advices, the Bank of California still survived, and had not suspended specie payments.

Preparing for the Struggle.

The *Alta* proprietors have taken in two partners to enable them to show fight against the great *Times* company. In addition to this, nearly a column and a half of Thursday's issue is devoted to proving that the *Alta* is the most spirited and enterprising newspaper in the world, and has the best furnished offices ever heard of. We are told that "each editorial room is *carpeted*, and neatly furnished," and we understand that even the local items room has a piece of matting in it. Prodigious luxury! The composition room is described as something gorgeous:

"Each stand, case, stone, galley, and frame is varnished, and the whole is more like a parlor than a workshop."

Think of that, ye unhappy compositors who are engaged to work on the *Times!* You won't get any such luxuries as varnished stones there. You will have to work in a shop, while the composition room of the *Alta* is "more like a parlor than a workshop."

The proprietors have been too modest; they have not mentioned half the luxuries which they provide for their printers. In addition to the varnish, each case has a cigar-box in it, and cigars are distributed every morning. Costly porcelain spittoons are placed in different portions of the parlor. Lager beer is laid on in pipes throughout the establishment, and champagne is served out—a bottle to each man—twice a day. The *Alta* office has become a printers' Paradise, and no devil is now allowed to enter therein.

To be Weighed in the Balance.

The *Dramatic Chronicle* has kindly assumed the responsible task of passing authoritative judgment upon the merits of the new "leading" daily. The *Chronicle* for Friday says:

"On Monday, the first number of the *Times*, that long-talked-of and most extensively and gratuitously advertised paper, will appear. We shall carefully, critically and most impartially examine its first issue. Those who wish to know what sort of a paper the *Times* is, have only to consult the *Dramatic Chronicle* of Tuesday morning. We have no prejudice against the *Times*, and no partiality toward it. We shall give it whatever credit it may deserve. We shall weigh it in the scales of strict and impartial justice, and speak of it in such terms as the facts of the case may seem to justify. Its leaders, minor editorials, paragraphs, squibs, news matter, selections, poetry, etc., etc., will be carefully and thoroughly analyzed, grammatically, rhetorically and logically. We shall take the whole measure of the new paper. If it is inferior to our able contemporaries, the *Alta* and the *Call*, we shall say so without hesitation, and *vice versa*. Therefore, all persons who take any interest in the new enterprise are requested to wait (before subscribing) until they see Tuesday's *Chronicle*. We will tell them all about the merits of the new paper, and we need not assure the habitual readers of our paper that what we *do* tell them will be unbiased, impartial and thoroughly reliable."

We trust the *Times* may be able to pass a creditable examination, but if its merits are to be adjudged upon the contents of its first number, the decision ought not to be considered final. We think it would be no more than fair to allow the new journalistic candidate for public favor at least a week to "make a record."

An Actress in Sunday School.

If little Alice Kingsbury, who has for weeks past been delighting San Francisco audiences by her talents, *is* "an actress," she is evidently resolved not to relinquish her claims as a woman. She does not recognize any incompatibility between the *roles* of an actress, and a saint. She plays at the theatre, but then she goes regularly to church, and "teaches in Sunday School." Week before last, Alice went to the Baptist Church, (Doctor Cheney's,) and volunteered her services to teach a class in the Sunday School. The offer was accepted; Alice was installed as instructress of a class, and at the close of the exercises of the day the Superintendent complimented her on the efficient and skilful manner in which she had performed her duties. Not long afterwards, however, this same Superintendent, in the course of a gushing exhortation to the children, warned them to shun the theatre, as the vestibule of hell, and characterized actors and actresses as "emissaries of Satan." Of course spunky little Alice couldn't stand that. Accordingly up she rises, draws herself up to the full height of her imposing stature, declares herself "an actress" and also "a member of the church," makes an eloquent, "powerful, and logical plea for the drama," and in short (figuratively speaking,) knocks the sanctimonious Superintendent clean out of his (logical) boots. Hurrah for little Alice! say we. Those extra pious fellows had better let her alone if they know what's good for themselves.

The Aerial Machine.

Owing to many alterations and improvements in the new Aerial Machine, it is not likely to start for some time on its voyage to Europe. The first of April is, however, confidently named as the probable date of departure. His Imperial Majesty, Norton I, who is known to be somewhat flighty, has graciously consented to avail himself of this opportunity of visiting his brother potentates in the Eastern hemisphere.

To be Corrected.

Certain public-spirited and enterprising individuals propose, as we learn from a notice in the daily papers, "to correct and put in proper shape the jurisprudence of the States and Territories of the Pacific coast, which has become corrupted by being mixed with Spanish and Mexican laws." This desirable result is to be accomplished through the influence of a new publication to be entitled the *Pacific Law Magazine*, to be issued by "D. S. Cutter & Co., 522 Merchant street, San Francisco."

We wish the philanthropic and learned gentlemen who propose to "correct and put in proper shape" our "corrupted jurisprudence" all success in their laudable but arduous undertaking; and we trust that their intellectual and other resources may not prove inadequate to the somewhat ambitious enterprise.

Questions for "The Times."

Before another issue of THE CALIFORNIAN appears, the *Times* will have been ushered into existence. The public mind is agitated at present with speculations as to the course which the *Times* will take on the great questions of the day. Will it be in favor of or opposed to swill-milk? How will it stand on the Nicolson Pavement question? Will it publish its reports of murders, suicides, burglaries, etc., in the exquisitely humorous style which has been rendered so popular by Fitz Smythe? Will it convulse its readers with laughter by satirical allusions to President Johnson's former occupation, like the *Flag?* How many poets will it have, or will it have a Poet's Corner at all? Well, well! we shall soon know all about it. We wish the new paper well, and trust that we shall never see the *Times* out of joint; if we do, we shall be under the painful necessity of setting it right.

No Soap.

The steamer which left on Tuesday took a number of articles for exhibition, from California, at the World's Fair at Paris in May, 1867. We noticed, with pain, that there was no mention made of soap. At every State and County Fair the samples of soap exhibited are numerous. In every catalogue we have noticed entries such as the following: "Soft soap, Miss Mary Tompkins;" "A box of soap, Miss Smith;" "Soap made of kitchen waste, Miss Brown" We trust that some California soft soap will be forwarded to the World's Fair. Let it not be said that, in the list of the productions of California at the World's Fair, there was no soap.

The Second Artillery.

The *Alta* indorses the Second Artillery as good soldiers. The country is safe. Fitz Smythe thinks that the soldiers of the Second Artillery can win battles—under certain circumstances. In Tuesday's issue of the *Alta* he says:

"The men of the Second Artillery look like thorough soldiers, as they are, and are just the kind to win battles where courage, dash, and determination are required."

We sincerely trust that the men of the Second Artillery will never be called upon to win battles where courage, dash, and determination are *not* required. We wonder what kind of battles Fitz Smythe has been used to.

Nothing Remarkable.

The *Alta* boasts that it has eleven editors. This does not strike us as a remarkable fact. We saw, the other day, thirteen children engaged in constructing a huge mud pie; it amused the children, but none but its constructors appeared to appreciate it when it was finished.

It is reported that the new office of the *Alta* has a complete laundry attached to it.

OUR CORRESPONDENT, "Spiradella," indulges in some just strictures upon the course of the daily press of this city in reference to a recent painful affair at Clinton. It seems to us that there can be no room for any difference of opinion among persons of correct notions and delicacy of feeling as to the gross impropriety of the manner in which the affair alluded to was treated by the leading daily papers of San Francisco. The affair was private in its character; none of the parties concerned were public personages, and in the attempt to furnish an entertaining "item" the local writers for the papers referred to were guilty not only of gross violations of taste and propriety, but of the reckless misstatement of facts. This species of "local" journalism is not only essentially vulgar, but, in cases like the one in question, it is unjust and cruel. Its only object must be to cater to a depraved taste for scandal and gossip.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE GOLD MINE.—A gentleman on his annual tour to the White Mountains, a year ago, discovered rocks containing gold near Lisbon, N. H. A company of Hartford and Springfield merchants was formed, which purchased the property in which the ore was found. The stock, worth a year ago $5 a share, now sells for $5,000. Some of the quartz yields $867 of gold per ton, and $150 of silver.

VILE WRETCHES.—We beseech and implore the editors of country papers to refrain from heading notices of deaths "In memorium." Have these wretches who pretend to show respect to the dead no respect for a dead language? At least twice out of three times "*memorium*" is printed for "*memoriam.*"—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

THE San Francisco Amateurs will give their eleventh Subscription Entertainment at Turn-Verein Hall, on Thursday evening, November 15th. *Othello* will be performed on that occasion, which will be the last night of the present subscription season. We acknowledge a card of invitation.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A Western editor lately married one of his compositors, another compositor acting as bridesmaid, the officiating clergyman being a retired printer, and the local editor giving the bride away.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westhrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion. Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office. 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy groods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Cluny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
Nursing Corsets.....$2 50
Nottingham and French Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices!

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

ELOCUTION.—Miss Jane Gray has returned to this city and is prepared to give instruction in Elocution. Miss Gray will give instruction to classes, or private lessons to individuals, at their own residences, if desired. Apply at the California Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies (Miss Lamond's), 64 Silver.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PETTIT & CO.,
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,
613 Kearny St., between Sacramento and Commercial, San Francisco.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,
Designers and Engravers
ON WOOD,
No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.
WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

THE LARGEST CLOAK HOUSE
OF THE PACIFC COAST.
Meyer & Jonasson,
No. 10 Montgomery street,
ARE NOW OFFERING
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
OF MOST FASHIONABLE
FALL CLOAKS
EVER SEEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted.) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial.

I. TRUMP & CO.,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS
Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J STAPLES, Vice President.
CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.
INCORPORATED.....1821.
Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both
Fire and Marine Risks,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street.)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Set, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $1. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

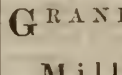
N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

NEW COURT EXCHANGE SALOON.

The undersigned having completed his new building on DUNBAR COURT, rear of City Hall, opened the same as a first class SALOON, on SATURDAY, October 13th. He cordially invites his old friends and the public generally to give him a call. He has secured some of the finest Old Wines, Ales, Brandies and other Choice Liquors on this coast, as well as the NE PLUS ULTRA of Brands of Havana Cigars.

☞ HOT LUNCHEON served every day, from 11 A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M. M. KENNEY, Proprietor.

PIANOS!



PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

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Will open on TUESDAY, October 16th, her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

A SCENE IN VENICE.

ABOUT nightfall came the market boats on their way to the Rialto market, bringing heaped fruits and vegetables from the main land; and far into the night the soft dip of the oar and the gurgling progress of the boats were company and gentlest lullaby. By which time, if we looked out again, we found the moon risen, and the ghost of dead Venice shadowily happy in haunting the lonesome palaces, and the sea, which had so loved Venice, kissing and caressing the tide-worn marble steps, where her feet seemed to rest. At night, sometimes, we saw from our balcony one of those *frescoes*, which once formed the chief splendor of festive occasions in Venice, and are peculiar to the city where alone their fine effects are possible. The *fresco* is a procession of boats with music and lights. Two immense barges, illuminated with hundreds of paper lanterns, carry the military bands; the barges of the civil and military dignitaries follow, and then the gondolas of such citizens as choose to take part in the display, though since 1859 no Italian, unless an employee of Government, has been seen in the procession. No gondola has less than two lanterns, and many have eight or ten, shedding mellow lights of blue, and red, and purple, over uniforms and silken robes. The soldiers of the bands breathe from their instruments music the most perfect and exquisite of its kind in the world; and as the procession takes the width of the Grand Canal in its magnificent course, soft crimson flushes play upon the time-worn marble of the palaces, and die tenderly away, giving to light and then to shadow the opulent sculptures of arch, and pillar, and spandril, and weirdly illuminating the grim and bearded visages of stone that peer down from doorway and window. It is a sight more gracious and fairy than ever poet dreamed; and I feel that the lights and the music have only got into my description by name, and that you would not know them when you saw and heard them, from anything I say.—*Howell's Venetian Life.*

Ennui.

THE day comes up above the roofs
All sallow from a night of rain;
The sound of feet, of wheels and hoofs
In the blurred streets begin again.

The same old toil—no end—no aim,
The same vile babble in my ears;
The same unmeaning smiles; the same
Most miserable dearth of tears.

The same vile sounds: the same dull lack
Of lustre in the level gray!
It seems like Yesterday come back
With his old things, and not To-Day.

—*Owen Meredith.*

THE LARGEST DESCRIBED SNAKE.—Mr. Speke, in his work on the discovery of the sources of the Nile, thus describes the death of a snake of the boa species, shot by his traveling companion, Captain Grant: "I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass and bushes and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet; thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

TAURUS AFLOAT.—Recently a two-year old bull was picked up at sea, off Chebeaque Island, Maine. The animal was five miles from the main land at the spot in the vasty deep where he was overhauled, and it is supposed he was on his way to visit his English cousin Johnny. Having been taken in tow, with his nose clear of the brine, Bossy was safely brought to land.

AN humble-bee has been known to distance a locomotive going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, a dragon fly to escape from a swallow after an hour's chase. A few burying-beetles will place a mole under the earth in an hour, which is a feat equal to as many men burying a large whale in the same space of time.

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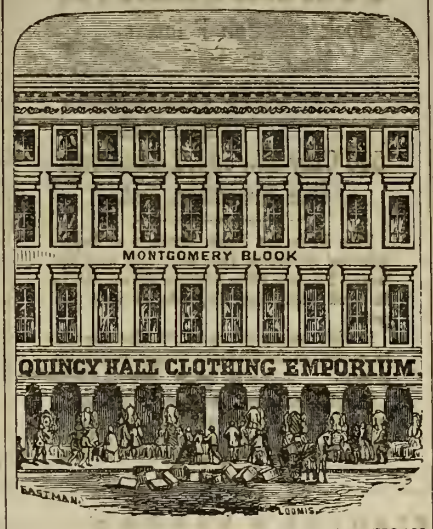
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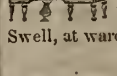
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The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.

Costiveness, Billious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best and there is for them, and they should have it.

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HESPERUS.

AWAKE, O beautiful Hesperus!
Awake! for the day is done,
And the royal purple curtains are drawn
Round the couch of the sleeping sun;
There is a hush on the blooming earth,
A hush on the beating sea,
And silence, too, in the courts of Heaven,
For the stars all wait for thee,
Hesperus!
All things beautiful wait for thee!

Thou art smiling down on me, Hesperus,
With that smile upon my heart;
I know that kindred to me and mine,
In those measureless heights, thou art.
When thy spirit blossomed into a star,
In the mystical days of old,
The love and the hope it bore on high
The legend hath never told.
Hesperus!
Thy sweetest story hath never been told.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

IT is wonderful advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships I mean pure friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man be without such a helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships where disparities of circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montague's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds in Marie de Gourney, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude of retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.—*Sir E. B, Lytton.*

In every material action of your life, consider well of its probable result.

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman: "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound: the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

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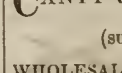
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STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

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Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar.

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

A PRAIRIE BELLE.

IN 1854, Captain Marcy was returning from an exploration of the Brazos River. Near the most remote frontier-house, he met a young man and three girls, picking grapes. One of the girls, a fine, buxom lass, volunteered to guide the party to her father's house, and was given a seat in the captain's wagon, which contained himself and a friend, a New-York gentleman. The latter offered his hand, to help her into the vehicle; but she declined his assistance, and, with one bound, cleared the side, and landed safely in the wagon.

"She appeared," says Captain Marcy, "to be about eighteen years of age, with a rather masculine physique, her figure tall, erect, and lithe, but well rounded, and exceedingly graceful and feminine in outline, the incarnation of perfect health. Her face was thoroughly browned, by exposure and exercise in the open air (she had probably never seen or heard of such a hot-house appendage as a sunshade,) and was constantly lighted up with a cheerful, happy expression, indicating an overflowing exuberance of spirits, which disseminated an atmosphere around her, the fascination of which was irresistible to those who came within its influence; and her laughing, dancing blue eyes seemed ever on the *qui vive* for fun and frolic. She wore a closely fitting bloomer costume, with a jaunty little straw hat set upon one side of her head, fastened, under the chin, with a pretty pink ribbon. And her luxurious natural hair curled, in ringlets, all over her shoulders. "She was evidently the reigning belle of the neighborhood, as well as the favorite, spoiled child of her family; and she was just as wild, untamed, and free from the absurd, tyrannical conventionalities of society, as the mustangs that roamed over the adjacent prairies.

"My companion related to her some of the most remarkable incidents of our expedition, which seemed to interest her vastly; but, at the same time, her credulity appeared to be somewhat taxed, and would occasionally find utterance in such ejaculations as 'O, git out!' 'You go 'long now!' 'Look at him!' etc.; which seemed the spontaneous outbursts of her impulsive nature, and rather in the character of a soliloquy, than seriously intended to express doubt as to the truth of the narrative.

"In one instance, she became intensely absorbed in my friend's account of a visit we received from the Comanches, and some of the peculiar habits of those people, and gave vent to her feelings by administering a violent slap upon his knee, and at the same time exclaiming energetically—'The de-v-i-l you say, stranger!'"

A BALLOON ADVENTURE.—The balloon which was picked up in Lake Ontario, on Tuesday, October 2d, ascended from Albion. When it was partially inflated the supply of gas gave out, and the person who was to make the ascension was taking it to the gas works to fill it; but a young man named Collins offered to make the ascension and his offer was accepted. The basket was disconnected, and a board upon which to sit substituted for it. Collins seated himself, and the balloon rose. It barely missed striking the spire of a church, and in passing over the canal was reversed, and Collins was dragged some distance through the water—a portion of the time none of his body being visible. The balloon finally rose again and swept through an orchard, and then again came to the ground, whereupon Collins jumped from his seat. The balloon, relieved of his weight, soared away. Collins was somewhat injured.

RAVENOUS.—A traveler in Montana relates that in some of the streams at the sources of the large rivers, the speckled trout are so ravenous that they bite at anything. He says that they even followed him into the woods and bit at the spurs on his boots as he rode away.

A TRAGICAL RECORD.—France has had sixty-seven Queens. Eleven were divorced; two executed; nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled; the rest were either poisoned or broken-hearted.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilson, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice. We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

MME. ROLLA,

HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK, HAS opened, at her Show Room, No. 216 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, the latest style of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS and MILLINERY GOODS, direct from Paris and New York.

MME. ROLLA would be pleased to see all her old friends and patrons at her new place of business.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

November 10th—CONSTITUTION, Captain E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Captain Maury.
November 19th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray.
November 30th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain J. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Howes.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

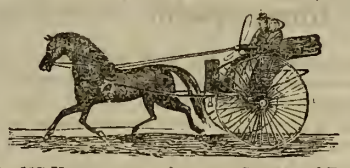
Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,



No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post, SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, For Sale, Trade, or on Let.
Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

CHILION BEACH,

Bookseller and Stationer,

NO. 34 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Opposite the Lick House,

Paper Stamped with Initials, plain and colored, to border. All the New Books received by every steamer from New York.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

PACIFIC

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

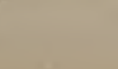
751 MARKET STREET,

(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)

SAN FRANCISCO

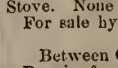
AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH at A. KOHLER'S, s1 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED



TO THE BRADBURY PIANO AT the Mechanics' Fair, by a Committee of the BEST MUSICIANS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND

IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

Ward's Perfect S. F. Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 23 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

OLD MUSIC.

BACK from the misty realms of Time,
Back from the years agone,
Faintly we catch the ringing rhyme,
And bear the melody and chime
Of olden songs, of strains sublime,
Like carol of birds at dawn.

And ever we hear them, soft and low,
Harping their music sweet,
Songs that we loved in the long ago,
Rippling their liquid ebb and flow,
Drifting their cadence to and fro,
Like the fall of fairy feet.

Some faces our hearts will ever hold,
Some smiles we remember yet.
There were flowing locks like the sunset's gold,
There were parted lips of Cupid's mould,
And the songs they sang can ne'er grow old,
For our hearts can ne'er forget.

The tunes that the voice of girlhood sung,
The chords that we loved full well
When hopes were buoyant, hearts were young,
When fairy bells in the flower-cups rung,
And ever fell from a maiden's tongue
The words of a witching spell.

Ah, welladay! 'tis a story past,
Which I may not tell again,
'Twas a happiness too sweet to last;
The heavy clods on her grave are cast,
And her voice is still, and above her, fast
Falls the Summer rain! —*J. F. F.*

OLD RED-LETTER DAYS.—Every one will understand what is meant here by Red-letter Days. We have all our official red-letter days, when it is incumbent on us to be happy and joyful in demeanor, and when all the necessary preparations have been made to that end. There is the picnic, the pleasure party by rail, when we go out to enjoy ourselves as by recipe, and—do not. These are the regulation red-letter days, when we feast and make merry, as per order; but fail signally. We find, then, that we may call our spirits from the vasty deep, or any other quarter, but they decline to come. No; every red-letter day, if the reader will search back his memory, will be proved to be accidental. Every one of us have—or should have, unless we be Miserrimus—a few of these glorified milestones along the rutty, dusty, ill-watered, weary high road which we are all trudging along and call life. The most exhausted and battered tramp of us all has found these little bits of green grass, these shady places, into which he has turned from glare and the dust, and dropped down to rest his limbs. But these places, as I have said before, were not the places set down in the guides and road-books, but merely turned up by chance. If we search back for those pleasant spots, we shall find that all these dissolving views, settling before us with trembling, quivering, and faint colors, are not cunningly and artfully devised beforehand.—*Our Red-Letter Days in "All the Year Round."*

Taking Snuff.

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence that flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which my nose knows?

O nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel the joy
A Roman knows!

THE PEACE OF SLEEP.—The peace of sleep is nearly as beautiful as the peace of death—nearly as beautiful as that unutterable calm whose placidity awes us when we sob over our lost ones, and compels us to pause in our weeping, and gaze on the face whose many changes were so familiar and so dear; yearning for a break in that calm, a quiver in that strange, set smile—something that shall seem human and sympathetic—something we know not what, that will not freeze us with such intense conviction that the smiles, and tears, and sunshine, and shadow of earth's emotions are over, and that what we love has passed away to the world where there is no more change.

NEVER despise counsels, from whatever quarter they reach you. Remember that the pearl is keenly sought for, in spite of the coarse shell which envelopes it.

To bear evil speaking and illiterate judgments with unanimity, is the highest bravery. It is, in fact, the repose of mental courage.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 28	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:
In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration,

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 23d, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FARENS, ESQ., Attorney for Petitioner. oc27 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.
In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of I. N. Thorne, Esq., No. 535 Clay street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOSEPH E. CLARK,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased.

San Francisco, October 10th, 1866.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within two months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 605 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, October 25th, 1866.

JOHN S. BUGBEE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased. oc27-5t

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Estate of EDWARD M. DEVANY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 17th day of July, 1866, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, in three separate parcels as hereinafter described, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of November, 1866, at twelve o'clock, M., at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said city and county, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Edward M. Devany, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Edward M. Devany at the time of his death, in and to all the Real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per centum of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds and United States revenue stamps at expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

1. All that certain piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at at a point on the westerly side of Dolores street, distant northerly 260 feet from the north westerly corner of said Dolores street and John or Twenty-second street; thence northerly along said Dolores street 26 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet; thence at right angles southerly 26 feet; and thence at right angles easterly 125 feet to the place of beginning.

2. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the north easterly side of Seventeenth avenue, distant north-westerly 275 feet from the northerly corner of said Seventeenth avenue and Q street, thence north-westerly along said Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles north-easterly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 37, in block 334, as laid down upon a map of the Haley Tract, recorded in Recorder's office, in Map Book 2, at request of R. H. Sinton.

3. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, being lot number 1 in block 342 of the Haley Tract, beginning at the westerly corner of Seventeenth avenue and R street; thence north-westerly on Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, to said R street; thence north easterly along R street 100 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated San Francisco, October 13th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased. oct3 4t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of RICHARD BURRILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William Lane Booker, the Administrator of the Estate of Richard Burrill, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Richard Burrill, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs at law of the said Richard Burrill, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, October 9th, 1866

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify tha foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this ninth day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JAGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS. McC. DELANY, Attorney for Admiaistrator. o13 4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM W. COOLEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William W. Cooley, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

October 8th, 1866. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of William W. Cooley, deceased o13 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of MARGARET CHANCE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francis Chance, the Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Chance, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, October 4th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
F. A. FARENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California
In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. MOSBY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of James T. Boyd, Special Administrator of the Estate, left unadministered, of Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, setting forth that the final account of administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, has been settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Daniel B. Mosby, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week each week for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 1st, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CRANE & BOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner. oc6 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of ROSA CALLAGHAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of Rosa Callaghan, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 13th day November, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1866.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:
In the matter of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of EDWARD F. STONE, the Administrator of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said Estate remains to be distributed to the heirs of said deceased; and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said Estate among the persons entitled,

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, according to law.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said 29th day of November, 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 24th, A. D. 1866.

oc27-5t M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF FRITZ LURSSEN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 216 Front street, (up stairs) San Francisco. CHARLES A. C. DU SENBERG,
San Francisco, September 29th, 1866. Administrator.
W. & C. BARTLETT, Attorneys for Administrator. Office 323 Montgomery street. o6 5t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S RETURN.

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To the HON. M. C. BLAKE, *Probate Judge of the City and County of San Francisco:*

Herewith I submit a return of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the six months ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates; together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcelona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feldins, M. A. Langdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Brady, Lloyd Mcgruder, Walter Pratt, James Willis, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Clifford, William Hempsall, Edmond D Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Henry M. Oliver, C. J. Tbeis, G. T. Fouque, Mary B. Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boucher, H. R. Rowland, John Higgins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES McLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98; Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75; Fees of Administrator, $1 84. Ready for Distribution.

ANDRE JOINNY.—Value of Estate, $102 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $4 08. Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate, $324 30; Money Received, $324 30; Money Disbursed, $192 06; Balance on hand, $132 24; Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

G. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00; Money Received, $240 00; Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00; Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $14 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00; Balance on hand, $92 35. Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00. Money Received, $463 50; Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50. Fees of Administrator, $104 00. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and close Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17. Money Disbursed, $2 12. Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,44 00; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $439 02; Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on band, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $39 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM O'OWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on band, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $3 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE POULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $182 50; Money Received, $132 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 85; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Disbursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,738 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Disbursed, $657 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,539 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $29,383 34; Money Disbursed, $25,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Disbursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $130 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heirs of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Disbursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESPELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $9,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Disbursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCHCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Disbursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $562 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Disbursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $152 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,495 00; Money Disbursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 55; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, 96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, 935 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,448 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Disbursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received, $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,954 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Disbursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Disbursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, 20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 26; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, $20 00; Money Disbursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Disbursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $577 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Disbursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $454 60; Money Disbursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES C. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Disbursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Disbursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Disbursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. McFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Disbursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $58 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $58 25; Money Disbursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on Stockton street; Money Received, $86 00; Money Disbursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN McLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $295 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Disbursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Disbursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00, Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Disbursed, $304 00; Balance on hand, $10 00, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $779 70; Money Disbursed, $263 16. Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $255 50. Money Disbursed, $219 60. Balance on hand, $35 90, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York; Appraised Value of the Estate, $519 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $428 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,237 65; Money Disbursed, $65 00, Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all; Money Received, $500 00; Money Disbursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Disbursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75, Personal Property, all; Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E. Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, being duly sworn, says, that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, directly or indirectly, in expenditures of any kind made on account of any Estates of Deceased Persons; and that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, in business or otherwise, with any person so interested.

J. W. BRUMAGIM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

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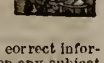
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THURSDAY—*FANCHON.*
FRIDAY—*CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.*
SATURDAY—*PAUVRETTE.*

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First appearance of the favorite comedian,

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Also, the beautiful

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Second Circle Fifty cents

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Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

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IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors.

Order to show cause on application of Guardian for order of sale of Real Estate.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition this day presented and filed by THOMAS BREEZE, the Guardian of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain Real Estate belonging to his said wards, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said minors that such Real Estate should be sold,

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said wards, and all persons interested in the said Estate, appear before this Court on MONDAY, the third day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the Court-room of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such Estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks, before the said day of hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated November 1st, 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Guardian. no3 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Elizabeth A. Waller, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated November 31, 1866.

ELIZABETH A. WALLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Royal H. Waller, deceased. no3 6t

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

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THE "TILTERS" OF 1711.

[The following paper on "petticoats," from the *Spectator* of July 26, 1711—one hundred and fifty-five years ago—shows clearly that "tilters" are no new thing under the sun, and that the journalists of a century and a half ago were as strongly inclined to make them the target of their wit as those of the present day.]

MR. SPECTATOR: You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country, it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair-sex are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more. In short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept withiu no compass. You praised them a little too soou, for the modesty of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the fouudations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure. * * * As we do not yet hear any particular use in this petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be iu those of scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are airy, and very proper for the season; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather. Besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them.

I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honour cannot be better intrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of out-works and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone, is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etherege's way of making "Love in a Tub," as in the midst of so many hoops.

Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop-pettieoat as a kiud of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfal of the French king, and observe that the farthingal appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it.

The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of these petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own thoughts for walking abroad when she was in such condition, but soon recovered myself out of my error, when I found all the modish part of the sex were in the same condition as herself. It is generally thought some crafty women have thus betrayed their companions into hoops, that they might make them accessary to their own concealments, and by that means escape the censure of the world; as wary generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their frieuds in their own habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular attacks from the enemy. The strutting petticoat smooths all distinctions, levels the mother with the daughter, and sets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon the same bottom. In the mean while I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent virgins bloated up, and waddliug up and down like old obese women.

Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crowded, that we should want street-room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much straitened, and if the mode increase, I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to?) a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

You know, sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armour, which by his directions were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the preseut petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it would lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us; unless we can believe our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their great grand-mothers, that they made themselves monstrous to appear amiable.

When I survey this new-fashioned rotunda in all its parts, I cannot but think of the old philosopher, who after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey inshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, to the great scaudal of the worshippers, "What a magnificent palace is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant!"

Though you have taken a resolution, in one of your papers, to avoid descending to particularities of dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an occasion, to unhoop the fair sex, and cure this fashiouable tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the petticoat will shrink of its own accord at your first coming to town; at least a touch of your pen will make it contract itself like the sensitive plant, and by that means oblige several who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous novelty, and among the rest, Your humble servant, &c., C.

A BRAIN AND NERVE PEOPLE.—One who appears to compreheud the American people, physically speaking, says, with no little justice:

"The Americans are in fact becoming nothing else but brain and nerves. Fat and fibrine are only valued as they sell in markets, and muscle is only thought of as it pertains to our draught animals. Our stimulating climate and our fast habits make us so uervous, that life is becoming to us but one continued spasm. Our movements are like those of a dancing-jack. Even our pastimes are so intense that they fatigue us as much as our business. The so-called rest, which we so begrudgingly give ourselves, wears us as much as our work. We cannot bear to have another called more 'smart' than ourselves, and we will die and be buried rather than not become as rich as our neighbors. There is ever the same unsatisfied restlessness, whether we go abroad or stay at home. Nobody shall travel faster or see a given number of objects in a less number of hours than ourselves, no matter at what cost of money or health. There is no impossible Alps that we will not climb, and no deep cave of earth or sea that we will not explore. There are none who shall not grow numb before ourselves on the highest frozen peak, and there shall be none who can hold their breath longer under water. When the guide is not looking, there is no king's throne or pope's chair on which we will not sit. There is nothing within the scope of human ability which we will not undertake; and when we boast of what we have accomplished, there are none who shall draw a longer bow."

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spend thrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrifice, will be given to him by her in person at Amherst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

IN THE BALANCE.

"I know you would not intentionally wound *me*, Mr. Dallas," she said. "I say you would not intentionally wound *me*," she repeated, apparently in answer to his turning sharply round and staring at her in surprise: "but you seem to forget that it was I who counselled your recent visit to your mother, and suggested your asking her for this sum of money, which you were bound in honor to pay, and without the payment of which you—who have always represented yourself most dear to her—would have been compromised forever. I am sorry I did so, now that I see my intentions were misunderstood, and I say so frankly."

"I swear to you, Har— Mrs. Routh, I had not the slightest idea of casting the least imputation on your motives; I was only thinking — You know I'm a little hot on the subject of my mother, not without reason, perhaps, for she's been a perfect angel to me, and — one can't expect other people to enter into these things; and, of course, it was very absurd. But you must forget it, please, Mrs. Routh, and you too, Stewart. If I spoke sharply or peevishly, don't mind it, old fellow!"

"I?" said Routh, with a crisp laugh. "I *don't* mind it; and I dare say I was very provokiug; but you see I never knew what it was to have a mother, and I'm not much indebted to my other parent. As to the money, George—these are hard times, but if the payment of it is to drive a worthy lady to distress, or is to promote discord between you and me, why, in friendship's name, keep it, I say!"

"You're a good fellow, Stewart," said Dallas, putting out his hand; "and you, Mrs. Routh, have forgiven me?" Though she only bowed her head slightly, she looked down into his face with a long, steady, earnest gaze. "There's an end of it, then, I trust," he continued; "we never have had words here, and I hope we're not going to begin now. As for the money, that must be paid. Whatever my mother has had to do is as good as done, and need not be whined over. Besides, I know you want the money, Stewart."

"That's simply to say that I am in my normal state. I always want money, my dear George."

"You shall have this, at all events. And now I must be off, as I have some work to do for the paper. See you very soon again. Good bye, Stewart. The cloud has quite passed away, Mrs. Routh?"

She said "Quite," as she gave him her hand, and their eyes met. There was eager inquiry in his glance; there was calm, steadfast earnestness in hers. Then he shook hands with Routh, and left the room.

The moment the door closed behind him, the smile faded away from Routh's face, and the stern look which it always wore when he was preoccupied and thoughtful settled down upon it. For a few minutes he was silent; then he said, in a low voice: "Harriet, for the first time in your life, I suppose, you very nearly mismanaged a bit of business I intrusted to you."

His wife looked at him with wonder-lifted brows. "I, Stewart? Not inteutionally, I need not tell you. But how?"

"I mean this business of George's. Did not you advise him to go down and see his mother?"

"I did. I told him he must get the money from her."

"A mistake, Harry, a mistake!" said Routh, petulantly. "Getting the money means paying us; paying us, means breaking with us!"

"Breaking with us?"

"Nothing less. Did you not hear him when the remorseful fit was on him just now? And don't you know that he's wonderfully young, considering all things, and has kept the bloom on his feelings in a very extraordinary manner? Did you not hear him mutter something about 'once free?' I did not like that. Harry!"

"Yes, I heard him say those words," replied Harriet. "It was my hearing them that made me go up to him and speak as I did."

"That was quite right, and had its effect. One does not know what he might have done if he had turned rusty just then. And it is essential that there should not be a rupture between us now."

"George Dallas shall not dream of breaking with us; at least, he shall not carry out any such idea; I will take care of that," said Harriet, "though I think you overrate his usefulness to us."

"Do I?. I flatter myself there is no man in London forced to gain his bread by his wits who has a better eye for a tool than myself. And I tell you, Harry, that during all the time we have been leading this shifty life together, we have never had any one so suitable to our purposes as George Dallas."

"He is certainly wonderfully amenable."

"Amenable? He is a good deal more than that; he is devoted. You know whose doing that is, Harry, and so do I. Why, when you laid your hand on his shoulder I saw him shiver like a leaf, and the first few words from you stilled what I thought was going to be a heavy storm."

She looked up anxiously into his face, but the smile had returned to his lips, and his brow was unclouded. Not perfectly satisfied, she suffered her eyes to drop again.

"I know perfectly well," pursued Routh, "that the manner in which Dallas has stuck to us has been owing entirely to the influence you have over him, and which is natural enough. He is a bright young fellow, impressionable as we are—" again her eyes were raised to his face—"at his age; and though from the scrapes he has got into, and his own natural love of play (more developed in him than any other man I ever met), though these things keep him down, he is innately a gentleman. You are the only woman of refinement and education to whose society he has access, and as, at the same time, you have a sweet face and an enormous power of will, it is not extraordinary that he should be completely under your influence."

"Don't you overrate that same influence, Stewart?" she asked, with a faint smile.

"No man knows better how to appraise the value of his own goods—and you are my goods, are you not, Harry, and out and away, the best of all my goods? Not that that's saying much. No; I understand these things, and I understand you, and having perfect confidence and trust in you, I stand by and watch the game."

"And you're never jealous, Stewart?" she asked, with a half laugh, but with the old expression of anxious interest in her eyes.

"Jealous, Harry? Not I, my love! I tell you, I have perfect trust and confidence in you, and I know your thorough devotion to our affairs. Let us get back to what we were talking about at first—what was it exactly?"

Her eyes had dropped again at the commencement of his reply, but she raised them as he finished speaking, and said, "We were discussing the amount of George Dallas's usefulness to us."

"Exactly. His usefulness is greater than it seems. There is nothing so useful in a life like ours as the outward semblance of position. I don't mean the mere get-up; that, most fools can manage; but the certain something which proclaims to his fellows and his inferiors that a man has had education and been decently bred. There are very few among our precious acquaintances who could not win Dallas's coat off his back, at cards, or billiards, or betting, but there is not one whom I could present to any young fellow of the smallest appreciation whom I might pick up. Even if their frightful appearance were not sufficiently against them—and it is—they would say or do something in the first few minutes which would awake suspicion, whereas Dallas, even in his poverty-stricken clothes of the last few weeks, looks like a gentleman, and talks and behaves like one."

"Yes," said Harriet, reflecting, "he certainly does; and that's a great consideration, Stewart!"

"Incalculable! Besides, though he is a thorough gambler at heart, he has some other visible profession. His 'connection with the press,' as he calls it, seems really to be a fact; he could earn a decent salary if he stuck to it. From a letter he showed me, I make out that they seem to think well of him at the newspaper office; and mind you, Harriet, he might be uncommonly useful to us some day in getting things kept out of the papers, or flying a few rumors which would take effect in the money market or at Tattersall's. Do you see all that, Harry?"

"I see it," she replied; "I suppose you're right."

"Right? Of course I am! George Dallas is the best ally—and the cheapest—we have ever had, and he must be kept with us."

"You harp upon that 'kept with us.' Are you still so persuaded that he wishes to shake us off?"

"I am. I feel convinced, from that little outburst to night, that he is touched by this unexplained sacrifice on the part of his mother, and that in his present frame of mind he would give anything to send us adrift and get back into decent life. I feel this so strongly, Harriet," continued Routh, rising from his seat, crossing to the mantel-shelf, and taking a cigar, "that I think even your influence would be powerless to restrain him, unless—"

"Unless what? Why do you pause?" she asked, looking up at him with a clear, steadfast gaze.

"Unless," said Routh, slowly puffing at his newly-lighted cigar, "unless we get a fresh and a firm hold on him. He will pay that hundred and forty pounds. Once paid, that hold is gone, and with it goes our ally!"

"I see what you mean," said Harriet, after a pause, with a short, mirthless laugh. "He must be what they call in the East 'compromised.' We are plague-stricken. George Dallas must be seen to brush shoulders with us. His garments must be known to have touched ours! Then the uninfected will cast him out, and he will be reduced to herd with us!"

"You are figurative, Harry, but forcible; you have hit my meaning exactly." But the main point still remains—*how* is he to be 'compromised?'"

"It is impossible to settle that hurriedly," she replied, pushing her hair back from her forehead. "But it must be done effectually, and the step which he is led to take, and which is to bind him firmly to us, must be irrevocable. Hush! Come in!"

These last words were in reply to a knock at the room door. A dirty servant girl put her tangled head into the room, and announced "Mr. Deane" as waiting down stairs. This statement was apparently incorrect, for the girl had scarcely made it before she disappeared, as though pulled back, and a man stepped past her and made one stride into the middle of the room, where he stood looking round him with a suspicious leer.

He was a young man, apparently not more than two or three-and-twenty, judging by his figure and his light, active movements; but cunning and deceit had stamped such wrinkles round his eyes, and graven such lines round his mouth, as are seldom to be seen in youth. His eyes, of a greenish-gray hue, were small and deeply sunk in his head; his cheek-bones were high, his cheeks fringed by a very small scrap of whisker running into a dirt-colored tuft of hair growing underneath his chin. His figure was tall and angular, his arms and legs long and awkward, his hands and feet large and ill-shaped. He wore a large thick overcoat with broad fur collar and cuffs, and a hood (also fur-lined) hanging back on his shoulders. With the exception of a very slight strip of ribbon, he had no cravat underneath his loug limp turnover collar, but stuck into his shirt-front was a large and handsome diamond pin.

"Why, what the 'tarnal," he commenced, placing his arms akimbo and without removing his hat—"what the 'tarnal, as they say down west, is the meaning of this little game? I come here pretty smart often, don't I? I come in gen'lly right way, don't I? Why does that gal go totin' up in front of me to-day to see if you would see me, now?"

"Some mistake—eh?"

"Not a bit of it! Gal was all right, gal was. What I want to know is, what was up? Was you a practisin' any of your little hankey-pankeys with the pasteboards? Was you a bitin' in a double set of scrip of the new company to do your own riggin' of the market? Or was it a little bit of quiet connubiality with the mar-darm here in which you didn't want to be disturbed?"

"Stewart Routh's face had been growing darker and darker as this speech proceeded, and at the allusion to his wife his lips began to move; but they were stopped by warning pressure underneath the table from Harriet's foot.

"You're a queer fellow, Deane!" he said, in a subdued voice.

"The fact is, we have a new servant here, and she did not recognize you as *l'ami de la maison*, and so stood on the proprieties, I suppose."

"O, that's it—eh? I don't know about the proprieties; but when the gal knows more of me, she'll guess I'm one of 'em. Nothing improper about me—no loafin' rowdy ways such as some of your friends have. Pay my way as I go, ask no favors, and don't expect none." He gave his trousers-pocket a ringing slap as he spoke, and looked round with a sneering laugh.

"There, there! It's all right; now sit down, and have a glass of wine, and tell us the news."

"No," he said, "thank'ee. I've been liquoring up in the city, where I've been doin' a little business—realizing some of them Lake Eries and Michigans as I told you on. Spanking investments they were, and have turned up trumps."

"I hope you're in the hands of an honest broker," said Routh. "I could introduce you to one who—"

"Thank'ee, I have a great man to broke for me, recommended to me from t'other side by his cousin who leads Wall street, New York City. I have given him the writings, and am going to see him on Tuesday, at two, when I shall trouser the dollars to the tune of fifteen thousand and odd, if markets hold up, I reckon."

"And you'll bring some of that to us in Tokenhouse-yard," said Routh, eagerly. "You recollect what I showed you, that I—"

"O, yes!" said Deane, again with the sinister smile. "You could talk a 'coon's hind leg off, you could, Routh. But I shall just keep my dollars in my desk for a few days. Tokenhouse-yard can wait a little, can't it? just to see how things eventuate, you know."

"As you please," said Routh. "One thing is certain, Deane; you need no Mentor in your business, whatever you may do in your pleasures."

"Flatter myself, need none in neither," said the young man, with a baleful grin. "Eh, look here, now; talking of pleasures, come and dine with me on Friday at Barton's, at five. I've asked Dallas, and we'll have a night of it. Tuesday, the 17th, mind. Sorry to take your husband away, Mrs. R., but I'll make up for it some day. Perhaps you'll come and dine with me some day, Mrs. R., without R., without R.?"

"Not I, Mr. Deane," said Harriet, with a laugh. "You're by far too dangerous a man."

Mr. Deane was gone; and again Stewart Routh sat over the table, scribbling figures on his blotting-pad.

"What are you doing, Stewart?"

"Five dollars to the pound—fifteen thousand," he said, "three thousand pounds! When did he say he would draw it?"

"On Tuesday, the—the day you dine with him.

"The day I dine with him! Keep it in his desk, he said, for few a days! He has grown very shy about Tokenhouse-yard. He hasn't been there for a week. The day I dine with him!" He had dropped his pen, and slowly passed his hand over his chin.

"Stewart," said Harriet, going behind him and putting her arm round his neck—"Stewart, I know what you're busy with, but—"

"Do you, Harry?" said he, disengaging himself, but not unkindly—"do you? Then keep it to yourself, my girl, and get to bed. We must have that, Harry, in one way or another; we must have it."

She took up a candle, pressed her lips to his forehead, and went to her room without a word. But for full ten minutes she remained standing before the dressing-table buried in thought, and again she muttered to herself, "A great risk! a great risk!"

CHAPTER V.

GOING DOWN.

On the evening of the day appointed for the dinner, Mr. Philip Deane stood on the steps of Barton's restaurant in the Strand, in anything but a contented frame of mind. His face, never too frank or genial in its expression, was puckered and set in rigid lines; his right hand was perpetually diving into his waistcoat-pocket for his watch, to which he constantly referred; while, with a slight stick which he carried in his left, he kept striking his leg in an irritable and irritating manner.

Mr. Deane had cause for annoyance; it was a quarter past seven, and neither of the guests whom he had invited had as yet appeared, though the dinner had been appointed for seven sharp. Crowds of men were pouring into and out of the restaurant, the first hungry and expectant, the last placid and replete; and Mr. Deane envied the first for what they were

about to receive, and the last for what they had received. Moreover, the intended diners had in several cases pushed against him with scant ceremony; and Mr. Deane was not accustomed to be pushed against; while the people who had dined eyed him, as they stood on the steps lighting their cigars, with something like compassion, and Mr. Deane was unused to be pitied. So he stood there fretting and fuming, and biting his lips and flicking his legs, until his shoulders were grasped by George Dallas, who said:

"My dear Deane! a thousand apologies for being so late! Not my own fault, I protest!"

"Never is, of course," said Mr. Deane.

"Really it was not in this instance. I went round to the *Mercury* office to look at some proofs, and they kept me to do an article on a subject which I had had the handling of before, and which—"

"No one else could handle arter you, eh? Pretty tall opinion you newspaper-writin' fellows have of yourselves! And why didn't you bring Routh with you when you did come?"

"Routh? I haven't seen him for three days. Isn't he here?"

"Not he! I've been coolin' myself on this a'mighty old doorstep since seven o'clock, only once goin' inside just to look round the saloon, and I've not set eyes on him yet."

"How very odd!"

"So very odd, that I'll see him somethingest before I wait for him any longer! Come you in with me. I took a table right slick opposite the door, and we'll go and strike up at once."

He turned on his heel as he spoke, and walked up the passage into the large coffee-room of the restaurant. Dallas, who followed him closely, noticed him pause for an instant before one of the looking-glasses in the passage, put his hat a little more on one side, and throw open the folds of his fur-lined coat. Beneath this noticeable garment Mr. Deane wore a large baggy suit of black, an open-worked shirt-front with three large diamond studs in it, a heavy gold watch chain. There was a large diamond ring on the little finger of each hand. Thus tastefully attired, Mr. Deane, swaggering easily up the centre of the coffee-room and slapping his leg with his stick as he went, at length stopped at a vacant table, and clinked a knife against a tumbler.

"Now, waiter! Just look smart and slippy, and bring up our dinner right away. One of my friends is here, and I'm not a goin to wait for the other. He must take his chance, he must; but bring up ours at once, d'ye hear. Why what on airth is *this?*"

"This" was a boy of about twelve years of age, with a dirty face and grimy hands, with an old peakless cap on its head, and a very shiny, greasy, ragged suit on its back. "This" seemed to have been running hard, and was out of breath, and was very hot and damp in the face. Following Mr. Deane's glance, the waiter's eyes lighted on "this," and that functionary immediately fell into wrathful vernacular.

"Hallo! what are you doing here?" said he. "Come, you get out of this, d'ye hear?"

"I hear," said the boy, without moving a muscle. "Don't you flurry yourself in that way often, or you'll bust! And what a go that'd be! You should think of your precious family, you should!"

"Will you—"

"No, I won't, and that's all about it. Here, guv'nor,"—to Deane,—"you're my pitch; I've brought this for you." As he said this, the boy produced from his pocket a bit of string, a pair of musical bones, and a crumpled note, and handed the latter to Deane, who stepped aside to the nearest gas-jet to read it. To the great indignation of the waiter, the boy sat himself down on the edge of a chair, and, kicking his legs to and fro, surveyed the assembled company with calm deliberation. He appeared to be taking stock generally of everything round him. Between his dirty finger and thumb he took up a corner of the dinner-cloth, then he passed his hand lightly over Dallas's overcoat, which was lying on an adjacent chair. This gave the waiter his chance of bursting out again.

"Leave that coat alone, can't you? Can't you keep your fingers off things that don't belong to you?"

"Never mind, old cock! P'r'aps you'd like my card, but I've 'appened to come out without one. But you can have my name and address—they're wery haristocratic, not such as you're used to. Jim Swain's my name—Strike-a-light Jem—60, Fullwood's-rents. Now, tell me who's your barber!"

The waiter, who had a head as bald as a billiard-ball, was highly incensed at this remark (which sent some young men at an adjoining table into roars of laughter), and he would probably have found some means of venting his wrath, had not a sharp exclamation from Deane called off his attention.

"Get up dinner, waiter, at once, and clear off this third place, d'ye hear? The other gentleman aint comin'. Now, boy, what are you waiting for?"

"No answer to go back, is there, guv'nor?"

"Answer? No; none."

"All right. Shall I take that sixpence of you now, or will you give it me to-morrow? Short reck'nings is my motter. So if you're goin' to give it, hand it over."

Unable to resist a smile, Deane took a small coin from his purse and handed it to the boy, who looked at it, put it in his pocket, nodded carelessly to Deane and Dallas, and departed, whistling loudly.

"Routh is not coming, I suppose?" said Dallas, as they seated themselves at the table.

"No; he has defected, like a cussed skunk as he is, after giving me the trouble to order his dinner, which I shall have to pay for all the same. Regular riles me, that does, to be put in the hole for such a one-horse concern as Mr. Routh. He ought to know better than to play such tricks with me."

"Perhaps he is compelled to absent himself. I know—"

"Compelled! That might do with some people, but it won't nohow do with me. I allow no man to put a rudeness on me. Mr. Routh wants more of me than I do of him, as I'll show him before long. He wants me to come to his rooms to-morrow night—that's for his pleasure or profit, I guess, not mine—just depends on the humor I'm in. Now, here's the dinner. Let's get at it at once. There's no screwin' nor scrapin' in the ordering of it, and you can just give Routh a back-hander next time you see him by telling him how much you liked it."

Deane unfolded his table-napkin with a flourish, and cleared a space in front of him for his plate. There was an evil expression on his face; a mordant, bitter, savage expression, which Dallas did not fail to remark. However, he took no notice of it, and the conversation during dinner was confined to ordinary commonplaces.

Mr. Deane had not boasted without reason; the dinner was excellent, the wines were choice and abundant, and with another kind of companion George Dallas would have enjoyed himself. But even in the discussion of the most ordinary topics, there was a low coarseness in Deane's conversation, a vulgar self-sufficiency and delight at his own shrewdness, a miserable mistrust of every one, and a general arrogance and conceit which were highly nettling and repulsive. During dinner, these amiable qualities displayed themselves in Mr. Deane's communication with the waiter: it was not until the cloth had been removed, and they were taking their first glass of port, that Deane reverted to what had annoyed him before they sat down.

"That Routh's what they call a mean cuss, t'other side the water," he commenced; "a mean cuss he is, and nothing else. Throwing me over in this way at the last minute, and never sending word before, so that I might have said we shall only be two instead of three, and saved paying for him! He thinks he's cruel wide awake, he does; but though he's been at it all his life, and it's not six months since I first caught sight of this little village nominated London, I don't think there's much he could put me up to now!"

He looked so expectant of a compliment, that Dallas felt bound to say, "You certainly seem to have made the most of your time!"

"Made the most of my time? I reckon I have! Why, there's no s'loon, oyster cellar, dancing-shop, night-house of any name at all, where I'm not regular well known. 'Here's the Yankee,' they say, when I come in; not that I'm that, but I've told 'em I hail from the United States, and that's why they call me the Yankee. They know me, and they know I pay my way as I go, and that I've got plenty of money. Help yourself—good port this, aint it?—ought to be, for they charge eight shillings a bottle for it. Why, people on t'other side the water, sir, they think I'm staying in titled country-houses, and dining in Portland Place, and going to hear oratorios. I've got letters of introduction in my desk which would do all that, and more. Never mind! I like to shake a loose leg, and, as I flatter myself I can pretty well take care of myself, I shake it!"

"Yes," said Dallas, in a slightly bitter tone, with a vivid recollection of his losses at cards to Deane; "yes, you can take care of yourself!"

"Rather think so!" repeated Deane, with a jarring laugh. "There are two things which are guiding principles with me: number one, never to lend a dollar to any man; number two, always to have the full value of every dollar I spend. If you do that, you'll generally find yourself not a loser in the end. We'll have another bottle of this eight-shilling port. I've had the value of this dinner out of you, recollect, so that I'm not straying from my principle. Here, waiter, another bottle of this eight-shilling wine!"

"You're a lucky fellow, Deane," said George Dallas, slowly finishing his second glass of the fresh bottle; "you're a lucky fellow, to have plenty of money and to be your own master, able to choose your own company, and do as you like. I wish I had the chance!" As Dallas spoke, he filled his glass again.

"Well, there are worse berths than mine in the ship, and that's a fact!" said Deane, calmly. "I've often thought about you, Dallas, I have now, and I've often wondered when you'll be like the prodigal son, and go home to your father, and succeed the old man in the business."

"I have no father!"

"Hain't you though? But you've got some friends, I reckon, who are not over delighted at your campin' out with the wild Injuns you're living among at present?"

"I have a mother."

"That's a step towards respectability. I suppose you'll go back to the old lady, some day, and be welcomed back with open arms?"

"There's some one else to have a say in that matter. My mother is—is married again. I have a step-father."

"Not generally a pleasant relation, but no reason why you shouldn't help yourself to this eight-shilling wine. That's right; pass the bottle. A step-father, eh? And he and you have collided more than once, I expect?"

"Have what?"

"Collided."

"Do you mean come into collision?"

"Expect I do," said Deane, calmly.

"I'm forbidden the house. I'm looked upon as a black sheep—a pest—a contamination."

"But the old gentleman wouldn't catch anything from you. They don't take contamination easy, after fifty!"

"O, it's not for himself that Mr. Carruthers is anxious; he is infliction proof—he— What is the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing! What name did you say?"

"Carruthers—Capel Carruthers. Country family down in Kent."

"Go ahead!" said Deane, tossing off his wine, refilling his glass, and pushing the bottle to his companion; "and this old gentleman is not anxious about himself, you say; where is your bad influence likely to fall, then?"

"On his niece, who lives with them."

"What's her name?"

"Clare. Clare Carruthers! Isn't it a pretty name?"

"It is so, sir! And this niece. What's she like, now?"

George Dallas tried to throw a knowing gleam into his eyes, which the perpetual motion of the decanter had rendered somewhat bleared and vacant as he looked across at his companion, and said, with a half laugh, "You seem to take a great interest in my family, Deane?"

Not one whit discomposed, Philip Deane replied, "Study of character as a citizen of the world, and a general desire to hear what all gals are like. Is Miss Clare pretty?"

"I've only seen her once, and that not too clearly. But she struck me as being lovely."

"Lovely, eh? And the old man won't have you at any price? That's awkward, that is!"

"Awkward!" said Dallas, in a thick voice, "it's more than awkward, as he shall find! I'll be even with him—I'll—Hallo! What do you want, intruding on gentlemen's conversation?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, to whom this last remark was addressed; "no offence, gentlemen, but going to shut up now! We ain't a supper-house, gentlemen, and it's going on for twelve o'clock."

Indeed, all the other tables were vacated, so Deane rose at once and paid the bill which the waiter had laid before him. Dallas rose too with a staggering step.

"Coat, sir," said the waiter, handing it to him; "other arm, sir, please; gently does it, sir; that's it!" And with some little difficulty he pulled the coat on; George Dallas cursing it, and the country tailor who had made it, as he stood rocking uneasily on his heels and glaring vacantly before him.

"Come along, old horse," said Deane; "you'll be fixed as firm as Washington Capitol when we get into the air. Come along, and we'll go and finish the night somewhere!"

So saying, he tucked his companion's arm firmly within his own, and they sallied forth.

[To be continued.]

Impervious to Bullets from Needle-Guns.—There are practical jokers who take a special pleasure in mystifying journalists. The editor of the *Nord* published an account of some wonderful cloth, the invention of one Bernard, which rendered the wearer impervious to bullets from needle-guns or rifles of any other kind. M. Bernard posted himself at one hundred yards' distance—"a long shot, Sir Sucius, if you love me"—and, thus draped in his textile *æs triplex*, gave the word, "Make ready, present, fire!" Flash went the bullet, and sped with unerring aim. The spectators stood horror-struck. Bernard was not quite as immovable as the mountain which bears his name, but quite as invulnerable. He staggered, but quickly recovered, picked up the bullet, and tossed it back, as in the incantation scene of *Der Freischutz*. The editor of the *Nord* carefully inspected the bullet, which was slightly flattened; but he was the *flat*, for whilst he was inspecting the missile, M. Bernard was laughing in his sleeve of armor at his dupe. He had stood fire only against a cork. The indented bullet was a prepared one taken from his pocket.

There's always one consolation, whatever our misfortune—it might be worse. Were life hanging on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

Air is food of which one eats continually; therefore to be good it ought always to be fresh.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

WHEN we find a Presbyterian clergyman taking up the battle-ax in defense of cards, dominoes, billiards, theatres, etc., we are strongly reminded of the fact that we are living in a progressive age. Twenty years ago, a Presbyterian minister who should have dared to lift his voice in favor of "worldly amusements," would soon have become the subject of the ecclesiastical discipline. But the world moves on. The Rev. Martin R. Vincent, of Troy, N. Y., formerly the colleague of the celebrated Dr. Beman, has come out in the boldest style as a champion of all recreations and amusements that are intrinsically blameless. Mr. Vincent insists that amusements of the class ordinarily designated as "worldly," are not only harmless, but that they are necessary to a healthy and fully developed Christian life. He insists that Christians are not to avoid the world in order to keep themselves pure, like monks and nuns, but to place themselves in contact with the world that they may purify it. Furthermore, that amusements are absolutely necessary to mental and physical health; and that it is the duty of Christians to furnish them to their children in such a shape and with such surroundings as to divest them of the dangerous associations that at present too generally accompany them. The following extracts from the Rev. gentleman's essay upon Religion and Amusement, read before the International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, at Albany, N. Y., in June last, will serve to show how far even so conservative a body as the Presbyterians is influenced by the inevitable "spirit of the age:"

CARDS, BILLIARDS, DANCING, ETC.

"It is innocent for boys to play marbles, but sinful to play dominoes. Wherein, pray? They can learn to gamble with one as well as with the other. It is sinful to play billiards, but highly graceful and innocent to play croquet. But why? Really, when it comes to a comparison, the first is infinitely the more beautiful and intellectual game. The ethical distinctions are positively bewildering between balls of ivory and balls of wood; between mallets and cues; between green baize and green grass. A Christian household must not sit down and play at whist, but they are engaged in a Christian and laudable manner if they spend an evening over Dr. Busby or Master Rodbury cards. Really, it is hard to draw the moral line between cards bearing aces and spades, and cards with the likenesses of Dr. Busby's son and servant, Doll the dairymaid, and the like. When it comes to a question of profit, one is an amusement involving a good deal of healthy mental exertion, while the other is about as silly and profitless a way of spending an evening as can well be imagined. Youth must not dance, but they may march to music in company and go through calisthenic exercises involving a good deal more motion than dancing. But if people may march to music and be guiltless, it is very hard to see how skipping to music converts the exercise into sin. It is said that the associations make the difference; but the advocate of this theory is shut up to proving that the associations are inseparable from the amusements. And here is the place to remark that the best amusements are the ones most likely to be abused—the ones which experience shows are most abused, and about which cluster the most evil associations. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Men do not care to counterfeit a coin of inferior value; and the world is very clear-sighted to discern the best and richest sources of worldly pleasure, and utterly unscrupulous in appropriating them entirely to itself. The amusements which are most abused are commonly those which, from their intrinsic value, call most loudly upon virtue to rescue them from their abuses."

REVIVALS AND AMUSEMENTS.

In reply to certain objections to amusements made by some of the pious of the "stricter sort," the Troy minister keenly observes:

"It has been said, I know, that in proportion as the church or individuals are engaged in religious efforts, the desired for amusements declines, the implication being that a desire for amusements characterizes only a low state of religion. This deduction is entirely unwarranted, and the process by which it is reached is fallacious. It is true that in a season of deep religious interest in a church there will be less disposition to amusements. A special religious interest will draw men's minds from business as well as from pleasure; and the inference to the condemnation of business is just as legitimate as to that of amusement. Again, the statement is not borne out in the ordinary religious life of individuals. Many, very many of the best, most efficient, and most steadily growing Christians in the church exhibit habitually a keen relish for amusements, and for some which are most sternly condemned, and participate in them most heartily. And once more: while, at revival seasons in individual churches, a temporary decrease of amusements may be seen, the more impotant fact is that the aggregate of Christian society has been for many years past developing a steadily increasing interest in the subject, and a corresponding liberality of sentiment respecting it. Scores of Christian men have billiard tables in their houses. Colleges, from which in years past students would have been summarily expelled for rolling ten-pins, have now bowling alleys of their own. Even in the corridors of staid old Williams the sound of the balls may be heard; and the revival record of the college does not indicate that even this stupendous innovation has wrought to the banishment of the Spirit of God. The asserters of this inverse ratio between piety and amusement must, in short, dispose, as best they can, of the fact that along with the growth of Christian intelligence, Christian benevolence, and Christian activity, there has been developed in the church itself a growing sympathy with many of the very forms of amusement most condemned by the religious sentiment of an earlier age."

"BILLIARDS IN HEAVEN."

To the eminently orthodox style of argument illustrated in such queries as "Do you think we shall have checker-boards in heaven? Imagine Paul playing billiards! Do you suppose St. Peter would roll ten-pins?" Mr. Vincent responds:

"This is most unworthy trifling over a serious subject. The reasoning, if it be worthy the name, is simply this: Certain things appear incongruous with our ideas of the character and work of certain men; therefore these things are sinful. It is the easiest thing in the world to invent situations of this kind. Such men as Paul and Peter are associated in our minds with but one set of ideas—with one great, glorious, solemn work; and their association with any inferior matter affects us unpleasantly at first. Even when we think of Paul making tents, there is at first view something that clashes in our mind with the speech on Mars Hill, and the healing of the cripple at Lystra. But who thinks of disputing from this the propriety of Paul's own hands ministering to his own necessities? After all, if there is no sin in rolling ten-pins, I know not why Peter should not have participated in that very excellent and healthful recreation with as much propriety as any of the numerous ministers of the present day who 'roll' with so much zest and assiduity at our fashionable watering places. Think of Paul dancing! Well, think of him! Think of Paul wearing a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons! How he would have looked under the shadow of the Acropolis, the winds of the Ægean gently swaying his cerulean skirts, and the eager faces of Stoic and Epicurean reflected in the bright buttons! Think of Peter skating; cutting figures of eight, and performing 'outer edge backwards!' Think of John in a white cravat; or of Bartholomew putting up seidlitz powders; or of Timothy running with a fire-engine! How would they have looked? Therefore hasten, ye trim gentlemen, to doff your guilty blue and brass, and don the toga. Lay aside your skates, boys; Peter would have looked very strangely skating, therefore it is sinful to skate. Tear off your white chokers, ye reverends, and throw away your pestles, ye apothecaries, and be like the apostles. Shall we have checker-boards in heaven? No, brother, I presume not. Neither shall we marry or be given in marriage; but pray don't condemn us to celibacy on that ground while we remain upon earth. 'Would you play chess on your death bed?' Probably not, my friend. Neither would I put on my boots, or do a great many other very innocent things. Death stands out in startling contrast to all our employments; to business and study as well as to recreation; and you would find it vastly inconvenient to act upon the principle that nothing must be done which you would not do on your death bed."

A JOYOUS CHRISTIANITY.

Our bold Trojan parson concludes his highly original essay as follows:

"I want for our youth a Christianity that shall not relax one iota of its obligation to God or to man; that shall bate not one jot from an entire consecration of heart and life to God; that shall walk closely with God, and feel as deeply as human weakness can feel, the necessity of watchfulness and of Divine care to keep it from temptation. I challenge any man to draw undue license from the principles I have asserted. But I want more joy brought ont of the world by Christians. I want the gospel carried boldly into some things from which it has been kept aloof. I want Christian life to be in the spirit more than in the letter. I do not plead for less but for more conformity to the spirit and teaching of Christ. Not for a lower but for a higher Christian life; for a wider application of gospel principles, a more implicit trust in the leavening power of truth; a more practical belief in the assertion that the weapons of our warfare are mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds. I want Christian conscience clothed with principles and not with dogmas. I want the word of God read and interpreted fairly, and that allowed which it allows. I protest against its being twisted and perverted into rules for the unnecessary abridgement of Christian liberty, where it lays down only general principles for the conscience. I want less of the religion that is

'Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,'

and more of that which is full of child-like trust in the love of God and the power of truth, and of freedom purged by love from license."

Longfellow, in one of his poems, represents himself, or some indefinite person, as asking some other indefinite person to read poetry to him, or, as he expresses his petition,

"And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The music of thy voice."

The imaginary petitioner further intimates that he is not in a mood to relish Homer, or Virgil, or Milton, or Dante, or anything in the heavy epic or tragic line, but that he wants something sweet, and simple, and unambitious:

"Not from the grand old poets,
The master bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time:
But from some humbler poet," etc.

Now it is really quite refreshing in these days of exacting and scornful criticism, when it is the fashion to sneer at everything in art and literature that is not positively stunning—it is refreshing to have Longfellow's authority for the idea that there *can* be any poetry that it may be pleasant and profitable to read or hear read, except such as comes up to the loftiest standard of excellence. Among these "humbler poets," one of the sweetest, and purest, and most natural, is Alice Cary, whose "Ballads, Lyrics, and Hymns" have just been published in a remarkably elegant volume, by Hurd Houghton, of New York, a copy of which we have received from Chilion Beach, of 34 Montgomery street. The volume is about as creditable a specimen of typography as has ever issued from the American press. It is illustrated with a portrait of the author, and is printed on some superb and uncommon quality of paper, with the technical name of which we are unacquainted. Several of the hymns remind us of certain of Emilie Lawson's graver and more thoughtful pieces, though scarcely equal to them in an artistic point of view. We make room for a few specimens:

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

We're married, they say, and you think you have won me—
Well, take this white veil from my head, and look on me:
Here's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve you,
Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you—
I am all as you see, common earth, common dew;
Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold,
And see if you have me to keep and to hold—
Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning—
It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's winning—
The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow—
You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up your praises,
As the turf at your feet does its handful of daisies;
That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride,
But, mark you, if greener grass grow either side,
I shall know it, and, keeping in body with you,
Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! O, pray that our love do not fail!
I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil:
They are subtle as light—you can never undo them,
And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them,
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all hands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me,
I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make me—
To wear my white veil for a sign, or a cover,
As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover;
A cover for peace that is dead, or a token
Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

THE UNWISE CHOICE.

Two young men, when I was poor,
Came and stood at my open door;

One said to me, "I have gold to give,"
And one, "I will love you while I live!"

My sight was dazzled; wo's the day!
And I sent the poor young man away;

Sent him away, I know not where,
And my heart went with him, unaware.

He did not give me any sighs,
But he left his picture in my eyes;

And in my eyes it has always been:
I have no heart to keep it in!

Beside the lane with hedges sweet,
Where we parted, never more to meet,

He pulled a flower of love's own hue,
And where it had been came out two!

And in th' grass where he stood, for years,
The dews of th' morning looked like tears.

Still smiles the house where I was born
Among its fields of wheat and corn.

Wheat and corn that strangers bind—
I reap as I sowed, and I sowed to th' wind.

As one who feels the truth break through
His dream, and knows his dream untrue,

I live where splendors shine, and sigh
For the peace that splendor cannot buy;

Sigh for the day I was rich, though poor,
And saw th' two young men at my door!

ONE DUST.

Thou, under Satan's fierce control,
Shall Heaven its final rest bestow?
I know not, but I know a soul
That might have fallen as darkly low.

I judge thee not, what depths of ill
Soe'er thy feet have found, or trod;
I know a spirit and a will
As weak, but for the grace of God.

Shalt thou with full day laborers stand,
Who hardly canst have pruned one vine?
I know not but I know a hand
With an infirmity like thine.

Shalt thou, who hast with scoffers part,
E'er wear the crown the Christian wears?
I know not, but I know a heart
As flinty, but for tears and prayers.

Have mercy, O Thou Crucified!
For even while I name Thy name,
I know a tongue that might have lied
Like Peter's, and am bowed with shame.

Fighters of good fights—just, unjust—
The weak who faint, the frail who fall—
Of one blood, of the self same dust,
Thou, God of love, hast made them all.

During the epidemic of intermittents in the West this season, the whole immense stock of Ayer's Ague Cure became exhausted, and the producing power of his Laboratory was found inadequate to meet the demand. Many who knew its extraordinary virtues for the cure of Chills and Fever, paid exorbitant prices for it to those who were fortunate enough to have a supply on hand. Some of our neighbors paid ten dollars for a bottle, while the regular price is but one, and assure us it was on the whole the cheapest remedy they could buy, even at that figure. They praise it for two qualities first, that it cures; and last, that it leaves the health unimpaired.—*Iowa Standard.*

Toys and Holiday Goods.—The importing house of Feldbush & Co, 207 California street, have a large stock of this description of goods which they offer at reduced rates. See advertisement on twelfth page.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

WE are informed that divers of our bachelor friends, whose heads are softer than their hearts, have accused us of devoting too much space to the encouragement of the ladies in an undue attention to the matters of the toilet. This is far from our intention; but we do feel with a writer in *Chambers' Journal*, who says:

"There are certain moralists in the world who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy, or being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust."

These being our sentiments—and feeling that where our female missionaries have to labor in a field occupied by men who have been so long without the pale of civilizing influences, it is necessary for them to be armed at every point—we shall continue to give them our aid and encouragement in the way of suggestion for personal adornment.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Collars are still worn small, with long points in front. But a later style is large and square, like the yoke of a dress. The cuff to match this shape is large and pointed, or square and battlemented, and in any or either case profusely trimmed Elizabethan ruffles, slightly reduced in size, are also the rage in fashionable circles.

VEILS

Veils are but little worn this season. The newest style is eight-sided, with one half of the sides—which look like square scollops—embroidered in floss. The veil may be either of tulle or tissue, black or white, and the embroidery may be simple or elaborate, and in black and white combined.

JACKETS.

A plain dress may pass current even among handsome dresses by being worn with a neatly fitting or dainty little jacket, in a color that harmonizes or contrasts. Many styles are in vogue. A simple and pretty one is as follows: A white *pique* cut to fit the form loosely; two points in front, one at each side, and three behind, the points not being more than a finger deep. These are edged with a band of colored muslin, in pattern, say a lilac chain on a white ground. Four strips of the same are laid down the front, which are fastened with pearl buttons. One crosses each shoulder, and two or more form a cuff at the wrist. There are others in cashmere, with bright borders of embroidery, or strips of cashmere in crimson, green, and gold. Small crochet stars in black or white, set on pink or red ribbon at regular intervals, form a pretty and effective style of trimming. Another style equally as effective and one still easier to make, consists of little squares of black silk, fringed all around, and tacked on to strips of yellow, green, or red ribbon. A few beads or bugles of black glass or jet, forming a star or a cluster in the centre of each square, are a great improvement.

WHITE WAISTS.

The newest thing in the way of trimming for white waists is the application of Cluny lace, mounted on black ribbon-velvet, which is made separate from the bodice, and can be tacked on each time the bodice is "gotten up."

A pretty bodice with trimming of this style is called the Arion. It is a modification of the Garibaldi. The material is white muslin, with narrow tucks on every part except on the long sleeves. In order to render the laying on of the trimming an easy proceeding, it will be found the best plan to cut out a pattern of the high bodice in paper, and then to mark with a pencil the exact position of the trimmings. The bodice is fastened down the front with small mother-of-pearl studs, and four black velvet rosettes are added to conceal them. The back is ornamented to correspond with the front. The trimmings covering the shoulder seams are placed over the *bretelles*, or braces, and those which form the epaulettes underneath them. A narrow standing collar encircles the throat, and is finished off in front with a black velvet bow. The long sleeves are of plain muslin, and the trimmings are laid on to simulate gauntlet cuffs. The waistband is made of velvet ribbon two inches and a half wide, and is fastened with a mother-of-pearl and jet buckle. This pretty bodice might, if approved, be trimmed with either blue or pink ribbon instead of black velvet. The bows must, of course, match the lining to the lace. Fine Nainsook muslin is the best material for these bodices when they are to be tucked, as the thin book muslin does not look so well when washed.

NOVELTIES IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boots of the Polish shape are very much worn in Paris, made of a small black and white checked silk, the check on close inspection not being formed by straight lines crossing each other, but by a minute diaper of black and white, which has the effect of check. A deep golosh of kid is placed round the boot, which buttons on one side of the front, and is finished with tassels. These are very pretty for morning wear in a carriage.

Polish boots in various colors of satin turc, fastened with self colored enamelled buttons, are in good taste, and would be, of course, selected to correspond with the toilet.

House shoes in brown holland finely embroidered with sprigs of flowers in colored purse silk in the Grover & Baker Machine stitch, and trimmed with Cluny lace over ribbon, and full rosettes to match the color of the flowers, are decided novelties. Many black *gros grain* shoes are similarly worked, and others dotted with jet, steel, or crystal beads. A number of very pretty morning house shoes are made in *coutil*, and some black *gros grain* shoes are trimmed with straw.

BEDDING AND BED-LINEN.

Large square pillow-cases, with the initials of the owner embroidered in white floss or twist in the centre, and surrounded by a wreath of leaves and flowers likewise worked in white floss or twist. The letter or letters employed are very ornamental, and are each as large as a lady's hand. The wreath may be elaborate, but not so much so as to be more conspicuous than the lettering.

Blankets, thick, soft, and luxurious, are likewise marked in large initials, and into these colors may be introduced with fitness and effect. The brightest and best of silk floss and Berlin wool may here be employed with advantage.

White spreads should be marked to correspond with the pillow-cases, the letters and wreath proportionately larger and more elaborate.

The centre of each article—instead of, as heretofore, the corner—is the place decreed for the display. Only in towels is the corner now used for marking, and even on these the most instead of the least possible space is devoted to it. It is not the mode to use the whole name in marking, but when it is done the initials are made large and elaborate, and the other letters of the name are worked inside them in a way as little conspicuous as possible—as if they were something to be ashamed of.

SPIRADELLA.

WHY SWEET MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS.

SWEET music, says Leigh Hunt—that is to say, "sweet," in the sense in which it is evidently used in the following passage—something not of a mirthful character, but yet not of a melancholy one—does not always produce sadness; but it does often, even when the words, if it be vocal music, are cheerful. We do not presume to take for granted that the reason we are about to differ with, or perhaps rather to extend, is Shakspeare's own, or that he would have stopped thus short if speaking in his own person, though he has given it the air of an abstract remark; but "Lorenzo," in the *Merchant of Venice*, says that it is because our "spirits are attentive."

"I'm never merry when I hear sweet music," says pretty Jessica. "The reason is, your spirits are attentive," says her lover:

> "For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
> Or race of youthful and unbandled colts,
> Fetching mad sounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
> Which is the hot condition of their blood;
> If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
> Or any air of music touch their ears,
> You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
> Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
> By the sweet power of music."

How beautiful! But with the leave of this young and most elegant logician, his reason is, at least, not sufficient; for how does it account for our being moved, even to tears, by music which is not otherwise melancholy! All attention, it is true, implies a certain degree of earnestness, and all earnestness has a mixture of seriousness; yet seriousness is not the prevailing character of attention in all instances; for we are attentive to fine music, whatever its character; and sometimes it makes us cheerful, and even mirthful. The giddier portion of Rossini's music does not make us sad; nor is sadness the general consequence of hearing dances or even marches.

And yet again, on the other hand, in the midst of any of this music, even of the most light and joyous, our eyes will sometimes fill with tears. How is this?

The reason surely is, that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things—of beauty, of youth, of life; of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then we must regret our mortality.

We do not, it is true, *say* this to ourselves. We are not conscious of the reason, that is to say, we do not feel it with *knowingness*; but we do feel it, for the tears are moved. And how many exquisite criticisms of tears and laughter do not whole audiences make at plays, though not one man in fifty will be able to put down his reasons for it on paper!

LADIES will find at Meagher Tauffe & Co., No, 9 Montgomery street, an endless variety of new Fall and Winter styles of dress goods, purchased at auction sales, and offered at surprising low rates. See advertisement on 16th page of to-day's paper. *

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House this afternoon's and evening's performances of *Pauvrette*—reported to be most handsomely placed on the stage—will complete the fifth week of the unabated and almost unequaled success of Miss Alice Kingsbury. The only other novelty produced during the week was Joe Jefferson's version of Dickens' Christmas story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, played in an unusually excellent manner. Miss Kingsbury's "Dot" was characterized with a good share of that feeling and pathos which so endears the character to the reader of the story. Mrs. Jackson gave to the difficult part of blind "Bertha" a very expressive rendition; and Mrs. Judah as the clumsy and bungling nurse, "Tilly Sloboy," who is constantly endangering the fragile life of baby Dot, invested the part with that degree of eccentric exaggeration which is so characteristic of Dickens' humorous characters. Mr. McCullough played the honest, out-spoken "John Peerybingle" very creditably indeed. Anderson's "Caleb Plummer" was a most excellent interpretation of that character; and Coad, too, as "Tackleton," the miser, gave a good rendition of that ungrateful part. The two "Crickets" have been the most successful pieces produced during Miss Kingsbury's engagement, and both are played with unusual ability and excellence.

Stage Manager Graves, who has very ably filled that position for years at the Opera House, is to have a benefit on Monday night; when a new piece, now playing with great popularity in the East, at New York and elsewhere, by Eddy, Edwin Adams, Henrietta Irvin and others, who are starring in it, entitled *Rocambole, or the Knave of Hearts*, will be produced for the first time in California. The play is a copyrighted French translation, and is said to possess both sensation and merit. Miss Kingsbury holds the right to produce it in California, and has kindly gave Mr. Graves its first night for his benefit, as well as volunteered her services, as a token of her appreciation of his professional services.

The record of the pieces played next week will be found in advertisement of the Opera House on our last page.

AT THE METROPOLITAN the Howson Troupe have been playing their admirably acted burlesque, *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp*, and other musical pieces, during the week. Mr. W. Edouin, a young and versatile actor lately from Australia, has been added to the troupe, who has shown a very high standard of talent in burlesque, and pantominic and acrobatic acting, in the two parts he has played in *Aladdin*, and *Satanus*. He bids fair to excel any young actor we have at present on the boards, and would be a most valuable addition to any company. Miss Clelia Howson has also given some unmistakable evidences of possessing rare talent for burlesque acting. *The Bee and the Orange Flower* is the latest novelty by the Howsons.

THE RAVEL-MARTINETTI TROUPE are on the steamer due to-morrow, under engagement to Managers Birrell & Co. of the Metropolitan, and will probably open with the *Green Monster* during the coming week. They bring a very extensive *repertoire* of new pieces, and we bespeak for them a prosperous season.

MRS. J. MAGUIRE will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at Platt's Hall, on Monday evening.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 5.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

A GOOD "HIT" FOR SAN FRANCISCO.—The reason why children die, (says Hall's *Journal of Health*, very good authority in this instance, though not by any means universally reliable,) is because they are not properly taken care of. From the day of birth, they are stuffed with improper food, choked with physic, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed-clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later, they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air, and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child three years old, an infant in flesh, and blood, and bone, and constitution, goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare; an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure, which, a dozen years later, would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter-pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption that He has an agency in the death of the child, is a presumption and a profanation.

COLDS CURED, even if very "bad," quickly, pleasantly, and guaranteed, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, the result of many years' experience, and superior to any other method practiced in San Francisco.

STEAM BATHS on scientific principles, not those outrageous Russian or Turkish styles; but as administered by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, the safest and quickest cure for colds, coughs, etc., ever devised.

THE LAST BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

IT was just high noon, September 19th, 1864, when the bugle sounded the advance. The line moved forward simultaneously, in the order specified, so that the Rebels might be engaged at all points. The Second division moved in gallant style straight through the woods into the clearing beyond, and over this clearing, some two hundred yards in width, the line rushed forward in a bayonet charge. My own brigade was at this moment moving up through the wood, and had made but little progress through it when the enemy's artillery opened from the Winchester hills, throwing a torrent of shells directly into this wood. The terrible missiles crashed downward through the branches, sending splinters and fragments flying through the brigade. The officers drew their swords and shouted sternly to the men to keep the line straight. Three of these shells fell directly in front of my regiment—the first killing the Colonel's horse, the second the Major's, without injuring either of those officers; and the third exploded directly before my own company.

A heavy fragment struck the corporal at my elbow, literally demolishing him; three other men were hurled senseless to the ground, more or less injured, and a smaller piece ripped the right sleeve of my blouse from wrist to elbow, tearing the flesh of the arm in its progress. There is a kind of excitement in such a moment which can entirely overcome slight pain. I grasped the arm in several places with the other hand, to make sure that no bones were injured, and while the deep, nervous tension of the next three hours lasted, I hardly felt that I was wounded. It grew painful enough before night; but that was after the battle had been fought and won, and when nature could be no longer slighted.

The brigade moved steadily on, while the screaming of shells filled the air with its dismal noise, and the sharp whizzing of rifle balls began to mingle with the sound. Over toward the left, but beyond our sight, a tremendous uproar of musketry, with quick and savage discharges of artillery, told us that the Sixth corps was at work. The woods in our immediate vicinity rang with the shouts of our officers, emphasized by the explosion of shells and the singing of bullets all about us.

All this time we could see nothing of the Second division, for the woods which we were traversing were dense, and the lines were entirely hidden from our view. We supposed them heavily engaged, from the fire which we, in their rear, were encountering, but the truth, the disastrous truth, was not revealed for ten minutes longer. General Dwight had ridden with several of his staff out to the edge of this wood, and watched the movement of the Second, in order to be prepared with his own command for any event which might happen; and he afterward described Grover's advance as spirited in the extreme. With a ringing cheer, and led by general and field officers on horseback, the division went at double-quick across the clearing, and disappeared into the opposite wood. A roar of musketry, sounding in a thunderous burst of volleys, pealed up from that wood, and smoke and flame streamed out in a long line as though the whole forest had been suddenly ignited. There was a brief, bloody and desperate encounter, a crossing of bayonets and an incessant crash of rifles—and then the Second division was hurled back into the clearing, stunned, mangled and shattered, emerging from its conflict with the whole left wing of Early's army! The Rebels were massed in those woods in deep columns, against which Grover's command was broken as a mighty billow is broken upon the rock. Our regiments were in many cases disorganized with heavy losses in killed, wounded and prisoners, and were driven out of the wood by the exultant host which peopled it; and over the same clearing which had witnessed its gallant charge ten minutes before, the division fell back by scattered regiments, the lines of the enemy pressing close after it, sending volley after volley through its decimated and bleeding ranks, and capturing scores of prisoners.

This was the threatening disaster which Dwight witnessed from the edge of the wood, and which devolved upon him the holding of the entire right until the discomfited Second could be rallied and again brought in position. At the point where he had ridden into the clearing, an angle of the wood extended out into it, leaving less than two hundred yards between it and the position of the Rebels. My regiment, at the head of Beale's brigade, was advancing straight toward it through an increasing storm of balls and shells which were making their deadly marks upon the ranks. The uproar at this point was terrific. So much noise in the front of a battle as was heard among those trees, it has rarely been my lot to hear. A voice—Dwight's, I suppose—shouted to General Beale:

"Throw one of your regiments straight to the front, beyond that point—we *must* hold it, at all hazards."

The stentorian tones of our Colonel rang out clearly above the *diablerie* of noise—"Forward, One Hundred and Fourteenth—FORWARD!" Nothing but the words of Tennyson,

> "Into the jaws of death,
> Up to the gates of hell,"

could occur to me at that instant; and they did occur to me with all their grim significance. The other regiments of the brigade, and McMillan's brigade, were brought hastily up and disunited, each regiment being placed where it was supposed its presence might be most required to oppose the threatened Rebel advance; my own, three hundred and fifty strong, advanced beyond the point of woods, where it halted. And there, before our eyes, was a sight which might well have made strong hearts falter and firm cheeks grow pale. A long line of battle stretched before us in front of the opposite wood, far outreaching us upon either flank, while three battle-flags blew out defiantly from its whole length, and from front, right, and left a stream of bullets searched the air, singing their demoniac song in our ears, and smiting down their victims thickly about us; while from the Rebel line rose cheer after cheer, sounding to us almost like the voice of doom. The Second division was retiring in disorderly rout; the brigade in our immediate front being resolved into a mass of stragglers who thronged the fields, throwing up their hands as they discovered us, and begging us not to fire till they had reached the wood. We tried to rally them; but that was a task which their own officers could not do, and which is rarely accomplished with a scattered command while under the same fire that disorganized it. They thronged back to the shelter of the woods, and there, in that horrible slaughter-pen, for one long hour our regiment held the place that had been given it. For one long hour there was an incessant cross-fire of musketry between those opposing lines, as fast as the men could load and fire. There was no concealment, no shelter: the ground was open, the position of each well understood; our business simply to withstand the Rebel advance, punishing him to our utmost, and receiving his blows as long as they could be endured. Most literally were these orders obeyed.

The horror, the utter dreariness of battle, never dragged more surely at the heart-strings of brave men than at those of this little band, fighting at the angle of that wood until one hundred and ninety, or more than one-half the whole, had fallen dead and wounded. There was a strange fascination in the scene. On your right and left, men go down while you are commending their good fighting, and urging them to keep up to the work; they fall in front of you till you find yourself in the ranks, instead of behind them—some lapsing heavily to the ground, stricken with instant death, and others settling slowly down with grievous wounds, and limping or crawling back as best they may. It is a scene of wild confusion, replete with horrors and ringing with unearthly cries and noises.

Our Colonel had gone to the rear, badly hurt, with seven other officers, and the Major at last withdrew the poor remnant of his command into the woods, to save it from utter demolition. But General Dwight had gained the time he desired to dispose his regiments advantageously; the First brigade was in line on the right, and McMillan's on the left, and a battery of artillery had been posted in a gap of the woods, well to the front, and was rapidly throwing shells towards the Rebel line. And all this time the noise of battle rolled away from the left, where Wright was fighting a stern fight of endurance, and where the noble Russell had already fallen at the head of his division, and where Ricketts and Getty steadfastly held their line. My regiment, with but a handful of men, rallying upon its colors, took position on the right of Beale's brigade. As we moved at double-quick through the woods, the scene presented was disheartening enough. Some of the regiments of Grover's division had been rallied and moved to the left, where they were renewing the fight in gallant style; but the woods were filled with stragglers, officers as well as men, some of them sheltering themselves behind the great tree-trunks from the searching bullets, and here and there a dozen men gathered disconsolately about a color, a poor representative of what was an hour before a full regiment. Emory and Grover rode through this demoralized mass, striving to bring it back to order, and the staff labored right well in the same work. The line of the Second division was at last re-established; but it never saw before so dismal an hour as that which followed its repulse upon this field. Our right was weak, fearfully overmatched by the Rebel left, but it steadily bore the shocks of their furious masses, and manfully stood up to its work.

The fight now raged furiously along the whole line. From one o'clock till three, one uninterrupted crash of cannon and muskets shook the air, and great wreaths of smoke hung lazily over the field. Beale's brigade had taken position behind a rail fence, the men lying down to load, and rising to the knee to fire, until they grew merry over their grim work, and something like the routine of a drill was seen in the loading and firing. The Rebel line had apparently not advanced a foot; it was prostrate on the ground, like ours, but the blue feathers of smoke curling up in front showed our men where to fire. Their bullets hummed through the long grass; and here and there a dull *thud* was heard as a man leaped up and fell again, smitten with a leaden envoy of death. It was easy to see that we were fighting with veterans who had learned the difficult lessons of range and elevation in musket-firing. One of our lieutenants was mortally wounded while lying flat, with his shoulders slightly elevated, and of all the wounds received, a very large proportion were in the legs. The Rebel artillery had a great advantage in position, and annoyed us seriously all through the battle. It was while we were fighting behind this fence that an incident occurred which had, to my mind, a touch of stern humor about it. One of our men had fallen with his head torn entirely from his shoulders by a round shot. As the body lay on the ground, the full knapsack rose almost a foot above it; and one of the soldiers, full of the fury of the fight, seized upon his head comrade for shelter and rest, loading behind the body, and firing over the knapsack. The cry was raised about half past two, along the line, "More cartridges!" and as they were not at hand, the brigade was withdrawn a little into the shelter of the wood, and an aide dispatched for ammunition.

A shout now ran along the right from lip to lip—a joyous cheer, rising above the clamor of the battle, and announcing that Sheridan was on the line. He came on the field like a whirlwind, riding the proud black pacer which afterward carried him to Cedar Creek, and followed by a few of his staff. The noble animal he rode curveted and pranced so that it was impossible for Sheridan to hold him for a moment at any particular regiment, as he wished to do; but this rather added to the nervous, enthusiastic manner of the rider as he shook his hat toward the Rebel line, shouting to his soldiers,

"I tell you, boys, we've hardly commenced to fight those fellows yet! We can whip them any day—and by——— we *must* whip them to day!"

He was himself a living inspiration—a reinforcement better than a whole division would have been. At that most critical hour of the day, when the stern work of endurance had been prolonged for hours, and thousands of our best and bravest had fallen, his presence was an assurance of ultimate victory. Wherever the fight was most furious, there was Sheridan, impetuous, confident, irresistible. He flashed up and down the line of the Sixth corps, bursting out into quick, energetic appeals as the men recognized him, and half suspended their firing to give "three cheers for Phil. Sheridan."

"Hold this line, men—only hold it an hour longer," he exclaimed to one of the regiments, "and the day is ours! Crook is getting in on the right—you'll hear from him soon—and the cavalry will finish them. Only hold this line and give them the devil a little longer!"

It was done; he knew it would be. A supply of ammunition was brought up to Beale's brigade, and again the firing burst furiously forth from this quarter of the field. The men could not wait to pry off the covers from the stout boxes; they were demolished against the tree-trunks, and the line was supplied with the cartridges gathered up in handfuls from the ground. The tall, dry grass between the combatants took fire, and the added smoke obscured the position of each; but the terrible firing never relaxed. A constant stream of wounded went back from the front. The battle smoked and flamed with furious and deadly vigor along the whole line, both armies steadfastly standing to the work of death, and each occupying the position it had at first assumed.

Toward four o'clock something like a lull occurred. The firing became more desultory from the enemy—possibly on account of an attempt to concentrate troops upon their left, which their cavalry, which Torbet drove before him, must have by this time reported as the critical point. There was still firing between the lines, both of artillery and small arms; but it came in fitful bursts, and not at all like the tumultuous roar which had shaken the air for three hours. Gen. Emory rode up to our brigade, and I fancied that his stern face wore a look of mingled pride and sadness when we told him that this wasted fragment represented Beale's brigade. "You shall be relieved," he said; and some regiments from the Eighth corps soon took our place in the front, while we were withdrawn further into the woods. An hour of such rest as only the powder-blackened and wearied soldier from the front can enjoy, was here afforded us, while anxious questions were asked and answered about those whom we missed from the ranks.

Five o'clock came, and with it the end. The detour had been made. The Eighth corps with the weight of our cavalry, under Crook, constituting one-third of our forces, had, after hours of toil, obtained their position; and the firing burst forth with renewed fury away upon the Rebel left, where the magnificent masses of the Eighth corps now bore steadily down. General Crook had experienced much difficulty in getting his corps in position, on account of a large swamp between our right and the pike; but after this obstacle was passed, the corps was soon formed in heavy columns. It was Sheridan's thunderbolt, and the moment for launching it had come. The Rebels now comprehended the plan, and frantic efforts were made upon the left to stay the attacking columns; but Crook had chafed for hours for his chance, and was not now to be stopped. A steady discharge of musketry tore through his ranks as he advanced, and the artillery from the hills again joined in the fight: but the gallant Eighth bore right on, and the left of Early's wavering army recoiled and crumbled before it. This was the moment which Sheridan seized for an advance of the whole line. Forming a connection, the Sixth and Nineteenth swept over the field which they had so hotly contested. But the victory was won; Early's army was already retreating in disorderly panic through Winchester, abandoning arms and cannon and prisoners by the thousand. As we cleared the woods and neared the hills upon which the artillery was posted, which was still thundering at us, loth to quit the field, we saw the cavalry squadrons charge over the hill in an irresistible torrent, cheering wildly as they scattered the gunners and fell upon the rear of the flying infantry as it entered the town. Discipline and organization disappeared together before the onset of those terrible troopers, and all night long the routed army hurried up the pike toward Strasburg, intent upon the refuge of Fisher's Hill.

The losses in killed and wounded upon our side were heavy, as they must necessarily be in a battle fought in five hours in the open field, and at close musket range; but all any doubts existed in our minds as to the effect of our fire upon the Rebel divisions in our front, they were dispelled by the appearance of the field as we passed over it. The edge of the woods where Grover had struggled obstinately with Early's left was lined with the slain of both sides; but the Rebel dead lay thickly in the fields beyond, and were piled upon each other in the yard of a large stone mansion which was directly in front of Emory's position. A ghastly row of gray-clad corpses lay along a wall, behind which some Rebel brigade had evidently found shelter; and the fields and hillsides as far as Winchester were dotted with the fallen. Muskets and accoutrements littered the ground; dead horses were plenty where the artillery had taken position, and clots of blood tinged the grass in spots, or were gathered in little pools in the hollows. A wounded Rebel prisoner told me that after three years service in the Confederate armies, he had never seen such slaughter on a battle-field as in this brief, fierce engagement.

The proud success of the Federal arms at this last battle of Winchester was due to the military genius of Sheridan, and to the splendid and persistent fighting of his troops. General Sheridan is not, as some of his critics have assumed, a mere Murat—a leader who can fight upon another's plans, but who has no head for combinations. His blow is studied with the most careful elaboration, and when it falls, it is annihilation. With such a leader and with such soldiers, we need never hesitate to assume the offensive in war.—*James Franklin Fitts, Galaxy.*

CLEOPATRA.

"Her beauty might outface the jealous hours,
Turn shame to love and pain to a tender sleep,
And the strong nerve of hate to sloth and tears;
Make spring rebellious in the sides of frost,
Thrust out lank winter with hot August growths,
Compel sweet blood into the husks of death,
And from strange breasts enforce harsh courtesy."
T. HAYMAN, *Full of Antony*, 1655.

HER mouth is fragrant as a vine,
A vine with birds in all its boughs;
Serpent and scarab for a sign
Between the beauty of her brows
And the amorous deep lids divine.

Her great curled hair makes luminous
Her cheeks, her lifted throat and chin.
Shall she not have the hearts of us
To shatter, and the loves therein
To shed between her fingers thus?

Small ruined broken strays of light,
Pearl after pearl she shreds them through
Her long sweet sleepy fingers, white
As any pearl's heart veined with blue,
And soft as dew on a soft night.

As if the very eyes of love
Shone through her shutting lids, and stole
The slow looks of a snake or dove;
As if her lips absorbed the whole
Of love, her soul the soul thereof.

Lost, all the lordly pearls that were
Wrung from the sea's heart, from the green
Coasts of the Indian gulf-river;
Lost, all the loves of the world—so keen
Towards this queen for love of her.

You see against her throat the small
Sharp glittering shadows of them shake;
And through her hair the imperial
Curled likeness of the river snake,
Whose bite shall make an end of all.

Through the scales sheathing him like wings,
Through hieroglyphs of gold and gem,
The strong sense of her beauty stings,
Like a keen pulse of love in them,
A running flame through all his rings.

Under those low large lids of hers
She hath the histories of all time;
The fruit of foliage-stricken years;
The old seasons with their heavy chime,
That leaves its rhyme in the world's ears.

She sees the heart of death made bare,
The raveled riddle of the skies,
The faces faded that were fair,
The mouths made speechless that were wise,
The hollow eyes and dusty hair;

The shape and shadow of mystic things,
Things that fate fashions or forbids;
The staff of time-forgotten kings
Whose name falls off the Pyramids,
Their coffin-lids and grave-clothings;

Dank dregs, the scum of pool or clod,
God-spawn of lizard-footed clans,
And those dog-headed hulks that trod
Swart necks of the old Egyptians,
Raw draughts of man's beginning God;

The poised hawk, quivering ere he smote,
With plume-like gems on breast and back;
The asps and water-worms afloat
Between the rush-flowers moist and slack;
The cat's warm black bright rising throat.

The purple days of drouth expand
Like a scroll opened out again;
The molten heaven drier than sand,
The hot red heaven without rain,
Sheds iron pain on the empty land.

All Egypt aches in the sun's sight;
The lips of men are harsh for drouth,
The fierce air leaves their cheeks burnt white,
Charred by the bitter blowing south,
Whose dusty mouth is sharp to bite.

All this she dreams of, and her eyes
Are wrought after the sense hereof.
There is no heart in her for sighs;
The face of her is more than love—
A name above the Ptolemies.

Her great grave beauty covers her
As that sleek spoil beneath her feet
Clothed once the anointed soothsayer;
The hallowing is gone forth from it
Now, made unmeet for priests to wear.

She treads on gods and god-like things,
On fate and fear and life and death,
On hate that cleaves and love that clings,
All that is brought forth of man's breath
And perisheth with what it brings.

She holds her future close, her lips
Hold fast the face of things to be;
Actium, and sound of war that dips
Down the blown valleys of the sea,
Far sails that flee, and storms of ships;

The laughing red sweet mouth of wine
At ending of life's festival;
That spice of cerecloths, and the fine
White bitter dust funereal
Sprinkled on all things for a sign;

His face, who was and was not he,
In whom, alive, her life abode;
The end, when she gained heart to see
Those ways of death wherein she trod,
Goddess by god, with Antony.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

PAGANINI'S WOODEN-SHOE CONCERT.

TOWARDS the end of September, 1832, it was announced amongst the artistic circles of Paris, that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriously ill, at the conclusion of a grand concert given by that illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions, Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonniere. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four censorious old ladies fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life; some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; "Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation at St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have had to play gratuitously. Depend upon it he fears that, were he to mix in our society, he might be asked for similar favors."

"Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders, but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the housemaid who attended on him; a cheerful, innocent country girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"O, yes, sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said; "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"Ah! poor fellow! He has quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault!"

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again," sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; "how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear, on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long sallow fingers, as he said—

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf—

"*Mem.* To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him—

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange-flowers. The old ladies of the society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, a custom exists in France, very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy—the French Santa Claus—is supposed to come down the chimney laden with various presents and dainties, with which he fills it. It is calculated that one year with another the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucrée*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case, directed to Signor Paganini.

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly, a stout porter entered, bearing a good-sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile, with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers, accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dexterous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared, that on New Year's eve Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a *wooden shoe*. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months' had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonniere, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvellous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and, his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally, his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jeweled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, poor Nicette—who had been invited—was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses."

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe violin or this violin-shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Ambassador at Paris.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietor*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10. 1866.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

A PECULIAR COMMUNITY.

EVERY considerable community has its peculiar characteristics which make it, in some respects at least, unlike any other community. This is well understood by the most skilful caterers for the public in matters of taste, who know that an article well adapted to one market often proves a drug in another. The fact that an actor, or an orator, a journalist, or a minister, was admired and successful in Boston or New York, furnishes but a slender guaranty that he will prove acceptable in San Francisco. In fact, neither Boston nor New York is so critical or so exacting as San Francisco. "Mark Twain's facetious advice to Mr. Forrest not to venture out here, warning him that our local critics would pronounce him not up to the standard, proved to be no joke, but a prediction which was literally fulfilled. Let no one come to this city relying upon the prestige of an Eastern or a European reputation, for such prestige is a capital of the most precarious character in California. It would scarcely be a safe thing to predict that Ristori herself, should she honor us with a visit, would meet with a very enthusiastic reception. Boston has been christened the modern Athens, but in many respects San Francisco has a better claim to the title than any city in the United States. It would not indeed be strictly accurate to apply to our community the language of the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, in which he describes the Athenians as spending their time "in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing;" for notwithstanding our eagerness to hear "the news," our people are not idlers or dawdlers, and they throw a tremendous energy into their business and their pleasures. Like the Athenians, we love to gossip, but it is as a recreation and not as a regular occupation. Like them we are emotional, mobile, uncertain, exacting, and remorselessly critical. Like them we are sudden and strange in our likings and dislikings; and with us as with them, when once the tide of feeling and criticism begins to swell orto ebb, it moves with a constantly accelerating speed and power, and the attempt to oppose it by argument becomes about as hopeful as it would be to undertake to paddle a canoe against the stream of Niagara.

Hence, it behooves all who have a "first appearance" to make in San Francisco, to spare no pains to produce a favorable impression at the start; for there is probably no community in the world where the first impression is so important. Let the current of public opinion once begin to set in any given direction, and it is almost impossible to arrest it. Facts and circumstances may change; the whole merits of the matter may be reversed; but public opinion, having already received an impetus that has determined its direction, cannot be easily changed in its course.

Again, opinion with us knows no mean. It inevitably gravitates to extremes. Every new thing of sufficient moment to attract general attention and become the talk of the town, produces either a chill or a fever, transports of admiration or paroxysms of disgust. New candidates for favor are greeted either with pæans, or with snarls, and sneers, and gibes. How public opinion will incline on any particular point, mortal wisdom cannot determine beforehand; but the moment it begins to take shape, it spreads like an epidemic, and it is as idle to ask those under its influence the reason for the enthusiasm of their praise or censure as to ask a hospital patient a reason for his having the cholera.

Yet the whirligig of Time is sure, here as elsewhere, to bring about its revenges and its recompenses, however long deferred. Ultimately the idol of accident or favorable circumstance is sure to be hurled with ignominy from its shrine; and the victim of capricious or impulsive criticism will not only be freed from unmerited odium, but by virtue of the reaction which must inevitably come at last, be elevated to a higher level of appreciation than could be legitimately claimed. Daniel Webster said, "There is always room in the upper stories," and no one who feels able to furnish a better article than can be found in the market, need despair of meeting with encouragement.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS, who is reported to be threatened with the consumption, is traveling in the south of Europe for his health.

A CRITICAL AGE.

THE present is not only a critical age, but it is fast becoming most disagreeably critical for all old logies who cherish the traditions of the past. The names of Cooper and Irving are dear to most of our literary men who have passed the middle period of life; but the rising luminaries who are to fill the places that we now fill, and who are already shouldering us from the path, have elevated the standard of literary excellence to such a height that these favorites of our earlier years fall far below it. "Gradually," says the New York *Nation*, "Washington Irving is slipping into the class of authors who are much praised and not much read." With our old-fashioned predilections, we feel like exclaiming, "More's the pity," as we read this harsh announcement. At Sleepy Hollow, they are building a church in Irving's honor among the scenes which, as we used to phrase it, "his genius had immortalized." But this phrase was of course highly extravagant if the author of the *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, and the *Knickerbocker History* is already "slipping into the class of authors who are much praised and little read." The *Nation* further informs us that this church is a tribute to Irving's memory, paid, not by the young and perspicacious critics of the *Round Table* and *Nation* school, who sneer at all that has yet been achieved by American writers, but by old fogies like ourselves, who still persist in admiring Cooper's novels and Irving's sketches and narratives. "It will not," says the *Nation*, "be the tribute of the rising generation, but of the generation that is passing away, and though it is hardly possible that our sweet-natured humorist (Irving) should always be liked, he will never again be popular. Since his day other American gentlemen have travelled in Europe, and sat at meat with men of great name; our national vanity has no need to content itself now with such small sops as praise for having produced, among our red men and buffaloes, a person who was not only a gentleman, but also could actually write the English language correctly; other American authors have obtained the plaudits of transatlantic critics, and transatlantic applause has been declining in estimation since the days when our fathers bowed down to Jeffrey, and raved over *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and gave bad *Change for the American Notes*. Therefore Irving gets more strict justice, now that he is no longer our international champion. Probably it will be in the war of rebellion that the future historian of American literature will find the line which divides Irving's existence as an American author of the highest repute and most in favor from his existence as a writer whose name is better known than his works."

We regret to see this style of criticism adopted by such a paper as the *Nation*, which is ordinarily much above the grade of the *Round Table* and the flippant and frivolous *Citizen*. It may be true that "we hate what we once tolerated," and that, "we no longer care for what we once liked," but the question is whether this change in our tastes is evidence of our fickleness and capriciousness, or of a purer taste. Of those who maintain the latter proposition we feel as though we had a right to demand that before we consent to dethrone our old favorites, they should point out to us the writers who are to fill their places. The *Round Table* and the *Nation* insist that Cooper and Irving are no longer legitimate objects of admiration. Will they inform us who are their more worthy successors—who are the American writers that have eclipsed them?

WE have received the October No. (15th) of *The Galaxy*, a semi-monthly illustrated magazine, from W. E. Loomis, corner Sansome and Washington streets, who is the agent for California. The graphic and succinct account of "The last Battle of Winchester," on the sixth page of to-day's CALIFORNIAN, by J. Franklin Fitts, who commanded a brigade in that battle, is taken from *The Galaxy*.

MR. EDMUND YATES at the last accounts was at Braemar, the seat of the Earl of Fife. His new novel, *Black Sheep*, promises to be widely read in this country, the *New York Albion* and *Every Saturday* reprinting it in installments.

AN exchange, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to the editor of another paper, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

DR. HOLMES, who wrote a poem—or, more strictly speaking, a copy of verses—which Assistant-Secretary Fox, if that be the official title of the gentleman, read or presented to the Emperor of Russia, is making a sensation in St. Petersburg, where his verses were published as by Oliver Vendel Golins!

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR contemplates lecturing again, we hear, during a portion of the fall and winter.

THE Emperor Napoleon will, it is said, commence the *Life of Charlemagne* on the completion of his *Life of Cæsar*.

[For the Californian.]

ANNIE LEE.

HOW sweet 'tis to think o' lang syne, Annie Lee!
When youth, grace, and beauty were thine, Annie Lee!
When heart beat against heart,
Whaur nae ane could see,
I thocht thee nae angel
O' bliss, Annie Lee!

Ere Nature had taught us to lo'e, Annie Lee!
'Mang clover fields wet wi' the dew, Annie Lee!
We'd list to the skylark
That sprang frae the lea;
But sweeter by far were
Thy songs, Annie Lee!

Down the glen we aft took a turn, Annie Lee!
An' laved our wee feet in the burn, Annie Lee!
I looked at thy shadow
An' then upon thee,
Au' felt as if spell-bound
To love, Annie Lee!

Wi' bonnie rich ringlets o' huir, Annie Lee!
I never saw ane look sae fair, Annie Lee!
An' thy twa een o' blue
That sparkled wi' glee,
Never shone to deceive
My heart, Annie Lee!

I thocht earth a heaven o' bliss, Annie Lee!
When young courage stole the first kiss, Annie Lee!
The flowers were nae fairer
That bloom on the lea,
The snawdraps nae purer
Than thou, Annie Lee!

The pure heart that's free frae a' sin, Annie Lee!
In the end is aye sure to win, Annie Lee!
So, we ne'er dreamt o' wrang;
O, wha wad wrang thee?
Sweet mate o' my boyhood,
My dear Annie Lee!

Aft love gets what gold canna buy, Annie Lee!
An' gif ony doot let them try, Annie Lee!
They will find to their grief
That a' their hopes dee,
An' naething but love lives
In bliss, Annie Lee!

It is said that true love is blind, Annie Lee!
An' seldom a leal heart can find, Annie Lee!
But the flame waneth not
First kindled by thee;
'Tis fanned by thy love still,
My wife, Annie Lee!

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov., 1866. JAMES LINEN.

SIGNORINA ELVIRA BRAMBILLA—who departs for New York on the *Constitution* this morning—had a very full and fashionable audience for her farewell benefit on Thursday evening, at the Academy of Music. As an artiste, both in ability and popularity, she has steadily improved during her two years' residence in San Francisco. Her voice has gained in volume, purity, and flexibility; and her dramatic requirements have been put to a very trying—though very successful—test, in the two long Opera seasons of the last two years, in both of which Signorina Brambilla held the position of sole prima donna soprano. The projectors of the new Opera season will be fortunate if they procure a prima donna of such general excellence and versatility as Elvira Brambilla.

SIGNOR S. MILLERI—late basso profundo of the Bianchi troupe—also departs on the *Constitution* to-day, to fill winter engagements in the East. He will return with his family in the spring to reside permanently among us. There are reports of a new Operatic season in connection with his visit to the East.

"TOPSY TURVY'S" BENEFIT.—The Howson troupe, have kindly volunteered, and set aside Wednesday evening for this lady's benefit at the Metropolitan. *The war of Roses*—a comedy—and a new song, both emanating from the busy brain and pen of "Topsy," will constitute the principal features of attraction. The song has been set to music by George Felix Benkert, and will be sung by Miss Emma Howson. We trust that "Topsy" may be the recipient of such a benefit as will weary the treasurer with over-exertion, and gladden the hearts of all her friends.

SAN FRANCISCO AMATEURS.—The Eleventh Subscription entertainment, dramatic and social, and the last of the season of this Association, is to be given at Turn-Verein Hall on Thursday evening next. *Othello* will be performed. The usual social dancing party will follow, closing the record of a pleasant season of festivities.

THE CITY GUARD TARGET EXCURSION AND PICNIC will be held in the beautiful grove of the Encinal, Alameda, on Monday next. Guests are invited, "with ladies," to be at the Alameda ferry landing at 9.30 A. M., and the "Guard" will thenceforth attend to their comfort, pleasure and entertainment for the balance of the day.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS since the recent rains are more fresh, green, and beautiful than ever. Constant additions and improvements are being made to the attractions on the grounds.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

New Wine in an Old Bottle.

EVERYONE must have observed a great improvement in the *Alta* during the past week. The venerable Grandmamma of the press has been positively sprightly. Editorials have been published which have quite astonished the readers of the *Alta*. Many of the "solid" men of the city have been alarmed by the sportiveness evinced in some of these editorials, but the public, generally, have been pleased. We are glad to see this change, but we must warn the *Alta* that it is dangerous to put new wine into an old bottle. Some of the leaders it has published of late have been just a little too young and frisky. They had not gone through all the stages of fermentation. If the Grandmamma of the Press condescends to make jokes, she should not quite throw aside the dignity which is her especial character. The editorial entitled "Louis Napoleon's Mrs. Harris," in Tuesday's issue, was too frothy for the *Alta*. It won't do to use such expressions as "There's a heap of trouble on the old man's mind" in a political editorial. Then, again, "devilish glad" is a naughty expression. Moreover, "It is all right and lovely and the goose hangs high," is not an expression which Louis Napoleon is likely to make use of, though the writer of this rather flash editorial says:

"We can very readily imagine with what complacency the ex-dictator of European politics read over this little dialogue between himself and the imaginary Mrs. Harris."

None of the readers of the *Alta* could "very readily imagine" Louis Napoleon talking, even to himself, as he is represented by the writer. The *Alta* is, however, as we stated before, improving. Its editorials are not quite up to the mark; they are not always written in grammatical English, but still variety is presented in the subjects treated on, and an idea is sometimes presented in a somewhat original manner. The *Alta* has a scientific editor at present. His science is a rather cheap style of article—the sort of thing you find in Encyclopædias, but not quite so exact. In Tuesday's issue he treats of "electro-quakes," which he has adopted as a polite term for earthquakes. He tells us that—

"It was the falling of an apple from a tree that revealed to Newton the law of gravitation, which led to such a revolution in physical science."

We have never before considered the falling of that apple as a "revelation," but as the scientific editor of the *Alta* decides that the fall of that apple "revealed" the law of gravitation to Newton, we must accept the statement as a fact. More surprising statements follow:

"No grander circumstance than the simmering of a tea-kettle filled the mind of Watt with the first glimmer of locomotion by means of steam."

This we pronounce to be false. It was no "simmer" which "filled the mind of Watt with the first glimmer of locomotion by means of steam." The water in that tea-kettle was boiling. He then maunders on about Franklin's kite and other things, and finally winds up his article, which is intended to prove that earthquakes are caused by currents of electricity, by saying:

"If this be the true definition of the phenomenon, the compass, if placed in a position entirely free from ulterior influences, ought to exhibit some extraordinary variations previous to an electrical disturbance. It is stated on good authority that the compass on board the *Dwina*, during the great earthquake of 1857, at Japan, an hour before that occurrence manifested the greatest eccentricity."

This is a terribly weak manner in which to wind up a scientific article. It won't do in a scientific article to state that a compass "manifested the greatest eccentricity;" we must be told what deflections took place, and all that sort of thing. Well, well! the *Alta* is doing pretty well, and should be encouraged. Editorials are something new to it, and though those which it is publishing at present are rather "yeasty," they have good stuff in them. We hope that this infusion of new and rather young life into Grandmamma *Alta's* veins will not hurt the old lady, but she must be careful. She must be fed with small doses at first, as Eben Johnson accustoms his cows to eat swill.

The Dignity of Labor.

There is no country in the world in which the rights of labor and the dignity of the laboring man and woman are so fully upheld as they are in the United States, and in not one of the States does labor take such a high station as in California. In Europe, the householder who wishes to engage help is apt to require certificates of good character from the parties who have formerly employed the person who applies for a situation. Here, references are *exchanged*. Betty, the cook, produces papers testifying to her good character, and then says to her would-be employer: "Now what references can you give *me?*"

The following advertisement, which appears in a San Francisco paper, proves this to be the case:

PERSONAL.

A LADY WHO UNDERSTANDS COOKING AND EVERY OTHER DEpartment of housekeeping, would take charge of the same for some reliable party who is needing a competent person. Call at, or address * * * N. B—References exchanged."

This is a decidedly "high-toned" manner of applying for a situation as cook. How infinitely more dignified is the heading, "Personal," than that of "Good Cook!" What a delicate and euphemistic rendering of "two years' good character," is "references exchanged!" Perhaps, however, this "lady, who understands cooking," may be an artist. *Cooks* are as scarce as poets. It is possible that this may be one of those rare beings, a female cook. There have been female painters, female sculptors—it is possible that this may be a female cook. If this lady does really understand the high art of cookery, then, indeed, she must be placed far above the sons and daughters of toil, and may demand references from a millionaire. If he cannot give references to parties who are able to prove him to be a man of cultivated taste, and one capable of appreciating the art which this lady claims to be a possessor of, what avail will be her knowledge of cookery? If on the other hand she is "a good plain cook," great is the conceit, incalculable is the sum of the impudence which prompted her to write "N. B.—Refences exchanged." Capital refers to its banker. A householder must be held to be a respectable and a responsible party until proved to be the reverse. Alas! we fear that the dignity of labor in California is too apt to generate impudence.

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

The *Bulletin* gives the following report of the work done by the pound master: "In one year the San Francisco pound master has captured 2,360 dogs, and destroyed 2,146 of them. Most of the latter, it may be presumed, were worthless curs, whose absence will never be regretted. The number redeemed was 214 and the fees received were $1,070, so that the establishment for suppressing the dog nuisance has been almost a self-sustaining institution." It is very well for the *Bulletin* to say that most of the dogs which were destroyed, "it may be presumed, were worthless curs," but it may be presumed, on the other hand, that most of these were *not* worthless curs. Generally speaking, the dogs captured by the pound master's deputies are pet poodles, handsome Scotch terriers, intelligent and valuable black and tan terriers, and, as a rule, good, well-behaved dogs, who have never been known to bite anyone. The wretches who have, during the past years, prowled round the city stealing dogs on whose heads a tax of two dollars has been levied by the Legislature, and who are therefore fully as much property as cows, sheep, and goats, have selected dogs for whose ransom their owners would gladly have paid far more than five dollars had they known that they were in the pound. The dogs who have been slaughtered have been nice little dogs, wearing pretty collars—educated little dogs, who had been taught to sit up, to give a paw, and to fetch and carry.

In San Francisco there has been a voice heard of children weeping for their playmates who have been ruthlessly snatched by the pound master's deputies. "It may be presumed" that most of the dogs who were not redeemed at five dollars a head, have been eaten in various shapes by the citizens of San Francisco. Until the vile ordinance of the Supervisors, which encourages the slaughter of valuable dogs, is revoked, it is not safe for those who have a prejudice against dog, as an article of food, to eat stews or fricassees in any restaurant in this city. There are nearly as many curs running round at present as there were before; but valuable dogs are becoming very scarce.

Thanksgiving Day.

Frederick F. Low, Governor of the State of California, has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, 29th of November, a day of Thanksgiving and praise. The Governor sets forth in his proclamation some of the blessings for which it behooves the citizens of California to be thankful, but does not catalogue them fully enough. California has been richly blessed during the past year. As the Governor observes, we have escaped a visitation of the cholera; but he fails to remind us that the sale of swill-milk has been put a stop to. He mentions the fact that we are at peace; but does not mention the fact that Maximilian has abdicated and that the Monroe Doctrine will probably, in the future, be strictly sustained. The rinderpest has not visited our shores; and thousands of cows have been cured of the odious vice of drunkenness by the action of the Board of Supervisors with reference to distillery swill. Religious revivals are in active progress at Platt's Hall; and the lame walk, and the blind receive their sight by means of "the laying on of hands." Moreover, there has been no session of the Legislature this year. The *Flag* has utterly failed in its efforts to cause a run on the Bank of California, and the *Daily Times* has appeared. The harvest has been plentiful, and the Fair, held for the purpose of raising funds to build Trinity Church, was a grand success. Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, visited our shores, and the Italian Opera season has come to a termination. Altogether, the year has been a most prosperous and happy one, and we trust that Thanksgiving Day will be strictly observed.

"Jemima" asks for More.

The following epistle sufficiently explains itself. Having been excluded from the "heavy correspondence," by the heavy editor, we have taken pity on "Jemima," and consigned her epistolary morsel to the "Lion's Mouth."

MR. EDITOR: Won't you please give us larger installments of *Black Sheep?* I do feel so anxious about that poor young man, George Dallas; he seems to want to be good, and to reform, but I am afraid there is not any chance for him. It isn't Routh that I am afraid of at all; but the type of woman presented in Routh's wife is the most dangerous of human creatures. She will lead him on to think she is pure and good, and the one friend in whom he can repose all confidence; she will worm out of him his own secrets, his mother's secrets, and then use them in her peculiarly treacherous way. It is, I believe, impossible for one of those meek-looking, fair-haired, fair-complectioned women to be other than treacherous. They are invariably jealous, not from their excessive love for the object of their preference, but of themselves. They are capable of the most contemptible meanness where their own set are concerned, often making the most false representations with regard to them to the other set. To sum up, from my experience, I believe the type of women alluded to are always untrue to their God, themselves, their set, and *man*kind. What then can we hope for this poor young man, who is at the best very weak. My prayers go with him, poor fellow, and I hope that strength may be given him to overcome this serpent in the form of a comforting angel. But I shall feel very anxious, Mr. Editor, so do please give us a more liberal allowance. Trustingly Yours, JEMIMA.

Hoteldom.

We don't believe in monopolies, and we really can't see why a man can't be permitted to "keep a hotel," even if his name isn't Leland. But things are coming to such a pass in the United States that none of the Smiths, Browns, Tompkinses, Jones, etc., can exercise their constitutional privilege of "keeping a hotel" without changing their names to "Leland." The New York *Citizen*, referring to this subject, says:

"Isn't it about time for our friends the Lelands to stop their spreading tendencies? Radiating from the magnificent Metropolitan, in this city, we find lines of Hoteldom in every part of the habitable globe. If you go to the Pacific coast, is not the Occidental there? If you go to Saratoga, is not the Union there? If you go to Springfield, Illinois, is not the Leland House there? How it may be in China, in the Isles of the Sea, and the Holy Land, we know not; but everywhere else we find either the superb Simon, the cheerful Charles, the wonderful Warren, the wily William, the hospitable Horace, the lovely Lewis, the—but why go on? Is not the list endless, and is not the genial courtesy of them all paralleled alone by their tact and success? As the Good Book beautifully observes of the numerous progeny of a gentleman named Zerniah, so we may say of these marvellous brothers—that 'ye be too hard upon us, O ye children of Leland!'"

Quite Complacent.

The *Alta*, some eight or ten months since, furnished the public with a history of its career, and of what it had done for the State. The lively little *Chronicle*, in imitation of this illustrious precedent, spread itself as follows:

"At the present period, when new journalistic enterprises are continually appearing upon the field, to compete with old and established favorites, we think it timely and becoming on our part, as one of said venerable, popular and solidly founded institutions, and in imitation of the excellent example set us by our large sized contemporary, the *Alta*, to indulge in a brief retrospective glance at our own brilliant and eventful career, and remind our readers and the public generally, of the valuable services we have rendered this community, and which, numerous and important as they are, might without some such formal historic commemoration, run the risk of passing into oblivion. The *Chronicle* made its first *debut* upon the stage of metropolitan journalism on the sixteenth day of January, 1865. Consequently it did not, like our more fortunate neighbor already alluded to, enjoy the distinguished honor and felicity of discovering California, and bestowing upon it our own name. And this is perhaps well, since *Alta California* is upon the whole a better designation for a province or a State (though not for a newspaper) than *Dramatic Chronicle*. Neither have we even passed through the awful experience of being killed in a duel and being resuscitated. Neither did we put down the rebellion; nor have we at any time rejoiced in eleven able editors; nor have we obtained the despatches (though we can now get them for nothing, but cannot afford them space). But we have done some memorable things that History will not readily suffer to perish—at least she ought to be ashamed if she does. We opened the eyes of a deluded public to the charlatan acting of the spasmodic Heron. We gave that timid creature Wheatleigh a splended start, which he hadn't the enterprise or the pluck to improve. We carried John Woodard and the Olympic on our shoulder till we got him through the deep water. We repressed the exuberant ferocity and domineering arrogance of the *Examiner*, and have finally succeeded in making a tolerably respectable paper of it, which is about equivalent to working a miracle. We administered much wholesome correction to the *Flag* (we pause to drop a sympathizing tear upon its grave) and our conscience is at times haunted by the painful suspicion that we may occasionally have laid on the scourge with undue severity."

That "sympathizing tear" seems to have been somewhat premature, inasmuch as the *Flag* is sailing along in its accustomed belligerent style. As to the benefits conferred upon the State by the *Chronicle*, they are so well and generally known that it was scarcely necessary to enumerate them.

Send them to Congress.

The great work of the day is the work of "reconstruction." The great demand of the day is for competent "reconstruction." The President and Congress have been worrying and bothering and squabbling over this work for some time without making much headway. The great want of the nation to day is able and judicious reconstruction. Now we have a suggestion to make. The men (whoever they may be) who have recently reconstructed the *Alta* have evinced a rare and marvellous genius for reconstruction. They have actually put "new wine into old bottles"—and the old bottles have not burst. They have made a live newspaper out of one that, if not absolutely dead, was in a cataleptic trance. In short, they have shown a genius for reconstruction that suggests the propriety of sending them to Congress. Men who could "reconstruct" the *Alta* might reasonably be expected to possess talents that would render them useful in reconstructing the nation.

A Baby Tender.

A man advertises a "Patent Baby Tender," for which he claims great advantages. It appears from the advertisement that patent babies are, by this "tender," freed from nearly all the ills incidental to patent babyhood. It does not help them in cutting their teeth; it does not cure the measles, but the advertisement, after stating that it turns itself into nine different articles of furniture, says: "It relieves the mother from the hardest part of baby nursing." That is a staggerer! We believe that this "patent baby tender" may possibly turn itself into an ottoman, into a baby-jumper, and lots of other things, but we won't believe that it can turn itself into a cow! Come, now, Mr. Whatsyourname, that's going a little *too* far.

A PAPER IN A FAMILY.—We never saw a newspaper that was not worth greatly more than its cost in a family. It is to a great extent true of every collection of written matter, book or newspaper, but more especially of the latter, for it covers a greater variety of subjects, and is necessarily more condensed. It is a well known fact that there is no royal road to learning. The brain full of knowledge, whose activity sends light over our daily pathway, has been acquired by hard and constant study. Every book and newspaper which the careful or careless reader picks up, is filled with the results of laborious investigation. Take the single issue of a daily or weekly paper, and see in its editorials, its financial articles, its reviews, its drudgery of daily facts, its quibs and quiddities, its philosophy and fun, how much care and labor must have been bestowed to furnish it all with the regularity of one's meal. It makes no pretensions. It is furnished to every man for a fraction of what his ice or any one of the simple luxuries of his household costs him, and yet it is teeming with thoughts which are constantly influencing his actions, and forming the opinions of his children to govern their after lives. Into the columns of the newspaper come the matured opinions of the greatest thinkers and statesmen of the old world and the new, and at a cost, compared with the value of the information acquired, utterly insignificant in amount. No man, no head of a family especially, who would properly qualify his children to pass respectably, profitably, and with satisfaction to themselves through the world, should ever deny to them the advantages of a daily, or at least, a weekly newspaper.—*Daniel Webster.*

LIFE.—Life is an enigma. We are here to-day—all activity and bustle, and to-morrow we are gone. We die, but the world moves on as when we were actors on the stage. As we drop away, others take our place and we are scarcely missed. Thus, since the creation; man breathes, moves, and dies. If there were not a solution to this enigma, beyond the confines of the grave, how dull, meagre and unsatisfying would be the few hours we pass on earth!



S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Barnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required. Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire. Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy goods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert, 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Cluny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
Nursing Corsets.....$2 50
Nottingham and French Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices!

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

ELOCUTION.—Miss Jane Gray has returned to this city and is prepared to give instruction in Elocution. Miss Gray will give instruction to classes, or private lessons to individuals, at their own residences, if desired. Apply at the California Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies (Miss Lamond's), 64 Silver.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PETTIT & CO.,
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,
613 Kearny St., between Sacramento and Commercial, San Francisco.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,
Designers and Engravers
ON WOOD,
No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.
WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel, *containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,* Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

THE LARGEST CLOAK HOUSE
OF THE PACIFC COAST.
Meyer & Jonasson,
No. 10 Montgomery street,
ARE NOW OFFERING
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
OF MOST FASHIONABLE
FALL CLOAKS
EVER SEEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Hinckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial.

I. TRUMP & CO.,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, ETC.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS

Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

W. B. BOURN, President.
D. J. STAPLES, Vice President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,

Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street,)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Set, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $2. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N. B.—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful.

NEW COURT EXCHANGE SALOON.

The undersigned having completed his new building on DUNBAR COURT, rear of City Hall, opened the same as a first class SALOON, on SATURDAY, October 13th. He cordially invites his old friends and the public generally to give him a call. He has secured some of the finest Old Wines, Ales, Brandies and other Choice Liquors on this coast, as well as the NE PLUS ULTRA of Brands of Havana Cigars.

☞ HOT LUNCHEON served every day, from 11 A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M. M. KENNEY, Proprietor.

PIANOS!



PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B.—The highest cash price paid for Second-hand Pianos.

GRAND OPENING
OF
Millinery Goods!
EX STEAMER "SACRAMENTO."

M'LLE PICOT,

22 Montgomery street,

Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.



Will open on TUESDAY, October 16th, her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc.

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

AFRAID OF HIS EARS.

At a social party recently, a noted wag fonnd himself, in the course of the evening, in general conversation with a nervous-lookiug stranger. Pointing out to him a gentlemau of an inquiring turo of mind in another portion of the room, he said: "Do you see that man there? He has a mania—a very unpleasant one, too. He is possessed with the idea that he must bite off strangers' ears, and it has caused a dreadful amount of trouble. I do not know whether he will show any of the symptoms to-night, but perceiving you are a stranger, I deem it my duty to put you on your guard. Don't let him approach very close to you." The expression of horror that spread over the face of the nervous man clearly proved that he had heard the warning. A little later the benevolent informant got opportunity to tell the inquiring man that that man (poiuting out the warned individual) was a physical wonder, as a roaring uoise could be distinctly heard proceeding from his ear by getting within eighteen inches of his ear. Our curious frieud was struck with such an unheard-of phenomena, and very promptly began to work himself close enough for a personal investigation. The movemcnt was seen by the nervous man, and great drops of apprehensive sweat oozed out from his brow and trickled down his cheeks. Nearer and uearer approached the one, and more terribly intepse grew the horror of the other. The space between them was slowly but surely lessening. The curious man was within an ace of the "roaring," when the agony of the "roarer" reached its crisis, and clenching his fist, he landed it between the "lookers" of the unfortunate searcher after physical wonders, shouting at the top of his voice: "Bite off my ears, will you?" The effect of this on the astonished audience was very affecting.

MENTAL MATURITY.

Mental maturity—at what age do we attain it—that is to say, those of us who are not predestiued to perpetual greenuess? It has been said that a mau may be a fool at thirty, and yet die a savage. Rather questionable, that. The fool of forty is admitted by metaphysicians to be a hopeless case. Let him who has learned nothing by experience at that age stand aside from the world of action; he is not fit to play his part in it. His own safety is in being dry uursed by some stronger nature than his own. Dull youths, or youths called dull, sometimes mature into great men. Sheridan, we are told, was a particularly stupid schoolboy. Perhaps, the fault was in the schoolmaster, not in the pupil. There were in Sheridan's day, and there are yet, multitudes of bad teachers. Pedantic pedagogues, of the Dr. Blimber class, are as plentiful as blackberries, and the mill-horse system of educa tion is still in vogue. Over-crammed students rarely turn out well, while those who cannot be crammed generally do. If there is anything that is unpromising, it is precocity. It is better to be comparatively ignorant at five and tweuty, than to be a prodigy at thirteen. We entirely agree with the doctrine that the most useful part of mau's education is not that which he receives in schools and colleges. The world is the university in which the grandest and most useful lossons are taught, and in a way which fixes them indelibly in the memory. The "Groves of Academus" are not to be despised; but let him who desires to be a man among men beware of neglecting those paths of wisdom which lie through the marketplaces of mankind.

Jerusalem is being greatly improved. A telegraph has been established, sewers are being made, and the streets enlarged. The aqueduct from the village of Berak has so far advanced that only the cementing of its parts is required. The cement consists of plaster of Paris, tempered with oil, which is to be furnished by the villages along which the aqueduct passes. In conseqnence of the delay in the supply of this material, the completion of the work, so auxiously looked forward to by the whole city, is greatly protracted.

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.

J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE: 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

Cor Sansome & Commercial streets.

Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial-streets.

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - - - Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Splendid Presents

TO SEND ABROAD!

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS

.....OF.....

California Scenery!

A SERIES OF OVER

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

ILLUSTRATING

The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM NATURE,

And Published by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 & 319 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS



Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

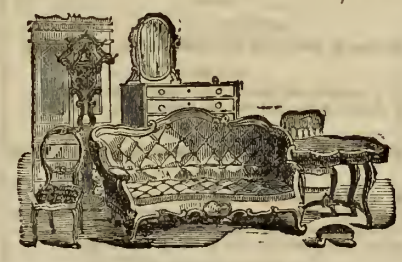
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,



No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED,

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NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

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(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Mageutic Electro Machines, etc

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Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.

10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.

S. E. Corner Montgomery and Pine streets.

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New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.

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LARGEST STOCK!

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The Best Workmanship,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee, Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

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Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

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WASHING POWDER.

This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

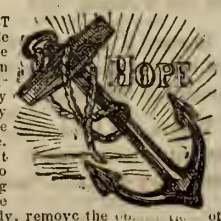
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Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the obstructions of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.

Costiveness, Billious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers

IN ABSENCE.

WATCH her kindly, stars—
From the sweet protecting skies
Follow her with tender eyes;
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me;
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night—
On her eyes o'er wearied, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine:
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn—
Let the notes of early birds,
Seem like love's melodious words;
Every pleasant sound, my dear,
When she stirs from sleep, should hear:
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds—
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss;
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place;
Kiss and kiss her, winds!

SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.—The Springfield, Mass., *Republican* is responsible for the following:

Mistress—Come here, George, I wish to examine you in punctuation. Now, tell me what that is?

George—That's a comma.

Mistress—Right; now what's that?

George—Ah! now you've got me where my hair is short; I don't know.

Mistress—George, I don't wish you to use any slang phrases here. When you are unable to give correct answers, say so, but do not repeat such phrases as that you have just used. Now, what's that?

George—(looking critically at the point in question)—Ha! ha! ha! Now I've got you where your hair is short; that ain't nuthin' only a fly-dirt!

Mistress—(re-examining critically) George, you are dismissed.

"A LITTLE more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B— to the gentle Susan, who was walking through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident damsel. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

A PAPER "out West" tells of an enthusiastic young Missourian who, eulogizing the beauty of his "gal," said: "I'll be doggoned if you ain't as pooty as a red wagon."

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because, in so-lacing herself, she is getting tight.

BLESSED is the man who hath no brains, but brass in abundance, for he shall be the favorite of the ladies.

WATTS, THE REASON?—Why do "birds in their little nests agree?" Because they'd fall out if they didn't.—*Punch.*

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was ring as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound: the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-growu head of hair and teeta in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"Indeed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

TOWNE & BACON

Book and Job Printers,
Book Binders,
Blank Book Makers,
Paper Rulers,
536 Clay St., opp. Leidesdorff,
San Francisco, Cal.

This Firm are large importers of Paper, Printers' Materials, Ink, &c.; and with the largest Printing Office in the State, are able to do good work with dispatch, at very low prices.

Parties sending orders from the Interior will be served as faithfully as though personally present.

Samples and price lists furnished if desired, and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Agents for H. D. Wade's Inks.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of MARGARET CHANCE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Francis Chance, the Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Chance, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 12th day of November, A. D., 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Margaret Chance, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week, for four successive weeks, before the said 12th day of November A. D., 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated, October 4th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this 4th day of October, A. D., 1866. WM LOEWY, Clerk.

Seal and Stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

F. A. FADENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc6 6t

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.

E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

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H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

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Dell, Crannn & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
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DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

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Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
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Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
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FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
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GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
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W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
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INSURANCE.

Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent. 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E. cor. Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,
J STREET, SACRAMENTO,
AND
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

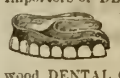
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL. Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner

R. H. McDONALD & CO.

Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) in SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

☞ Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid-day repast. *As a bath for the healthy perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED. s22 3m

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CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.
Main street, Petaluma.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE destined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. But

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea-sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

A SUNNY FACE.

HOW quickly, in a shut and darkened room,
A narrow shutter, suddenly thrown wide,
Will seem to change the thick, oppressive gloom,
To brightest brightness doubly glorified.

I know a face like this—a rare, rare face—
So like a burst of sunshine in the air;
That with a wondrous, winsome, subtle grace,
It scatters gladdest gladness everywhere.

O, happy, happy lot, fair girl, to bear
An amulet like this to shield from harm;
O, choicest, richest fate, always to wear,
Beyond the power of hiding, such a charm!

Erewhile, I ween, some blessed home shall grow
To perfect blessedness beneath that smile;
And all about thee fondest love shall glow,
In a clear atmosphere, unknown to guile.

J. H. ELLIOT.

—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

CURIOUS CAREER OF A CRIMINAL.

LAMIRANDE, who made off with 480,000 francs from the Bank of Poitiers, has been brought back to Paris after an absence of seven months. For seven months a French detective was on his tracks, and never relaxed his pursuit until the quarry was run near Quebec. When the flight of Lamirande, who had been a great beau at Poitiers, was discovered, communications were immediately opened with the Paris police, and one of the cleverest runners was ordered to capture the criminal. Melin, well known to fame, was chosen, and he soon found out that such a person as Lamirande had been driven by a coachman from the Orleans to the Northern Railway station. Melin took a ticket for London, and there obtained several traces, especially in the city, where the guilty party had purchased three hats. He found that his man had gone to Liverpool, and off he set for that town, but only to find that the *Moravian* had steamed out of harbor the day before with his prey. Having a *carte blanche*, Melin chartered a screw across the Atlantic. He reached New York before the *Moravian*, but was unable to arrest Lamirande when he stepped ashore, as his writ did not run, and the prudent criminal denied his identity. Melin, however, a few days later, and with the aid of the French Consul, managed to effect the arrest, and Lamirande was lodged in prison, bnt made his escape whilst the lawyers were arguing about the legality of his extradition. Thinking extradition in Canada an impossibility after the recent correspondence on the subject between France and England, Lamirande fled thither, was captured, and given up by the Governor. What did the man do with the stolen money? He says that he put 210,000f. in a handkerchief, which he left in a railway carriage in London; about 120,000f. were taken from him at New York, after he had paid 56,000f. to the lawyers who defended him, and 20,000f. to an interpreter. When he was captured in Canada he only had thirty-two sous and a revolver in his possession.

"Why this revolver?" said Melin.

"For fear of robbers," was the reply.

"Oui!" said Melin to his prisoners when he landed; "we have had a long game, and you have lost."

To show to what a state the miserable man was reduced, it is only necessary to mention that he was constantly afraid of being separated from his capturer, and he declares now that if he had not been arrested he would have been starved to death. Gambling and the demi-monde were the leading causes which induced Lamirande to plunder the Bank of Poitiers and fly. The expenses of his capture amounted to 12,500f.

FORGETFULNESS.—Much harm is often done through forgetfulness. A little thoughtfulness and care with respect to others would often save them from a great deal of suffering, and aid them in their work. A man is discouraged in consequence of the difficulties he meets with. An encouraging word may be all that is neccessary to revive his energies, and to persevere. That word is easily spoken. There are those who are perfectly willing to speak it, but they do not think of it.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR, 1866:

"To the Presdent of the State Agricultural Society:

Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilsou, and the Floreuce,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at my time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

MME. ROLLA,

HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK, HAS opened, at her Show Room, No. 216 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, the latest style of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS and MILLINERY GOODS, direct from Paris and New York.

MME. ROLLA would be pleased to see all her old friends and patrons at her new place of business.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South American.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

November 10th—CONSTITUTION, Captain E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Captain Maury.
November 19th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray.
November 30th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain J. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Howes.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,



No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
For Sale, Trade, or or Let.
Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M, on
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SAN FRANCISCO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The AMERICA will sail on December 5th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

PACIFIC
BUSINESS COLLEGE,

751 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH
at A. KOHLER'S,
1s1 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.
2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.
3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.
4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.
5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.
6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.
7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.
9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.
10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

Ward's Perfect S. F. Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!.

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

BEAUTY.

IT is a mistaken idea—though generally prevalent—that everything beautiful in the world is evanescent in its nature, that "all that's bright must fade" quickly, and the brightest and most beautiful objects fade and perish most quickly. "Alas!" says the enthusiastic artist, as he gazes with rapture upon a gorgeous sunset; "how beautiful, but how fleeting! There are but half a dozen such sunsets in a year, and they fade even while I am placing my canvas upon the easel—I can never paint one like nature."

"The leaves are falling from my pretty roses, when it was but yesterday they budded!" exclaims a young girl, as she looks mournfully into her flower-pot.

"Ah!" says the tearful mother, as she places the nosegay of small sweet flowers in the dimpled hands folded upon the bosom of her dead first-born,—"Alas! he was too beautiful to live!"

But though all beautiful things flit past our poor mortal eyes like the sweep of an angel's pinion, giving us but momentary glimpses of the heaven which shall one day smile upon us forever, yet to the vision of the higher intelligences, beauty is always present, and they know that it is eternal. And if we will consider the matter, it is not difficult to conceive this thought.

The earth, as it rolls on its axis and swings in its orbit around the sun, carries on its breast an eternal sunset. If we could pursue the declining orb as fast as it flies, we might constantly see it dip its lower edge into the blue mountains on the horizon. Nay, could we make a sudden spring beyond that horizon and thence look backward as we fly, an eternal sunset would smile in our reverted faces. And among all the clouds that float around in the earth's atmosphere, we should continually behold some turning to crimson and gold, in the slanting beams of the great luminary.

The flowers, too, when they wither in one portion of the earth, spring up afresh in other places, continually girdling the globe with bloom and fragrance. And the human flowers that wither, as it were, before their time, are only translated to other spheres, to blossom always and to live forever in the memory of the fond parent, as such. The mother whose little child died has always a little child in her memory, changeless and beautiful—which, had it lived, might have been stained with the blackness of this world. Let the weeping mother remember that the beauty of her infant has not perished, but was made eternal by the icy touch of death.

And if even this earth is clothed with everlasting beauty, what shall we say when we consider the whole universe of God? What an infinite number of orbs, more grand and beautiful than our own, are flashing in splendor as they roll through space—each with its eternal sunset and sunrise, and its clouds, bathed in a radiance, perhaps, which excels any that ever shone upon earth as greatly as the sun excels a glow-worm in brightness. To those higher intelligences, whose gaze can scan the broad fields of heaven and look down the endless vistas of the stars, how much various beauty must be visible! These scenes, which intoxicate our poor and feeble senses with their fullness, are, in their eyes, but a single tiny spark in the eternal blaze which pervades the boundless empyrean. It may be that all beauteous things are distributed and changed by the angels as they come and go through the ether—that the warm tints which dissolve and fade from the rainbow and the cloud, are instantly transferred to another sphere, and the dying bloom and fragrance of the flowers is caught up as it is exhaled, and shed upon the fields of other planets; that the roses which disease and death steal from the cheek of the maiden we love are given into angel hands to glorify the countenance of some maiden in the stars.

Thus may we learn and believe that when we are raised above the objects which now impede our vision, when death has cleared away the mists which hang before our eyes, we shall realize that beauty is eternal.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 28	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book	$10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book	8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book	6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,



685 MARKET STREET,
Corner of Third,
SOLE AGENTS FOR

J. B. DUNHAM'S,
F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,
GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and
ERNEST GABLER'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. au25-3m

NOT SIX MILLIONS OF BOTTLES,
SOLD IN A YEAR!
BUT ENOUGH TO CONVINCE PEOPLE THAT THE EXCELLENT is THE TONIC of the day.
BARRY & PATTEN, 413 Montgomery street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 605 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, October 25th, 1866.

JOHN S. BUGBEE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased. oc27-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM W. COOLEY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against William W. Cooley, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his law office, No. 36 Montgomery Block, San Francisco.

October 8th, 1866. J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of William W. Cooley, deceased o13 5t

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Estate of EDWARD M. DEVANY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 17th day of July, 1866, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, in three separate parcels as hereinafter described, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of November, 1866, at twelve o'clock, M., at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said city and county, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Edward M. Devany, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to, that of said Edward M. Devany at the time of his death, in and to all the Real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per centum of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation of sale by the Probate Court. Deeds and United States revenue stamps at expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

1. All that certain piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the westerly side of Dolores street, distant northerly 260 feet from the north westerly corner of said Dolores street and John or Twenty second street; thence northerly along said Dolores street 26 feet; thence at right angles westerly 125 feet; thence at right angles southerly 26 feet; and thence at right angles easterly 125 feet to the place of beginning

2. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to wit: beginning at a point on the north easterly side of Seventeenth avenue, distant north-westerly 275 feet from the northerly corner of said Seventeenth avenue and Q street; thence north-westerly along said Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles north-easterly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet to the place of beginning, being lot No. 37, in block 334, as laid down upon a map of the Haley Tract, recorded in Recorder's office, in Map Book 2, at request of R. H. Sinton.

3. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, being lot number 1 in block 342 of the Haley Tract, beginning at the westerly corner of Seventeenth avenue and R street; thence north-westerly on Seventeenth avenue 25 feet; thence at right angles south-westerly 100 feet; thence at right angles south-easterly 25 feet, to said R street; thence north easterly along R street 100 feet to the place of beginning.

Dated San Francisco, October 13th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM, Public Administrator,
And the Administrator of the Estate of Edward M. Devany, deceased. o13 4t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. } WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. o6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration,

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 23d, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK } ss.
Of the City and County of San Francisco, }

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]
F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc27 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco.

In the matter of the Estate of JONATHAN P. CLARK, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within TEN MONTHS from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of I. N. Thorne, Esq., No. 535 Clay street, in said city and county of San Francisco.

JOSEPH E. CLARK,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jonathan P. Clark, deceased.
San Francisco, October 10th, 1866.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ROSA CALLAGHAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the estate of Rosa Callaghan, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on TUESDAY, the 13th day November, A. D. 1866, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Rosa Callaghan, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1866.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

In the matter of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of EDWARD F. STONE, the Administrator of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said Estate remains to be distributed to the heirs of said deceased; and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said Estate among the persons entitled,

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, according to law.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said 29th day of November, 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 24th, A. D. 1866.

oc27-5t M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors.

Order to show cause on application of Guardian for order of sale of Real Estate.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition this day presented and filed by THOMAS BREEZE, the Guardian of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain Real Estate belonging to his said wards, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said minors that such Real Estate should be sold,

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said wards, and all persons interested in the said Estate, appear before this Court on MONDAY, the third day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the Court-room of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such Estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks, before the said day of hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated November 1st, 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Guardian. no3 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Elizabeth A. Waller, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated November 3d, 1866.

ELIZABETH A. WALLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Royal H. Waller, deceased. no3 6t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of RICHARD BURRILL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William Lane Booker, the Administrator of the Estate of Richard Burrill, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs at law of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Richard Burrill, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs at law of the said Richard Burrill, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of November, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated San Francisco, October 9th, 1866

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this ninth day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
CHAS. MCC. DELANY, Attorney for Administrator. o13 4

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S RETURN

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To the HON. M. C. BLAKE, *Probate Judge of the City and County of San Francisco:*

Herewith I submit a return of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the six months ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates; together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcelona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feldius, M. A. Langdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Deady, Lloyd Magruder, Walter Pratt, James Willis, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Clifford, William Hempsill, Edmond D Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Henry M. Oliver, C. J. Theis, G. T. Fouque, Mary B. Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boucher, H. R. Rowland, John Huggins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES MCLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98; Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75; Fees of Administrator, $1 84. Ready for Distribution

ANDRE JOINNY.—Value of Estate, $202 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $4 08. Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate, $324 30; Money Received, $324 30, Money Disbursed, $192 06; Balance on hand, $132 24, Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

G. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00; Money Received, $240 00; Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00; Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $143 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00; Balance on hand, $92 35; Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00. Money Received, $463 50; Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50 Fees of Administrator, $104 00. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and close Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17. Money Disbursed, $2 12 Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,244 00; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $439 02; Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on hand, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $39 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM COWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $3 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE SOULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $132 50; Money Received, $132 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 85; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Disbursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,748 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Disbursed, $657 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,539 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $29,383 34; Money Disbursed, $25,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Dishursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $130 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heire of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Disbursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESFELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $9,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Dishursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCHCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Disbursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $562 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Dishursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $152 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,495 00; Money Dishursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 55; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, 96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $35 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,448 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Dishursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received; $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,954 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Disbursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Dishursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, $20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 26; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, $20 00; Money Disbursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Dishursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $677 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Dishursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $454 60; Money Disbursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES C. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Dishursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Dishursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled, Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Dishursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. MCFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Dishursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $58 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $58 25; Money Dishursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Dishursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on Stockton street; Money Received, $80 00, Money Dishursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN McLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Dishursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Dishursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $296 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Disbursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Dishursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00, Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Dishursed, $304 00; Balance on hand, $10 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $779 70, Money Disbursed, $263 16. Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $255 50 Money Dishursed, $219 60 Balance on hand, $35 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York; Appraised Value of the Estate, $515 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $428 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,237 65; Money Dishursed, $65 00. Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all; Money Received, $500 00; Money Dishursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 60, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Disbursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75. Personal Property, all; Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E. Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, being duly sworn, says, that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, directly or indirectly, in expenditures of any kind made on account of any Estates of Deceased Persons; and that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, in business or otherwise, with any person so interested.

J. W. BRUMAGIM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

A CARD.

Great Sale of Fine Clothing.

OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents Furnishing Goods, for the next

THIRTY DAYS,

At Prices that Challenge Competition.

IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Corner Bush and Montgomery streets, and corner Sansome and Washington streets, San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.



All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

JOHN P. GALLAGHER,
JOSEPH H. WEED.

A. KOHLER

HAS NOT SOLD OUT,



But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

FANCY GOODS,

TOYS, &c.,

Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.

Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.

A. KOHLER, Sansome street,
(Extending from Clay to Commercial street,
San Francisco, Cal.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL
AND SONS,

Teachers of Dancing,



CONGRESS HALL,

On Bush-st., adjoining Russ House.

SCHOOL—MONDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS. Ladies at 2 P. M. Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M. Soirees every Friday Evening. Hall to rent.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER

Prof. Cohen,



No. 1 HARDIE PLACE, Kearny street,
Between Bush and Sutter,

THROUGH HIS NATURAL GIFT, can give correct information on the Past, Present and Future, on any subject that may be required so as to avoid trouble. As evidence of his reputation, he has received over 10,000 consultations during his residence of six years in San Francisco! Consultation fee, $2. By letter, $3. Letter box, 104. It is not necessary to give the age.

Dr. Cohen has been very successful in curing all disease. Hours from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE, - - - PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, NOVEMBER 10th,

Miss Alice Kingsbury,

Supported by
MR. J. McCULLOUGH,
and A POWERFUL COMPANY.
in the Play of

PAUVRETTE.

PROGRAMME FOR THE COMING WEEK:

MONDAY—*Benefit of C. L. Graves, Stage Manager—ROCAMBOLE.*
TUESDAY—*BAREFOOT.*
WEDNESDAY—*ROCAMBOLE.*
THURSDAY—*FANCHON.*
FRIDAY—*PAUVRETTE.*
SATURDAY—*THE WINTER ROBIN.*

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - - $1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - 50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - 25

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

ART GALLERY,

POMPEIAN MUSEUM,

CONSERVATORIES, AND

ZOOLOGICAL GROUNDS,

On Mission and Valencia streets.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EVERY DAY.

☞ An addition of TWENTY FIVE WILD ANIMALS has just been made to the Zoological department ☜

NEW ATTRACTIONS ARE BEING CONSTANTLY ADDED.

The TREES AND SHRUBBERY are classified and named.

ADMISSION TO ALL PARTS OF THE GARDEN,.....25 CENTS.

These Gardens are accessible by Howard, Market and Folsom street Cars. Also, by Montgomery and Mission Omnibuses.

☞Schools and Charitable Institutions accompanied by guardians, FREE, on MONDAYS and FRIDAYS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M. PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED]

D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.—In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.

Order of publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bughee, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the said Estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts;

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court-room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the tenth day of December, 1866, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such expenses of administration.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four successive weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

Dated November 9th, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco.
I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this ninth day of November, A. D. 1866.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
no10 5t

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DANIEL O'NEIL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN CHAPMAN ET AL, Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN CHAPMAN, M. LAUFENBERGER, and MARGARET BAUSCH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, a copy of which accompanies this Summons, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial district, within twenty days or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, and executed by the said John Chapman on the first day of May, A. D. 1866, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of even date therewith, made and executed by the said Defendant Chapman, whereby he promised to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of two thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, three years from the date of the said note, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent. per month, payable quarterly in gold coin, that is to say, at the end of every three months: and in case default be made in the payment of the said interest, or any part thereof, when the same becomes due, then the whole of the said principal and interest shall be due; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment, in United States gold coin, of said sum of $2,000, with interest thereon according to the terms of said note, and the costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said John Chapman for the balance remaining due, and also that the said Defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL AND STAMP CANCELED.]

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The Contemporary Review. Vol. 1, January to April, 1866.
Elements of International Law. By Major-General Halleck.
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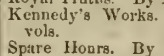


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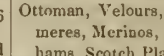
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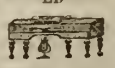
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OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

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"Lilou's Mouth."
The Celestial Fireworks.
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The Flying Ship, Swill Milk, etc.
Art-Items, Correspondence.
Amusements, etc.

POETRY—
How I Love to Think o' Thee, Mary, —By James Linen.
Allegory of the Convolvulus,—By Wm. Carey Jones:

[For the Californian.]

HOW I LOVE TO THINK O' THEE, MARY.

WHEN nature tak's her winter nap
In her cauld white sheets o' snaw,
Or when the wild weird whistlin' winds
Roun' the auld clay biggin blaw,
An' meltin' rains an' roarin' floods
A' the strong ice-fetters thaw—
How I love to dream o' thee, Mary!
How I love to dream o' thee!

When tender shoots an' burstin' buds
On the orchard trees are hung;
When wee birds build their cosie nests,
Whaur the auld anes feed their young—
An' hills an' valleys ring wi joy
As they aft before hae rung—
How I love to dream o' thee, Mary!
How I love to dream o' thee!

When the thorn is white wi' blossoms,
An' the bloom is on the pea;
When bonnie golden buttercups,
An' the gowans gem the lea,
An' kindred tribes in sylvan groves
Sing on ilka bush an' tree—
How I love to dream o' thee, Mary!
How I love to dream o' thee!

When bleatin' hills an' vocal glens
Lie bathed in glittering sheen,
Ere gloamin' casts a dusky veil
O'er the fields o' wavin' green,
Or lovers meet to pledge their vows
At the trystin' time o' e'en—
How I love to dream o' thee, Mary!
How I love to dream o' thee!

When the flowers a' droop an' wither,
Despite the dews that gently fa';
When the yellow hairsts are gathered in,
An' the swallows flee awa';
When the nichts are lang an' drearie,
An' a gloom hangs over a'—
How I love to dream o' thee, Mary!
How I love to dream o' thee!

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1866. JAMES LINEN.

THE GAME OF SPECULATION IN BOMBAY.—The *Spectator*, in an article on the history of Bombay during the American war, points out how terrible was the misuse made of the Anglo-Indians of the most marvellous prosperity which, perhaps, suddenly befel a people. In the year 1860–1 the quantity of cotton exported from Bombay was about 355,000,000 pounds, valued at under £7,000,000. In 1864–5 the quantity was very little, only 25,000,000 pounds higher, yet the value was £30,375,000—*i. e.*, while the quantity increased only 7 per cent., the value increased 300 per cent. What did the Bombay traders do with this enormous increase of prosperity? They not only squandered it in the maddest speculation, but ruined themselves. That which should have been their advantage, they turned to their destruction.

THE delicacy of some of the ornamental cast-iron work, known as Berlin iron is such, that it requires of some pieces ten thousand to weigh one pound.

OUR thanks are due to J. W. Bingham, City Clerk, for a copy of the Municipal Reports for the year ending June 30, 1866, just published.

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES,

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

SUMMARY OF PUBLISHED PORTIONS OF "BLACK SHEEP."—George Dallas, the black sheep of the family, an only son and spendthrift, walks down from London to "Poynings,"—the Carruthers' country seat—to seek an interview with his mother—now Mrs. Carruthers, "wife of the rich, respectable old Carruthers," who had forbidden him the house—to obtain money from her to meet pressing difficulties. He arrives on the night of a party; climbs up into the room of his old nurse, Mrs. Brookes, and obtains there a stolen interview with his mother, which results in his obtaining a ten-pound note, and a promise that she will forward him, within one month, a hundred and forty pounds, to meet a note of indebtedness to one Routh, a friend and associate. After an interview of half an hour he leaves for the adjacent village of Amherst, where he passes the night. In the morning he changes the note, which bears a date and the post-mark of Amherst, to purchase an overcoat, and departs for London. In London, at the house of Stewart Routh, a gentlemanly gambler and adventurer of good accomplishments and address, the reader is introduced to his wife Harriet, commonly addressed by Routh as "Harry,"—a woman of rare mental qualifications and quick appreciation, thoroughly devoted to her husband, his counselor in all his schemes, and a most efficient aid in his precarious mode of living.

One Deane, an American, a cool, sharp, "posted" man, with abundant means, is also introduced, whose cleverness is even too much for the designs of Routh and his wife. George Dallas receives a letter from his mother, who writes him that the one hundred and forty pounds, obtained by a great risk and almost criminal sacrilice, will be given to him by her in person at Amherst. He informs Routh of the import of his mother's letter. Routh, meanwhile, is organizing a company for working some newly discovered silver mines in Brazil, which promises to be "a big thing," but is badly in want of funds to successfully launch his scheme; when he learns from Deane that he is to receive for some stock transaction three thousand pounds, which sum Deane proposes to keep in his desk for a few days until wanted; and, in celebration of the event, he invites Routh and Dallas to dine with him at a fashionable restaurant on the same evening. Routh tells his wife that he must have Deane's money "one way or another." The dinner comes off, but Routh is not present.

CHAPTER VII.

DELAY.

GEORGE DALLAS felt that his fortunes were in the ascendant, when he arose on the morning following the dinner with Deane, and found himself possessed of ten pounds, which he had been sufficiently sober to win at billiards the previous night, and consequently in a position to pay off his landlady, and turn his back upon the wretched lodging, which her temper, tyranny, and meanness had made more wretched. He lost no time in packing up the few articles he possessed—mainly consisting of books and drawing materials—and these, together with his scanty wardrobe, he threw into a couple of trunks, which he himself carried down the steep dark staircase and deposited in a cab. The landlady stood at the door, in the gray morning, and watched her late lodger, as he strode down the shabby little street, followed by the luggage-laden cab. She watched him, wondering. She wondered where he had got the money he had just paid her. She wondered where he had got the money to pay an extra week's rent, in default of a week's notice. When she had dunned him yesterdao, as rudely and mercilessly as usual, he had said nothing indicative of an expectation of an immediate supply of money. He had only said that he hoped to pay her soon. "Where did he get the money?" the old woman thought, as she watched him. "I hope he come by it honest. I wonder where he's going to. He did not tell the cabman, leastways so as I could hear him. Ah! It aint no business of mine; I'll just turn the rooms out a bit, and put up the bill."

So Mrs. Gunther (for that was the lady's name) re entered the shabby house, and a great activity accompanied by perpetual scolding pervaded it for some hours, during which the late tenant was journeying down to Amherst.

George Dallas strictly observed the directions contained in his mother's letter, and having started by an early train, reached Amherst at noon. Rightly supposing that at such an hour it would be useless to look for his mother in the little town, he crossed the railroad in a direction leading away from Amherst, struck into some fields, and wandered on by a rough footpath which led through a copse of beech-trees to a round bare hill. He sat down when he had reached this spot, from whence he could see the road to and from Poynings. A turnpike was at a little distance, and he saw a carriage stopped beside the gate, and a footman at the door receiving an order from a lady, whose bonnet he could just discern in the distance. He stood up and waited. The carriage approached, and he saw that the liveries were those of Mr. Carruthers. Then he struck away down the side of the little declivity, and crossing the railway at another point, attained the main street of the little town. It was market-day. He avoided the inn, and took up a position whence he could watch his mother's approach. There were so many strangers and what Mr. Deane would have called "loafers" about, some buying, some selling, and many honestly and unfeignedly doing nothing, that an idler more or less was certain to pass without any comment, and it was not even necessary to keep very wide of the inn. He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking into the window of the one shop in Amherst devoted to the interests of literature, which was profusely decorated with out-of-date valentines, much criticised by flies, and with feebly embossed cards, setting forth the merits of local governesses. At that time prophetic representations of the International Exhibition of '62 were beginning to appeal to the patriotic soul in light-blue drawings, with flags innumerable displayed wheresoever they could be put "handy." George Dallas calmly and gravely surveyed the stock-in-trade, rather distracted by the process of watching the inn door, between which and his position intervened a group of farmers, who were to a man chewing bits of whipcord, and examining samples of corn, which they extracted in a stealthy manner from their breeches-pocket, and displayed grudgingly on their broad palms. On the steps of the inn door were one or two busy groups, and not a man or woman of the number took any notice of Mrs. Carruthers' son. They took very considerable notice of Mrs. Carruthers herself, however, when her carriage stopped; and Mr. Page, the landlord, actually came out, quite in the old-fashioned style, to open the lady's carriage, and escort her into the house. George watched his mother's tall and elegant figure, as long as she was in sight, with mingled feelings of pleasure, affection, something like real gratitude, and very real bitterness; then he turned, strolled past the inn where the carriage was being put up, and took his way down the main street, to the principal draper's shop. He went in, asked for some gloves, and turned over the packets set before him with slowness and indecision. Presently his mother entered, and took the seat which the shopman, a mild person in spectacles, handed her. She, too, asked for gloves, and, as the shopman turned his back to the counter, rapidly passed a slip of paper to her son. She had written on it, in pencil—

"At Davis, the dentist's, opposite, in ten minutes."

"These will do, thank you. I think you said three and sixpence?" said George to the shopman, who, having placed a number of gloves before Mrs. Carruthers for her selection, had now leisure to attend to his less important customer.

"Yes, sir, three and sixpence, sir. One pair, sir? You'll find them very good wear, sir."

"One pair will do, thank you," said George. He looked steadily at his mother, as he passed her on his way to the door, and once more anger arose, fierce and keen, in his heart—anger, not directed against her, but against his step-father. "Curse him!" he muttered, as he crossed the street; "what right has he to treat me like a dog, and her like a slave? Nothing that I have done justifies—no, by Heaven, and nothing that I could do would justify—such treatment."

Mr. Davis's house had the snug, cleanly, inflexible look peculiarly noticeable even amid the general snugness, cleanliness, and inflexibility of a country town, as attributes of the residences of surgeons and dentists, and gentlemen who combine

both those fine arts. The clean servant, who opened the door, looked perfectly cheerful and content. It is rather aggravating, when one is going to be tortured, even for one's ultimate good, to be assured in a tone almost of glee—

"No, sir, master's not in, sir; but he'll be in directly, sir. In the waiting room, sir." George Dallas not having come to be tortured, and not wishing to see Mr. Davis, bore the announcement with good-humor equal to that of the servant, and sat down very contentedly on a high, hard horsehair chair, to await events. Fortune again favored him; the room had no other occupant; and in about five minutes he again heard the cheerful voice of the beaming girl at the door say—

"No, m'm, master's not in; but he'll be in d'rectly m'm. In the waiting-room, m'm. There's one gentleman a-waitin', m'm, but master will attend on you first, of course, m'm."

The next moment his mother was in the room, her face shining on him, her arms round him, and the kind words of the truest friend any human being can be to another, poured into his ear.

"You are looking much better, George," she said, holding him back from her, and gazing fondly into his face. "You are looking brighter, my darling, and softer, and as if you were trying to keep your word to me."

"Pretty well, mother, and I am very thankful to you. But your letter puzzled me. What does it mean? Have you really got the money, and how did you manage to get it?"

"I have not got it, dear," she said, quickly, and holding up her hand to keep him silent, "but it is only a short delay, not a disappointment. I shall have it in two or three days."

George's countenance had fallen at her first words, but the remainder of the sentence reassured him, and he listened eagerly as she continued—

"I am quite sure of getting it, George. If it does but set you free, I shall not regret the price I have paid for it."

"Tell me what it is, mother," George asked, eagerly. "Stay, you must not sit so close to me."

"I'm not sure that your voice ought to be heard either, speaking so familiarly, *tête-á-tête* with the important Mrs. Carruthers of Poynings—a personage whose sayings and doings are things of note at Amherst," said Mrs. Carruthers, with a smile, as she took a seat at a little distance, and placed one of the samples of periodical literature strewn about the table, after the fashion of dentists' and surgeons' waiting-rooms, ready to her hand, in case of interruption. Then she laid her clasped hands on the table, and leaned against them, with her clear dark eyes fixed upon her son's face, and her steady voice, still sweet and pure in its tones as in her youth, as she told him what she had done.

"Do you remember, George, that on that wretched night you spoke of my diamonds, and seemed to reproach me that I should wear jewels, while you wanted so urgently but a small portion of their price?"

"I remember, mother," returned George, frowning, "and a beast I was to hint such a thing to you, who gave me all that ever was your own! I hoped you had forgiven and forgotten it. Can it be possible that you have sold— But no; you said they were family jewels?"

"I will tell you. When you had gone away that night, and I was in the ball-room, and later, when I was in my dressing-room alone, and could think of it all again, the remembrance of what you had said tormented me. The jewels you had seen me wearing were, indeed, as I had told you, not my own; nevertheless, the remembrance of all I had ever read about converting jewels into money occupied my mind that night, and occupied it after that night for days and days. One day, Mr. Tatham came to Poynings, and in the evening, being, as he always is, very entertaining, he related an extraordinary story of a client of his. The tale, as he told it had many particulars, but one caught my attention. The client was a woman of large fortune, who married for love a man much younger than herself, a dissipated fellow who broke her fortune, and might have broken her heart, but for his getting killed in riding a steeple chase. After his timely death, it was discovered, among a variety of dishonorable transactions, that he had stolen his wife's diamonds, with the connivance of her maid; had had them imitated in mock stones by a famous French dealer in false jewelry; and had substituted the false for the real. No suspicion of the fact had ever crossed his wife's mind. The discovery was made by the jeweler's bill for the imitation being found among his papers. This led to inquiry of the dealer, who gave the required information. The moment I heard the story, I conceived the idea of getting you the money you wanted by a similar expedient."

"O mother!"

She lifted one hand with a gesture of caution, and continued, in a voice still lower than before—

"*My* jewels—at least those I have sold—were my own, George. Those I wore that night were, as I told you, family diamonds; but Mr. Carruthers gave me, when we were married, a diamond bracelet, and I understood then that it was very valuable. I shrank from such a deception. But it was for you, and I caught at it."

George Dallas sat with his hands over his face, and no more interrupted her by a single word.

"By one or two questions I stimulated Mr. Carruthers' curiosity in the strange story, so that he asked Mr. Tatham several questions, as to where the mock jewels were made, whether they cost much, and, in fact, procured for me all the information I required. That bracelet was the only thing I had of sufficient value for the purpose, because it is expensive to get an imitation of any ornament made of very fine stones, as my bracelet is, and richly set. If the act were still to do, I should do it, George—for you; and still I should feel, as I do most bitterly feel, that in doing it I shamefully deceive my husband!"

Still George Dallas did not speak. He felt keenly the degradation to which he had reduced his mother; but so great and pervading was his bitterness of feeling towards his mother's husband, that when the wrong to *him* presented itself to his consideration, he would not entertain it. He turned away, rose, and paced the room. His mother sighed heavily as she went on.

"George, you know this is not the first time I have suffered through and for you, and that this is the first time I have ever done an act which I dare not avow. I will say no more."

He was passing behind her chair as she spoke, and he paused in his restless walk to kneel down by her, clasp her in his arms and kiss her. As he rose from his knees, she looked at him with a face made radiant with hope, and with a mother's love.

"This is how it was done, George," she continued. "I wrote to an old friend of mine in Paris, a French lady, once my schoolfellow. I told her I wanted my bracelet matched, in the best manner of imitation jewelry, as our English fashions required two, and I could not afford to purchase another made of real diamonds. I urged the strictest secrecy, and I know she will observe it; for she loves mystery only a little less than she loves dress. She undertook the commission with alacrity, and I expected to have had both the bracelets yesterday."

"What a risk you would have run, mother, supposing an occasion for your wearing the bracelet had arisen!"

"Like Anne of Austria and the studs?" said his mother, with a smile. "But there was no help for it. More deceit and falsehood must have followed the first. If the occasion had arisen, Mr. Carruthers would have questioned me, and I should have said I had sent it to be cleaned, when he would have been angry that I should have done so without consulting him."

"Tyrannical old brute!" was George's mental comment.

"All the meanness and all the falsehood was planned and ready, George; but it was needless. Mr. Carruthers was summoned to York, and is still there. It is much for me that the parcel should arrive during his absence. I heard from my friend, the day before I wrote to you, that she was about to send it immediately, and I wrote to you at once. It is to be directed to Nurse Brookes."

"How did you explain *that*, mother?" George asked, quickly.

"More lies, more lies," she answered, sadly, rejoicing in her heart the while to see how he writhed under the words. "I told her what was needful in the way of false explanation, and I made certain of having the bracelets to-day. So I must have done but for a second letter from my friend Madame de Haulleville, to the effect that, having a sudden opportunity of sending the packet to England by a private hand, she had availed herself of it, at the loss of (at most, she writes) a day or two."

"Confound her French parsimony!" said George, "think of the unnecessary risk she makes us run, when I come down here for nothing."

"It is not so much parsimony as precaution, George. And she could know nothing of any risk."

"What is to be done, then?" he asked, in a softer tone.

"Can you not remain at Amherst?" asked his mother. "Have you anything to do which will prevent your remaining here for a day or two? If not, you will be as well here as in London, for there is no danger of Mr. Carruthers seeing you."

"Suppose he did?" George burst out. "Is he the lord and master of all England, including Amherst? Perhaps the sunshine belongs to him, and the fresh air? If I keep away from Poynings, that's enough for him, surely."

Mrs. Carruthers had risen, and looked appealingly at him.

"Remember, George, your misconduct would justify Mr. Carruthers, in the eyes of the world, for the course he has taken towards you: or," here she moved near to him, and laid her hand on his arm, "if you refuse to consider *that*, remember that Mr. Carruthers is my husband, and that I love him."

"I will, mother, I will," said George, impetuously. "Graceless, ungrateful wretch that I am! I will never say another word against him. I will remain quietly here, as you suggest. Shall I stay at the inn? Not under my own name; under my not very well known but some day of course widely to be famous pen name—Paul Ward. Don't forget it, mother, write it down; stay, I'll write it for you. P-a-u-l W-a-r-d." He wrote the name slowly on a slip of paper, which Mrs. Carruthers placed between the leaves of her pocket-book.

"You must go now," she said to him: it is impossible you can wait here longer. We have been singularly fortunate as it is. When I write, I will tell you whether I can come to you here—in the town, I mean—or whether you shall come to me. I think you will have to come to me. Now go, my darling boy." She embraced him fondly.

"And you, mother?"

"I will remain here a little longer. I have really something to say to Mr. Davis."

He went. Black care went with him, and shame and remorse were busy at his heart. Would remorse deepen repentance, and would repentance bear wholesome fruit of reformation? That was for the future to unravel. The present had acute stinging pain in it, which he longed to stifle, to crush out, to get away from anyhow. He loved his mother, and her beautiful, earnest face went with him along the dusty road; the unshed tears in her clear dark eyes seemed to drop in burning rain upon his heart; the pleading tones of her sorrowful voice filled all the air. How wicked and wretched, how vain, silly, and insipid, how worthless, and vulgar, all his pleasures and pursuits seemed now! A new spirit arose in the wayworn, jaded man; a fresh ambition sprang up in his heart. "It's a wretched, low, mean way of getting free, but I have left myself no choice. I *must* take advantage of what she has done for me, and then I never will wrong her love and generosity again. I will do right, and not wrong; this is my resolution, and I will work it out, *so help me God!*"

He had unconsciously come to a stop at the noble old oak gates, flung hospitably open, of a wide spreading park, through one of whose vistas a grand old mansion in the most elaborate manner of the Elizabethan style was visible. He looked up, and the beauty of the prospect struck him as if it had been created by an enchanter's wand. He looked back along the road by which he had come, and found that he had completely lost sight of Amherst.

He went a pace or two beyond the gate pillars. A hale old man was employed in nailing up a trailing branch of jessamine against the porch of the lodge.

"Good afternoon, old gentleman. This is a fine place, I fancy."

"Good afternoon, sir. It is a fine place. You'll not see many finer in Amherst. Would you like to walk through it, sir? You're quite welcome."

"Thank you. I should like to walk through it. I have never been down this way before. What is the name of the place, and to whom does it belong?"

"It is called the Sycamores, sir, and it belongs to Sir Thomas Boldero."

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG THE BEECHES.

A fine avenue of beech-trees led from the gate through which George Dallas had passed, to the house which had attracted his admiration. These grandest and most beautiful of trees were not, however, the distinguishing feature of the place; not its chief pride. "The Sycamores" was so called in honor of a profusion of trees of that kind, said in the neighborhood to have no rivals in all England. Be that as it might, the woodland scenery in Sir Thomas Boldero's noble park was beautiful in the highest degree, and of such beauty George Dallas was keenly and artistically appreciative. The tender loveliness of the spring was abroad throughout the land; its voices, its gladness, its perfumes, were around him everywhere, and as the young man strolled on under the shadow of the great branches, bearing their tender burden of bright, soft, green, half unclosed buds, the weight and blackness of care seemed to be lifted off him, and his heart opened to fresh, pure, simple aspirations, long strangers to his jaded but not wholly vitiated character. He was very young, and the blessed influence of youth told upon him, its power of receiving impressions, its faculty of enjoyment, its susceptibility to external things—a blessing or a curse as it is used—its buoyancy, its hopefulness. As George Dallas turned from the broad smooth carriage way, and went wandering over the green elastic turf of the carefully kept park, winding in and out through the boles of the grand old trees, treading now on a tender twig again on a wild flower, now startling from her nest a brooding lark, anon stopping to listen to a burst of melody from some songster free from domestic cares, he was hardly recognizable as the man who had sat listening to Philip Deane's hard, worldly talk at the Strand tavern the day before.

"Brighter and softer" his mother had said he was looking, and it was true. Brighter and softer still the hard, pleasure-wearied, joyless face became, as the minutes stole over him, among the sycamores and beeches. He had pursued his desultory path a mile or more, and had lost sight of the house and the avenue, when he came to a beautiful open glade, carpeted with turf of the softest green, and overarched by forest trees. Looking down its long vista, he saw that it terminated with a brilliant flower garden, and a portion of a noble stone terrace, lying beneath one side of the many-turreted house. He stood entranced by the beauty of the scene, and, after a few moments, felt in his pocket for pencil and paper, in order to sketch it. He found both, and looking round him, saw a piece of the trunk of a felled tree, not yet removed by the care of the forester.

"A capital place to sketch from," thought George, as he folded his coat, and laid it upon the convenient block, and immediately became absorbed in his occupation. He was proceeding rapidly with his sketch, and feeling rather disposed to get it finished as quickly as he could, in order that he might return to the inn and procure some food, of which he stood in considerable need, when he caught the sound of a galloping upon the turf in the distance behind him. He raised his head and listened; there it was, the dull, rapid thud of hoofs upon the grass. Was there one rider, or was there more? He listened again—only one, he thought; and now the rapid noise ceased, and was succeeded by the slow, pattering sound of a horse, ridden daintily and gently about and about, guided by a capricious fancy. Still George listened and presently there came riding out of the shadowy distance into the full expanse of the glade, down which the declining sun sent golden rays, as if in salutation, a lady, who was, as his first glance showed him, young and beautiful. She was quite unconscious of his presence, for the piece of timber on which he had been sitting was out of the line of sight, and though he had risen, he was still standing beside it. She came towards him, her slight form swaying to the movements of her bright bay thoroughbred, as she put the animal through all sorts of fanciful paces, now checking him with the rein now encouraging him with her clear, sweet young voice, and patting his arched neck with her white gloved hand. The young man looked out from his hiding place, enraptured, as she came on, a vision of youth, beauty, and refinement, down the wide green glade, the sun shining on her, the birds singing, the flowers blooming for her, the proud walls of the old house rising grandly in the background, as if in boast of the worthy shelter that awaited her. Nearer and nearer she came, and now George Dallas could see her face distinctly, and could hear the pretty words with which she coaxed her horse. It was a face to remember; a face to be the happier for having seen; a face whose beauty was blended of form and color, of soul, feature, and expression; a face which had all that the earth has to give of its best and fairest, touched with the glory which is higher and better, which earth has not to bestow. It was the face of a girl of nineteen; whose clear eyes were of golden brown, whose cheeks bloomed with the purest, most varying flower like color, whose rich golden hair shone in the sunlight, as its braids rippled and turned about with the movement of her head, tossed childishly to the rhythmical measure of her horse's head.

Half a dozen trees only intervened between her and the spot where George Dallas stood, greedily watching her every movement and glance, when she took her hat off, and pushed the heavy golden hair off her broad white forehead. At that moment, the horse jerked the rein she held loosely, and pulled her slightly forward, the hat falling from her hand on the grass.

"Now see what you have done," she said, with a gay laugh, as the animal stood still and looked foolish. "I declare I'll make you pick it up with your mouth. There, sir, turn, I tell you; come, you know how." And she put the horse through all the pretty tricks of stooping and half kneeling, in which she evidently felt much more pleasure than he did. But she did not succeed; he obeyed touch and word readily; but he did not pick up the hat. At last she desisted, and said, with a funny look of mock patience—

"Very well, *Sir Lancelot*, if you won't you won't, so I must get off." She had just gathered her skirt in her hand, and was about to spring from her saddle, when George Dallas stepped out from among the trees, picked up the hat, and handed it to her, with a bow.

The young lady looked at him in astonishment, but she thanked him with self-possession, which he was far from sharing, and put her hat on, while *Sir Lancelot* pawed impatiently.

"Thank you," she said; "I did not see any one near."

"I was sitting yonder," said George Dallas, pointing to the spot whence he had emerged, "on some fallen timber, and was just taking the liberty of sketching the view of the house, when you rode up."

She colored, looked pleased and interested, and said, hesitatingly, having bidden *Sir Lancelot* "stand—"

"You are an artist sir?"

"No," he answered, "at least, only in a very small way; but this is such a beautiful place, I was tempted to make a little sketch. But I fear I am intruding; perhaps strangers are not admitted."

"O, yes, they are," she replied, hurriedly. "We have not many strangers in this neighborhood; but they are all welcome to come into the park, if they like. Had you finished your sketch?" she asked, timidly, with a look towards the sheet of paper, which had fallen when Dallas rose, and had been fluttered into sight by the gentle wind. George saw the look, and caught eagerly at any pretext for prolonging the interview a few moments.

"May I venture to show you my poor attempt?" he asked, and without awaiting her answer, he stepped quickly back to the place he had left. The girl walked her horse gently forward, and as he stooped for the paper, she was beside him, and, lifting his head, he caught for a moment the full placid gaze of her limpid eyes. He reddened under the look, full of gentleness and interest as it was, and a pang shot through his heart, with the swift thought, that once he might have met such a woman as this on equal terms, and might have striven with the highest and proudest for her favor. That was all over now; but at least he, even he, might sun himself in the brief light of her presence. She laid the rein on *Sir Lancelot's* neck, and took the little drawing from his hand with a timid expression of thanks.

"I am no judge," she said, when she had looked at it, and he had looked at her, his whole soul in his eyes; "but I think it is very nicely done. Would you not like to finish it? Or perhaps there are some other points of view you would like to take? I am sure my uncle, Sir Thomas Boldero, would be delighted to give you every facility. He is very fond of art, and—and takes a great interest in artists"

"You are very kind," said Dallas. "I shall be at Amherst a day or two longer, and I will take the liberty of making a few sketches—that splendid group of sycamores, for instance."

"Ah, yes," she said, laughing "I call them the godfathers and godmothers of the park. They would make a pretty picture. I tried to draw them once, myself, but *you* cannot imagine what a mess I made of it."

"Indeed," said Dallas, with a smile, "and why am I to be supposed unable to imagine a failure?"

"Because you are an artist," she said, with charming archness and simplicity, "and, of course, do everything well."

This simple exhibition of faith in artists amused Dallas, to whom this girl was a sort of revelation of the possibilities of beauty, innocence, and *naiveté*.

"Of course," he replied, gravely; "nevertheless, I fear I shall not do justice to the sycamores."

And now came an inevitable pause, and he expected she would dismiss him and ride away, but she did not. It was not that she had any of the awkward want of manner which makes it difficult to terminate a chance interview, for she was perfectly graceful and self possessed, and her manner was as far removed from clumsiness as from boldness. The girl was thinking during the pause whose termination Dallas dreaded. After a little, she said—

"There is a very fine picture gallery at the Sycamores, and I am sure it would give my uncle great pleasure to show it to you. Whenever any gentlemen from London are staying at Amherst, or passing through, Mr. Page at the inn tells them about the picture gallery, and they come to see it, if they care about such things; perhaps it was he who told you?"

"No," said Dallas, "I am not indebted for the pleasure—for the happiness—of this day to Mr. Page. No one guided me here, but I happened to pass the gate, and a very civil old gentleman, who was doing some gardening at the lodge, asked me in." His looks said more than his words dared to express, of the feelings with which his chance visit had inspired him But the girl did not see his looks; she was idly playing with *Sir Lancelot's* mane, and thinking.

"Well," she said, at last, settling herself in the saddle in a way unmistakably preliminary to departure. "If you would like to see the picture gallery, and will walk round that way, through those trees, to the front of the house"—she pointed out the direction with the handle of her riding-whip—"I will go on before, and tell my uncle he is about to have a visitor to inspect his treasures."

"You are very kind," said Dallas, earnestly, "and you offer me a very great pleasure. But Sir Thomas Boldero may be engaged—may think it an intrusion."

"And a thousand other English reasons for not accepting at once a civility frankly offered," said the girl, with a delightful laugh. "I assure you, I could not gratify my uncle more than by picking up a stray connoisseur; or my aunt than by bringing to her a gentleman of sufficient taste to admire her trees and flowers."

"And her niece, *Miss Carruthers*," thought George Dallas

"So pray go round to the house. Don't forget your coat. I see it upon the ground—there. It has got rubbed against the damp bark, and there's a great patch of green upon it."

"That's of no consequence," said George, gayly; "it's only an Amherst coat, and no beauty."

"You must not make little of Amherst," said the girl, with mock gravity, as George stood rubbing the green stain off his coat with his handkerchief; "we regard the town here as a kind of metropolis, and have profound faith in the shops and all to be purchased therein. Did dear old Evans make that coat?"

"A venerable person of that name sold it to me," returned George, who had now thrown the coat over his arm, and stood, hat in hand, beside her horse.

"The dear! I should not mind letting him make me a habit," she said. "Good bye for the present—that way," again she pointed with her whip, and then cantered easily off, leaving George in a state of mind which he would have found it very difficult to define, so conflicting were his thoughts and emotions. He looked after her, until the last flutter of her skirt was lost in the distance, and then he struck into the path which she had indicated, and pursued it, musing

"And that is Clare Carruthers! I thought I had seen that head before, that graceful neck, that crown of golden hair. Yes, it is she: and little she thinks whom she is about to bring into her uncle's house—the outcast and exile from Poynings! I will see it out; why should I not? I owe nothing to Carruthers that I should avoid this fair, sweet girl, because he chooses to banish me from her presence. What a presence it is! What am I that I should come into it?" He paused a moment, and a bitter tide of remembrance and self-reproach rushed over him, almost overwhelming him. Then he went on more quickly, and with a flushed cheek and heated brow, for anger was again rising within him. "You are very clever as well as very obstinate, my worthy step-father, but you are not omnipotent yet. Your darling niece, the beauty, the heiress, the great lady, the treasure of price to be kept from the sight of me, from the very knowledge of anything so vile and lost, has met me, in the light of day, not by any device of mine, and has spoken to me, not in strained, forced courtesy, but of her own free will. What would you think of that, I wonder, if you knew it! And my mother? If the girl should ask my name, and should tell my mother of her chance meeting with a wandering artist, one Paul Ward, what will my mother think?—my dear conscientious mother, who has done for me what wounds her conscience so severely, and who will feel as if it were wounded afresh by this accidental meeting, with which she has nothing in the world to do." He lifted his hat, and fanned his face with it. His eyes were gleaming, his color had risen; he looked strong, daring, active, and handsome—a man whom an innocent girl, all unlearned in life and in the world's ways, might well exalt in her guileless fancy into a hero, and be pardoned her mistake by older, sadder, and wiser heads.

[To be continued.]

THE WAY TO SPOIL GIRLS.

IF any parent wishes a receipt how to spoil a daughter, it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious.

1. Be always telling her, from earliest childhood, what a beautiful creature she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl to be constantly exclaiming "How pretty!" Children understand such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done to the character in its earliest formation.

2. Begin as soon as she can toddle, to dress her out in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once with all the artificial adornments of flounces, and feathers, and flowers, and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic, and will usurp the whole attention of the young mortal, and be a long step toward spoiling her.

3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting and changing of place and associates. She will thus grow as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be.

4. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of things really useful in life. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being of some real use to somebody pervading her heart, and she will be soon ready as a spoiled daughter.

5. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to do anything for yourself, or to learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter should never be taught the mysteries of the kitchen; such things a lady leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress salad, or make a pudding. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a sofa all day in the midst of a pyramid of silks and flounces, reading the last new novel, while her domestics are performing the labor of the house.

6. To complete the happiness of your spoiled daughter, marry her to a bearded youth with soft hands, who knows as little how to earn money as she does to save it. Her happiness will then be finished for lifetime.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.—Is there anything like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child? Can any other music so echo in the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond all other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sport, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, constantly gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seem paved with precious stones from heaven's treasury. No day of storm is dark where he is—no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Those who denounce women's extravagance should read this: "A London shirt-maker has just finished a dozen shirts for a gentleman, the price of which is one hundred and twenty pounds. They are, it is stated, of the finest cambric, and have fronts embroidered with gold threads."

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE—BY THEODORE MARTIN.

THE warder looked down at the dead of night
On the graves where the dead were sleeping,
And clearly as day was the pale moonlight
O'er the quiet churchyard creeping.
One after another the grave-stones began
To heave und to open, and woman und man
Rose up in their ghastly apparel!

Ho, ho, for the dance!—and the phantoms outsprung,
In skeleton roundel advancing,
The rich and the poor, and the old and the young,
But the winding-sheets hindered their dancing.
No shame had these revelers, wasted and grim,
So they shook off the cerements from body and limb,
And scattered them o'er the hillocks.

They crooked their thigh-bones, and they shook their long shanks,
And wild was their reeling and limber;
And each bone, as it crosses, it clinks and it clanks,
Like the clapping of timber on timber.
The warder he laughed, though his laugh was not loud·
And the Fiend whispered to him—"Go, steal me the shroud
Of one of these skeleton dancers."

He has done it!—and hackward, with terrified glance,
To the sheltering door ran the warder;
As calm as before looked the moon on the dance,
Which they footed in hideous order.
But one and another, retiring at last,
Slipped on their white garments, and onward they passed,
And a hush settled over the green-sward.

Still, one of them stumbles and tumbles along,
And taps at each tomb that it seizes;
But 'tis none of its mates that has done it this wrong,
For it scents its grave-clothes in the breezes;
It shakes the tower gate, but *that* drives it away,
For 'twas nailed o'er with crosses—a goodly array—
And well was it so for the warder!

It must have its shroud—it must have it betimes—
The quaint Gothic carving it catches,
And upward from story to story it climbs,
And scrumbles with leaps and with snatches.
Now wo to the warder, poor sinner, betides!
Like a spindle-legged spider the skeleton strides
From buttress to buttress, still upward!

The warder he shook, and the warder grew pale,
And gladly the shroud would have yielded:
The ghost had its clutch on the last iron rail,
Which the top of the watch-tower shielded,
When the moon was obscured by the rush of a cloud—
One! thundered the bell, and, unswathed by a shroud,
Down went the gaunt skeleton crashing!

THE BUGLE SONG.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, buggle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, buggle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, buggle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, buggle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

TENNYSON.

KISSES.—Kisses, like the faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, some as mild as milk, some as tasteless as long drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort. As to proposed kisses they are not liked at all.

THE eye alone cannot appreciate true beauty, for it does not consist in mere physical moulding. The understanding must aid. And what may give exquisite pleasure to the cultivated understanding may fail of making any impression on the vulgar.

TIME is the only gift in which God has stinted us; for He never intrusts us with a second moment till He has taken away the first, and never leaves us certain of a third.—*Fenelon.*

CENSURE is the most effectual when mixed with praise. So, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to bear it company.

KEEP doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are idle and profitless employments.

THE latest special says Gen. Grant was in the full enjoyment of a good cigar.

A PIONEER recommends glue for cuts. If a surgeon isn't handy, call in a joiner.

LITERARY GLEANINGS AND GOSSIP.

[This department is not designed to be strictly "critical," and will not supersede our usual book reviews; nor will it be limited to notices of *new* publications.]

SLASHING CRITICISM.

LITERARY criticism in the United States seems to have arrived at a pass where incisiveness rather than justice is aimed at, and where any amount of unfairness may be pardoned, provided it be sparkling and clever. The "Poems of T. K. Hervey" do not possess much positive merit, and the critic who pronounces a verdict to that effect, discharges his whole duty. There is nothing in the character of the poems, or in the pretensions of the author, that renders the publication of the volume an atrocity, or calls for an elaborate and contemptuous critical essay upon it. The game is not large enough to render a fiercely brilliant wax-candle remuneration. The New York *Home Journal*, however, makes poor Hervey's collection of verses the theme of a "slasher," of which the following is a specimen:

"There are some people who succeed in winning reputations rather by diplomacy than through any unusual gifts of intellect. Edmund Kirke is one of these: and T. K. Hervey, a collection of whose poems we have before us, is (or was) another of the same ilk. The former writes execrable prose; the latter wrote execrable poetry—if poetry may be called, per courtesy, that which has within it nothing poetic whatsoever. Like Tyrawley, Kirke has been dead (literarily) these two years—having died of literary larceny: and, like Tyrawley, has suffered nobody to know it;—in which last, he has exhibited uncommon tact. Hervey has been dead for some years, also, and everybody has found it out. Had his poems died with him, we should have been spared the disagreeable task of reviewing them, and the still more disagreeable task of reading them preparatory to review. The latter we have done, and hasten to say that we still exist; the former we propose doing, and hasten to say that we feel better, in that we are permitted the opportunity of displaying our philanthropy by warning the public, and readers of poetry especially, that Mr. T. K. Hervey's poems are doggerel sublimated. Not but that a poet may be permitted to write doggerel, if it so pleases him. We have no objection to the writing, if so writing serves as a safety-valve for his stupidity. To the printing it is that we object, in especial, unless the doggerel be printed in illuminated nursery-books, or for parlor circulation; and to the publication we object, emphatically; first, because it is a useless waste of blue-and gold by way of setting; and, secondly, because doggerel ought not to be published at all—except in London or Pekiu.

"There are some people, however, who will perpetrate doggerel—who, having the *mens divinior* within them, must exhibit its vagaries after their own peculiar fashion. Mr. Hervey is one of these, like Billy Nubbs or Mr. Thingumbob, painfully overburdened with intellect (or want of it), which he has filtered in shallow syllabub through four hundred pages, *duodecimo*, in desperate endeavors to elevate into poesy that which is essentially prosaic. There is none of the *vates* about Hervey. If, as his prefacist remarks, 'his poctry is intelligible,' it is not for that reason necessarily meritorious. Intelligibility in writing is a prosaic virtue. In poetry there should always be a vague and unapprehended element; for it is exactly the vague and unapprehended which is the principle of the most ethereal sublimity. There can be no sublimity in that which is prosaically and logically distinct; and hence there is no sublimity—no luxury of passion in the verses of Mr. T. K. Hervey."

After proceeding for a while in this strain, the critic commences hunting "small deer" in the following fashion:

"Of mixed metaphor, Mr. Hervey's compositions are a perfect *museum*. For instance, at page 46, the poet sings—

'O, for the wings we used to wear,
When the heart was like a bird'—

taking it for granted that if a man has a heart like a bird, he must necessarily have wings like a bird also. Again, in the same stanza, the poet continues the metaphor:

'And floated still, through summer air,
And painted all it looked on fair,
And sung to all it heard.'

In which the bird, first, floats, secondly, paints, and, thirdly, sings to all it hears; which is in exceedingly clumsy taste on the part of the bird—a bird never having been known so paint at all. Moreover, *sang* is the proper form of the word, the verb sing being in the past tense. Again, at page 46, the poet indulges in bombast like the following:

'I wander about like a shadow of pain,
With a worm in my breast and a spell on my brain;'

in which he first supposes himself to be a 'shadow of pain'—a phrase which means nothing whatsoever; and next insists that he (the shadow of pain) has a worm in his breast (for which of course he should consult a physician) and a spell on his brain—just as if a shadow of pain (or T. K. Hervey) might be supposed to have brains at all.

"At page 174, Mr. Hervey thus utters his invocation:

'I see the honey on her lip—
Have pity, saint, on me,
And turn a lonely gentleman
Into a humble-bee'—

a doggerelism and a platitude which we have never seen exceeded, except among the shambling rhymes of a certain Mr. Whitman. Fancy a lady's lips bedaubed with honey, either literal or metaphorical, and fancy a humble-bee sipping it—that humble-bee being a metamorphosed gentleman. The metaphor is not only absurd, but loathsome and offensive—a shallow conceit exactly in keeping with the gum-Arabic imagination of a baby.

"Again, at page 174, we have a second equally dunderheaded platitude:

'Said I, the fair Anrelia keeps
Her spirit locked from me,
O, show my weary heart the hook
On which she hangs the key.'

"To hang the key of a lady's spirit on a hook is, of course, a safe way of keeping the key from being mislaid; but for a poet to steal the key, and run off with it, and unlock the lady's spirit—really it is the worst sort of burglary. Nobody but Mr. Hervey would be guilty of so mean and ungentlemanly an act.

"Only to be paralleled by the above in absolute absurdity is this which follows:

'Her breast is like a frozen lake,
On whose cold brink I stand;
O, buckle on my spirit's skates,
And take me by the hand!
And lead thou, loving saint, the way
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet
And let a lover in.'

"In which the lady's breast is first supposed to be a frozen lake, on whose cold brink he stands. Then, he buckles on his skates and skates along the lake (breast) to where the ice is thin, and, lastly, tumbles incontinently into the first break, by which is meant Aurelia's mouth. And by all this manœuvering the poet is supposed to have been swallowed by the lady—to have gotten within the frozen lake of her breast, a situation which must be vastly uncomfortable, both for the lady and the poet. Gossamers, dipped in milk, form no parallel; and how the poet is to get out, having gotten in, transcends our comprehension."

Now, it it be true, as the critic tells us further down, that Mr. Hervey's poems are "metaphor run mad, and silliness sublimated," why not dismiss the volume in half a dozen words? His pretensions have not been lofty, and he has no school of admiring dupes whose eyes require to be opened. Had such a book appeared under a great name, or been heralded by an ostentatious flourish of trumpets, or elicited enthusiastic admiration in any quarter, the case would have been different.

CHRISTIAN CRITICISM.

As a specimen of quite a different style of criticism from the foregoing, take the following, referring to the same book, from the New York *Weekly Review:*

"In the last years of his life, Hervey was a contributor to the *Art Journal*. He wrote boldly and vigorously, both as a literary and an art critic, while his poems display a strong and true and tender nature, which must have impressed all who came in contact with him as genuine and manly. He was not a great poet. One may read his poems, without at any time being deeply moved and elevated in spirit. His imagination had not that soaring and electrical power which uplifts the reader and quite sweeps him away in sympathy. His faculties as an artist, likewise, lacked thorough cultivation. He wrote from the heart, however, and in feeling and sentiment his poems are often exceedingly felicitous. Many pages are commonplace; but here and there occurs a ray of true poetry, or a burst of noble eloquence, that well repays the reader's patience. Many of the poems are songs, of a very pleasing character, tender in sentiment and melodious in versification. Altogether, the collection is a worthy memorial to a gifted man, and a valuable addition to the poetic literature of England."

This is not so piquant and lively as the slashing style of the *Home Journal*. All that it has to recommend it is, that it is just, gentlemanly, and humane. But then it must be confessed that it is also somewhat tame. After so much "criticism," possibly the reader may feel some curiosity to judge of Mr. Hervey's merits for himself:

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake!—thy war-horse waits,
To bear thee to the battle back;
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep!—thy warfare o'er,
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle plain;
A trumpet note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou needst not helm nor cuirass now—
Beyond the Grecian hero's boast—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host;
For head and heel alike are sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sickened at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps may find the gate,
And bid her come to thee at last;
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its lingering echoes fail.

The above first appeared in a Dublin periodical, in 1832.

We have just taken a fresh "dip" into Alice Cary's new book of poems, from which we made several extracts last week. To them, however, we must add the following, which represents the author in a somewhat different phase from that indicated by our previous quotations:

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not—can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust."

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

IT has been decided that there shall be two distinct costumes adopted for this winter. The street dress, short, with small crinoline. With this in the depths of winter will be worn trousers, made with elastic around the ankle, *a la Turque*. They are to be made of taffeta, the same shade as the short under-petticoat. For evening, or house wear, a long train crinoline, spreading out like a peacock's tail. Over this will be worn very long and elaborately trimmed trains. Bodies and waistbands, in preference to the Princess form, which is all body and skirt in one.

The newest materials are poplins, with silk flower stripes or plain satinets, called in Paris *satin la reine*, and our grand train robes are to be made of corded silk, with alternate wide velvet stripes, manufactured at Lyons, in the same material. The stripes will be of a different shade to the ground; thus, a dark green stripe will figure on light emerald green: a deep salmon velvet stripe on light salmon color. These are called sunsets.

One dress is described which was to be sent to the Tuilleries, as being of black corded silk, over which curl and spread black velvet ostrich feathers.

One robe was composed of a silver-gray skirt, over which a low tight body and tunic, cut in one, was made of ribbed violet velvet. Another lady wore something still richer in color; she had on a white taffeta underskirt, over which a gold shaded peplum tunic, trimmed with white chenille fringe, variegated with gold, and the side points of the peplum ended with balls and tassels of the same trimming. The body was low and made of the gold-colored silk, but the short sleeves were white fringed lappets ending in points and tasseled.

A young girl was in a cloud of white muslin looped up over very long pink underskirt; her corslet bodice was pink over a high white lace chemisette and sleeves.

The prettiest peplum jackets are either hollowed below the waistband, and fall in long flowing points, or set tight to the waist, and have the points down the back. These points all end in rich tassels, and are worked or trimmed *ad libitum*.

The paletot-sacks are very short, and will be trimmed with wide lace, so that very little of the jacket will be discernible, but others will be covered with jet, cord, and embroidery.

The long, wide peplum sleeves, or velvet cloaks, will also be adopted on *negligé* robes, which are to be made of red, blue, white, or lavender cashmere. All have streamer scarfs behind, ending in rich fringe or tassels.

There has been something invented to take the place of the old-fashioned "stay;" it is called a stays-baud, and is already adopted by our *élégantes*.

It is very suitable to our present style of dress—it is low and elastic and fits the figure like a glove. It is healthy, which is more than merely pretty, leaving every part of the body, with the exception of the waist, entirely free. It is indispensable to stout ladies, and adds a certain roundness to the less favored. In this band lies the secret of Parisian grace, Parisian fit, Parisian etcetcras.

Humming birds, with gold beaks and jeweled eyes, are worn as brooches, clasps, and agraffes by the leaders of *ton*.

It is declared that nets shall be no longer worn. New styles of pins and bandeaux may be looked for.

We have a few novelties in the accessory line: neckties with worked brecch-loaders, paletot-sacks in white cloth, belts with painted profiles on squares of gros de Naples, little white bolero vests embroidered over with black jet, and made without sleeves, to put on under paletots which are not yet worn. The catalane bonnet is square behind and round in front. The full-blown tea-rose is the favorite flower on ruby-colored velvet Watteau hats. Mother-of-pearl ornaments and trimmings are used in profusion. Boots are even more costly; in fact, feet are now set in boot mountings as if they were jewels. Every material is worn on the promenades—some dress for the sun, some for the rain, some for both sun and rain. Three narrow *plissés* round under-petticoats are preferred to a deep one.

SPIRADELLA.

A CHEERFUL spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, which is much better than being only rich.

SAVANNAH is outstripping Charleston as a seaport city.

[For the Californian.]

ALLEGORY OF THE CONVOLVULUS.

ITS colors: let us read them right—
Purple, of Majesty the sign,
As is of Purity, the white.
I need not to thy mind divioe
What means the meek-eyed tender blue;
It speaketh for itself—the True.
So in this vase-like flower we fiud
Symboled these charms of woman's face:
Virtue and dignity, combiued
With innocence and love and grace.

Symbol too, these fragile leaves,
The shortness of the life of man;
Its own a single hour bereaves,
And his scarce stretches to a span.
Gently its tender petals close,
Then meek and still it bends its head.
May we as fitly meet the throes
That number us among the dead.

Again: as passed the dews of night,
This flower but spreads at morning's light.
May not we mortals humbly hope,
That, passing through this vale of tears,
Our eyes in trust and faith may ope
To glories of the upper spheres?

Another lesson still would'st learn,
O, dear one! from this fragile urn?
Rise at the light; yea, quit the couch,
When open its ethereal eyes;
And with thy living vision vouch
The Morning Glories of the Skies:
The Moon, and each expectant Star,
Grown bright and brighter, to adorn,
As heralds dawning East afar,
The coming of refulgent Morn.

Another sermon still would'st hear?
Is not there, then, a little voice—
Bend closer thine attentive ear—
That bids us in our hearts rejoice
That ever in the upper air
Are brighter glories we may share?
Glories of both Morn and Eve;
Immortal, do we but believe.

Love! Nor yet is half the story
Of that house-side Morning Glory.
Away deep in its mystic cell,
Reflected from the vault on high,
Shadowed I see a little hand;
And as I look my eyelids swell.
It beckons to us as a wand,
It beckons to us from the sky.

WM. CAREY JONES.

THE STORY OF A SCRIPTURAL PANORAMIST.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[This story is going the rounds of the Eastern press wrongly credited to the *Alta California*. It was written more than a year ago, at the time the steamer "*Capital*" was launched, for THE CALIFORNIAN. "Mark" starts on a steamer to report the launch for us, when he meets a number of prospecting friends, who, having discovered a bar on the lower deck, invite him down to sample its contents. At the bar a number of interesting "bar stories" are told, when a Mr. Nickerson is reminded of an incident that occurred during his temporary sojourn in Connecticut some months previous, which he proceeds to relate. In the meanwhile the launch takes place, and "Mark" sees nothing of it, but he reports the story.]

THERE was a fellow traveling in that country (said Mr. Nickerson) with a moral-religious show—a sort of Scriptural panorama—and he hired a wooden-headed old slab to play the piano for him. After the first night of his performance the showman said:

"My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first-rate. But then, didn't you notice that sometimes last night, the piece you happened to be playing was a little rough on the proprieties, so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if you didn't neither follow suit nor trump, you understand?"

"Well, no," the fellow said. He hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came to hand.

So they put it up so that the simple old dummy was to keep his eyes on the panorama after that, and as soon as a stunning picture rolled out, he was to fit it to a dot with a piece of music that would help the audience to get an idea of the subject, and warm them up like a camp-meeting revival. That sort of thing would corral their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle-aged and old people, who belonged to the church and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were young bucks and heifers—they always come out strong on panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to kiss one another's mugs in the dark.

Well, the showman began to swell himself up for this lecture, and the old mud-dobber tackled the piano, and run his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and then the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, propped his hands on his hips, flung his eyes over the scenery, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march; note also the ecstacy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems ready to burst in a welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful."

The mud-dobber was ready, and the second the speech was finished, he struck up:

"O, we'll all get blind drunk,
When Johnny comes marching home!"

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman could not say a word. He looked at the piano man sharp, but he was all lovely and serene—he didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his grit, and started in afresh:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze, exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible history—our Savior and his disciples upon the sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe-inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Savior rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!"

All around the house they were whispering. "O, how lovely, how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again:

"O, a life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep!"

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman gritted his teeth, and cursed the piano man to himself, but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet, the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it anyhow, though his confidence was mighty shaky. The supes started the panorama to grinding again, and he says:

"Ladies and gentleman, this exquisite painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus from the dead by our Savior. Observe the half confused, half inquiring look upon the countenance of the awakening Lazarus. Observe also the attitude and expression of the Savior, who takes him gently by the sleeves of his shroud by one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before anybody could get off an opinion in the case, the innocent old ass at the piano struck up:

"Come, rise up, William R-i-l-e-y,
And come along with me!"

All the solemn old floats got up in a huff to go, and everybody else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra, and shook him up, and said:

"That lets you out, you know, you chowder-headed old clam! Go to the doorkeeper and get your money, and cut stick!"

SCHAMYL, THE CIRCASSIAN.

AFTER his capture in 1859, Schamyl, the celebrated Circassian chief, was sent with his family to Kalouga. He seems to have expected nothing but harsh treatment from his conquerors, but the Russian policy was otherwise, and he has from time to time, it appears, been loaded with Imperial favors. A spacious house is at his disposal, and an income more than sufficient for his wants. On the occasion of the death of his favorite daughter, a courier was sent to Schamyl in the Caucasus with the body of the deceased. This seems to have touched the venerable chief, who at once addressed an autograph letter to the Czar, which is given at length in the Russian papers. Schamyl here declares himself to be no less vanquished by the Emperor's kindness than by his arms, and begs that he and his children may be allowed to take the oath of fidelity. "I am ready," he says, "to pronounce it before the entire people. I invoke, as the witness of my loyalty and of the purity of my thoughts, Almighty God and Mahomet his prophet. I will take the oath before the body, scarcely chilled, of my beloved daughter Naphisato, and upon the holy Koran. The Czar at once acceded to the request, and accordingly, on the 7th instant, Schamyl and his sons took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor and to the Grand Duke at Kalouga. After the ceremony the representative of the nobles of the province addressed the exile in the name of the Russian Government: "Live in peace, valiant veteran," he said, "in this city, where your noble character is honored, and where your calm and modest life is a theme of constant praise. May you long continue this irreproachable life, glorifying the high magnanimity of your protector, our beloved sovereign, Alexander the Second." The reply of Schamyl, as given in the Russian papers, is full of protestations of loyalty, and reads as though it had been very freely translated from the original Arabic by a Russian official.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT Maguire's Opera House *Rocambole* was played on Monday evening last for the benefit of Stage Manager Graves—for the first and the last time. The attendance was good—if the play was not. *Rocambole* proved to be a poorly written translation of the original French play, with characters illy adapted to the *personnel* of the Opera House Company. Miss Kingsbury played the uncongenial character of "Barcarat," a declamatory tragic part, badly; and McCullough that of a polished French villain, indifferently. But the piece is dead, and we do not propose to further administrate upon its poor effects. *Fanchon* and *Pauvrette*—on the succeeding evenings—with their attractive merits and almost perfect rendition, fully atoned for the shortcomings of *Rocambole*. *Pauvrette* is very strongly cast, and very handsomely placed on the stage. As represented at the Opera House, it possesses all the elements of popularity, and we would not be surprised if it should prove another *Cricket* in that respect.

This afternoon, *Fanchon*. This evening a new play entitled *The Winter Robin* will be produced. Monday evening is set aside for the benefit of Mr. McCullough, who will essay "Hamlet" for that occasion—Miss Kingsbury volunteering, and playing the "gentle Ophelia," and Kate Denin, John Wilson, and Robert Fulford volunteering; all of which must tend to bring a crowded house.

The programme for the coming week can be found in the advertisement on the last page.

M. AND M'ME JOSEPH HEINE.—These artists, who lately arrived here from Australia, will give their first concert on Monday evening, at Platt's Hall, with the aid of Siguor and Signora Bianchi, Misses Emma and Celia Howson, Mr. Crowly and Mr. Evans. M. Heine, though born blind, has acquired a wonderful mastery over the violin, while M'me Heine is a brilliant but thorough and artistic performer on the piano. Judging from two or three selections given by them at an informal soiree, a few days ago, their entertainments will be full of interest to the musical public.

METROPOLITAN.—The Howson family close their season with this evening's performance, set aside for their benefit. Some time during the coming week the Ravel-Martinetti troupe, with the "Green Monster." The stage and scenery are being prepared, and the ballet troupe are drilling for the event.

THE SAN FRANCISCO AMATEURS' entertainment and social at Turn-Verein Hall, on Thursday evening last, was fully attended, and was a most pleasant festival. "Othello" was performed very creditably, though it was almost too heavy a piece for amatuers to be effective in. Mr. Fulford as "Othello," and Miss Caroline as "Emelia," played their parts well The young lady has a good voice and reads with spirit and feeling.

PACIFIC LODGE I. O. B. B.—Will give an entertainment, dramatic and musical, at Platt's Hall, on Wednesday evening next, the proceeds to be appropriated to benevolent purposes. "Black-eyed Susan" will be performed by amatuers, after which musical selections by the Misses Lamlein, the whole to conclude with a ball. We hope the Hall will be crowded on this occasion.

BENEFITS.—Numerous benefits have come off during the week—too numerous, in fact, for us to mention them with a paper only the size of the CALIFORNIAN at our disposal, so we will not attempt it.

WHICH of the apostles was the best cricket player? Paul, who "stood up before the eleven, and was bold."

IN Spain, the sale of newspapers is prohibited in the public streets.

DR. BOURNE'S MEDICINE CHEST—No 6.

"MEDICINE CHESTS always contain bitter pills and nauseous draughts; intended however, for the benefit of those who take their contents."

FOOTE has left his verdict against medical mysteries, in his whimsical definition of a physician, whom he describes as "a grave, formal animal, who picks our pockets by talking unintelligible stuff in a sick man's chamber, till nature cures or medicine kills him." Howbeit, blessing and honor, say we, be upon the head of the *true* physician, of whatever creed, for his is ever a work of mercy and love. As Lamb says: "There is healing in the very creak of his shoes, as he comes up the stair." There be those, however, in every community, who, in circulating their quack nostrums, care little whether they make the well sick, or the sick sicker.

THE distinguished Dr. James Johnson says: "I declare it to be my most conscientious opinion, that if there were not a single physician, surgeon, or apothecary, or a man midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug in the world, there would be less mortality among mankind than there is now."

CURES GUARANTEED without medicines; very pleasant method, quick, satisfactory in all respects, by DR. BOURNE, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS."—The sick always know where to find this old and popular institution. Removed only twice in nearly twelve years. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

MUSIC AND PIANO PLAYING.

MUSIC.

A CURIOUS calculation it would be to determine how many persons play "a little" on the piano. In every country village perhaps one family in eight or ten owns a piano or some reed instrument; music is as diffused as newspapers are, and yet, largely owing to our youth as a people, partially also to our precipitate haste, we have treated music as we have books, inventions, sciences and art—swallowed it in great gulps without much discrimination. It is popular in one sense, and yet not in the truest; it has not been popularized, nor has its power as a means of culture been suitably estimated.

Music is more feminine than all the nine Muses rolled into one. If adopted as a profession she wants all your soul and time, or wants none of you. The way to her is sheer repetition, and the chances are that you will wonder, in disgust, whether it is worth going through so much to get so little. Her "scales" are dryer and thinner than those of a fish, and more inexorable than those ought to be that the figure of Justice holds. They are finger-gymnastics, which alone can subdue the fingers into a mechanical condition. You may hate them, but you must "take" them, and cleave to them. More or less they run through every composition; their fingering is of constant application; in vain is it to learn "Money Musk," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Java March," and "Bonapurte's Retreat from Moscow," for without months and months of scales, the fingers will never acquire suppleness or independence. And when this skill of the fingers is attained, only in the rarest cases does money drop freely from them; most musicians will testify, on the contrary, that it oozes like blood from their finger-ends. As an organist (if you are one of the elect few), you will get, by general rule, perhaps half what is paid for the care of the church edifice; as a composer—for you must not be dazzled by the success of Mr. Charles Grobe's last variation (*Opus* 9,019)—the publisher will issue your compositions for you, or will allow you to purchase copies at the actual cost price; as a teacher, you shall dance attendance for pupils and the payment of your bills, and shall grieve at heart to see music degrading herself in your unhappy person. Music is a profession of wrangles and jars, and the Passions that nowadays throng around her are of the violent order; for you must take fair note that the times are not as they were

> "When music, heavenly maid! was young,
> While yet in ancient Greece she sung."

THE DISSECTION OF MUSIC.

The very good people who join in the singing of that venerated but wretched piece of psalmody, "St. Martin's," do not know that they are bringing waltzes into church, nor do they suspect that about one-half of church music are waltzes, saved from being irreverent by being sung slowly, but as trifling—many of them—as the drinking song in "Traviata" if only they should move off *allegro*. A march movement proceeds evenly, like the swing of a pendulum; while the waltz goes by beats in groups of three, which peculiarity is possibly at the bottom of its sometime pathetic, sometime joy-moving, power. The "Marseillaise" and "Yankee Doodle" would not stir feet and thrill hearts if transmuted into waltz movements; and "God save the King" would appear badly as a march. This chief distinction, running through the whole range of existing or possible compositions, makes rhythm simply to consist of accent, which is the pepper and salt of all playing, without which it is a mere succession of simple beats, meaning nothing. Objectively, music is a matter of sheer mathematics; *time* is nothing more than marking the intervals of time as it pass—just what the metronome accurately does—but it can do nothing adequately toward directing rhythm.

RHYTHM, MOVEMENT, AND EXPRESSION.

But there are mightier aspects behind. Music contains three characteristics, increasing in subtlety in the order named, like the three degrees of comparison, viz: rhythm, movement, expression. The first is obvious, merely mathematical, lying entirely within the range of our eyes; the second lies partly within and partly without that range, partly spiritual and partly substantial; the last is utterly intangible, and is what separates the playing of Beethoven from that of an automaton. Movement can never be disclosed without rhythm; but rhythm may be perfect without necessarily presenting the movement of the composition, yet the importance of rhythm is mainly that its absence effectually destroys the subjective character of the piece. For every composition not wholly meaningless contains an essential characteristic of individuality, not always easily determined and almost never accurately understood. It is the *anakuklosis*, or self-revolving of the piece; it is the key, the thread, the order of thought in it. To find what that is, we must follow it beyond the range of our eyes to the line where movement and expression coalesce; but that such a characteristic does exist admits of the clearest proof. For, compare the "Marseillaise" with "Yankee Doodle" and "Dandy Jim of Caroline." I grant that the metronomic sign is not the same in the three, but make it so; let them move together as marches (which they are), and it appears that there is some distinction which *andante* and *allegro* fail to cover. Or take the firm opening chords of the overture to "Nabuco," or the equally noble beginning of "Stradella," or the duo in "Martha"—more full of pathos, more really moving in its appeal, than anything else I know in musical composition—*Solo, profugo, rejetto, Di mia vita sul mattin;* or a hundred other passages that might be named, of which it is impossible to say that melody, fastness or slowness, and rhythm, all combined, account for their differences, and you may believe in the "self-revolving" of a composition, its law and expression to itself.

Experience, however, is more subtle. It is more subtle than the odor of flowers, for that we can define, though we cannot see it or touch it. We can only point in the direction where this is. The mystery alone is absolute, for it is the mystery of absolute fact. It is a conventional fact that two and two equal four, but the wonderful difference—appreciable by the dullest ear—between the major third and the minor, is an absolute fact which will never be explained in this world, and until it is explained we shall not know the larger facts that underlie musical expression. But it is just this that determines the master, and made Beethoven's performance of his "Vesper Hymn" better than my own; just this that holds the thought in music, and is in it the charm to soothe the savage breast. It is indefinable, for there are no words for it; intangible, for it is purely subjective; invisible, for it is wholly out of the plane of our sight.

"LEARNING" MUSIC.

I used an incorrect expression, further back, but purposely, as it is a popular one. It is impossible to "learn" music, and no man can impart it. Guido could not make a Guido of you. A teacher may produce mechanical skill and correctness—may impart a knowledge of rhythm and an appreciation of movement; but his power stops there: the pilot leaves as the misty seas are reached. All these are materials, useless without the skill to build; they no more make music than paint makes a picture. Here the test comes in, whether you did well in refusing to listen to those who warned you, by the example of their own experience at least, to be not seduced by music. For, with unpardonable stupidity, it is assumed that music is a necessary accomplishment, and we proceed to don it as we don a coat, ignorant or unmindful that if it is not already in the soul it cannot be put there; the road is outward from soul to finger-ends, not inward. And this setting one child to learn music, another drawing, another painting, another the working of impossible animals in Berlin wool, is just a little sillier than the time honored Old World custom of allotting professions and future husbands and wives to unbaptized babies in the cradle.

GOTTSCHALK'S MUSIC.

The player's style, if distinctive at all, should be his own. Very few teachers are enough removed from the inevitable characteristics of a hack to make it safe to follow them; and if great players are taken as models, by a humiliating law of our human imperfection, their absurdities are sooner caught than their excellencies. Least of all, any imitation of that popular musical eccentric, Gottschalk, should be allowed; for it is only just to say that he is the most fatal guide that could be, and that his influence on young players, both by his performances and his compositions, is exceedingly pernicious. Overlook his white kids and his airs, and his playing, in some chief points, is unlike anything else ever known; but we cannot prudently expect to light our fires with Catherine-wheels and tourbillon spirals. It is not injustice to say that it would be better for everybody but himself and his publishers if his compositions—unless something like the "Berceuse," the "Dying Poet," and the "Marche de Nuit" be excepted—had never been written out. Hundreds will indignantly spring to his defense; but consider. The "Last Hope," absurdly called a religious meditation, opens with a beautiful passage of harmony; but the air, though pretty, is smothered in a mass of froth. "Murmures Eoliennes" none but the best pianists can master; "Union" is merely a piece of musical slight-of-hand; and, in short, this deur, marvelous "Seven Octaves" is altogether too much upon the seventh octave to be anything but a musical Puck:

> "I'll follow you, I'll lead you about, around,
> Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier."

PIANO MUSIC.

Many people seem to forget that a piano is but a piano, and try to make something more of it; and a great deal of excellent music—as well as such absurdities as the "Battle of Prague"—has been wasted in trying to adapt it to the piano. Church music goes passably well upon it, but anything which calls for prolonged tone is impossible upon the piano. This cuts off the whole range of organ music, and anybody who doubts may make a test of the brilliant organ extravaganza, Wely's Offertoire in G. Louis's "Departed Days"—a very sweet nocturne upon brass or stringed instruments, and very popular years ago—is ridiculous tum-tum on the piano, because there is no way of producing the prolonged tones. And much more mistaken is it to adapt overtures to the piano, for it is simply to emasculate them of all beauty and leave but the skeleton framework; once hear the overture to "Tell," "Stradella," "Nabuco," "Fra Diavolo," and many another, adequately given by an orchestra, and one never wishes to hear or play an overture on the piano afterward. For this is really one of the most imperfect of known instruments, having little substance of tone, and having also a "wolf" of discord in each octave. The violin, which is the most perfect instrument, is surpassed by it only in compass. The organ is great only by the number of pipes controlled by a single manual; but the completest triumph of instrumentation is of course the well appointed orchestra. It was one of Thalberg's charms that he comprehended, and yielded to, the deficiencies of his instrument, and played in such a "gentlemanly" way. He had no claptrap airs; he did not seek applause by making the piano roar, or sing, or imitate the cries of animals, but simply *played* it, as well as it can ever be played, with the quietness that marks an artist.

STYLE, TOUCH, EMOTION.

A good style of playing, as of writing, is hard to define by rules; yet we can put up the sign "*cave!*" near certain things. Look out for that lion in the way, Force. Almost any Bottom can roar *extempore*, and any blacksmith can pound; but the piano is a harp, not a horseshoe, and the power to express, *with the fingers*, its possible capacities of light and shade is equally different and inestimable. Notice that the name of the instrument, curiously and suggestively enough, is a compound of two musical terms—*piano* and *forte*—and the name in English is *the soft-loud*. Let it be just what its name imports. Its value is chiefly in melody, in which point I count it safe to say that no other instrument equals it; it is not loud, nor is it a many voiced orchestra, nor has it the roll of an organ, and any attempt to make it do the work of these, sacrifices its delicacy and brilliancy without replacing them by anything else.

The beginning, middle and end of a good style is, of course, Touch. This is like saying that the first thing in oratory is to be an orator, yet the force of language can no further go. The question of possessing touch is the one that decides whether pearls, or pebbles and dirt, shall drop from the finger-ends. *Crescendo* is everlastingly insisted upon by some people who make a hobby of it, impatient at the very name of *diminuendo;* but they forget that no power we are acquainted with has ever been able to make hills without valleys intervening. Can you strike one key, say ten or twenty times, with a *gradually* increasing force, and then as gradually diminish during an equal number? If you can do this well or approximately, if you have firmness and precision and do not now and then raise the hammer without sounding the string, rest assured your figers are trained and susceptible of training; but if you fail entirely in these, your fingers—however mechanically correct—are as much out of place upon the keyboard as the paw of a gorilla.

Above all, do not feel like apologizing for your emotions, or for your love of music, if you have such a love. If it is true that what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, it is equally true that what is not bred there will not come out; and, consequently, the many people who smile serenely or openly deride, when some others "go into raptures" over music, simply disown what they never had—ears to understand. For music is a subjective matter; a donkey hears all the tones as well as a man does, and the difference of appreciation between donkey and man, as between man and man, is in the inner ear, the possession or the want of a certain temper of soul. Having ears, some hear not, and mistakenly pity those who do, whereas the pity is for themselves. I was not ashamed that my eyes filled when I first heard the Boston organ, for man is an emotional animal, and laughter and tears alike require no other justification than a sufficient moving cause thereto.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF MUSIC.

The follower of each science is ready to maintain with his honor that there is none other like it; and this is only because he has gotten further into it than others have. For all sciences, arts, or sorts of human knowledge, let us remember, are but so many paths of which we see and enter only the hither end; all beyond is out of sight and to be hereafter revealed. And of music we certainly know that it is the most subtle pleasure and power we have—no more to be detained and examined than time; no more to be handled than electricity. Of all our satisfactions, it is the very least gross; they who know it want no defense of it, while they who do not know it admit nothing to be defended. We have extant a defense of poesy, but the man were mad who should put forth a defense of music. Like beauty, it is its own excuse for being. I do not hesitate to pronounce music heavenly, for it is a remnant of the heaven mankind lost; define it or not, it does reach further, draw more strongly, link more closely, to the original purity than anything else the fall left us. Its harmony reminds us, in all-human discords, that there is somewhere eternal calm and order; its melody is proof enough that there is a pure and ineffable God. Whether the stars are actually "forever singing as they shine" is of no importance. The best work of music is in quiet homes where the object sought in it is pleasure rather than pretense. Do not hold up a farthing candle to show it to anybody who cannot see it, my dear young pianist; and never apologize to your own soul for loving it. For it is a light on many dark ways of circumstance, against which we were besotted and blameworthy to close our eyes; and the possession of its faculty is a matter for constant joy, and never for even momentary shame.—*Julius Wilcox, in the New York "Galaxy."*

THE CUNNING OF THE WILD TURKEY.

[The following admirable sketch of the characteristic caution of the wild turkey of the Mississippi valley was written years ago by Thomas B. Thorpe, better known to the readers of that best of sporting papers, the *old* New York *Spirit of the Times*—"Porter's" *Spirit of the Times*—under the *nom de plume* of "Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter." The writer is an artist, and pictures forth his subject with all the clearness and fidelity of a Bierstadt.]

WE once knew an Indian, celebrated for all wood craft, who made a comfortable living by supplying a frontier town with game. Often did he greet the villagers with loads of venison, with grouse, with bear, but seldom, indeed, did he offer the wild turkey for sale. Upon being reproached for his seeming incapacity to kill the turkey, by those who desired the bird, he defended himself as follows:

"Me meet moose; he stop to eat, me shoot him. Me meet bear; he climb a tree—no see Indian; me shoot him. Me meet deer; he look up—say may be Indian, may be stump—and me shoot him. Me see turkey great way off; he look up and say, Indian coming, sure; me no shoot turkey; he cunning too much."

* * * * * * * * *

"I rather think," said a turkey-hunter, "if you want to find a thing *very cunning*, you need not go to the fox or such varmints, but take a gobbler. I once hunted regular after the same one for three years, and never saw him twice.

"I knew the critter's 'yelp' as well as I knew Music's, my old deer dog; and his track was as plain to me as the trail of a log hauled through a dusty road.

"I hunted the gobbler always in the same 'rauge,' and about the same 'scratchins,' and he got so, at last, that when I 'called,' he would run from me, *taking the opposite direction to my own foot tracks.*

"Now, the old rascal kept a great deal on a ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress tree. Determined to outwit him, I put on my shoes *heels foremost*, walked leisurely down the ridge, and got into the hollow tree, and gave a 'call,' and boys," said the speaker, exultingly, "it would have done you good to see that turkey coming toward me on a trot, looking at my tracks, and thinking I had *gone the other way.*"

* * * * * * * * *

They seem incapable of being deceived, and taking everything strange, as possessed to them of danger—whether it be moth out of season, or a veteran hunter—they appear to common or uncommon observers annihilated from the country, were it not for their foot-prints occasionally to be seen in the soft soil beside the running stream, or in the light dust in the beaten road.

A veteran gobbler, used to all the tricks of the hunter's art; one who has had his wattles cut with shot; against whose well defended breast had struck the spent ball of the rifle; one who, although almost starved, would walk by the treasures of grain in the "trap" and "pen"; a gobbler who will listen to the plaintive note of the female until he has tried its quavers, its length, its repetitions, by every rule nature has given him; and then perhaps not answer, except in a smothered voice, for fear of being deceived; such a turkey will W—— select to break a lance with, and, in spite of the chances against him, win.

The turkey-hunter, armed with his "call," starts into the forest; he bears upon his shoulder the trusty gun. He is either informed of the presence of turkeys, and has a particular place or bird in view, or he makes his way cautiously along the banks of some running stream; his progress is slow and silent: it may be that he unexpectedly hears a noise, sounding like distant thunder; he then knows that he is in close proximity of the game, and that he has disturbed it to flight. When such is the case, his work is comparatively done.

We will, for illustration, select a more difficult hunt. The day wears toward noon; the patient hunter has met no "sign," when suddenly a slight noise is heard, not unlike, to unpracticed ears, a thousand other wood-land sounds; the hunter listens; again the sound is heard, as if a pebble dropped into the bosom of a little lake. It may be that woodpecker, who, desisting from his labors, has opened his bill to yawn; or, perchance, yonder little bird so industriously scratching among the dead leaves of that young holly. Again, precisely the same sound is heard; yonder, high in the heavens, is a solitary hawk, winging its way over the forests; its rude scream, etherealized, might come down to our ears in just such a sound as made the turkey-hunter listen; again the same note; now more distinct. The quick ear of the hunter is satisfied; stealthily he intrenches himself behind a fallen tree, a few green twigs are placed before him, from among which protrudes the muzzle of his deadly weapon.

Thus prepared, he takes his "call," and gives one solitary "*cluck*," so exquisitely that it chimes in with the running brook and the rustling leaf.

It may be that a half a mile off, if the place be favorable for conveying sound, is feeding a "gobbler;" prompted by his nature, as he quickly scratches up the herbage that conceals his food, he gives utterance to the sounds that first attracted the hunter's attention.

Poor bird! he is bent on filling his crop; his feelings are listless, common-place; his wings are awry; the plumage on his breast seems soiled with rain; his wattles are contracted and pale—look! he starts!—every feather is instantly in its place; he raises his delicate game looking head full four feet from the ground, and listens; what an eye! what a stride is suggested by that lifted foot! gradually the head sinks; again the bright plumage grows dim, and, with a low *cluck*, he resumes his search for food.

The treasures of the American forest are before him; the choice pecan-nut is neglected for that immense "grub-worm" that rolls down the decayed stump, too large to crawl; now that grasshopper is nabbed; presently a hill of ants presents itself, and the bird leans over it, and, with wondering curiosity, peers down the tiny hole of its entrance, out of which are issuing the industrious insects.

Again that *cluck* greets his ear; up rises the head with lightning swiftness; the bird starts forward a pace or two, looks around in wonder, and answers back.

No sound is heard but the falling acorn; and it fairly echoes, as it rattles from limb to limb, and dashes off to the ground.

The bird is uneasy; he picks pettishly, smooths down his feathers, elevates his head slowly, and then brings it to the earth; raises his wings as if for flight, jumps upon the limb of a fallen tree, looks about, settles down finally into a brown study, and evidently commences thinking.

An hour may have elapsed; he has resolved the matter over; his imagination has become inflamed; he has heard just enough to *wish to hear more;* he is satisfied that no turkey-hunter uttered the sounds that reached his ear, for they were *too few and far between;* and then there rises up in his mind some disconsolate mistress, and he gallantly flies down from his low perch, gives his body a swaggering motion, and utters a distinct and prolonged *cluck*, significant of both surprise and joy.

On the instant, the dead twigs near by crack beneath a heavy tread, and he starts off under the impression that he is caught; but the meanderings of some ruminating cow inform him of his mistake. Composing himself, he listens; ten minutes since he challenged, when a low *cluck* in the distance reaches his ears.

Now, our gobbler is an old bird, and has several times, as if by a miracle, escaped from harm with his life; he has grown very cunning indeed.

He will not roost two successive nights upon the same tree, so that daylight never exposes him to the hunter, who has hidden himself away in the night to kill him in the morning's dawn.

He never gobbles without running a short distance at least, as if alarmed at the noise he makes himself; he presumes everything is suspicious and dangerous, and his experience has heightened the instinct.

Twice, when young, was he coaxed within gun shot, but got clear by some fault of the percussion-caps; after that, he was fooled by an idle school-boy, who was a kind of ventriloquist, and would have been slain had not the urchin over-loaded his gun.

Three times did he come near being killed by heedlessly wandering with his thoughtless play-fellows.

Once he was caught in a "pen," and got out by an overlooked hole in its top.

Three feathers of last year's "fan," decayed under the weight of a spring trap.

All this experience has made him a "deep" bird; and he will sit and plume himself, when common hunters are tooting away, but never so wisely as to deceive him twice. They all reveal themselves by over-stepping the modesty of nature, and *woo him too much;* his loves are far more coy, far less intrusive.

Poor bird! he does not know that W—— is spreading his snare for him, and is even then so sure of his victim as to be revolving in his mind whether his goodly carcass should be a present to a newly-married friend, or be served up, in savory fumes, from his own bachelor but hospitable board.

* * * * * * *

It was the fate of that unlucky gobbler to follow hundreds of his predecessors.

CHEERFULNESS.—There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street, not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me and all that pass such a chilling look of recognition, something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to "doom" every acquaintance he met, that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?—*Holmes.*

THE following motto is over the door of a recruiting rendezvous in Boston: "List, list! O, list!—SHAKSPEARE."

AN ESCAPADE OF CATS.

THE thriving town of Richmond, Ill., one day recently, was the scene of a sensation and a catastrophe. The sensation was caused by the advent of Van Amburgh & Co's Mammoth Menagerie. The catastrophe we propose to describe.

On the day in question, an immense crowd had been attracted to see the living giraffe, and the other wonders of the menagerie. The caravan had made its grand procession through the streets; the tent had been erected, and a throng of expectant sight-seers were gathered around the entrance, awaiting the opening of the doors. Just then an odd-looking genius drove up to the lot, seated upon a rackety lumber wagon, carefully boarded over, drawn by a pair of spavined, wind galled, dilapidated steeds, and eagerly inquired for the manager. Upon that person making his appearance he was saluted with—

"Hello, Squire, I've brought you a load of cats!" "A load of what?" exclaimed the astonished manager. "A load of cats to feed your lions on." "To feed our lions on! The deuce you have. We don't feed our lions on cats' meat; they eat nothing but the best of beef." "Shoo! I know better than that. I've read in the papers that cats are the favorite food of lions. Besides, I've got a contract with your agent for a load of 'em, with a revenue stamp onto it, and I guess you can't go back on that." Saying which, the cat merchant produced a greasy slip of paper which read as follows:

"RICHMOND, Oct. 5th, 1866.

"This contract witnesseth that I have this day contracted with Simon Wiggins to furnish a load of cats to feed the lions on, for which you will pay him the hereinafter mentioned prices, to wit: for A. 1, Prime Cats, 75 cts.; for Store Cats, 50 cts. each.

"JONAS BUNG,
"Cat Agent Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie.

"To the Manager."

"My friend," said the manager, after reading this document, "you have been imposed upon. I do not know any such person as Jonas Bung, and I don't want any cats."

"You lie, now you know you do," retorted Wiggins with imperturbable good humor, "you're only trying to beat me down, and get 'em cheap. I've got a prime lot—75 of 'em. Just look at 'em!"—and hastily descending from his perch, he commenced shoving at the tail-board of his wagon, to allow the manager a chance to examine his load. In his nervousness, however, he managed so awkwardly, that the board dropped completely out, and with a terrible sputtering his entire load of cats sprang into the crowd.

A score of worthless curs, that were on the ground, made a dash for the cats, and away they went, helter-skelter, among the throng, upsetting women and children, and creating dire confusion on every side. Towards the town the streets were filled with people proceeding to the menagerie, who, seeing the commotion, and hearing the shouts accompanying it, at once imagined some terrible accident. The next instant a rumor spread through the crowd that the Royal Bengal Tiger was loose, and a scene ensued that beggars description. "Every one for himself, and the d—l take the hindmost" was the motto acted on, and a general stampede followed, in which an astonishing display of agility was made. People ran into houses and bolted their doors; ladies in tilting hoops performed extraordinary exploits in the way of climbing fences, and what with sputtering cats, yelping dogs, screaming women, and howling children, it really seemed for a while as if Bedlam had broken loose and taken possession of the streets of Richmond.

In a short time the truth of the matter became known, and the excitement quieted down. But Mr. Wiggins refused to be comforted for the overthrow of the great expectations he had built upon his load of cats, and disconsolately drove out of town muttering terrible vengeance, if he ever caught him, upon the depraved individual who had palmed himself off as "cat agent of Van Amburgh's Menagerie."—*Fond du Lac Press.*

A DOG DOCTOR'S SECRET.—Lap-dogs have their constitutions ruined by dainties, and want of exercise; they become fat, and contract various diseases, when they must either be killed, or else sent to be doctored. The London *Field* peaks of an old ex kennel-man, who had made a very comfortable income by his peculiar line of practice, which was simply to take the pets, and restore their health and appetite by a severe regimen. A few days before his death, he divulged the secret of his system to the estimable clergy of the parish. "I always tied 'em," said the canine Abernethy, "to a crab-tree at the end of my garden for a week, and gave 'em nothing but water. When I fetched 'em from their mistresses, they refused to eat what I should have been glad to get; and, when they went back, they would eat what I couldn't have touched. I've had some dogs twice or even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of them was as good as three pounds a year to me. I was terribly fond of him, but he never took to me; and, when he saw me coming for him to bring down his fat, he would waddle away, and howl enough to wake the dead. Dogs haven't got no gratitude."

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietor*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

BLACK SHEEP.—A story by Edmund Yates, from Charles Dickens' Magazine, with summary of portions already published, is continued in to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

IT is unpleasant to find so influential a journal as the New York *Times* still employing the same vindictive language toward England that was so common and so natural during the war, and immediately after its close. England treated us unjustly, it is true, but it is not wise to dwell forever upon past injustice, when the offending party manifests a change of feeling and intention. England is now undoubtedly disposed to cultivate amicable relations with us. This disposition appears in the changed tone of the leading English papers for nearly a year past, and in other ways equally significant. The New York *Times* attributes this change altogether to interested and despicable motives, to the English respect for the prosperous and successful cause, and to an awakening apprehension of our power to inflict injuries in return for those we have received, in case of European complications involving Great Britain. This may be true in part; there is an element of policy, of course, in the attitude which one nation assumes toward another; and so far as Governments are concerned it is much the largest, and, in most cases, the only element.

It may sound harsh, but it is nevertheless true, that justice and courtesy are things chiefly practiced by nations and individuals toward *their equals*. Weakness invites oppression and insult, either direct or indirect; and it is generally sure to meet with them more or less disguised. Strength demands respectful treatment, and gets it. It is romantic to expect England or France to accord us the same consideration in the day of our trouble and weakness, when apparently threatened with speedy dissolution, as in the day of our triumph and increasing power.

But, if the feeling of England toward us has not been friendly, is it altogether unnatural that such should be the case? Are we entirely free from blame in the matter? Have we done nothing to bring about the state of things of which we so bitterly complain? A candid examination of the case will show much in explanation, and something in the way of reasonable justification of an unfriendly feeling on the part of the English people toward us. To say nothing of the blow inflicted on the prestige of England as a naval power during the war of 1812, or of our commercial rivalry with her since, it must be remembered that for many years prior to the outbreak of the rebellion, the whole tone of our press was decidedly, and sometimes furiously anti-English. The corruptions of English society and politics were the favorite themes of Fourth of July speeches, and occasionally even furnished a topic for the exercise of Congressional eloquence. Whenever England got into difficulty either at home or abroad, we sympathized with her enemies. Was there the prospect of war with France or with Russia? Our press, or the bulk of it, was on the anti-English side. Was there a prospect of trouble in Ireland? We did our utmost to encourage it, contributed money to swell the "repeal fund," and lent all our moral support to the threatened insurrection. Surely, in all this, we may find something to account for, and even to extenuate English unfriendliness. We cannot assume the attitude toward England of a party entirely blameless, righteously indignant and refusing to forgive because we have ourselves no forgiveness to ask. Even when our course in reference to English affairs has been essentially just, the tone and language of our public men and of our press has been unnecessarily irritating. At present, if the English people and government are inclined, no matter how mixed their motives, to cultivate amicable relations with us, it would argue something worse than mere folly on our part, to meet their advances with the sullenness born of old animosities.

SAM SMITH, a night watchman in the city of Petaluma has seen the "meteoric showers," which the inhabitants of this metropolis have watched and waited for in vain. Says the Petaluma *Argus:* "Sam. Smith, night watchman in this city, informs us that last Sunday morning, about two o'clock, a meteor as large as a barn door, sped from north to south, whirring as it went and lighting up the earth as if old Sol was in mid-heaven." A meteor "as large as a barn door," is a phenomenon worth seeing; if we San Franciseans missed the astounding spectacle, we must attribute it to our own lack of faith and vigilance.

ART ITEMS.

THE disagreeable necessity of travelling over half the city to ascertain, from week to week, what new pictures are to be seen, and finding them so few and so widely scattered, leads us to give expression to the hope that we may, before long, see the establishment of a well lighted and accessible art-gallery, free to the admission of all who find enjoyment in the contemplation of good pictures; where may be collected such works of art as are worthy of exhibition, and to which, for public exposition and sale, our resident artists may bring the results of their labors. Such a gallery, under the auspices of some established and responsible society, would be a credit and an ornament to one city, and, however small it may be in the beginning, its promise of success, in due time, is so great, and its object so deserving, as to demand the cordial co operation of artists and lovers of art in taking speedily the preliminary steps for its formation. For such a gallery should be made in one of the structures now being erected for the Mercantile and Mechanics' Libraries, to either of which institutions it would prove a valuable acquisition.

We have seen it heralded as a novel and daring undertaking that Snow & Roos are about to import, for exhibition, Thomas Nast's celebrated picture of "Sherman's March Through Georgia." The artist's name alone is hardly a guarantee of the merit of the production, but as it is a step in the proper direction, however feebly taken, it is deserving of commendation and support, and we await eagerly the arrival of the picture, which is expected to be on view in the early part of December.

Dewey has lately exhibited two views of Mount Tamalpais, apparently beyond the scope of the artist's power, and vastly inferior to most of his marine sketches.

Bush has a view of Merced River, at Jones & Wood's, which shows commendable improvement, being bolder in treatment, richer in coloring, more careful in execution than many of his previously noticed works. His "Glimpse of the Sierras" and "Cape Horn" afforded an opportunity for striking effects, which, however, he utterly failed to produce.

At Snow & Roos' Mr. Young, a new candidate for popular favor, puts forward his first publicly exhibited work, which it would be unfair to criticise in the slightest degree until it is seen out of its dark exhibition-room, where whatever merit it possesses is carefully obscured. ASTRÆA.

"MARK TWAIN'S" FAREWELL BENEFIT.—Bright colored bills circulated throughout the streets yesterday announced that "'Mark Twain's' farewell 'benefit,' tendered by many citizens on condition that he will leave the country forthwith in the steamer which sails next Monday"—a capital hit at the benefit-bore system—would come off on that evening, when a lecture would be delivered at Platt's Hall. A full house was the result, notwithstanding the brief time given for publicity, and the steady fall of rain during the greater part of the day. "Mark's" last lecture, like his first, was repeated with information and amusement, and full of genuine flashes of humor. The lecturer kept his audience fully in hand and constantly interested and amused. It is impossible at this late hour for us to give an extended notice of the lecture before our paper goes to press. We have only time to say, in the way of a benediction, that "Mark Twain," (Samuel Clemens,) departs with the steamer, on Monday next, for New York, bearing with him the best wishes of all who know him for his success and welfare. As a humorist writer and lecturer, we heartily commend him to the press and the public at the East, with full confidence that he will make his "Mark." "So mote it be!"

JUDGE PRATT has decided that the ordinance recently passed by the Board of Supervisors of the City of San Francisco, forbidding the feeding of distillery slops to cows, is unconstitutional and void. Swill-milk may possibly harmonize with the Constitution of California; but we can't be persuaded that it harmonizes with the human constitution, and we trust that if there is no other mode of neutralizing the effect of Judge Pratt's decision, the next Legislature will give their especial attention to the matter.

IT SEEMS that the name of Horace Greeley will be presented as a candidate before the New York Legislature as a candidate for the United States Senate. Greeley does not possess the qualifications for the position. He is an enthusiast and a theorist; a man of great talent in his line, but his line does not lie in the direction of practical statesmanship. Greeley is an idealist, and is utterly unfit for a legislative career.

THE latest news from Washington seems to indicate a determination on the part of our Government to take high ground in regard to the mooted questions between us and England and France, so far as the questions bearing upon Anglo-Confederate pirates and the Mexican empire are concerned.

THE *Examiner* predicts that in less than ten years the negro labor question will be quite lost in the Chinese labor question. So far as this coast is concerned, the prediction seems probable enough.

[For the Californian.]

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

AS the sky-lark from the meadows
Through the bright spring morn upsoars,
Pouring out the heart's sweet music
At the daylight's jeweled doors,
So, when childhood's hours are joyous
In the glory of their spring,
Do our hearts' deep aspirations
Upward soar on lightsome wing;
And we tread so near the portals
Of the realms beyond the sky,
We can almost hear the waving
Of the angels' pinions nigh;
We can almost hear the anthems
That the heavenly choirs intone,
As they stand amid the glory
Flashing from the Maker's throne.
Then no thought of sadness wakens,
Casting shadows o'er our life,
And we deem not that the future
Holdeth aught of hate or strife;
Or that those we meet in friendship
May prove traitors to their faith,
And the hearts to us the truest
Become still and cold in death;
Never dreaming, never deeming
That all earthly joys are dross,
And our only hope the Christian's—
Christ eternal, and His cross. M. A. F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CITY GUARD TARGET EXCURSION.

To the Editor of the Californian:

THE City Guard, Captain Geo. W. Granniss, held their twelfth annual parade for target practice, on Monday last, at the Encinal Park. I send you the following report of the proceedings to be published in your paper, if you think it of sufficient interest:

The Company turned out with full ranks, accompanied by their drum corps, and the Second Artillery Band, which also furnished exquisite dance music during the day. A large number of invited guests were present, including over fifty ladies, all of whom appeared to enjoy the occasion thoroughly. The first, second and third regular prizes were won respectively by Privates Poindexter, Davis and Riley; the special prize (a diamond pin), contributed by the invited guests for the best single shot, was won by Private Jourden; a special prize (a gold chain), contributed by a guest for the best shot among the commissioned officers, was won by Captain Granniss; a special prize (gold and silver medal), offered by Corporal Vandyke and Private A. R. Howe for the best shooting by "recruits," was won by Private Poindexter; the leather medal was awarded to Private Dan. E. Webb. The Company and guests returned to the city about dark, heartily pleased with the success of their excursion. We believe the City Guard contemplate giving musical and other entertainments in their Armory, and we have no doubt that their lady friends will gladly lend the sunshine of their presence on every such occasion. W.

MR. DWINELLE'S ORATION.

To the Editor of the Californian:

Mr. J. W. Dwinelle, in his address before the Pioneers on the 7th of September, gave what purported to be the text of two speeches made at a junta held on the 15th of June of that year, at Santa Barbara: Pio Pico speaking in favor of a transfer of California to Great Britain, and M. G. Vallejo for annexation to the United States. In the pamphlet copy of the address the speeches are represented to have been made, not at the junta—which never was held—but at an informal meeting at the house of José Castro; and the speeches, as Mr. Dwinelle says, were reduced to writing at the time by Thomas O. Larkin. I would like to know what authority there is for the statement that Mr. Larkin took down these speeches, and that such speeches were delivered. I admit that Pico leaned to Great Britain as Vallejo did to the United States; but that fact, well known to old residents, is the only evidence within my reach to substantiate Mr. Dwinelle's contribution to the history of the State. Will he give us some other evidence? H.

IT SEEMS that Mr. Reade's letter has proved a capital advertisement for *Griffith Gaunt*. The New York *Weekly Review*, says that 20,000 copies of it have been sold, and the demand is not yet appeased. After all, the *Bulletin's* theory, that Reade intentionally wrote that coarse and angry letter, with a commercial end in view, does not seem wholly improbable.

THE New York *Herald*, commenting upon the deaths of John Van Buren and Dean Richmond, the two great leaders of the New York Democracy, wickedly says: "The death of the party, and of its great leaders at the same time, is a remarkable coincidence."

THE ARTICLE on the sixth page of our present issue, entitled "Music and Piano-Playing," can scarcely fail to prove highly interesting to those of our female readers who aspire to a high grade of excellence as performers upon the piano.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Celestial Fireworks.

THE people of San Francisco have been shamefully imposed on. They were promised by all the astronomers in the world, and by the *Daily Call*, *Times*, *Alta*, and *Bulletin*, as well as by some twenty-five weekly papers, a grand display of shooting stars during this week. The *Dramatic Chronicle*, we have every reason to believe, had a firm faith in the statements of the astronomers. It proved its faith by works. In Wednesday's issue, it published the following "star notice":

"☞ The 'Celestial Fireworks' to night. Positively no further postpouement."

As an announcement at the head of the editorial columns of the aforesaid paper informs the public that "star notices are charged twenty cents per line each issue," it is probable that this energetic paper will lose at least sixty cents in consequence of the promised exhibition not having been given. Henceforth, let astronomers hide their diminished heads. San Francisco will have no more faith in them than in astronomical almanacs which publish prophecies of sublunary events founded on observations of the movements of the heavenly bodies. To take another view of this subject: isn't it delightful to reflect on the coolness with which the inhabitants of this small planet looked forward to a scattering of "stars," which might, for all most of them knew to the contrary, be worlds inhabited by living beings? No doubt, when our world forms one of a "shower of stars," visible by the inhabitants of the northern portion of Arcturus, the Arcturian ladies will exclaim, "Dear! how pretty!" and never trouble their heads with thinking how *we* feel. It is all very well for astronomers to talk about "fixed stars"; but which of them can tell us for how long these stars are fixed, or how the inhabitants, if there are any, will be "fixed," when the stellar system is distributed, or knocked into *pi*—to use a typographical term? San Francisco people are grumbling because they have not seen this shower of stars, which the astronomers and the daily papers promised them; but perhaps, if they reflect that it is possible that this nice little world of ours may some day be one of a shower of stars, they won't be so anxious to witness these seeming eccentricities in Nature. Even supposing that these "falling stars" are only masses of heated metal, it would be uncomfortable to be hit by one of them. All things considered, we don't care if there is never another shower of falling stars more severe than those which may be seen every year in the months of August and November.

The Flying Ship.

The town is already aware of a rumor that a balloon-ship, or an "aerial steam car" of some description, has been secretly built in this city, and is to make an experimental or trial trip, on or about the second of December; but very few regard this as anything more than a rumor, or are at all prepared to see the flying machine start from the top of Rincon or Telegraph Hill. Two things, however, seem to be certain in regard to this sensational subject: in the first place, a company has actually been formed for the purposes of aerial navigation, and, in the second, some sort of a machine, which they call an "Avitor," has been built, or is being built, with great secrecy, somewhere in this city—it is said, in a subterranean workshop on Market street; though most persons are skeptical as to the existence of any such "subterranean workshop" on said street. Furthermore, the company appear to have a "paid poet" in their employ; and they have recently published a graphic anticipatory picture of the starting of the "Avitor" on her first voyage, commencing in the following bold imaginative strain:

"The time is drawing near
When the world, amazed, shall see
The AVITOR appear
In her wondrous flying gear,
To sail the upper sea
With an undulating motion,
Like a swan on Woodward's lake,
Or a gull upon the ocean!

"Will men believe their eyes,
When, like a swallow's flight,
She goes sailing through the skies,
While shouts of wonder rise
From all who view the sight—
Will they believe their eyes?"

The astonishment and confusion of our capitalists and men of wealth, upon seeing the success of this new "power of the air," and beginning to realize its effects upon investments, are thus graphically delineated:

"What will John Center say,
And John Sime, and Peder Sather,
And the elders shrewd and gray?
I guess they'll weaken, rather—
Will weaken when they see
How she floats above the bay
With flags and streamers gay;
And their hard old heads they'll shake,
Half doubting they're awake,
As blinking they discover
That PROGRESS is not over!

"Then they'll swear and tear their hair,
(Those that may have to tear)
And groan: "What fools we were!
For it's plain this ship of air,
This aerial steam car,
WILL PAY, and better far
Than Dutch Flat, or steamboat shares,
Or telegraphic wares—
O wondrous Avitor!"

As to citizen Center, his consternation in prospect of the revolutions likely to succeed this new era in the history of navigation is said to have been such, that he has not only sold out his railroad shares, but actually parted with his interest in the famous "Mission Creek Navigation Company"—his pet investment. Meantime, we should like to have the views of the *Flag* on the subject of the probable effect of the success of the new experiment upon the solvency of the Bank of California.

Information Wanted.

The *Bulletin* last week devoted nearly a column of its space to an article on "Personal Advertisements." The writer indulged in many speculations as to what might be the meaning of many of these advertisements, but could of course give no reliable interpretation of them.

The *Bulletin* published an advertisement in its issues of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, concerning the meaning of which we are sure the public would be pleased to have some information. It is addressed to the editor of the *Bulletin*, but since it is published as an advertisement the public must be supposed to have an interest in it. It runs as follows:

Mr. Editor—Sir—I would inform you, for your especial edification and future guidance, that the gentleman to whom you have reference, who was in love, was born in Gibraltar, and is, therefore, not a half-breed, but, on the contrary, to the manor born, and justly entitled to the appellation of a FULL BLOODED Spaniard. The party to whom you allude is of illustrious habits, well educated, of gentlemanly deportment, and possessed of sufficient brains to prove no mean adversary in a trial of intellectual capabilities, and can, furthermore, substantiate his assertion by deeds, not words alone.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1866.

It appears to us that the person who has paid for three insertions of this advertisement has wasted his money, if the information contained in it is for the "especial guidance" of the editor of the *Bulletin*. It would, one would suppose, have been sufficient to inform the editor by letter, that the young gentleman, "who was in love," was "entitled to the appellation of a FULL BLOODED Spaniard." If the editor has accused this young gentleman—who was in love—of being a half-breed, the young gentleman might, laying aside all the rules of good breeding, have obtained more satisfaction for the injury done him by punching the editor's head. It appears, however, that he, or some friend, prefers rather to heap coals of fire on the head of the insulting editor by sending an advertisement to be published in his paper. We hope that the editor who wrote that article on "Personal Advertisements," which appeared in papers published in other parts of the world, will employ himself in giving the public some information concerning this young man who was in love, and who, it appears, has been called a "half-breed" by the *Bulletin*. The public would like to know when the young man was in love, where he was in love, and with how many he was in love, and what was the name of the manor to which he was born in Gibraltar.

Swill-Milk.

The Board of Supervisors are not infallible. Their ordinance forbidding cows to drink distillery swill, and milkmen to sell the milk produced by drunken cows, has been pronounced illegal by Judge Pratt. We never, for one moment, supposed that the Courts would sustain this ordinance of the Supervisors. Judge Pratt, in his decision, says:

"The vice and illegality of the order consists in its determination, *without proof*, that still slops are calculated, when fed to milch cows, to render the milk of such cows unwholesome or unsuitable for human food. It may be that it is, but before one can be found guilty of a public offense for violating the sanitary regulations of the city, in that behalf, it must not be *assumed*, but satisfactorily *proven*, that such animals so fed produce, as a consequence, milk unsuitable for its ordinary uses."

Judge Pratt is right. Let the Honorable Board of Supervisors choose three of their body to test this question and supply the necessary proof that swill-milk is unwholesome. Let three Supervisors be fed on swill-milk for six months, and then let them be examined as to their state of health. Or let the cow "Rowell" be milked in the Hall of Supervisors every Monday evening, and let the Supervisors drink the milk. Or, if this is objected to, let Blitz be fed on swill-milk for a specified period of time. We must have proof. Perhaps, after all, Eben Johnson and the cow "Rowell" will turn out to be persecuted animals.

A Remarkable Dream.

M'lle Rosa Celeste, the funambuliste, whose great ambition it is to walk from America to Canada on a rope stretched across Niagara Falls, and who, we have no doubt, is fully competent to accomplish this feat, had a remarkable dream the other night. She dreamed that she was in the presence of thousands performing this feat. When she was about midway between the American and Canadian shores, she felt fatigued, and so strong was the heaving of her breast that it broke all the hooks and eyes off her dress, which fell from her and shot down the falls. Still she steadily proceeded on her way; at last the Canadian shore was almost gained. As she was about to land, a regiment of red-coated soldiers charged at her with leveled bayonets and told her to go back. She asked, "Why will you not let me land? I am tired; I cannot again traverse that narrow bridge." The red coats yelled furiously, "Back! back! you are a Fenian; you cannot land on these shores wearing that color." Alas! underneath her dress, which so unfortunately fell off, she wore a green skirt, and as in Canada "they are hanging men and women now for wearing of the green," of course she had to retrace her steps; slowly and painfully she walked on her way back to the land of liberty; but at length she tottered; her balance-pole fell from her hands, and down, down, she plunged into the depths below, and with a long-drawn breath—awoke from her dream.

The Latest Sensation.

The *Round Table* has told the world that American ladies are terrible drinkards; that they paint their faces an inch deep, and misconduct themselves in various other ways. The last sensational accusation brought against them is, that they have no babies. It is the English, Irish, Scotch, German, and French women, who are populating America, we are told by an Eastern paper. New England produces scarcely any real American babies. We are told that about three-fourths of all the children born in Boston, during 1865, were of parents born in foreign lands, and therefore the Yankee stock will soon die out in New England. This is a terrible state of things, but we are not much alarmed about California. The baby crop here is very plentiful every year; swill-milk does not lessen it; children swarm like bees in every street in San Francisco, and healthier or prettier looking children were never seen. It does not very much matter whether the parents of the rising generation of Americans were born on this continent or in some foreign land; the children are Americans, and their children's children will be Americans. We wonder what will be the next yarn which these truthful and wonderfully polite newspapers will invent about the women of America. No American babies, forsooth!

Mrs. Woxcackle on "Griffith Gaunt," and Matters Ecclesiastical.

MR. EDNYTER:—I'm reddy to own up to my share of curyosity, and after all the talk I heard about that new novel wich was said by some to be so shocking, of course I wanted to read it, in the expectashun of finding some things wich would be bily improper for young people to read, and must say, after a careful perooosal, I find myself grately disappointed, there being nothing in it so far as I can see to raise a blush into the cheak of innersense, and the whole thing is, to my mind, an impersishun and a trick to sell the book, wich at ennyrate I, for one, would not have giv a dollar for if I'd have known it was jest a common every day novel, nothing in it being half as objectionable as that artikle about tilters a hundred years ago, wich appeared in your paper last week, copied oat of the *Spectator*, a paper I never heerd of, and never wish to see, as it is too low and vulgar to be received into genteel families, and indeed that you should publish such seems to me astonishing.

And so it seems Mr. Eagan's not going; and Front street is going to support him against the Bishop, and set him up inderpendent if it comes to the worst; this is disgraseful. The idee of such skandalus doins, and resisting what our minister calls "the ekklesyastikul authority," is shocking! I, for one, don't approve of it, and don't believe in a church without a Bishop, wich would be no better than downrite Presbyterinism. As to Mr. Woxcackle, he is all taken up with the new idee, and says he'll back Eagan anyhow, Bishop or no Bishop." For my part I can't see nothing aristokratik about "a charch without a Bishop," and don't think our best sosyity will patrunize enny such institooshun." Mr. Woxcackle, whose noshans I am sorry to say, never was elevated, always objected to my manuvers to git into sosyity by takin' a pew in Grace etsettery; he never could git it thro' his head that in this city money judishusly ased can do any think, and that the *electe* here air them that have made money. As to Mr. Eagan, I think it would he better if he had never visited these shores; for he has made disturbunce where all was pece. Some of our most fashunable ladies, moving in good sosyity, air nearly crazy about him, and one of the most fashunable of all, and the most aristicratic, sed to him last week (I have it on good authority), "Mr. Eagan, I adore you! I could fall down at your feet and worship you." This cum unfortunitly to Mr. Woxcackle's ears, and he says (scoffing-like), that women air sech weak vessels that ministers and doctors can do anythink with them, which I know not what he means.

Yours respectfal, MARIA WOXCACKLE.

VIENNA.—Although Vienna is already a vast city of nearly thirteen miles in circumference, yet the amount of improvement and building that is going forward is very great. The old city Stadt is about three miles in circumference, and was built chiefly in the middle ages, and was consequently densely packed together within a wall that was erected for defense. It is a curious old honeycomb, that old city. The streets run crowdedly about. They are generally only from ten to twenty feet wide, often not more than eight; the houses tower many stories high, and away down between them the sun is scarcely ever seen. Hundreds of houses are built entirely over the street, so that carriages drive directly through the house, as it were, under the arched ways, long and narrow and dark. Gas burns here day and night. It is surprising what a limited extent of room a poor family will occupy, the tradesman working in the same room occupied by his family. Here you are shaved for two and a half cents, your boots are mended for five cents, you can make a substantial dinner of soup, beef, potatoes and pudding for fourteen cents, etc.

The same pavement of solid, square stones extends all the way across the street, and you walk in the middle or at the side, as you can find room among the rattling carriages. You seldom enter a hotel or a store, or a large private dwelling from the front, but go in the coach-way, which leads into the inner court, and turn to the right or left

BEAUTY OF THE HEAVENS.—How delightful to contemplate the heavens! We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point of space, and still the heavens appear illimitable. Infinity is stamped upon them. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned! In every direction it is studded with worlds, suns and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul, in such a contemplation, is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind, set free from groveling pursuits, mounts up as on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs, which, like so many "crowns of glory" and "diadems of beauty," bespangle that firmament "whose antiquity is ancient days," and which so wonderfully attest that "the hand that made them is divine!"

The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feelings in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which tells us that there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation, and yet, amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us!

THE new German Confederation will be able to muster an army of one million one hundred and sixteen thousand men.

THE latest scientific papers describe a steamer calculated to make thirty-two miles an hour.

A LATE census gives Paris seventeen hundred thousand souls.

THE city walls of Havana are being demolished.

S.T-1860-X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.

They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO., New York.

"In lifting the kettle from the fire I scalded myself very severely—one hand almost to a crisp. The torture was unbearable. * * * * The Mexican Mustang Liniment relieved the pain almost immediately. It healed rapidly, and left very little scar.

"CHAS. FOSTER, 420 Broad street, Philada."

This is merely a sample of what the Mustang Liniment will do. It is invaluable in all case, of wounds, swellings, sprains, cuts, bruises, spavin, etc., either upon man or beast.

Beware of counterfeits. None is genuine unless wrapped in fine steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, and the *private* stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York.

AGUA DE MAGNOLIA.—The prettiest thing, the "sweetest thing," and the most of it for the least money. It overcomes the odor of perspiration; softens and adds delicacy to the skin; is a delightful perfume; allays headache and inflammation, and is a necessary companion in the sick room, in the nursery and upon the toilet sideboard. It can be obtained everywhere at one dollar per bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC INSECT POWDER is instant death to Fleas, Ticks, Roaches, and everything of the insect species. It is one of the few articles that can be relied upon, and for a mere wo bits we can save the *bites* and bills of these little pests. None is genuine unless signed by E. Lyon, and bearing the private stamp of Demas Darnes & Co., New York.

ALL WHO VALUE A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR, and its preservation from premature baldness and turning gray, will not fail to use Lyon's Celebrated KATHAIRON. It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy, eradicates dandruff, and causes the hair to grow with luxuriant beauty. It is sold everywhere. E. THOMAS LYON, Chemist, N. Y.

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA GINGER, for Indigestion, Nausea, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, &c., where a warming, genial stimulant is required Its careful preparation and entire purity make it a cheap and reliable article for culinary purposes. Sold everywhere, at 50 cents per bottle.

NO FORFEITING.—Heretofore, if a person holding a Life Policy became unfortunate, and could not raise the sum of money required to pay his next premium, his policy was declared forfeited. The BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK has decided to make EVERY POLICY it issues *NON-FORFEITABLE*, giving a *PAID-UP POLICY* to the party if unable to continue his payments of premiums. The dividends of the *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* are settled annually in cash. This plan is far more acceptable to insurers than at the end of three or five years, as in other companies. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* allows thirty days grace in the payment of premiums. Its policies are *incontestable*, and its losses are *promptly paid*. The *Brooklyn Life Insurance Company* offers every known plan of Life and Endowment Insurance. Get a pamphlet at the office, 240 Montgomery street, southeast corner of Pine, from Stephen T. King, General Manager, or David B. Arrowsmith, Local Agent.

MAYER'S BAZAAR is one of the features of San Francisco. Here can be found the greatest variety of watches, jewelry, silver-plated ware, guitars, music-boxes, concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, and articles of *bijouterie* for presents or mementos for both ladies and gentlemen. Here, too, you can purchase at prices that defy competition. The present stock must be reduced, and the proprietors are determined to sell so low that the prices asked cannot be objected to. Those heavy cased silver watches from the American Watch company, so celebrated for their correct time and superior workmanship, can be bought at Mayer's Bazaar at the company's prices. Superior French opera-glasses of great magnifying power for sale or hire Family clocks, musical instruments, and every description of fancy groods at reduced rates at *MAYER'S BAZAAR*, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

LADIES, ATTENTION!—*Direct Importation from Paris.*—Please recollect that there is only one Shawl House in California, J. D. Robert. 119 and 121 Montgomery street, which receives direct, Genuine Square and Long Broche Cashmere Shawls of every description and price, from Robert, Gosselin & Son, manufacturers in Paris. Don't make a mistake.

N. B.—Cloaks, Basques, Zouaves and Dresses of every description made to order in the latest style. Prices as cheap as possible.

Real Point Collars,.....worth $7 00 for $3 50
Real Chuny Collars.....worth $5 00 for $1 50
Real Chantilla Veils.....worth $5 00 for $2 50
Alexandre's Kid Gloves.....worth $1 50 for $1 25
French Corsets.....$1 00
Nursing Corsets.....$2 50
Nottingham and French Lace Curtains at Reduced Prices!

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery street,
Opposite Occidental Hotel.

ELOCUTION.—Miss Jane Gray has returned to this city and is prepared to give instruction in Elocution. Miss Gray will give instruction to classes, or private lessons to individuals, at their own residences, if desired. Apply at the California Collegiate Institute for Young Ladies (Miss Lamond's), 64 Silver.

JACOB SHEW & Co., No. 315 Montgomery street, near Pine, take First-Class Photographs, of all kinds, at the lowest scale of prices adopted by the Associated Photographers. Photographs retouched in the highest style of the art.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PETTIT & CO.,
INTELLIGENCE OFFICE,
613 Kearny St., between Sacramento and Commercial, San Francisco.

Black and Fancy Cloaks.....worth $16 for $10
Fancy Cloth Cloaks.....worth $25 for $15
Long Broche Shawls.....worth $30 for $20
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $50 for $30
Long Cashmere Shawls.....worth $100 for $60
Square Cashmere Shawls.....worth $60 for $30

All my other goods are reduced in the same proportions.

S. ROSENBLATT'S,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel.

VAN VLECK & KEITH,
Designers and Engravers
ON WOOD,
No. 611 Clay street, San Francisco.
WM. KEITH. D. VAN VLECK.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

THE LARGEST CLOAK HOUSE
OF THE PACIFC COAST.
Meyer & Jonasson,
No. 10 Montgomery street,
ARE NOW OFFERING
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT
OF MOST FASHIONABLE
FALL CLOAKS
EVER SEEN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY,
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN.

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MISS WOODS,
Dress and Cloak Maker,
CORNER OF CLAY AND KEARNY STREETS,
Over Huckley's Drug Store.

MISS WOODS IS THOROUGHLY ACCOMPLISHED in the business to which she has devoted herself, and has had an experience that has made her completely familiar with all its practical details. For a long period she occupied a position with Mrs. TARBOX & COLLINS, which rendered an accurate acquaintance with the business absolutely indispensible. MISS WOODS is confident as to her ability to give satisfaction to all who will favor her with a trial.

I. TRUMP & CO.,
No. 615 Market street,
In Basement of St. Lawrence House, opposite Montgomery,
STEAM AND GAS FITTING,
PLUMBING, Etc.

Gas Letters and Reflectors made to order. Ships, Stores, and Dwelling fitted up with Steam, Water and Gas Pipes, at the lowest rates.

Pumps Repaired, and all kinds of Jobbing done at the shortest notice.

All Work warranted, or no charges made.

McNALLY & HAWKINS,
Plummers and Gas Fitters,

Have removed their place of business to the new store on MARKET STREET, adjoining the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum,

Where they will keep constantly on hand a large and elegant assortment of GAS FIXTURES, PLUMBING MATERIALS, etc.

Buildings fitted up with Gas, Water and steam in the most approved manner, and at the cheapest rates.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
Montgomery street. San Francisco.

Capital fully paid in Gold Coin.....$500,000 00
Surplus, April 30, 1866..... 154,824 57

Total Assets.....$654,824 57

Insure against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Stores, Dwellings, Merchandise, Vessels and Cargoes in Port, and other insurable property.

$50,000 is the largest amount taken on any one risk. This Company reinsures whenever the risks are deemed too large for the locality.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY of STOCKHOLDERS
Under the Constitution and Statutes of California.

ALL LOSSES PAID PROMPTLY IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN

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D. J. STARLES, Vice President.
CHAS. R BOND, Secretary.

MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus..... $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIANSEN, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

COME AND SEE ME!
Dr. J. Heald, Dentist,
Corner of Kearny and California streets, (entrance on California street.)

Has reduced his prices for all Dental operations, on account of the dull times, to one-half the usual prices, believing "Live and let live" a good motto.

Best Gum Teeth, set in Goodyear's Patent Rubber, Vulcanized, Full Upper or Lower Sets, $25. Plain Teeth, on the same, Upper or Lower, $15 to $20. Teeth filled with Gold, $3. All other Fillings, $1. Teeth extracted, in a superior manner, only 50 cents

☞ Every style of Dental work done in the best possible manner, and warranted as good as the best done in this city.

N B—Persons whose circumstances require a discount from these prices shall have a satisfactory one, so that all may have good Teeth, both ornamental and useful

NEW COURT EXCHANGE SALOON.

The undersigned having completed his new building on DUNBAR COURT, rear of City Hall, opened the same as a first class SALOON, on SATURDAY, October 13th. He cordially invites his old friends and the public generally to give him a call. He has secured some of the finest Old Wines, Ales, Brandies and other Choice Liquors on this coast, as well as the NE PLUS ULTRA of Brands of Hava a Cigars.

☞ HOT LUNCHEON served every day, from 11 A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M. M. KENNEY, Proprietor.

PIANOS!



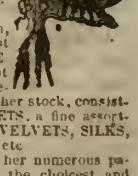
PIANOS!
AT
AT PRICES FROM $150 TO $600,

AT WALTER S. PIERCE'S PIANO ROOMS, 536 MARKET STREET, opposite Second.

N. B—The highest cash price paid for Second hand Pianos.

GRAND OPENING
OF
Millinery Goods!
EX STEAMER "SACRAMENTO."

M'LLE PICOT,



22 Montgomery street,
Up Stairs, opposite the Lick House.

Will open on TUESDAY, October 16th, her recent importation of the latest styles and richest PARISIAN MILLINERY, carefully selected by her resident agent in Paris, and will continue to receive by every steamer additions to her stock, consisting of the very latest styles of BONNETS, a fine assortment of rich qualities and rare colors, VELVETS, SILKS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ORNAMENTS, etc

M'LLE PICOT will be pleased to see her numerous patrons, and guarantees to exhibit only the choicest and latest styles of goods.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

THE ORANGE.

IT ripened by the river banks,
Where—musk und moonlight aiding—
Dons Blas and Juan play sad pranks,
Dark Donnas serenading.

By Moorish maiden it was plucked,
Who through the grove was stealing;
By Saxon sweetheart it was sucked,
Who flung away the peeling.

She eonld not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That *I* should reel upon that peel,
And find my proper level!

FRENERICK LOCKER.

ABEL McAdam—may his tribe increase!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the gas-light of his room
A female spirit (dressed up *a la* Bloom-
Er) writing something in a book of gold.
Exceeding drink had made McAdam bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest, dear?" The spirit raised its head,
And with a voice like that of cooing dove,
Murmured: "*The names of men whom women love!*"
"And is mine one?" asked Abel. "No, sir-ee,"
Replied the spirit. Abel roared with glee,
Then coolly said, "Sweet spirit, write me as one
Who ne'er finds fault with what a woman's done."
The Bloomer wrote and vanished; but the next night
It eume again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the numes by love of woman blessed;
When, lo! *McAdam's name led all the rest!*

IVORY.—The number of elephants that must be destroyed annually to meet the demand for ivory is absolutely enormous. It is stated on good authority that the cutlery establishments of Sheffield alone consume annually the ivory which is supplied by slaying more than twenty thousand elephants, and every country must also have its supply. The other sources from which ivory is obtained—the walrus, the narwhal, etc—afford but an insignificant item in the supply; and as no other substance has been discovered or invented which can take its place, and as the demand is constantly increasing from year to year, it would seem that the race of elephants may before long become extinct. The best ivory known is that which comes from Africa, for, though it is not so white as that furnished by the Asiatic elephants, it preserves its color best, is most transparent, freest from cracks, and receives the highest polish. This is owing to the fact that the African ivory contains about equal parts of animal and earthy matter, while in the Asiatic the proportion of earthy matter is greater.

JEST KIND O' WENT AWAY.—"Good morning, Reuben." "Morning, Squire; very fine day for the crops." "Yes, but what is the matter with your face, Reuben? You have had a fight, I fancy." "Why, yes, Squire, me, and Jim Hockins, we had an old grudge, and last night we fit it out." "And which whipped, Reuben?" "Well, Squire, we fit considerable." "Yes, yes, I know, but who whipped?" "Well, Squire, we fit considerable, and—" "Reuben, I suppose you ran?" "Run! I'd rather die." "Well, how was the result?"—"Well, Squire, Jim he fit strong, and I was down; good morning, Squire, there's that cow again." "Well, what did you do, you unexplaining Joseph-coat-faced individual! what did you do?" "Well, I didn't run, Squire," said Reuben, sulkily, "I jest kind o' went away."

LONDON.—London is a world in itself. The last English census develops the curious fact that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburg, more Irish than in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine. Next to London, perhaps, New-York is the most cosmopolitan of cities. It had not so many Scotchmen as Edinburg; but, according to the last census, it has nearly as many Irish as Dublin, while, as a German city, it is probably the third in the world, ranking next to Berlin and Vienna.

"WHY will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Acid of his wife. She retorted: "Why will you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back?"

DO YOU *WANT ANY* Printing?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

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PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

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STERETT & CUBERY,

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We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing: also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

BY THE

ANÆSTHETIC SPRAY PRODUCER,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.



Partial to a full Upper Set of Teeth, for from $10 to $25, as usual. Filling with best Cement, $1; with Gold, from $1 to $3. All work warranted.

Office, 139 Fourth street, near Howard.

J. P. CROWELL, Dentist.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM

PRICE: 50 CTS

A safe and speedy remedy for all Bronchial affections, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Loss of Voice, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs or Chest, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, and all difficulties arising from a sudden cold, readily yield to its healing powers.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

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Also Wholesale and Retail dealers in Domestic and Foreign Drugs, Patent Medicides, Chemicals, Trusses, Fancy Goods, Toilet Articles, etc., etc.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS.

THE

Best Blood Purifier Known.

Persons that are troubled With Rheumatism, Scrofula, Neuralgia, Morbid Liver, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Boils, or any of the many diseases that originate from Impure Blood, would find it much to their advantage to give this justly celebrated article a trial. One or two bottles are quite sufficient to convince the most skeptical of its merits. It contains neither Spirit ARSENIC nor MERCURY which cannot be truly said of any other preparation called "Sarsaparilla"

SHEPARDSON & GATES, Proprietors,

N. W. cor. Sansome and Commercial streets.

WILSON & EVANS,



No. 513 Clay street,

Importers and Dealers in

FIREARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SHOT GUNS, Flasks and Pouches, Eley's Caps, Wads, and all kinds of Breech-Loading Ammunition. Fishing-Tackle in great variety, American and English Rods, Silk, Linen and Sea Lines, Artificial Bait and Flies in every variety.

WOSTENHOLM'S POCKET CUTLERY

NEW WORK made to order. Repairing done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

WILSON & EVANS.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. . . . Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Splendid Presents

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California Scenery!

A SERIES OF OVER

ONE THOUSAND VIEWS!

ILLUSTRATING

The different Processes of Mining, the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County, the Grandeur of the Yosemite Valley, Views of all the Principal Cities, and many other points of interest on the Pacific Coast.

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N. B.—CATALOGUES containing a complete LIST OF VIEWS, sent to any part of the world, FREE of POSTAGE.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

N. P. COLE & CO.,

WHOLESALE

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

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RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!



LADIES' SUPPORTERS,

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

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NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

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J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

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Bookseller and Stationer,

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Only 5 cents to change a 50-cent NOVEL.

10 TICKETS FOR 50 CENTS.

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LATEST STYLES!

The Best Workmanship,

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FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS,

Nos. 508, 510, 518 *and* 528 *Washington-st.*

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AGENTS WANTED TO CANVASS FOR THE only official Southern History of the War. THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard, the popular Historian of the South, and editor of the Richmond Examiner during the war. Complete in one large royal octavo volume, with

24 FINE STEEL PORTRAITS,

giving a full and authentic account of the rise and fall of the late Southern Confederacy. Written under the encouragement of Generals R. E. Lee. Johnston, Beauregard and others. The work is being liberally patronized by leading men of all classes, eager to hear

"THE OTHER SIDE,"

and thus arrive at the truth of history, which it is impossible to do from the many histories written only from a Northern stand-point.

Agents and the public are cautioned against any other work purporting to be this one. To energetic men and women a rare chance is offered to make money. Don't fail to send for circulars of this great and important work. Adddress

F. E. SHEAR, General Agent,

No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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CELEBRATED

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This Powder is superior to all soaps or compounds for Washing and Cleaning.

It is made of pure material, and contains nothing whatever that will injure the finest fabric. Equally as good for Hard or Soft Water. No Soap ever required to be used with it. One pound will make three gallons of beautiful Soft Soap. It is put up in wrappers of one pound each, and in boxes of ten pounds bulk, with Directions. Get a package from your grocer and test its virtue.

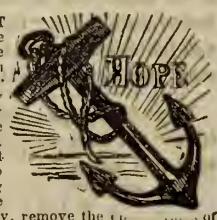
Sold by all Grocers. See and get none but STANDARD SOAP CO'S.

MANUFACTURED AT 207 COMMERCIAL STREET, San Francisco.

☞ Standard Soap Company also manufactures superior Pale, Chemical Olive and Detersive Soap, which they sell at the Lowest Market Prices.

AYER'S

Cathartic Pills,



ARE THE MOST PERFECT purgative which we are able to produce, or which we think has ever yet been made by anybody. Their effects have abundantly shown to the community how much they excel the ordinary medicines in use. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. Their penetrating properties stimulate the vital activities of the body, remove the [illegible] of its organs, purify the blood, and expel disease. They purge out the foul humors which breed and grow distemper, stimulate sluggish or disordered organs into their natural action, and impart a healthy tone with strength to the whole system. Not only do they cure the every-day-complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases. While they produce powerful effects, they are at the same time, in diminished doses, the safest and best physic that can be employed for children. Being sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take; and, being purely vegetable, are free from any risk of harm. Cures have been made which surpass belief, were they not substantiated by men of such exalted position and character, as to forbid the suspicion of untruth. Many eminent clergymen and physicians have lent their names to certify to the public the reliability of our remedies, while others have sent us the assurance of their conviction that our Preparations contribute immensely to the relief of our afflicted, suffering fellow men.

The Agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing directions for the use and certificates of their cures, of the following complaints.

Costiveness, Billious Complaints, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heartburn, Headache arising from foul stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Morbid Inaction of the Bowels and pain arising therefrom, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, all Diseases which require an evacuant medicine. They also, by purifying the blood and stimulating the system, cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Deafness, Partial Blindness, Neuralgia and Nervous Irritability, Derangements of the Liver and Kidneys, Gout, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations which they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S and take no others. The sick want the best aid there is for them, and they should have it.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, and all Dealers

HAPPY AM I.

SAFE in my corner I look on the dancing;
Happy am I;
Careless alike of the twinkling and glancing
Feet as they fly,
And the glancing hours that, so gaily advancing,
Bid us good-bye
Ere we are weary enough of our dancing—
Happy am I.

Safe from my window I gaze, while the prancing
Horses go by;
Why should I keep any thought from romancing?
Careless am I
Whether the music which sabre and lance ring
Shortly shall die,
And the plumes wither low on the crests which are glancing;
Happy am I.

All the world moves in a quickstep, advancing
Faster than I—
I, who am weary of riding and dancing,
Let them go by,
Seeking the pleasure which trouble and chance bring—
Pleasures which fly;
Window and corner will do for romancing—
Happy am I.

W. O. STODDARD.

—*New York Citizen.*

THE PAST SUMMER.—The summer just closed is said to be the most remarkable that has occured for many years, in the Eastern States, in three particulars: It was in its earliest portion the hottest; in its middle part the wettest; and in its latter portion the coldest of any summer within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. We have had this summer the hot and rainy seasons of the torrid zone, and we have recently had a touch of the cold of the frigid zone.

AT a "spiritual circle," the other evening, a vinegar lady asked: "Is the spirit of my husband present?" when an answer came, "He is." She asked: "John, are you happy without me?" "Very happy." "Where are you, John?" "In h—l." It is further related that the vinegar lady threw a lamp at the medium's head, which had the effect of solving the problem of squaring the circle.

GALLANT.—Fontenelle, at the age of ninety-seven, after saying many gallant and amiable things to the beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed her without perceiving her. "See," said she, stopping and addressing him, "how much I ought to value your gallantries. You pass me without even looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

"FAIR" DEALING.—A cunning exhibitor at a recent agricultural fair in Connecticut divided a bushel of peaches and entered one half in his own name for competition, and the other in the name of an influential man in a neighboring town. The "big" man got the prize, and the other contribution, although off the same tree, was not mentioned.

NEWS from Japan informs us that rice has fallen "two boos per picul," if anybody knows what that means.

A FAST STORY.

AN ENGLISHMAN was bragging of the speed of English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound: the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee. "Why, we've got one firm in San Francisco that has alone imported this season a half a million dollars' worth of Toys and Fancy Goods. They have Talking and Kicking Dolls, born with a full-grown head of hair and teeth in their mouths, saying 'Papa' and 'Mamma', also, Mechanical Toys, that run by themselves, and lots of other Toy wonders too numerous to mention."

"deed! is that so? Who is the firm that have the Dolls saying 'Mamma's'?" exclaimed the Englishman, very much excited.

"Why, have you never heard in all your travels of FELDBUSH & CO., Wholesale Store, 307 California street, and Retail Store, 207 Montgomery street, San Francisco, where you can save 25 per cent. in purchasing? Fact, I can assure you, as all the goods in their store, 307 California street, and all that is to arrive, must be sold on or before Christmas, on account of some changes in their business. I know it is true, and, if you doubt my word, you call at FELDBUSH & CO.'S, and see for yourself."

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Wheelers & Stell. Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.

E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to Third, corner Mission.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, 221 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.

R. H. McDonald & Co., (Wholesale) Sansome, cor. Pine.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) cor ner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Cal. Collegiate Institute, Miss M. Lammond, 68 Silver.
Miel Instituto, Miss Florence James, 55 South Park.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.

Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

INSURANCE.

Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Mutual Life Ins. Co., H. S. Homans, Agent. 609 Clay.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag'ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
National Ins. Co., N.E cor, Montgomery and California.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

J. H. Hammond removed to 328 Montgomery.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.

New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Speen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 620 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saulmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard.
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street.
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery



PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT!

By purchasing perfect SPECTACLES, exactly suited to your eyes, from

C. MULLER, Optician,

205 MONTGOMERY STREET—RUSS HOUSE BLOCK.

SPECTACLES

MY OWN SPECIALTY!

From constant observation of the Human Eye, I have obtained a thorough knowledge of this most valuable organ. I am enabled to discern, in the majority of cases, from a mere inspection of the pupil, whether or not Glasses can be of any benefit for the Eye, or the exact focus required to enable the wearer to pursue the most minute employment with an ordinary amount of light, without causing that weakness or fatigue to the organ usually complained of.

C. MULLER, OPTICIAN,
No. 205 Montgomery street, Russ House Block.

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., IMPORTING



Wholesale Druggists,

J STREET, SACRAMENTO,

AND

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

We respectfully beg leave to inform our customers and the public generally, that we have opened a House in the city of San Francisco, where we will be pleased to see as many of our old friends and customers as can make it convenient to call upon us. We shall keep at both places a large and well selected Stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, DENTAL GOODS, FANCY ARTICLES, BRUSHES AND COMBS, SHOULDER AND BODY BRACES, LADIES' BANDAGES AND SUPPORTERS, GUM ELASTIC STOCKINGS, TRUSSES, PAINTS AND OILS, PATENT MEDICINES, HERBS AND EXTRACTS, BREWERS' AND SODA STOCK, CORKS, (large variety,) ASSAYERS' MATERIAL, BURNING OILS AND FLUIDS, PLASTER PARIS, MARBLE DUST,

Together with a large and complete assortment of all Goods kept in a well supplied Wholesale Drug Store.

We respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sacramento and San Francisco.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

IMPORTING WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

J street, Sacramento, and corner Pine and Sansome sts., San Francisco,

Importers of DENTAL AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,



TEETH, GOLD FOIL, FORCEPS of all kinds, DENTAL CHAIRS, Hand and Foot LATHES, Brush, Cotton, and Corundum WHEELS, Pluggers, Scalers, Files, Rosewood DENTAL CASES, brass bound, best quality, with full sets Instruments, Mirrors, etc., price from $75 to $175 each. VULCANITE MATERIAL, Vulcanizers, Vulcanite Base, and Impression Gutta Percha. A large variety of VULCANITE TEETH, Scrapers and Packers; together with a large and complete assortment of all articles of the latest and most approved styles of Vulcanite Work. DENTAL BOOKS—We keep constantly on hand a supply of all the most approved Standard Works on Dentistry. Our efforts will be to keep a large and well selected stock of all Dental Material, where the Dental Profession may confidently rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner

R. H McDONALD & CO.

Sacramento: J street; San Francisco: corner Pine and Sansome streets.

FOR THE CURE (Without Medicine)

Of Neuralgia, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, Consumption (incipient), Pleurisy, Fever and Ague, all other Fevers, Dropsy, Erysipelas, COLDS, COUGHS, OAK POISONING, (for which Dr. Bourne discovered the only *scientific* and *certain* cure,) DYSPEPSIA, "DREAMS," the REMOVAL OF MERCURY and all other MINERAL POISONS, etc., etc., employ

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS,"

NO. 10 MASONIC TEMPLE.

Fifteenth Year (1866,) in SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ Entrance on Post Street, adjoining the grand Portal.

☞ Apply for Baths from SEVEN o'clock, morning, until SEVEN o'clock evening. Sundays 7 to 9 A. M. The proper time for taking Baths is from two and a half to four hours after Breakfast, or the usual mid day repast. *As a bath for the healthy, perfectly luxurious!* and to PURIFY THE BLOOD UNEQUALLED.

s22 3m

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

111 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

STOP THAT COUGHING.

SOME OF YOU CAN'T, AND WE PITY YOU. You have tried every remedy but the ONE declined, by its intrinsic merit, to supersede all similar preparations. It is not surprising you should be reluctant to try something else after the many experiments you have made of trashy compounds foisted on the public as a certain cure. but

NEWELL'S

PULMONARY SYRUP

is really the VERY BEST remedy ever compounded or the cure of Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Consumption. Thousands of people in California and Oregon have been already benefited by the surprising curative powers of

NEWELL'S PULMONARY SYRUP,

and with one accord give it their unqualified approbation. We now address ourselves to all who are unacquainted with this, the greatest Panacea of the age, for the healing of all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, assuring you that

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup

has cured thousands, and it will cure you if you try it. This invaluable medicine is pleasant to the taste, soothing, healing and strengthening in its effects; entirely free from all poisonous or deleterious drugs, and perfectly harmless under all circumstances.

Certificates from many prominent citizens of San Francisco accompany every bottle of

Newell's Pulmonary Syrup.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco

REDINGTON'S

Flavoring Extract

ARE MADE FROM FRESH FRUITS. Each bottle holds twice as much as any other brand in the market, consequently they are the cheapest and the best. USE NO OTHER.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Agents for the Pacific Coast.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

HAIR RESTORER.

THIS IS A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, and stands above comparison with any other article for the Hair ever brought before the public.

A PERFECT

Hair Restorer AND Hair Dresser

BOTH COMBINED IN ONE.

First—It is not a Dye.
Second—Will not Color the Skin.
Third—Will restore Gray Hair to a beautiful Black, Brown, Auburn, or whatever might have been its original color, and cause it to assume its former beauty.
Fourth—Will cure all Humors and Diseases of the Scalp.
Fifth—Will remove Dandruff and Scurf from the head, and keep the hair moist and silk like in its appearance as in youthful days.
Sixth—Will promote a healthy growth.
Seventh—Will prevent it from falling off, and cause it to grow on bald heads where there is life and vitality at the roots, but where these are gone there is no hope of success.
Eighth—The best testimony that can be given will be found inside of each bottle.

Warranted to do all we claim for it, or the money refunded after using two bottles. Try it and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price.....One Dollar

SIMONDS & CO., Proprietors,
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
San Francisco.

REDINGTON & CO.'S

Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION, containing in a highly concentrated form all the properties of the Jamaica Ginger, has become one of the most popular domestic remedies for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs.

As a tonic it will be found invaluable to all persons recovering from debility, whether produced by fever or otherwise, for whilst it imparts to the system all the glow and vigor that can be produced by wine or brandy, it is entirely free from the reactionary effects that follow the use of spirits of any kind.

It is also an excellent remedy for females who suffer from difficult menstruation, giving almost immediate relief to the spasms that so frequently accompany that period.

It gives immediate relief to Nausea, caused by riding in a railroad car, or by sea sickness, or other causes.

It is also valuable as an external application for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc.

REDINGTON & CO.,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast

OCTOBER.

UPON the brown and far-off hills
The haze lies soft and blue,
While nuts are dropping thick and fast,
Where Summer wild-flowers grew.

The maple's gold and crimson leaves
Like blood-stained banners gleam—
And purple asters ope their bloom
Beside each forest stream.

The woods like some grand temple stand
Beneath the glowing skies,
While down the long dim aisles the haze
Like slumb'ring incense lies.

No organ's deep, majestic notes
Come pealing on the air—
No choral strain triumphant floats
Along those arches fair--

No voice is heard—no sound, save but
The brooklet rippling flow,
Or whistling quail in covert thick,
Where scarlet berries grow.

Perchance some frightened rabbit's tread
May wake an echo there,
Or drowsy hum of honey-bee
Fall on the dreamy air.

The sunflower and the golden-rod
Their gaudy hues unfold,
And seem as if some Midas' touch
Had changed them into gold.

The grapes in purple clusters hang
Upon the clinging vine,
And in the orchard 'mid the leaves,
The ruby apples shine.

But through the forests, o'er the hills
A voice came whisp'ring low—
It murmurs of the wintry winds
And of the falling snow.

The crimsoned leaves to earth must fall,
And breezes o'er them sigh—
O! sad it seems that aught so fair
Should ever fade or die.

We read on every falling leaf
This lesson most sublime,
That Resurrection's holy power
Shall triumph over time.

For though the Summer flower may fade,
The Spring with sun and rain
Shall call them from the hill and vale
To bud and bloom again.

PEASANTS.—French peasants no longer present to the eye those picturesque groups which delighted one fifteen or twenty years ago. The Norman peasant has abandoned her lofty lace cap, broad gold ear-rings, motley kerchief and garish skirt; the Alsatian no longer wears her intricate basket and beads; Provence, Gascony, and other southern proviuces, have thrown aside the bright-colored Madras headkerchiefs coiled like a turban on their heads. Blouses themselves have grown less common. The picturesque peasants are all growing as much alike as cents issued by the same mint.

KIDD'S TREASURES.—Two companies, with a large capital invested, are now busily engaged, the one in South Coventry, Conn., and the other on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, in prospecting for the hidden treasures of the pirate Kidd and his freebooters. The South Coventry Company are sanguine of success, although reticeut, and are working in co operation with the son of an old man named Dodd, who is supposed to have been a guide of Kidd in search of a place to hide his booty.

A CHAP inquired at the post-office in Erie, the other day, for a letter for "Enery Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "you've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch! It begins with a ho! Look in the 'ole that's got the ho's!"

BEN'S maiden aunt is a monomaniac as to fresh air. Shivering and cross one cold morning, when all the windows were open, Ben told her, "he believed after she was dead she would get out of her coffin to see that the tomb was properly ventilated."

A PRINTER'S apprentice says that at the office they charge him with all the *pi* they do find, and at the house they charge him with all they don't find. He does not understand that kind of logic.

WHY is a young man's arm like the gospel? Because it makes glad the *waist* places.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Largs Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garmcnt warranted. All ars invited to call and sxamine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE CALIFORNIA STATE EAIR, 1866:

"To the President of the State Agricultural Society:
Your Committee on Sewing Machines beg leave to report that we have examined the Several Sewing Machines (The Grover & Baker, the Wheeler & Wilsou, and the Florence,) on exhibition, and find that,

For General Family Use, The



IS THE BEST.

[Signed] J. N. ANDREWS,
THOS. C. McHALE,
L. ELKUS."

HENRY HILLS & CO.,

MALE AND FEMALE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, REAL AND GENERAL AGENCY HOUSE AND BUSINESS BROKERS, have removed their office and business to No. 401 Bush street, first door above Kearny.

Particular attention will be paid to the supplying of Private Families, Hotels, Restaurants, Farmers, Milk Ranches, Contractors, Saw Mills, etc., with Cooks, Waiters, Bakers Clerks, Farm Hands, Teamsters, Coachmen, Gardeners, Mechanics, Laborers, Teamsters, Chamber Maids, Housekeepers, Table and Nurse Girls, and Girls for general housework—all at the shortest notice We also attend to the sale and renting of Houses and Ranches, and buying and selling of business places generally, and to the procuring of Partners. Those who may favor us with their orders from the City and Country, by Mail, Express or otherwise, may rest assured that they will be promptly and faithfully attended to.

Henry Hills wishes to call the attention of his Brother Firemen—having formerly been connected with them in the San Francisco Fire department—to the above branch of business, and not to forget him at any time that they may require any business transacted in his line.

MME. ROLLA,

HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK, HAS opened, at her Show Room, No. 216 Kearny street, between Bush and Sutter, the latest style of BONNETS, DRESS CAPS and MILLINERY GOODS, direct from Paris and New York.

MME. ROLLA would be pleased to see all her old friends and patrons at her new place of business.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
Through Line to New York.

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamer for Southampton, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

The following steamships will be despatched on dates as given below:

November 19th—GOLDEN AGE, Captain W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray.
November 30th—GOLDEN CITY, Captain J. T. Watkins, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Captain Howes.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

For Merchandise Freight apply to Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co.

☞ The splendid steamship COLORADO will be despatched for CHINA on TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1867, for HONGKONG via HONOLULU and KANAGAWA, carrying Passengers, Mails and Freight.

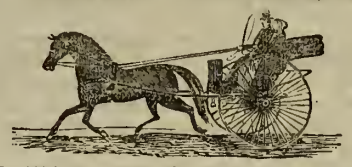
Passengers and Freight will also be taken for SHANGHAE—to be forwarded from Kanagawa by steamer leaving within a few days.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

T. BUCKLEY,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,



No. 117 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post,
SAN FRANCISCO.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES CONSTANTLY ON HAND, For Sale, Trade, or on Let.
Horses taken on Livery by the day, week or month.
STALLS TO LET.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
EVERY TWENTY DAYS!
Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE NORTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY will dispatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA,

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua,
From MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1866,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship
SANTIAGO,
(2500 tons) For NEW YORK.

The MOSES TAYLOR will sail on December 25th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

JOHN GORMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

No. 619 Merchant street,

Above Montgomery.....(South side.)

PACIFIC
BUSINESS COLLEGE,

751 MARKET STREET,
(BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH,)
SAN FRANCISCO

AN INSTITUTION designed to prepare boys, young and middle-aged men for the active duties of business in the shortest time possible and at the least expense. For "COLLEGE REVIEW," giving information, call at the College, or address E. P. HEALD, President.

PIANOS RENTED



FROM $5 TO $10 PER MONTH
at A. KOHLER'S,
sl 3m No. 424 Sansome street.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND
IN USE

THE ORIGINAL P. P. STEWART'S FUEL SAVING

Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1861;

WITH NEW AND EXTRA LARGE FLUES, AND BY THE ADDITION OF THE CELEBRATED PATENT DOUBLE-SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.

Attention is Invited to the following Points of Superiority:

1. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3. CAPACITY.—Baking, Boiling, Roasting, and all other culinary operations performed at the same time.

4. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the Stove in one year in the cost of fuel.

5. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone, the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent) securing a direct draft through the top of the oven by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the Stove may be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.

7. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

9. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

*** Beware of numerous imitations in the market, many of which resemble the "Stewart" only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities.

See that the name of P. P. STEWART is on each Stove. None other genuine.

For sale by CALEB M. SICKLER,
422 Kearny street,
Between California and Pine, San Francisco.
Repairs for Stewart's Stoves constantly on hand.

Ward's Perfect S. F. Fitting Shirts

FINE WHITE SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

MERINO UNDERSHIRTS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

SHAKER FLANNEL DRAWERS!

At Ward's.

DRIVING GLOVES!

At 323 Montgomery street.

TRAVELING SHIRTS!

At Ward's.

COTTON AND MERINO SOCKS!

At 323 Montgomery street.

NEW STYLES ALWAYS

At Ward's,

323 MONTGOMERY STREET.

CRADLE SONG.

LITTLE baby, pretty one,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Little babe has seen the sun,
Little life has just begun,
May it be a happy one—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Little baby, pretty sprite,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Little closed eyes are bright,
Even kisses must be light,
O thou tender little sprite,
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Little darling, baby, meek,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Little tongue that cannot speak,
Little legs as yet so weak,
Must be carried, baby meek—
Sleep, love, sleep!

Little fairy, baby dear,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Pretty little ears can bear,
Little eyes are bright and clear,
Little eyes can see, my dear—
Darling baby, sleep!

Tender darling, infant sweet,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Little words it shall repeat,
Little babe shall find its feet,
Talk and walk, my baby sweet—
Hush! sleep, sleep!

Pretty baby, little fay—
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
It shall be a lady gay,
Learn to speak, and run and play,
Hush! hush! my little fay,
Sleep, sleep, sleep!

Darling little downy head,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
Angels stand around thy bed,
Slumber soft upon thee shed,
Screen with wings thy little head—
Sleep, darling, sleep!

Hush! baby, baby dear,
Sleep, sleep, sleep;
There is nothing here to fear,
Mother's here and father's near—
Father's near, my baby dear—
Hush! 'tis asleep.

AN IMPRESSION.

SOME years ago a couple of temperance lecturers (we can name them) had been holding forth in one of our country towns. Business detaining them rather late after the meeting, they went to a tavern to put up for the night, rather than disturb the family where they had been entertained during their stay. Now it was a rum tavern where they sought lodgings, and they resolved to get up betimes in the morning, pay their bill, and leave before the folks were generally stirring. Early morning found them at the bar paying up, but they were not alone. A thirsty customer, whom the spirits had rapped up early, was in the act of taking his "bitters" as they entered. Holding his tumbler in one hand, and the decanter in the other, he paused on observing them, when all at once he hiccoughed out, for he was full of the *old grunck*,—"Ho d'ye do-o (hic) gentlemen? Gl (hic) a-ad to see ye. Heard ye talk (hic) last night." Here he lifted his glass, and with a "good he ll, genl'men," drank it off. After smacking his lips, and wiping his mouth with the cuff of his coat, he again addressed our friends. "When r'ye goin' to lecsure again (hic) genl'men, I want to go-o'n-n hear ye; had some t-tall talkin' last night, no mistake. Made *kons-sirable 'p-pression* on me (hic); been dry ever since."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The present Empress of the French is forty years old. She was born May 5, 1826, in Grenada, Spain, and is the second daughter of the Count de Montijo. On her father's side she is of princely lineage, being descended directly from the kings of old Spain, while through her mother she is connected with the famous Scotch family of Kirkpatrick, a woman closely interwoven with the glories of Robert Bruce. The empress is well known for her beauty; but this is not her only charm. Her many womanly virtues, and the nobleness with which she has fulfilled the duties of her exalted position, have greatly endeared her to her people.

DR. HUMPHREYS'

Homœopathic Specifics.

Have proved, from the most ample experience, an entire success—simple, prompt, efficient and reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have received the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No. 1	cures *Fevers*, Congestion, Inflammations.	0 25
" 2	cures *Worms*, Worm Fever, Worm Colic,	25
" 3	cures *Crying Colic*, or Teething of infants	25
" 4	cures *Diarrhœa* of children or adults	25
" 5	cures *Dysentery*, Griping, Bilious Colic,	25
" 6	cures *Cholera Morbus*, Nausea, Vomiting,	25
" 7	cures *Coughs*, Colds, Bronchitis	25
" 8	cures *Neuralgia*, Toothache, Faceache.	25
" 9	cures *Headaches*, sick-Headache, Vertigo,	25
" 10	cures *Dyspepsia*, Bilious Stomach	25
" 11	cures *Suppressed*, or Painful Periods	25
" 13	cures *Croup*, Cough, difficult Breathing,	25
" 14	cures *Salt Rheum*, Erysipelas Eruptions,	25
" 15	cures *Rheumatism*, Rheumatic Pains	25
" 16	cures *Fever and Ague*, Chill Fever, Agues	50
" 17	cures *Piles*, blind or bleeding	50
" 18	cures *Opthalmia*, and Sore or Weak Eyes,	50
" 19	cures *Catarrh*, acute or chronic, Influenza	50
" 20	cures *Whooping-Cough*, violent coughs.	50
" 21	cures *Asthma*, oppressed Breathing	50
" 22	cures *Ear Discharges*, impaired Hearing	50
" 23	cures *Scrofula*, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
" 24	cures *General Debility* and Nervousness	50
" 25	cures *Dropsy*, and scanty Secretions	50
" 26	cures *Sea-Sickness*, sickness from Riding,	50
" 27	cures *Kidney Disease*, Gravel	50
" 28	cures *Seminal Emissions* and Debility.	1 00
" 29	cures *Sore Mouth*, Canker	50
" 31	cures *Painful Periods*, even with Spasms	50
" 32	cures *Sufferings* at change of life	$1.00
" 33	cures *Epilepsy*, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1.00
" 34	cures *Diphtheria*, Ulcerated Sore Throat,	50

FAMILY CASES.

35 vials, morocco case, and book $10 00
28 vials, morocco case, and book 8 00
20 vials, morocco case, and book 6 00

These Remedies, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, on receipt of the price.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 Battery street, corner of Clay, San Francisco

C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.'S

Piano Warerooms,



685 MARKET STREET,
Corner of Third,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
J. B. DUNHAM'S,
F. C. LIGHTE & CO.'S,
GEO. STECK & CO.'S, and
ERNEST GABLER'S
CELEBRATED PIANOS.

We will be in constant receipt of the above fine Pianos, which we warrant equal to any imported, and ask our friends and the public to call and examine for themselves. an25-3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at his office, No. 605 Clay street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, October 25th, 1866.

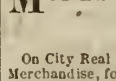
JOHN S. BUGBEE,
Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Frank O Eldredge, deceased. oc27-5t

MONEY TO LOAN!

MONEY TO LOAN

On City Real Estate, Dwellings, Factories, Shipping and Merchandise, for such time as may be agreed for. Deposits received in small or large sums, at interest, by the CALIFORNIA BUILDING, LOAN AND SAVINGS BANK,
53 California street, (one door from Sansome street.)
my THOMAS MOONEY, President

CHICKERING & SON'S CELEBRATED



PIANOS,
A. KOHLER,
AGENT,
No. 424 Sansome street.

MASON & HAMLIN'S



CELEBRATED
CABINET ORGANS.
New styles, with Automatic Bellows Swell, at warerooms of agent.
A. KOHLER,
No. 424 Sansome street.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BESSIE SHIELDS, Plaintiff, vs. PETER SHIELDS, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to PETER SHIELDS, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief and costs

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

Seal. Int. Rev. Stamp, 50 cts., cancelled. WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. oc6 3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

In the matter of the Estate of BENJAMIN P. GREEN, deceased.

It appearing to the Court, by the petition presented and filed by Thomas Courtis, the Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin P. Green, deceased, praying for an order to sell Real Estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the Real Estate to pay the debt outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of the administration,

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in the said Estate appear before the said Probate Court on Monday, the 25th day of November, A. D 1866, at eleven o'clock A. M. of the said day, at the Court-room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell the whole of the Real Estate of deceased, as prayed for in said petition; and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 23d, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, Of the City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

I, WM. LOEWY, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true, and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of October, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND FIVE-CENT STAMP, CANCELED.]

F. A. FABENS, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. oc27 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DANIEL O'NEIL, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN CHAPMAN ET AL., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, and the complaint filed in the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN CHAPMAN, M. LAUFENBERGER, and MARGARET BAUSCH, Defendants.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, a copy of which accompanies this summons, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this Judicial district, within twenty days or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, described in the complaint, and executed by the said John Chapman on the first day of May, A. D. 1866, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of even date therewith, made and executed by the said Defendant Chapman, whereby he promised to pay to the Plaintiff the sum of two thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, in ee years from the date of the said note, with interest thereon at the rate of one per cent per month, payable quarterly in gold coin, that is to say, at the end of every three months, and in case default be made in the payment of the said interest, or any part thereof, when the same becomes due, then the whole of the said principal and interest shall be due; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment, in United States gold coin, of said sum of $2,000, with interest thereon according to the terms of said note, and the costs of suit; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said John Chapman for the balance remaining due, and also that the said Defendant, and all persons claiming by, through or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest in and to said mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the Plaintiff will take default against you, and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District, this second day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-six. WM. LOEWY, Clerk

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

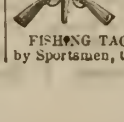
[SEAL AND STAMP CANCELED.]

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.

FIRST PREPIUM FOR 1864, 1865 and 1866.

538 Washington street, below Montgomery.

ROBERT LIDDLE & CO.,



GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS, and IMPORTERS of GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS. ☞ Also, Agents for HENRY'S PATENT RIFLE, and WM. GREENER'S celebrated DOUBLE GUNS.

FISHING TACKLE, and all the appurtenances required by Sportsmen, to be found here.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

In the matter of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of EDWARD F. STONE, the Administrator of the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the Estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said Estate remains to be distributed to the heirs of said deceased; and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said Estate among the persons entitled,

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said City and County, on Thursday, the 29th day of November, 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate to the heirs of said EDWARD RODMAN, deceased, according to law.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before said 29th day of November, 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated October 24th, A. D. 1866.

oc27-5t M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate and Guardianship of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors.

Order to show cause on application of Guardian for order of sale of Real Estate.

It appearing to this Court, from the petition this day presented and filed by THOMAS BREEZE, the Guardian of MARY KEENAN, THOMAS KEENAN, and JOHN PETER KEENAN, minors, praying for an order of sale of certain Real Estate belonging to his said wards, that it is necessary and for the benefit of said minors that such Real Estate should be sold,

It is hereby ordered, That the next of kin of the said wards, and all persons interested in the said Estate, appear before this Court on MONDAY, the third day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the Court-room of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such Estate.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published at least three successive weeks, before the said day of hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated November 1st, 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Guardian. no3 5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LUCY J. PRINCE, Plaintiff, vs. LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LOUIS M PRINCE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Hon. Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and awarding to Plaintiff the sole custody of Louis Prince, the child of said parties, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.

By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED]

D. P. BARSTOW, Plaintiff's Attorney. no10-3m

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco —In the Probate Court.

In the matter of the Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.

Order of publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bugbee, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the said Estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts;

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the tenth day of December, 1866, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such expenses of administration.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four successive weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

Dated November 9th, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, City and County of San Francisco. I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this ninth day of November, A. D. 1866.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL AND STAMP.] By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
no10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, ROYAL H. WALLER, deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Elizabeth A. Waller, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No 6 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated November 3d, 1866.

ELIZABETH A. WALLER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Royal H. Waller, deceased. no3 6t

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR'S RETURN

OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
San Francisco, July 1st, 1866.

To the HON. M. C. BLAKE, *Probate Judge of the City and County of San Francisco:*

Herewith I submit a return of all the Estates of Deceased Persons which have come into my hands as Public Administrator during the six months ending on June 30th, 1866, with the Value of each, the Moneys paid thereon, and the Balances due said Estates: together with a return of all Estates administered on by me, and remaining unsettled.

Respectfully,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

ESTATES SETTLED AND DISTRIBUTED.

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, have, since the rendering thereof, been settled and distributed:

John Gorman, Peter Reynolds, Thomas Jones, William R. O'Reilly, Peter Barcelona, James Morrow, John Wietz, J. H. Feidhus, M. A. Langdon, Sarah Mack, Charles Deady, Lloyd Migrnder, Walter Pratt, James Wilus, James McCready, Charles M. Nelson, Clara Clifford, William Hempstill, Edmond D Hammond, Jeremiah Mead, Charles H. Raymond, Henry M. Oliver, C. J. Theis, G. T. Fouque, Mary B Smith, John O Neil, Michael Boucher, H. R. Rowland, John Higgins.

UNSETTLED ESTATES

The following named Estates, mentioned and included in my last Annual Report, remain unsettled. The condition of each is as follows:

JAMES McLAUGHLIN.—Money Received, $1,938 25; Money Disbursed, $251 98; Balance on hand, $1,686 27; Fees of Administrator, $77 53.

PATRICK HUGHES.—Balance Money on hand, $22 75. Fees of Administrator, $1 84. Ready for Distribution

ANDRE JENNY.—Value of Estate, $102 00; Money Received, $102 00; Money Disbursed, $91 80; Balance on hand, $10 20; Fees of Administrator, $1 08. Ready for Distribution.

JOHN HAYES.—Value of Estate, $324 30; Money Received, $324 30. Money Disbursed, $192 06; Balance on hand, $132 24. Fees of Administrator, $12 96. Annual Account filed.

A. J. KING.—Partial Distribution of Estate made to heir. Balance on hand, $657 11. Estate ready for final Distribution.

G. A. MULLER.—Appraised Value of Estate, $990 00. Money Received, $240 00; Money Disbursed, $135 00; Balance on hand, $105 00; Fees of Administrator, $39 60.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 2.—Balance of Money on hand, $14 90; Fees of Administrator, $20 00. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN DAVIS.—Money Received, $175 35; Money Disbursed, $83 00; Balance on hand, $92 35. Fees of Administrator, $7 00. Estate ready for Distribution.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $2,597 00. Money Received, $463 50; Money Disbursed, $571 00; Advanced to the Estate by the Administrator, $107 50. Fees of Administrator, $104 00. Accounts filed and proceedings pending to sell Real Estate, to pay creditors and close Estate.

THOMAS MOORE.—Value of Estate, $43 17; Money Received, $43 17. Money Disbursed, $2 12. Balance on hand, $41 05; Fees of Administrator, $1 72. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

BARTHOLOMEW W. LYNCH.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,500 00; Money Received, $276 00; Money Disbursed, $207 71; Balance on hand, $68 29; Fees of Administrator, $60 00.

CAROLINE M. ROBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,344 00; Money Received, $337 24; Money Disbursed, $439 02; Advanced by Administrator, $101 78; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors.

JOHN LOGAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1 055 15; Money Received, $965 12; Money Disbursed, $588 35; Balance on hand, $376 80; Fees of Administrator, $38 60. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM LOBB.—Appraised Value of Estate, $975 20; Money Received, $975 20; Money Disbursed, $222 50; Balance on hand, $752 70; Fees of Administrator, $39 00. Annual Account filed.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $32 00; Money Disbursed, $7 00; Balance on hand, $25 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

WILLIAM OWEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $40 00; Money Received, $40 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $38 00; Fees of Administrator, $1 60. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JAMES PEARSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,924 65; Money Received, $1,168 08; Money Disbursed, $1,312 79; Advanced to Estate by Administrator, $144 71; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. Estate in litigation. Real Property claimed adversely to Estate.

ALEXANDER THOMPSON.—Appraised Value of Estate, $50 00; Money Received, $50 00; Money Disbursed, $3 00; Balance on hand, $47 00; Fees of Administrator, $2 00. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

JOHN BERRY.—Value of Estate, $80 00; Money Received, $80 00; Money Disbursed, $4 20; Balance on hand, $75 80; Fees of Administrator, $3 20. Estate ready for Distribution to heirs.

ANDRE SOULIER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,462 25; Money Received, $1,462 25; Money Disbursed, $269 74; Balance on hand, $1,192 51; Fees of Administrator, $68 49. Proceedings pending for Distribution to heirs.

NICHOLAS H. WYSE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $4,474 00; Money Received, $473 00; Money Disbursed, $504 65; Advanced by Administrator, $31 65; Fees of Administrator not ascertained. The property of the Estate consists of Real Estate, on which nothing has been realized.

MARY A. GREENWOOD.—Value of Estate, $2,847 69; Money Received, $347 69; Money Disbursed, $392 18; Advanced by Administrator, $44 49; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

JOHN HERON.—Value of Estate, $182 50; Money Received, $132 50; Money Disbursed, $46 00; Balance on hand, $86 50; Fees of Administrator, $7 28.

JAMES IRWIN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $5,893 85; Money Received, $3,945 01; Money Disbursed, $1,849 66; Balance on hand, $2,095 35; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

MORGAN O'ROURKE.—Value of the Estate, $173 10; Money Received, $173 10; Money Disbursed, $78 50; Balance on hand, $94 60; Fees of Administrator, $6 92. Estate ready for Distribution.

DIETRICH NARHWOLD.—Appraised Value of Estate, $1,721 40; Money Received, $1,748 40; Money Disbursed, $159 75; Balance on hand, $1,588 65; Fees of Administrator, $63 52. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

JOHN S. TIGHE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,493 05; Money Received, $2,492 00; Money Disbursed, $657 53; Balance on hand, $1,834 47; Fees of Administrator, $99 68. Final Account filed, and Estate ready for Distribution.

ESTATES ADMINISTERED UPON AT REQUEST OF WIDOWS, HEIRS, AND OTHERS HAVING THE PRIOR RIGHT TO ADMINISTER.

In the following named Estates, the widows, heirs, and others having the prior right to administer, have specially requested me to administer in their place and stead:

ALEXANDER L. BARNES.—Appraised Value of Estate, $54,373 23; Real Estate, $10,000 00; Personal Property, $44,373 23; Money Received, $40,882 35; Money Disbursed, $39,539 44; Balance on hand, $1,392 91. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

PETER LECARIE.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,000 00. No Money or other Property received. Property of Estate claimed by parties adversely to Estate.

GEORGE PECK.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $46,465 13; Real Estate, $34,000 00; Personal Property, $12,465 13; Money Received, $29,383 34; Money Disbursed, $23,859 91; Balance on hand, $3,523 43. Fees of Administrator commuted by special agreement with widow.

ELLEN NERAC.—Appraised Value of Estate, $3,256 15; Money Received, $3,256 15; Money Disbursed, $1,710 73; Fees of Administrator, $130 24.

ROSA CALLAGHAN.—Appraised Value of Estate, Personalty, $609 65; Money Received, $609 65; Money Disbursed, $208 00; Balance on hand, $401 65; Fees of Administrator, $24 00. Heirs of Deceased all in this city.

THOMAS THOMAS No. 1.—Appraised Value of Estate, $14,951 03; Money Received, $3,951 65; Money Disbursed, $3,881 22; Balance on hand, $70 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

FRANCIS ESFELD.—No Money received. The Property of Estate consists of a Judgment against the Estate of F. P. Schafer, deceased, for $9,460 28. Nothing has been realized on said Judgment, the Schafer Estate being insolvent, and no payments having been yet made to creditors.

MAURICE HARTNET.—Appraised Value of Estate, $620 00; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, $600 00; Money Received, $34 00; Money Disbursed, $20 50; Balance on hand, $13 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—one year not expired. Son of Deceased in this city.

SAMUEL HINCHCLIFFE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $251 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $251 00; Money Disbursed, $189 50; Balance on hand, $61 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired.

CHRISTIAN RASMOSSIN.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $710 00; Money Disbursed, $362 50; Balance on hand, $147 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Widow residing in this city.

EDMOND O'LOUGHLEN.—Appraised Value of Estate, $965 87; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $503 00; Money Disbursed, $175 10; Balance on hand, $327 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Daughter of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPHINE M. DUVAL.—Special Administration. Value of Estate, $300 00; Personal Property, all. Special Administration closed and settled. No charge made for Fees of Administrator. Brother of Deceased residing in this city.

STELLA WALLS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $700 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $700 00; Money Disbursed, $388 25; Balance on hand, $311 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Estate unsettled—ten months unexpired. Sister of Deceased residing in this city.

BERNARD O'CONNELL.—Appraised Value of Estate, $152 99; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $152 99; Money Disbursed, $152 99. No charge for Fees made. Estate closed, and Money paid to widow in this city.

GABRIEL MALDONADO.—Appraised Value of Estate, $12,000 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $8,495 00; Money Disbursed, $8,291 45; Balance on hand, $203 55; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Accounts filed and settled. Widow of Deceased residing in this city.

JOSEPH BUTLER.—Special Administration. General Administration petitioned for. Money Received, $340 50; Money Disbursed, $244 00; Balance on hand, 96 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement.

GEORGE F. WOODWARD.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $956 91; Personal Property, all; Money Received, 935 23; Money Disbursed, $585 34; Balance on hand, $349 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Letters, with Will annexed, issued. Ten months unexpired. Estate unsettled.

AMELIA MOSS.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,448 15; Money Received, $2,250 61; Money Disbursed, $1,616 18; Balance on hand, $634 43; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Annual Account filed.

S. P. GOODALE.—Appraised Value of Estate, $6,145 00; Money Received, $4,500 00; Money Disbursed, $3,954 00; Balance on hand, $545 17; Fees of Administrator, $180 00. Accounts filed and Estate ready for Distribution. Heirs represented in this city by Messrs. Falkner, Bell & Co.

JAMES C. GARNER.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,600 00; Money Received, $200 00; Money Disbursed, $197 00; Balance on hand, $3 00. Fees of Administrator commuted by agreement with widow in this city. Proceedings pending to close Estate.

GEORGE E. PATTERSON.—Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,038 60; Money Received, $1,038 60; Money Disbursed, $68 37; Balance on hand, $970 23; Fees of Administrator, $41 32.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION ISSUED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following named Estates, since the rendering of my last report:

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS RICKTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, 297 15; Personal Property, $277 15; Real Property, 20 00; Money Received, $194 15; Money Disbursed, $150 26; Balance on hand, $43 89; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, MARY TROY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Personal Property, $20 00; Real Property, none; Money Received, $20 00; Money Disbursed, $18 00; Balance on hand, $2 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown. Remarks: No other Property received.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD M. DEVANY.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $310 00; Real Property, all; Money Received, none; Money Disbursed, $34 00; Advanced by Administrator, $34 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CONSTANT HUBERT.—Nativity of Deceased, France; Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,853 90; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,972 45; Money Disbursed, $601 70; Balance on hand, $1,370 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM FELL.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Personal Property, $317 10; Real Property, none; Money Received, $317 10; Money Disbursed, $317 10; Fees of Administrator, $25 00. Condition of the Estate, closed. Special Administration only had. Estate passed over to G. O'Hara Taaffe, Attorney for heirs.

Name of the Estate, JOHN F. QUAILEY.—Nativity of Deceased, Vermont; Appraised Value of Estate, $577 50; Personal Property, $77 50; Real Property, $500 00; Money Received, $93 50; Money Disbursed, $137 45; Advanced by Administrator, $44 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate to pay creditors. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, OTTO W. BECKMAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of the Estate, $510 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $510 80; Money Disbursed, $179 75; Balance on hand, $331 05; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES DEGAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $225 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $225 00; Money Disbursed, $187 25; Balance on hand, $37 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, CORNELIUS DESMOND.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $454 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $454 60; Money Disbursed, $155 00; Balance on hand, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $299 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Ireland.

Name of the Estate, CHARLES P. FOSTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Maine; Appraised Value of the Estate, $2,620 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $2,620 00; Money Disbursed, $548 90; Balance on hand, $2,071 10; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Maine.

Name of the Estate, F. L. FEHREN.—Nativity of Deceased, Illinois; Appraised Value of Estate, $2,055 97; Personal Property, all; Money Received, (in U. S. Legal Tenders,) $1,165 00; Money Disbursed, $316 96; Balance on hand, $848 04; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Partial Distribution made to widow in Illinois. Residence of heirs, Illinois.

Name of the Estate, ROBERT ADLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany; Appraised Value of Estate, $609 60; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $609 60; Money Disbursed, $421 10; Balance on hand, $188 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, L. MULLEN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $26 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $26 75; Balance on hand, $26 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, H. McFADDEN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $12 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $12 00; Money Disbursed, $12 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed, and Money paid over for funeral expenses.

Name of the Estate, HENRY FAGAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $58 25; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $58 25; Money Disbursed, $15 00; Balance on hand, $43 25; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, EDWARD FITZ MAURICE.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $41 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $41 00; Money Disbursed, $2 00; Balance on hand, $39 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, ANN C. RICHARDSON.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Personal Property, $80 00; Real Property, consisting of a house and lot on Stockton street; Money Received, $80 00, Money Disbursed, $13 50; Balance on hand, $66 50; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, Special Letters only issued. Application for General Administration contested; case still pending. Residence of heirs, Australia.

Name of the Estate, JOHN McLEAN.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of the Estate, $19 85; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $19 85; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $19 85; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, GEORGE W. CARPENTER.—Nativity of Deceased, Connecticut; Appraised Value of the Estate, $300 00; Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $72 00; Advanced by Administrator, $72 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, JOHN J. DURGIN.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of the Estate, $295 95; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $295 95; Money Disbursed, $52 50; Balance on hand, $243 45; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Massachusetts.

Name of the Estate, THERESA POOLER.—Nativity of Deceased unknown; Appraised Value of Estate, $537 80; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $537 80; Money Disbursed, $265 03; Balance on hand, $272 77; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, California.

Name of the Estate, THOMAS MERCER.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $4,572 00, Real Property, $4,250 00; Personal Property, $322 00; Money Received, $314 00; Money Disbursed, $304 00; Balance on hand, $10 00; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, NELSON P. WARLING.—Nativity of Deceased, Denmark; Appraised Value of the Estate, $779 70; Personal Property, all. Money Received, $779 70, Money Disbursed, $263 16 Balance on hand, $516 54; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs, Denmark.

Name of the Estate, WILLIAM BYATT.—Nativity of Deceased, England; Appraised Value of Estate, $475 00; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $255 50 Money Disbursed, $219 60 Balance on hand, $35 90; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, HENRY TORREY.—Nativity of Deceased, New York; Appraised Value of the Estate, $516 75; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $428 75; Money Disbursed, $115 00; Balance on hand, $313 75; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, M. HORTON.—Nativity of Deceased, Scotland; Appraised Value of Estate, $1,237 65; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $1,237 65, Money Disbursed, $65 00, Balance on hand, $1,162 65; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs, Scotland.

Name of the Estate, PATRICK RYAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $500 00 Personal Property, all; Money Received, $500 00; Money Disbursed, $404 50. Balance on hand, $95 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—one year unexpired. Residence of heirs unknown.

Name of the Estate, FREDERICK MAHLER.—Nativity of Deceased, Germany. Appraised Value of the Estate, $1,200 00, Real Property, all; No Money Received; Money Disbursed, $83 68; Advanced by Administrator, $83 68; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Proceedings pending to sell Real Estate. Residence of heirs, Germany.

Name of the Estate, DANIEL SULLIVAN.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of Estate, $173 50; Personal Property, all; Money Received, $173 50; Money Disbursed, none; Balance on hand, $173 50, Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled—ten months unexpired. Residence of heirs—brother in this city.

Name of the Estate, GEORGIANA MATHEWS.—Nativity of Deceased, Ireland; Appraised Value of the Estate, $900 00; Personal Property, $93 00; Real Property, $900 00; Money Received, $93 00; Money Disbursed, $120 60; Fees of Administrator, 4 per cent. on final settlement. Condition of the Estate, unsettled. Residence of heirs—daughter in this city.

Name of the Estate, G. B. WOOD.—Nativity of Deceased, Massachusetts; Appraised Value of Estate, $78 75. Personal Property, all, Money Received, $75 00; Money Disbursed, $75 00; Fees of Administrator—no charge made. Condition of the Estate, closed. Amount of Estate paid over for funeral and other expenses.

ESTATES UPON WHICH LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION HAVE BEEN ISSUED, BUT NO PROPERTY RECEIVED.

Letters of Administration have been issued on the following Estates, but no Money or other Property has come into the possession of the Administrator, nor any Fees received thereon. The Property of several Estates consists of claims to land not yet determined:

Robert Dyson, T. B. McManus, John J. Coombs, C. E. Trask, Wm. F. Hamilton, Charles S. Norris, Huling Major, Horace Cole, James E. Calhoun, J. W. Phipps, Julia W. Burns.

The foregoing report includes all the Estates administered upon by me during the year ending June 30th, 1866.

As a number of the Estates are still unsettled, the amount of Fees cannot be stated, but the same will, on final settlement, be 4 per cent. upon the amount administered in each Estate.

All of which is respectfully submitted,
J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Public Administrator.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco, } ss.

J. W. Brumagim, Public Administrator, being duly sworn, says, that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, directly or indirectly, in expenditures of any kind made on account of any Estates of Deceased Persons; and that he is not, nor has he at any time been, interested, in business or otherwise, with any person so interested.

J. W. BRUMAGIM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1866.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

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OUR WHOLE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING and Gents Furnishing Goods, for the next
THIRTY DAYS,
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IT MUST BE SOLD, TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

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HAS NOT SOLD OUT,



But is now opening out his rich and elegant stock of
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FANCY GOODS,
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Which he is constantly receiving from Europe and the Atlantic States by every steamer. Now is the time to make selections of
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GOODS.
Traders, Dealers and others, call at the largest and only place on this coast where your orders can be completely filled.

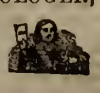
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SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 17th,

Miss Alice Kingsbury,

AS FANCHON,

Supported by
MR. J. McCULLOUGH,
and A POWERFUL COMPANY,
in the Play of

THE CRICKET.

SATURDAY EVENING—

THE WINTER ROBIN.

PROGRAMME FOR THE COMING WEEK:

MONDAY—*Benefit of John McCullough—HAMLET.*
TUESDAY—*FANCHON.*
WEDNESDAY—*LITTLE RAG PICKER.*
THURSDAY—*BAREFOOT.*
FRIDAY—*FANCHON.*

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle and Orchestra, - - - - - -	$1 00
Parquet, - - - - - - - - - -	50
Upper Circle, - - - - - - - - - -	25

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The Blind Paganini,

MADAME HEINE,

The Eminent Pianiste.

The above distinguished BLIND VIOLINIST and celebrated PIANISTE have the honor to announce their arrival in San Francisco, and will give their first

GRAND CONCERT

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 19,

—AT—

PLATT'S MUSIC HALL.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Romance—Alice (Ascher), Signor Bianchi.
2. Concerto 8—Solo violin (Spohr), Mr. J. Heine.
3. Duetto—Sainted Mother (Wallace), Misses Emma and Clelia Howson.
4. Grand Solo Piano—Grand Rondo (Mendelssohn).
5. Duo—Roberto Devereux (Donizetti), Signor and Signora Bianchi.
6. Violin Solo—Il Pirata (Ernst), Mr. J. Heine.

PART II.

1. Solo, Miss Clelia Howson.
2. Capriccio a la Sanson—Piano Solo (Holmes), Ma lame Heine.
3. Solo (Lurline), Miss Emma Howson.
4. Violin Solo, for one string only (Paganini), Mr. J. Heine.
5. Duo—Rigoletto, Signora Bianchi and Mr. Crowley.
6. Grand Quartette—Rigoletto, Miss Emma Howsou, Signor and Signora Bianchi and Mr. Crowley.

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Five New Grand Pianos,

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ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866,

AT 12 O'CLOCK,

—BY—

COBB & SINTON,

California street, near Sansome.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM O. NEIL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated November 15th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of William O. Neil, deceased.
no17-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of GEORGE HASTINGS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his law office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated November 15th, 1866.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of George Hastings, deceased.
no17-5t

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery St.

LIST OF LATE PUBLICATIONS

JUST RECEIVED BY

A. ROMAN & CO.

Oregon and El Dorado; or, Romance of the Rivers. By Thomas Bulfinch.
Treasures of Milton's Prose.
Doctor Austin's Guests. By Wm. Gilbert. 2 vols.
Tytler's History of Scotland. 4 vols.
Wells' New Physiognomy.
Men of History. By Eminent Writers.
Prince's Orthopedics. 8vo, cloth.
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Bontwell's Tax-Payer's Manual. 8vo, cloth.
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Master and Scholar, etc. etc. By E. H. Plumptre, M. A.
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Pastimes with My Little Friends. By M. H. B. Bennett.
Four Years of Fighting. By C. C. Coffin.
History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. 2. In French.
Taxation. By Sir G. Morton Peto. Bart.
Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War. By H. Melville.
The Home Life. By James Brown, B. A.
The Contemporary Review. Vol. I, January to April, 1866.
Elements of International Law. By Major-General Hulleck.
In Vinculis; or, The Prisoner of War. By A. M. Keiley.
Felix Holt, the Radical. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," etc.
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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SAMUEL P. GOODALE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid: and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Samuel P. Goodale, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said seventeenth day of December, A. D. 1866, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 16th, 1866.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said Court, this sixteenth day of November, A. D. 1866.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk
Seal and stamp. By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator. no17-5t

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